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FOR
MEN AND WOMEN

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	PAGE
AFRICA, THE FUTURE OF. Illustrated from photographs	Ernest E. Williams 537
AGNUS, ORME. "Vickery's Deplorable Stratagem"	63
"The Poet's Love"	203
"The Coming of a Soldier"	347
"The Miraculous Inspiration of Mr. Jesty"	431
AMBASSADOR'S DILEMMA, THE. Illustrated by J. Finnemore	E. Phillips Oppenheim 452
AMERICA AND THE WORLD'S WHEAT SUPPLY. Illustrated from photographs	Ray Stannard Baker 665
AN ALIEN	Fannie Moody 22
ANNULLING A PROPHECY. Illustrated by T. W. Henry	W. N. Oscar 469
APOTHEOSIS OF THE SUMMER YOUTH, THE	F. Klickmann 240
ARCHERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Illustrated from photographs	Lilius Dawson 502
ARMAND'S TREASURE. Illustrated by Warwick Goble	Mayne Lindsay 679
ART AND LETTERS IN A SURREY TOWN. Illustrated from photographs	Charles T. Bateman 577
AUSTIN, HENRY. Illustrations to "Stromboli and the Guns"	567
"The Short Shrift of the Filibuster"	700
AUTUMN MORNING, AN	Dorothy Hardy 565
BAD NEWS	Florence M. Gill 451
"BALTIC," THE. Illustrated from photographs	William C. Mackenzie 559
BATTLE PAINTERS AND WAR ARTISTS, A GROUP OF. Illustrated with reproductions of various paintings	Robert Machray 261
BIGGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD, THE. Illustrated from photographs	Herbert C. Fyfe 169
BLIND, THE EDUCATION OF THE. Illustrated from photographs	Philip Gibbs 217
BOESE, BERTIE. "Ordered to the Front"	216
"A Study"	699
Illustrations to "Dogs of War"	621
BRIDAL, THE	St. Clair Simmons 468
BRIDGE, SIR FREDERICK, AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Illustrated from photographs	F. Klickmann 74
BUTTERFLIES	Spenser Pryse 416
BY COURTESY OF THE CLOWN. Illustrated by Henry Hutt	Annie Fellows Johnston 136
BY FLASHLIGHT. Illustrated by Adolf Thiede	G. M. Baines 225
CAMERA, DISTINGUISHED DEVOTEES OF THE. Illustrated from photographs	A. Wallis Myers 363
CENTURY'S HARD CASH, A. Illustrated from diagrams	J. Holt Schooling 95
CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS AT OMDURMAN	R. Caton Woodville, R.I. 260
CIDER-MAKING IN THE WEST COUNTRY	J. Ayton Symington 566
COMING OF A SOLDIER, THE. Illustrated by Gunning King	Orme Agnus 347
CONVEYANCES, THE QUEEN'S. Illustrated from photographs	George A. Wade 55
COPPING, HAROLD. Illustrations to "Young Barbarians"	81, 183, 251, 379, 493, 612
COUNT, THE. Illustrated by Harold Copping	Ian Maclaren 81
COURTESY OF THE CLOWN, BY. Illustrated by Henry Hutt	Annie Fellows Johnston 136
CRICKETERS' HANDS, SOME FAMOUS. Illustrated from photographs	M. Randal Roberts 17
CROCKETT, S. R. "A Romancer's Local Colour"	3
CRUDESON'S CASTLE. Illustrated by Will Owen	Philip Treherne 553
DANISH NEWLYN, A. Illustrated with reproductions of various paintings	A. E. Fletcher 123
DAY-DREAMS	R. Anning Bell 224
DEAD MEN'S HOLIDAY	Louise Chandler Moulton 415
DISTINGUISHED DEVOTEES OF THE CAMERA. Illustrated from photographs	A. Wallis Myers 363
DOGS OF WAR. Illustrated by G. Vernon-Stokes and B. Boese	Irving Montagu 621
DUELS OF MODERN TIMES, RENOWNED. Illustrated from photographs	A. de Burgh 513
EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK, THE	115, 235, 357, 477, 595, 709
EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, THE. Illustrated from photographs	Philip Gibbs 217
ENGINE, THE BIGGEST, IN THE WORLD. Illustrated from photographs	Herbert C. Fyfe 169
ENTHUSIASTS	J. Ayton Symington 174

INDEX.

v

	PAGE
MILES, EUSTACE H. "Tennis"	603
MIRACULOUS INSPIRATION OF MR. JESTY, THE. Illustrated by Gunning King	Orme Agnus 431
MONTAGU, IRVING. "Dogs of War"	621
MOODY, FANNIE. "An Alien"	22
"Too Hot"	424
MOONRISE ON THE MOOR	George Rankin 388
MOOSSY. Illustrated by Harold Copping	Ian Maclaren 251
MOROCCO, SOME NOTES ABOUT. Illustrated from photographs	S. L. Bensusan 243
MOULTON, MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER. "Dead Men's Holiday"	415
MRS. CAPTAIN PROCTOR. Illustrated by Victor Prout	Alfred Slade 331
"MY FIRST CENTURY." Illustrated from photographs	M. Randal Roberts 175
NEWCOMBE, BERTHA. Illustrations to "Vickery's Deplorable Stratagem"	63
" " "The Poet's Love"	203
OBERAMMERGAU, THE PASSION PLAY AT. Illustrated from photographs	A. de Burgh 193
OFFOR, BEATRICE. "Honeysuckle"	602
OLD GARDEN, THE	Fred Hines 492
OLD ORCHARD, THE	A. Hugh Fisher 122
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS. "The Ambassador's Dilemma"	452
OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF	Ernest Vickers 509
ORDERED TO THE FRONT	B. Boese 216
ORGANIST AND HIS ART, AN. Illustrated from photographs	F. Klickmann 74
OUR RESERVE OF GENERALS. Illustrated from photographs	Robert Machray 27
OVER-DEVELOPED	Wilfrid Klickmann 595
PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, THE. Illustrated from photographs	A. de Burgh 193
PASTORAL, A	Harold Percival Frontispiece
PEARS, CHARLES. "A Serious Dilemma"	119
"The Extra Charge"	239
"Too Old a Bird"	359
"A Possible Explanation"	479
"Taken for Granted"	711
PEMBERTON, MAX. "Pro Patria"	33, 155, 273, 397, 517, 629
PERCIVAL, HAROLD. "A Pastoral"	Frontispiece
"In a Summer Land"	242
PETT RIDGE, W. "The City at Lunch"	710
PICTURES IN FIRE. Illustrated from photographs	Frederick A. Talbot 459
PLAYING A SUBSTITUTE. Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills	Horace Bleackley 313
PLEASANT SIN, A. Illustrated by Harold Copping	Ian Maclaren 493
POET'S LOVE, THE. Illustrated by Bertha Newcombe	Orme Agnus 203
POLO, THE PRESENT POPULARITY OF. Illustrated from photographs	Basil Tozer 340
POSSIBLE EXPLANATION, A	Chas. Pears 479
PROBLEM FOR EMPIRES, A. Illustrated from photographs	S. L. Bensusan 243
PRO PATRIA. Illustrated by A. Forestier	Max Pemberton 33, 155, 273, 397, 517, 629
QUEEN'S CONVEYANCES, THE. Illustrated from photographs	George A. Wade 55
"REJECTED ADDRESSES"	Montagu Barstow 678
RENOWNED DUELS OF MODERN TIMES. Illustrated from photographs	A. de Burgh 513
RESERVE OF GENERALS, OUR. Illustrated from photographs	Robert Machray 27
RICKETT, ARTHUR. "Novel Apparel"	235
"Ideala"	360
"Dairy-Made Music"	477
ROMANCER'S LOCAL COLOUR, A. Illustrated from photographs	S. R. Crockett 3
RONNER, ALFRED. "Jokes without Words"	235
SALVATION ARMY AS A SOCIAL FORCE, THE. Illustrated by photographs	Fred A. MacKenzie 689
SCIENCE v. SENTIMENT	J. Ayton Symington 15
SERIOUS DILEMMA, A	Chas. Pears 119
"SET A THIEF—"	W. E. Webster 117
SHIRE-HORSES, SOME SPLENDID. Illustrated from photographs	Gambier Bolton 89
SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT. "The Father Confessor"	23
SHORT SHRIFT OF THE FLIBUSTER, THE. Illustrated by Henry Austin	Francis Gribble 700
SOME FAMOUS CRICKETERS' HANDS. Illustrated from photographs	M. Randal Roberts 17
SONG	L. G. Moberly 101
SONG OF THE DAWN, A	Mrs. Comyns Carr 80
SPENCER, MR. PERCIVAL, A CHAT WITH. Illustrated from photographs	Frederick A. Talbot 321

	PAGE
SPRING. Illustrated by E. Vickers	W. Bennett 102
STROMBOLI AND THE GUNS. Illustrated by Henry Austin	Francis Gribble 567
SYMINGTON, J. AXTON. "Science v. Sentiment"	15
"Enthusiasts"	174
"His Favourite Fare"	362
"Cider-Making in the West Country"	566
TAKEN FOR GRANTED	Chas. Pears 711
TELEPHONE OF THE FUTURE, THE. Illustrated from photographs	G. A. Raper 510
TENNIS. Illustrated from photographs	Eustace H. Miles 603
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN	Arthur Cooke 599
TOO HOT	Fannie Moody 424
TOO OLD A BIRD	Chas. Pears 359
TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE. Illustrated from photographs	George A. Wade 147
TOURNAMENT, A. Illustrated by Harold Copping	Ian Maclaren 183
TRAVELLER IN THE AIR, A. Illustrated from photographs	Frederick A. Talbot 321
TROTH, THE	E. Klimsch 135
VALUE OF A VOTE, THE. Illustrated from diagrams	H. Morgan-Browne 653
VICKERS, E. "Spring"	102
"Opportunity Makes the Thief"	509
VICKERY'S DEPLORABLE STRATAGEM. Illustrated by Bertha Newcombe	Orme Agnus 63
WADE, GEORGE A. "The Queen's Conveyances"	55
"To the Memory of the Brave"	147
"The Yeomen of the Guard"	417
WALL, A. J. "Who Goes There?"	346
"Fieldfares"	611
WHEAT SUPPLY, AMERICA AND THE WORLD'S. Illustrated from photographs	Ray Stannard Baker 665
"WHEN AUTUMN WANES TO WINTER"	George Rankin 658
"WHO GOES THERE?"	A. J. Wall 346
WILLIAMS, ERNEST E. "The Future of Africa"	537
YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, THE. Illustrated from photographs	George A. Wade 417
YOUNG BARBARIANS. Illustrated by Harold Copping	Ian Maclaren 81, 183, 251, 379, 493, 612





A Pastoral.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HAROLD PERCIVAL.

A ROMANCER'S LOCAL COLOUR.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

With sixteen Illustrations by the Author.

I SING photography—not of the stand, but of the hand—not of the studio, but of the larger canopy, the shifting crowd, the lonely tarn, the nesting bird. The practice of this art has added to my life a new and wealthy province, a kingdom of the earth and air, a sea domain wide as the waters to which men go down in ships, a large and cheerful place lighted with the

writing his reminiscences”—the notice in the Literary Gossip column intimates without any reading between the lines that the aforesaid D.A. had better be looked after by his friends. But on this occasion I hope that my slip from virtue may be forgiven, in that, like the French lady's accident, “it is such a little one!”

From my youth up, then, I have been the



“VOILÀ DES ANGLAIS!”

light of love and merry with children's laughter.

But in order fully to explain how photography has done this it is necessary to be somewhat autobiographical, a privilege generally reserved for men in their dotage. “Mr. So-and-So, the distinguished author, is

possessor of a memory which, remarkable enough in its way, is yet at times inconvenient, and even sufficiently exasperating. Not that I have ever knowingly “cultivated” it by any of the thousand systems which have come into vogue during the last twenty years. I never set it a single task with the intention of strengthening its fibre. Like my compeers at school and college, I learned no more than I could help. I never could get any-

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thing accurately "by heart" all the days of me. It is a sheer impossibility for me to "quote correctly"—as a distinguished critic says every gentleman ought to be able to do. What is of infinitely less moment is that I cannot recall any couplet or line of prose I have ever written.

Yet for all this I have a somewhat unique memory—of a kind. Perhaps you have seen, in the darksome shadow of a mine, a grimy little imp sitting deep in the gloom, a pencil and notebook in his hand, a modicum of Sixth Standard arithmetic in his head, taking note of the truck-loads of coal as they are brought under the pit "eye." He scuttles out into the half-light for a moment, jots down a figure or two, and is back in his den again before the next trolley comes clattering by.

That is just the kind of memory I have—with this important exception, that whereas this grimy "checker" takes note only of facts apposite, useful, pertinent to his master's purpose, my particular Imp delights to let the really serviceable and important slip unrecorded past, while, if there be any series of facts particularly useless and offensively gratuitous, these he will toil after and record with a fulness of detail and a precision

of statement worthy of a British Museum Catalogue. For instance, I am prepared to furnish to the Great Northern Railway Company a correct list of the carriages composing their East Coast Express upon the last half-dozen occasions on which I have travelled by that excellent route. I know the numbers of the engines, the order of the carriages, the position and general contents of the luggage compartments. I could also, if called upon, supply the police with fair working descriptions of the officials on duty on these occasions, the loiterers about the stations, and the passengers, ordinary and extraordinary. None of this information can ever be of the slightest use to me. It does not, happily for myself, remain always as vivid, but is gradually relegated to a limbo or cobwebby mental garret of similar *débris*. But yet I do not forget even this, I only mislay it. For scraps from this rubbish-heap often stand clear again after years in the visions of the night, or when I get my next slight return of an old malarial fever.

In fact, this Imp of Memory never seems to forget anything absolutely, save what is useful and necessary. He will carefully preserve old washing-lists (marked "Paid"),



GEORGE SAND'S COTTAGE: HIGH NOON.



THE GATE OF THE CHÂTEAU: GEORGE SAND'S VIEW FROM HER WINDOW AS SHE WROTE.

pages of ancient college text-books scored in red and blue and green against the next examination-day, the exact appearance of a bank of grasses and flowers and brambles which all went to mere top-dressing thirty long years ago. But ask the fellow to turn up something more useful at a moment's notice, and will he? No—several thousand times no, indeed!

He is like our northern Brownie—the domestic spirit and Lob-lie-by-the-fire of a Scottish farm-town; he will work—so long as he is not pressed, so long as no one by a look or a whisper hints that he is expected to work. But the instant the slightest compulsion is laid upon him, at the least hint of bit or bridle, he firms his legs beneath him like a balky horse, and will not move one inch either for whip or spur.

It was long before I learned to humour this tricky Puck, and stern necessity alone taught me how. But I have well learned now, and during these last years a notable London firm has aided me beyond all hope in the task of putting the harness upon my jerky Pegasus, and helped me also to hold the carrots to his nose.

For to a journeyman of letters, especially if he work in the importunate province of serial fiction, nothing is more necessary than

a ready memory. He must carry every fact and impression, indexed, arranged, and filed for reference, each in its own snug cell up among the grey matter of his brain—or, if not there, somewhere else equally handy.

He is writing, let us say, a tale of the later seventeenth century in Scotland. The long-parted lovers are escaping. The stern parent, cruel persecutor that he is, follows hot on the trail. Well wots the romancer that if the story is to be read with a rush, it must be written with a rush. The eye of the reader will not brighten or his breathing slacken till it well-nigh stands still, unless his own fingers trip it featly over the paper. After imagination gets the steam up it will not do to stop and find out if there were really carriages and carriage-roads in that part of the country in 1689. He must know as well as he knows the best ten miles of cycling-road in his neighbourhood what bridges were built, what fords over great waters were to be crossed, what hills the heroine looks upon when like a dove she mourns at the windows of her captivity. What is more, he must not pause to look up Slezer's invaluable "Theatre," nor yet to pull down the dog-eared oblong Road-book, nor hunt in the crabbed italic of Pont's Atlas for what he wants. Even the most

jog-trot and pedestrian muse will desert him on such provocation. Pegasus, an he were the veriest cart-horse, is off with a flourish of heels. The romancer, in fact, must keep all his exhibitory facts in a cabinet with labelled drawers, of which the fittings slide easily and the contents lie ready to his hand. He must make no mistakes, or Nemesis waits. The reviewer has also (generally recently) passed the Sixth Standard.

There is now no more any seacoast to Bohemia. Even the mighty Wizard himself dare not write "Guy Maunering" without



THE GREAT MOORISH WATERWHEEL.

ever having set foot in Galloway, or Defoe be content to make his acquaintance with Selkirk's Island upon the quays of Bristol. The critic has made an Iron Age and called it realism. Imagination must lurk behind the most perfect knowledge. To one belong the shining steel muscles and iron bowels of the steamship, to another the moving shuttles and kindly peat-hearths of a northern village, to yet another "the one-horse" towns of the West, past which the steamers with their thirty-foot wheels plough the great Mississippi. But of each it is required that his

facts shall be so and not otherwise. He may idealise, but he must know what the real is. He may "learn to drop the 'By'r-lady's' from every word he slings," but though he omits them on paper they must ring in his ear as he writes.

For this new demand of the closing years of the century upon imaginative writers, the term "local colour" has been transferred from the painter's kindred art. It is convenient, but inaccurate, and the term has been much abused. It is by no means sufficient to visit a district with notebook and camera during a brief summer holiday in order to write a book about it, with the "local colour" ground out to order by the mere "pressing of the button."

For myself, I like at the very least three years of prolonged residence and extensive walking tours, living with the people in cottage and farm-house, rest-house and roadside inn, before I begin even to draw up chapter-headings. And this is just as necessary upon ground with every foot of which I have been familiar from youth as upon the tawny hills of Spain or among the Baltic marshes.

Possessing, as I do, so tricksome and fallacious a memory, I had of necessity to take strong steps in the matter. And now, at the time of writing, over two hundred volumes of indexed cuttings, over a thousand notebooks, and a great multitude which no man can number of shorthand scribblings that it were arrant flattery to call sketches, attest at least diligence and good intent.

With a callousness born of many years' suffering at the hands of reviewers I now proceed to lay bare the nakedness of the land. These methods of mine may do good to no human soul, but at least they have a certain psychological interest as showing how a fairly accurate and serviceably indexed memory has been formed out of very imperfect materials.

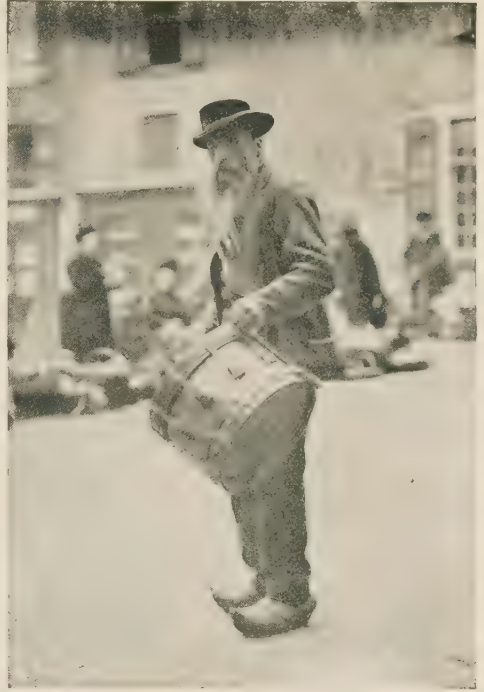
It is possible that some of my readers may have looked into a book called "The Raiders." If so, they may be interested to see the original fountain-pen dot-and-dash which served while writing to recall the grim Murder Hole on the western shores of Loch Neldricken (p. 13).

Or again, here is a memorandum of a few lines and several scribbled names, each one of which touches the spring of a drawer up aloft in the dominions of the Mnemonic Imp (p. 13). The lines are nothing, but to me the written words recall all the great array of the central Highlands of Galloway

—Ben Yelleray, the Hill of the Eagle, the weird and lonesome Nick o' the Dead Wife, the murder-haunted Hill of the Star, treacherous, granite-girt Loch Neldricken, utmost Enoch, and that vast Dungeon of Buchan out of whose gigantic cauldron the mists bubble up like the boiling of a pot—these with their tales, legends, crimes, come back to me in all the glory of their changeful beauty as I look at that crabbed arrangement of names.

Still, the method was undeniably cumbrous, and I had to return again and again to the same spot in order to carry away a working impression. Indeed, like one of their own steadfast ghosts I grew to haunt these headquarters of legend. But I yearned for some method more complete, certain, and permanent, of recording and filing these impressions.

So in a moment of inspiration it chanced that I strolled into a railway terminus. I stood a moment undecided at the bookstall and then demanded a copy of *Nature*. The brisk young gentleman behind the counter offered me a choice between *Tit-Bits* and the *British Journal of Photography*. Being at the moment frivolously inclined, I chose



THE TOWN DRUMMER OF MENDE.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE RIVER.

the latter, and lo! on turning the pages I saw for the first time a certain mystic announcement. It was a modest advertisement, drawn up with the lack of enthusiasm of a builder's specification. Messrs. Blank and Blank did not describe themselves as the "Great and Only" of Photography. They did not offer a selection of cameras at prices varying from seven and sixpence to fifty pounds, each only representing varying superlatives of the adjective "perfect." They did not abuse other makers; in fact, they employed none of the time-honoured methods of the transatlantic advertiser who "keeps

each other with kindred ignorance, light-hearted and various. We had an English camera, Swiss chemicals, Belgian plates (made by a Dr. Somebody), German weights and measures, a lack of information at once complete and cheerful, and our results were, to say the least of it, remarkable.

Yes, they have certainly a right to be called so. We anticipated, indeed, some of the most remarkable photographic discoveries of the present day. We discovered, for instance, that it is possible to develop and fix (in spots) at the same time. Colour photography is new, is it? Why, I have a



GOSSIPS AT THE FOUNTAIN.

abreast of the times." All the same, their straightforward offer to provide a scientific instrument, capable of infallibly producing certain results, sent them, direct from the station bookstall, not the least constant and grateful of their customers.

I was not exactly new to photography.

From my youth up I had dabbled (literally) in the great trouser-staining science. Sixteen years before, someone from Edinburgh had sent to the Alps the first camera with which I had ever any practical acquaintance. To this day I possess some of the proofs of that early enthusiasm. At that time I had a friend with me, and we assisted

print of an ascent of the Matterhorn coloured as brilliantly as an anatomical drawing, and that without the use of pigments. Another of a lady would be even more beautiful if the delicate pink of her cheeks had not overrun, or, as it were, culminated at the point of her nose! Another has been supposed by frivolous persons to represent Dante's first view of the infernal regions, with attendant devils; and I admit that, to the hasty and inaccurate observer, there is much which might support this view. It is really a collection of guides standing at gaze upon a mountain summit. The brown of their weather-stained leggings is remark-



A ROADSIDE BITE: AT THE BRIDGE END OF BEAUCAIRE.

ably lifelike ; and I have little doubt that the papers would now be squabbling as to which of us was the inventor and which the dupe (the Niepce and Daguerre of colour photography), had it not been that by some chance of chemical action, or imperfect washing in hotel basins, the snow-clad mountain tops came out a vivid crimson. Indeed, our process broke down just at that

point. By no possibility could we produce the same result twice running.

However, let it be said for us that we did not intend our prints to come out coloured in prismatic hues. And if we achieved so much without trying, what might we not have done if we had really tried !

My next adventure was made with a roller-film, wind-'em-round-the-spool-*click-*



HOMEWARD IN THE TWILIGHT.

and-away-she-goes machine. I never was master of that tricky instrument. Perhaps I had not the necessary hydraulic machinery to keep the film from rolling itself as tight as a cigar as soon as the developer was poured on. It may be that I did not possess the right kind of scissors, for the negatives came up uniformly cut through the middle, except when the leading figure was placed at the side, according to the correctest canons of composition. Then he was as accurately divided as Solomon



THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE: LA CAVALERIE, CEVENNES.

proposed to do with the babe claimed by two mothers. But in those days I enjoyed good spirits, and the number of beautiful views I had through the finder reconciled me to discovering nothing on the plate. I also discovered, while in possession of this camera, to what a number of uses thin roller-film may be put after it is spoiled. It makes good fire-crackers when stuffed with sporting powder. No Glorious Fourth can be truly glorious without them. Cut into thin strips it makes good bait for minnows.

No despicable sticking-plaster may be manufactured therefrom. With the addition of fish-glue it mends windows to admiration. It makes pretty finger-plates for doors. With it you can construct the loveliest navies that sail the waters of any tub, and afterwards the boy can for a brief space "stand on the burning deck" as soon as you put a match to them. This refers to the dear old roller-film of ten or twelve years ago, which was a thinner, crinklier, more generally lovable article of commerce. Of the new kind I have had no experience. As my friend Mr. Bassano says, "You can photograph with it, but it will not catch fish." Ours acted quite contrariwise. We caught minnows, but no masterpieces.

So much for the boasted march of improvement! Is not this enough to make us all ask ourselves the question—well, I don't know what question—but some question?

Since then I have tried nearly every kind and sort of camera that has been put upon the market. I was not happy till I got them. I was even less happy until I got rid of them—generally (though not invariably) at some pecuniary loss. I became, in fact, an amateur of failures. I think I must have the finest collection of spoilt plates in England. Once I was showing a friend of mine a good tomato-frame entirely constructed of spoilt ***** plates, and advising him always to use that quality of glass for his if he wanted the best table vegetables, when he turned to me and said, shaking his head, "Sir, I have *no* spoilt plates. I never make a failure!"

So I went into the house and got him a little hatchet and a book called, "The Early Years of George Washington."

I know well that these failures were by no means the fault of the cameras I bought. They were due to my own carelessness, or haste, or idiocy, or something. I know this because the advertisements were generally accompanied by prints which the makers had made with the identically same camera they sold me. Besides which, there were enlargements six feet square to be seen in their windows—also made with the camera by turning it back side first. I could not do this, so I cleared out at a loss.

No, I could not do these things; and—to tell the truth—I don't think the other fellows who bought second-hand from me could either. For they generally wanted me to take the camera back after a week. It took them about that time to discover that the



GOING HOME FROM MARKET: ON THE BRIDGE AT ARGENTON.

shutter jarred with a recoil like that of an elephant gun; that the beautiful changing-gear generally changed all the plates at once instead of one at a time, or that the splendidly adjusted patent springs jammed and refused to change any at all. I would have none of this, because (so I pointed out) this was entirely the other fellow's fault. For the makers continued to produce the most beautiful pictures with the self-same instrument, with never a failure (at least, in their shop-windows).

At this point my friends usually asked me why I had misled them into the belief that I only sold "because I was giving up photography." But again I referred them to the maker's advertisement, and in addition told them a little moral tale.

"Said the chairman of one Scottish school-board to the chairman of another Scottish school-board, 'Why did you give that teacher you sent us so good a character? Why, the fellow is perfectly useless!' His friend replied, 'Eh, man, ye'll hae to gie him a far better character before *ye* get rid o' him!'"

Thus, through suffering, personal and vicarious, the way was being prepared for Messrs. Blank and Blank.

Now, I am no special pleader. This firm has not offered me a percentage on



DRESSING KID-SKINS AT ARGENTON

sales. (I wish they would!) I do not know anything whatever about them, save that they have made my work easier and my life brighter, and so, with the easy benevolence which costs nothing, I am eager that others should go and do likewise. There may be cameras as good—though I have never seen them, and I believe I have tried all that aspire to that honour.

As for my own work, I have now had many stories not only illustrated, but even suggested, by pictures which I have taken with my precious new camera.

I do not say that they were good stories, though the public appeared willing enough to read them—any more than I dare call my prints "pictures," for fear of my good friend Mr. Joseph Pennell, who, truncheon in hand, is waiting round the corner to catch me in the act. All the same, I would not accept a considerable sum for my collection of some 6,000 "records" taken in half a score of countries—few of them in large towns, or of buildings which have been photographed before, but of



CLIMBING A PALM TREE.



BEGGAR AT VALENCIA.

highways and byways, of land-thieves and water-thieves, Portuguese muleteers, Iberian shepherds, naked Berber children playing under the scanty, edgewise shade of palms—a thousand types of human folk and a thousand nooks and corners of landscape never before set down by the quick pencil of the sun.

Look, for instance, at this idyll of the street which I seized at the great door of the Cathedral of a certain Gascon city altogether given up to dull horrors and the speculative builder (p. 3). "*Voilà des Anglais!*" is its name. For a party of English, dust-wrapped and red-Baedeker-ed, is gazing upwards at the towers from the little square of the market-place. At the door of the Cathedral the old vendor of votive candles and pictures of the Virgin has been sitting. To her enter a "friend from the country," market basket in one hand, great blue cotton umbrella in the other. She sets her treasures down to remain under the care of the seller of holy things while she goes within to say her faithful prayers. She has concluded her

bargainings not unsuccessfully, and now, like a good Christian, does not wish to leave the town till she is on the best of terms with both God and man.

But the quick eye of her friend, ever sedulous after a new thing, is caught by the strange, uncivilised tribe, who yet carry all the money of the world in their breeches pockets.

"Vite!—Vite!" she cries, turning her gossip about and pointing with a hand in which you can still see the knitting thread. "See the English! Are they not a people *fort curieux*?"

So the old peasant woman follows the index finger hastily and tremulously, and I can see all her life in that look. No! You are right. None other can see it but I—all the shrewdness, the self-repression, the humour which through a long life has supported her under the strange ways of Providence and the peculiarities of men. She lost a son (or was it two?) in the war. It was at Metz in the days of the Great Betrayal.

But she is not yet too old to be amused. "That people should live like that! That they should dress so outlandishly, and go staring about at what nobody else ever glances at! There is a great slate loose somewhere! But after all—time speeds—to prayers!" And so presently, with basket on arm and blue umbrella tapping the cobbles,

do not—because I was there, and glancing momentarily along the top of my camera, caught the idyll, as like a bubble it hung suspended in mid-air.

No—they are not pictures in any proper



THE MURDER HOLE.

sense of the word. Mr. Pennell is right. But to me at least almost every one of these six thousand is a trigger-pull, an "Open Sesame," a keyword, the label on a full drawer which contains many rich things.

I can only select a few of the most suggestive, nor can I in a brief paper like this do the least justice to what they can tell me.

Here, for instance, is George Sand's house, at Gargilesse, on the Creuse (p. 4). Down those steps the great writer tripped many a day just as hot, with her morning's work behind her and the quiet of "My Village" all about. Here is the gate of the *château* through whose bars she looked, nor ever envied the great folk within (p. 5). It also is now given over, if not to the moles and bats, at least to the bleak-boarded window and the scuttling, indigent rat.

Here, again, are boatloads of summer-Sundaying happy folk on the loveliest river in France, where all rivers are lovely (p. 7). But I will keep the name of it to myself. Here (and one of my most cherished) is the great Moorish Water-wheel which lifts the precious waters of the Segura eighty feet

into the air, before sending them through a myriad runnels and rivulets to make yet more luxuriant the voluptuous huerta of Murcia (p. 6). Hundreds of years ago the Moors made it. It has been so often



THE RAIDERS' COUNTRY.

she wends her way out of the city, along the dusty highways, and so home—where Jules will be already ravening for his dinner!

That is only a part of what I see that you

repaired that I question if any of the original wood remains unrotted. But there, with the last light of sunset streaming through it, the great circle moves round, slow and stately, no derelict, but doing each day its full day's "darg," spouting waste water it it is true at every pore, but out of its superabundance, not from any infirmity of age.

Next, almost at random, I lift an impression of the town drummer of Mende making a proclamation of M. Déroulède's meeting (p. 7). The tap of his drumsticks is still as clear in my ear as the clatter of his pointed sabots over the *pavé*.

Again, in the mellow evening light, see the shepherdess of Provence lead her easy-minded flock across the famous Bridge of Beaucaire (which Tartarin so often crossed) into the shade of King René's grim fortress in the town of Tarascon (p. 9).

Soft and rose-coloured was the light, and the shadows dark purple where the sheep cropped the sweet grasses underneath the low coping of Beaucaire Bridge.

But whether of shepherdess or of housewife, to woman's work there is no end. These three women in the preceding picture (p. 8) have been cleansing the fine wool for to-morrow's spinning, and drawing the water for the kitchen. Only a single stolen minute have they stopped to gossip on the bridge under the rocky fortress of Gaston de Foix. But I was at their back, and there on the Bridge of Foix they will stand for many and many a year.

Yet even to such comes rest, and here—the picture lies to my hand—is the little Camisard village of La Cavalerie, which held out so long against all the forces of Le Grand Monarque (p. 10). See, she sits safe and snug behind the wall which the Protestant peasants built with their own hands, not one of them being skilled in masonry, yet which sufficed to keep his Grace of Guise at bay till the dark days were overpast.

Again, upon the bridge at Argenton (it will not be hid from my readers that I love all bridges, and am accustomed to lie in wait upon them) behold Monsieur pause to speak with Madame (p. 11). "Why has she not sold her goat—so fine an animal? *Parbleu!*—it is not to be understood—but doubtless Madame has put a large reserve price upon so noble a beast." And in front of them sturdy little Jeannette trudges past with her umbrella and her yard-long loaf—a true staff of life indeed.

The next picture is somewhat sad, for in it you see the latter end of the goat which pricked its tail so vivaciously upon the bridge over the Creuse (p. 11). A rustic furrier dresses the skins which in Regent Street will one day be ticketed "Finest Suèdes" at 3s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per pair. Meanwhile, observe the canine Autolycus and his "pal," who are in waiting below to snap up unconsidered trifles.

Then, again, we have, at his corner in the city of Valencia, a legitimate and accredited beggar at his stance (p. 12), his stick on his arm and his bag by his side—a capitalist and conservative he, his "pitch" worth money of the realm, and his whole life certainly provided for among his own kindly, charitable, lovable Spanish townfolk.

No, I do not say that all these things are apparent in the reproductions; only that the sight of the prints presses the button, and my imagination does the rest. And so *all* my "records" are precious. They unlock the shut doors of memory and bring some of the finest moments I have lived back to me, clear and untarnished out of the dust-heap of the years.

Neither do I affirm (lest some of my readers be tempted to send me also a little hatchet and a "Life of George Washington") that I make no failures. Nay, rather, from the standpoint of the "competition" and the great photographic exhibitions, it may more truly be said that I never make any successes. But from the point of view of a breadwinning man-of-letters these scraps of sun-writing, hieroglyphic to others, are worth honest minted gold. In addition to which they bring with them laughter and tears, the brightness of rivers wherein the children paddle, or the gloom of storm as the thundercloud settles down upon the mountains. Breaths of high hill air come to me as I turn them over. Patches of gold and blue shine on cathedral pavements, worn to the quick by the knees of faithful worshippers. In a word, if any desire to preserve such-like things against the days when he shall not wander any more, when the gold shall have faded from well-beloved tresses, and the voices that now greet him are silent—let him do as I have done. Let him go to them that sell—and buy, that he may garner precious memories, and, as it were, bottle his sunshine against the days of darkness. For assuredly they shall be many.



Science v. Sentiment.

By J. AYTON SYMINGTON.



“Far from the Madding Crowd.”
FROM AN ETCHING BY A. HUGH FISHER.

W. J. T. 1874

SOME FAMOUS CRICKETERS' HANDS.

BY M. RANDAL ROBERTS.



A. E. STODDART'S LEFT HAND.

WHAT are the qualities that go to make up a great cricketer, and are they natural or acquired? As to a batsman authorities differ. Prince Ranjitsinhji is of opinion that, given a certain natural aptitude, batting can be learned by anyone who devotes the necessary time and trouble to the art. Other equally good judges consider that the great batsman must be born, not made. But, however much authorities may differ as to the batsman, there is no divergence of opinion about the bowler. It is universally agreed that great bowlers cannot be manufactured. They are essentially a product of Nature.

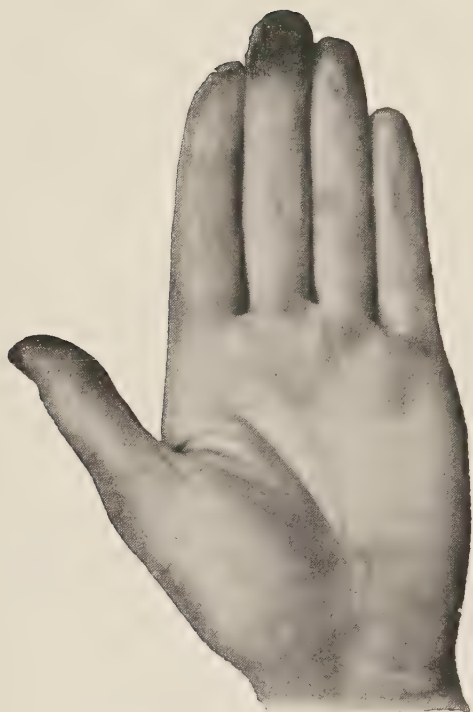
However, putting aside the question as to whether great cricketers are born or made, it is quite certain that they possess some quality or qualities which differentiate them from "duffers" with the bat and ball, and it would be an interesting study if one could place all the first-rate cricketers in the country under a microscope to try to discover whether they possess any outward and visible signs of their high calling. Every successful batsman must, of course, have a good eye. That goes without saying. Any one not gifted with good eyesight who should trust to assiduous practice to learn

how to play Lockwood or Mr. Kortright on a bumpy wicket would probably have his error brought home to him by becoming a subject for a coroner's inquest. But good eyesight is a somewhat intangible possession. You can't tell by looking at a man whether he has a good eye or not. The ordeal of the microscope would probably reveal that all great cricketers have in common some gift besides a keenness of eye.

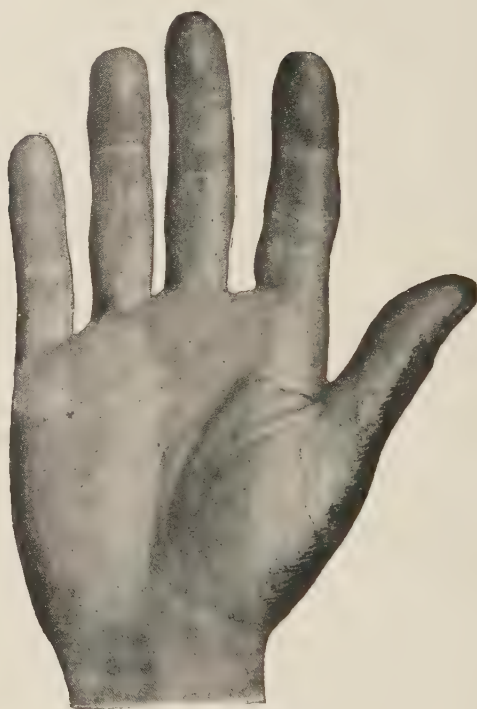
Palmistry as applied to cricketers is as yet an undeveloped art, though it seems obvious enough that, as the hand and wrist play such an important part in cricket, the hands of



A WELL-KNOWN PROFESSIONAL BATSMAN'S RIGHT HAND.



G. MCGREGOR'S LEFT HAND.



G. MCGREGOR'S RIGHT HAND.

great batsmen and bowlers must differ in some way from those of mere ordinary mortals. The writer is not a palmist, but it occurred to him lately that a comparison of the hands of famous cricketers might reveal some interesting facts, and with this object in view he sought the aid of what may be called typical players—that is to say, bowlers, wicket-keepers, and batsmen, both hard hitting and of the steady order. Most of the cricketers to whom he applied entered so readily into his project that his task was an easy one.

In a subject of this sort it is, of course, possible to make only a very rough and ready classification, but judging from the number of hands which came under my inspection I should be inclined to think that, speaking generally, there is a family resemblance in point of formation between the hands of most great batsmen. The likeness, I admit, is not striking, but it is sufficiently strong to indicate that, provided you know the owner is a cricketer, he is a batsman and not a bowler.

Mr. Stoddart's hand, a photograph of which is reproduced here, may be taken as the typical hand of a batsman. I am aware, of course, that Mr. Stoddart is an

exceedingly useful bowler, but it is his batting and not his bowling that has won him his great name. It will be noticed that the great length of finger which is so strongly marked in most bowlers is absent. It is essentially a well proportioned hand, though, to borrow the language of the racing-stable, it is inclined to be on the small side. Great batsmen are evidently not a splay-fingered race. Mr. Stoddart's hands are characteristic of their owner. They have a thoroughly neat and workmanlike appearance. In one important particular they differ very materially from the hands of nearly every cricketer who submitted to the camera; they do not bear the faintest trace of the rough usage they must have undergone during Mr. Stoddart's dozen years of experience of fielding against all sorts and conditions of batsmen.

The next photograph gives an excellent illustration of the honourable scars which many less fortunate cricketers than Mr. Stoddart display. It is the photograph of the right hand of a very well known professional batsman, who, however, does not wish his name to be mentioned. Old cricketers can remember how before the days of batting-gloves it was no uncommon sight

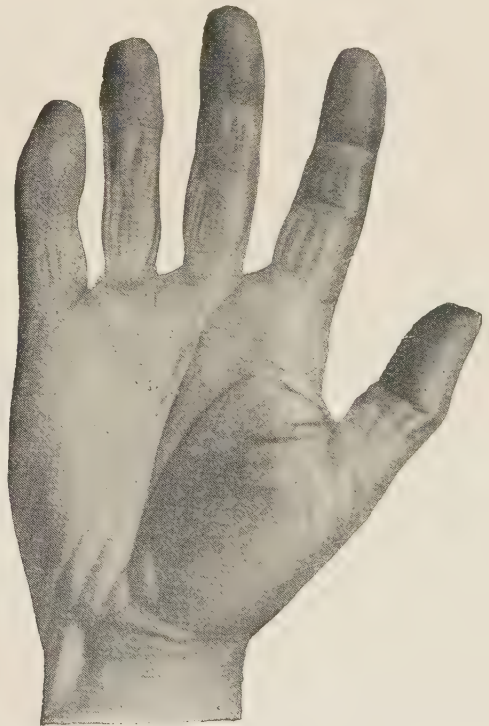
at Lord's and elsewhere to see a player who had been badly hit on the knuckles stooping down and wiping the blood off his fingers in the dust and then continuing his innings none the worse for his wounds. We may not see such a sight nowadays, but all the same it is plain enough from the accompanying photograph that the modern cricketer requires just as much pluck as the players of fifty years ago. Batting-gloves may protect the batsman's knuckles, but what about the fieldsman's palms? The owner of the hand here reproduced, during the seven years he has been playing first-class cricket, has had his first finger broken once, his middle finger dislocated twice, while the scar, which can be plainly seen in the photograph, is the tell-tale mark of what the seams of a cricket ball can do when a fieldsman rashly interferes with the progress of a red-hot drive from the bat of a Jessop or a C. I. Thornton.

From a mere spectacular point of view wicket-keepers' hands are distinctly disappointing. That the hands of the wicket-keeper receive more continuous buffeting than those of any other cricketer is an indisputable fact, and one might reasonably expect to find in every "keeper's" hands

some unmistakable evidence of their owner's calling. But this expectation will not stand the test of cold fact. Two very interesting pairs of hands are reproduced here, Mr. McGregor's and Mr. A. E. Newton's. Readers of the *WINDSOR* have no need to be told that both these cricketers are in the very front rank of wicket-keepers, and that both of them have stood behind the stumps for many years to almost every type of bowler. But you could not tell this from their hands. Mr. Newton's hands are as free from bruises as Mr. Stoddart's, and Mr. McGregor's are almost as equally unmarked. In fact, except for a slight twist in the top joint of the first finger of his left hand, the ball has apparently spent itself in vain against Mr. McGregor's hands. It might be supposed that the scatheless condition of his hands is due to the fact that since Mr. McGregor has played for Middlesex the county has had really no very fast bowler to knock him about; but it must be remembered that for the first four years of Mr. McGregor's wicket-keeping life he had to "take" some of the fastest bowling in England. He was in the Cambridge Eleven at the same time as S. M. J. Woods, and in those days, before he took to making a thousand runs in a season,



A. E. NEWTON'S LEFT HAND.



A. E. NEWTON'S RIGHT HAND.



S. M. J. WOODS' RIGHT HAND.

"Sammy" was one of the fastest bowlers in the world.

The belief, however, that wicket-keepers' hands show signs of the battering they have to endure is not altogether a popular delusion. The writer remembers seeing the hands of J. M. Blackham, the famous Australian, a few years ago. Nearly every finger on each hand had been either broken or badly dislocated, and they presented the appearance of a gnarled and knotted branch of a tree more than an ordinary hand. Wood, too, the veteran Surrey wicket-keeper, shows undeniable tokens of having been through the wars. Still, taken all round, wicket-keepers' hands look far more presentable than is generally supposed.

The next photograph, unfortunately, hardly does justice to its original. "Sammy's" (nobody ever dreams of calling him Mr. Woods) hands are like their owner; they must be seen to be appreciated, but they are just the pair of hands you would expect to find at the end of the arms of the most popular cricketer in England. Their massiveness and general expansiveness suggest their breezy and lion-hearted owner; they look the sort of hands that in a rough and tumble you would much prefer to have on your side than on the other fellow's. The

very sight of S. M. J. Woods' hands forbids the thought of kid gloves. A Viking in a frock-coat would be about as appropriate a figure. What a professional palmist would divine from the lines of this hand I am unable to guess; long life would be a fairly safe prophecy; but the most casual observer cannot but be struck with the enormous length of the palm compared with size of the fingers. In the case of nearly every other bowler whose hands I examined while preparing this article, the length of the fingers was a very conspicuous feature, but in this respect S. M. J. Woods' hands are an exception to the rule that long fingers make good bowlers.

The canon, by the bye, that the excellence of bowling is in a direct ratio to the length of the bowler's fingers must be taken as applying mainly to fast bowlers. The hands of most of the slow bowlers who submitted to my examination were somewhat inclined to stumpiness. This was particularly the case with left-hand bowlers. The accompanying illustration shows the hand belonging to a very famous left-hand bowler indeed. The amount of break which this bowler can get on the ball is popularly supposed to be a natural gift, and to be in some way or the other communicated by



A FAMOUS LEFT-HAND PROFESSIONAL BOWLER'S HAND.



V. T. HILL'S RIGHT HAND.

some peculiar formation of his fingers, but judging from the appearance of his hands I should feel inclined to think that this bowler's success is due more to art than nature. As can be seen from a glance at the photograph, there is nothing whatever unusual in the formation of the hand, except, perhaps, that the thumb is abnormally bent back and slightly flattened. But as the thumb does not play a very important part in the propulsion of the ball, the peculiar shape of this bowler's thumb may safely be neglected in forming any theories as to what his particular skill depends on.

In 1892, Mr. Vernon Hill immortalised himself by scoring a century in the Oxford and Cambridge match by some of the hardest hitting ever seen on Lord's ground. Mr. Hill's hand will be interesting if only because century makers in the 'Varsity match are few and far between. But in addition to that particular feat he has long been

recognised as one of the best of our left-handed batsmen. The bandage which appears in the photograph on Mr. Hill's finger is not a perpetual ornament; the photograph was taken last year, before he had time to recover from the wound he received while playing for Somerset against Oxford University. The shape of the hand is what I call the typical batting hand. It is small, rather short in the finger, and supported on a sinewy wrist.

If anyone cares to examine the two photographs, he will find a most remarkable resemblance between A. E. Stoddart's and R. C. N. Palairot's hands. The shape of the fingers in both hands is almost identical, and, except that Mr. Stoddart's hands are rather shorter in the palm, it would puzzle a "palmologist" to detect any difference between them. This is all the more remarkable as the hands of nearly every batsman who came under the gaze of my camera possessed some strongly marked distinctive feature of their own, which made it quite impossible to confuse them with those of any other cricketer.



R. C. N. PALAIROT'S LEFT HAND.



An Alien.
By FANNIE MOODY.

THE FATHER CONFESSOR.

By MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER.*

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

"I HAD thought for a glad moment you loved me. A week ago I hoped for a different answer. Will you tell me why this is?"

"A week ago. That is a long time."

"I see—you had not then met him."

"No, I had not met him; and yet I seem always to have known him."

"You do not know him; you idealise. Your vivid imagination, your love of romance and beauty, blind you. He is cruel and unscrupulous."

"How dare you speak to me so!"

"I dare because I love. Oh, it is not jealousy. Only give him up, and I will go away where you will see me no more. Can you not read his eyes? They are so cruel. He would kill a person if he hated him."

"His eyes—they are not cruel; they are full of love, and he does not hate me."

"He would kill a woman if he grew tired of her."

"Oh, you must not speak so! I love him, and he has asked me to be his wife."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye."

The priest stood at the bedside of the dying woman; he looked down upon her and wondered at her face. Her hair had turned pure white—and she so young. Her eyes were the eyes of a hare, full of watching, always seeming to be expecting some sudden fright. Her nervous hands, for ever twitching, kept pulling at the blankets and moving unceasingly.

"I sent for you," she said with a weak smile, "to tell you how wrong you were. He has been good to me and loves me so. I pray God for his sake not to let me die."

The door was flung open and a man staggered in. The woman stretched out her thin arms to him—and then saw his face. She gave a shrill death cry, and, rising from her bed, fell towards him. The priest made a step to raise her, but drew back, giving the man his place. Laying the dead woman back on the bed, the man broke into loud sobs.

"What has happened," said the stern priest, "that you burst into a sick-room with your face like that?"

"They said she was worse, and I rushed down afraid."

"You have frightened her to death."

The man grew as white as she was.

"Frightened her to death?" he repeated.

"Look at your face," said the priest.

The man stood before the glass. Up the left side of his throat and face there seemed to be a great red gash; the blood from it was on his collar and shirt.

"Oh," he said, "I must have cut myself. I was shaving when the maid rushed up to say my wife was worse, and had sent for a priest."

He drew a wet cloth across his face and the crimson was gone; only a little scratch to account for all that blood.

The priest closed the door and went out into the night.

* * * * *

For the second time that year the priest stood in the same house, and this time, too, by the bedside of a dying person. Now it was the man who lay there, broken where the wheels of a heavy van had crossed him. The tortured creature cried to the priest, "Confession—confession!"

"I am here," the priest answered. He bent his head nearer the pillow.

"You see that book—that book," whispered the man.

"I see no book."

"There, upon the table—De Quincey's 'Essay.'"

"Yes; 'Murder as One of the Fine Arts.' What of it?"

"I read it, and I thought of murder as a fine art. No poisons, no knives, no stifling for me. I planned a murder that no one could hang me for or prove against me. A fine art! Oh, I had found the art. Hear me—hear me!"

"I hear you."

"Shall I ever be forgiven? Nobody ever suspected me; *she* did not suspect."

"She?"

"A woman. I will tell you the story. Come nearer. Why do you look at me like

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that? I do not know you. Do you hate me? Are you not a priest?"

"Yes, a priest, God forgive me! Continue in peace; I am listening."

"Yes, yes. Oh, Heavens, what torture! My murder had no suffering like this, like the death You give me, O God!"

"Hush, hush! be patient. It is your punishment. Pray for forgiveness."

"I will pray—yes, yes; but I must tell you first of my sin. I must confess."

"I am listening."

"I will tell you a story—mind, it is a story. Oh, it could not have been a murder! No one could say it was a murder. No jury could hang me, even if they knew all. My excuse—youth, and the indissolubility of the marriage bond. I was very young when I married."

"And she?"

"She? Oh, yes, she was very young, too; but I did not know my own mind—did not know that in a few years I should meet a woman who would be all the world to me, and whom I could not have. I would have flown to her, but she would not take me; and the dull tie that I hated bound me down."

"Why did you marry?"

"Why? Oh, I loved my wife once in a way—with a boy's love. And there was another lover after her always. The rivalry made me more eager, more blind to my true feelings. It was winning her from him I thought of, more than gaining her myself."

"So lightly held, so bitterly deplored," the priest muttered.

"You bless me, father?" the man continued. "I want it. Pray for my ease. I am in torture; my sin is great. Soon after I married, my life became unbearable. At first I did not notice how dull and uninteresting my wife was; but when I saw the other woman my heart leaped out to her, and I knew I had met my fate. Then my home life became more and more dreary. The dull monotony of domesticity rose up around me and chained me down. I grew to hate my wife's face, with its never-varying expression of sweetness and prettiness. She was always the same; she met me with a smile every day I came home, and bade me goodbye with the same smile at the gate in the morning. I knew it so well and hated it so. She had a mouth like a young child's, and when she smiled a dimple would come——"

"Your crime," said the stern priest.

"Yes—yes! I hated her when I compared her with the grand woman with the changing soul of the sea—the woman I

wanted and could not get, because of this little foolish child I had married. And there was no way to reach her, except across the dead body of my wife—no way that she would accept. So I thought and thought, until in my mind there grew up a plan. I knew my wife's heart was not strong. She had a way of putting her hand upon her breast when she got any sudden fright, and it suggested an idea to me. It was then that I read De Quincey's 'Murder as a Fine Art,' and I knew I could do better than anything I read there. I brought her away to a little watering-place, not far from the city. The other woman was there. We went for long walks along the high cliffs. Once I walked by the edge as close as I dared, watching the effect on my wife. She grew white and nervous, begging me to come away. But the other woman only laughed, and that made me mad. Trying to make her fear for me, also, I walked too near the edge, and the ground crumbled beneath me. When next I knew anything I found the other woman bending over me and laughing. I rose to my feet and found I was not hurt.

"Come, come; you are all right," the woman said. 'You only fell a little way. I knew you could not be hurt.'

"Vexed at her calmness, I looked round for my wife. She was walking up and down behind me, holding her hands across her breast.

"Oh," she said, 'you frightened me so! My heart beats so strangely.'

"For some moments she could not calm herself; then she turned to me with her smile, holding my hands.

"Did I frighten you?' she said. 'But my heart—I thought it would not beat again. I thought you had fallen over the cliff into the sea. I did not know there was a ledge only a few feet down.'

"That was my first trial; half-accidental, but wholly successful. What did you say, father? I did not hear you. Your hand is hurting mine; take it away.

"From that time I followed out my idea. It was so easy. One day a long run for a train; the next a climb over a steep hill. One night a lamp overturned and the bed on fire; and the next a pretended alarm of thieves. One evening, when she was alone, I dressed as a tramp and threatened her till she swooned. One morning I purchased a savage dog and let it loose through the house. So things went on, till the constant wear on her nerves and heart began to tell. And all through she never suspected me, all through I never



"The woman stretched out her thin arms to him—and then saw his face."

laid my hands upon her in violence. I travelled with her in other countries, when my opportunities here were getting few; and the other woman came as her friend. All through the time her clever eyes were upon me, and I did not know if she knew or not. If I spoke of my love for her she drew herself away, saying, 'Be silent; you are a married man.' But I felt that, if it were not for my wife, she would have loved me, and the thought of it made me savage. Think of it—only one life between you and the woman you love! But you are a priest; what do you know of love? Oh, the grand woman, with eyes changing as the heavens! And she as far from me as the stars, parted by that other face which must be always with me, with its baby mouth and the dimples that came when she smiled——"

"Your story," said the stern priest. "Proceed."

"Pity me, father, you cannot know the temptations of the world or the pity of love. I had so long to wait, and I never touched her in violence. She loved me always and passed away in peace."

"One day, in a foreign country, a servant killed a poisonous snake and drew it along the ground as he passed to burn it amongst the refuse of the garden. I saw my wife come and set her chair across the track he had left. I went out of the house, saying that it was fate. I knew the mate of the snake would follow the scent, seeking for its companion, and would find my wife in its way. Do you pray for me, father? I cannot hear you—you speak so low. When I returned she was sitting, white and statue-like, without a movement, and round her ankle was curled the body of a snake. I would have rushed to her, causing her to rise, and thus have ended it all, for my heart was evil within me that day. But the other woman came to the door that minute, and rested her eyes upon me, so that I, too, stood transfixed, afraid to move. She bore in her hands a saucer of milk and laid it down as near the serpent as she dared, thrusting it slowly forward with a stick, all the time whispering to my wife, 'Don't move, don't speak, for your life!' The snake uncurled and glided from her foot at the smell of the milk, and the other woman, with a blow of the stick, broke its back."

"God bless her!" the priest said aloud. "God bless her!"

"Ah, yes," said the dying man, "she was good, and she would have saved me from murder if she could. Once it struck me

that she only followed us to protect my wife from me. But it was only for a moment. I could have killed them both if it were so. Do you think it could have been so? You, priest, tell me it was only because she loved me."

But the priest did not answer. He sat with his head upon his breast, his hands clenched.

"From the hot countries," continued the man, "I went to the cold. I took her upon the glaciers of Switzerland, and I vowed in my heart she should not return from them. Once in crossing a deep crevasse my foot slipped, and in saving myself I threw her over. But the other woman turned, and I replaced the knife I had taken from my pocket and drew her by the rope back to safety. After that the other woman went behind, and with my wife between us I dared not try again, for the rope would bear the love of my heart upon it then. But this is my story, and what have I more to say? I came home, and my wife and the woman I loved came, too, the chain that kept me from her still unbroken. My wife was then a shadow of her former self, shaken, and frightened as a hare. But I never ceased from my plan, and at last she broke down beneath it and illness came upon her. It was when she lay almost without hope of recovery that I drew blood from my cheek, scattering it over my face and neck, and staggered into her room, so that when she saw me in her weakness she gave a great cry and fell back dead. And yet I swear to you I never laid my hand upon her in violence, nor did she suspect. And I have written to the other woman many times, but she comes not, nor when I wrote saying that my wife was dying did she reply. But she will come now that I am free. Say it was not murder, father, for I never laid my hand upon my wife in violence, and death may have been from natural causes. But I will recover, now that I am free, for the woman I love, free from the face of the woman I married—with her baby mouth where the dimples came. Bless me, father, for I am weary."

The priest arose and bent over the bed. He laid his white hands around the throat of the man, but the man smiled back on him in victory. He was already dead.

The priest fell upon his knees by the bedside—he held a crucifix in his hands. Laying his forehead upon it he fought with his soul, and when he arose in the pale morning light, upon his white brow the figure of the Crucified was seen, red in his blood.

OUR RESERVE OF GENERALS.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

WHILE all are agreed that war is a great evil to any people, yet it must be admitted, Tolstoi and the Peace Society notwithstanding, that in the present condition of the world for a nation to be caught unprepared for war may be a greater evil still. From the latter point of view we can readily see that the numerous conflicts—practically one every year—in which the British Empire has for the past half-century been engaged up and down the globe have, at least, had the advantage to us of making our Army, in greater or less degree, familiar with the conduct of campaigns and the art of war.



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GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON, K.C.B.
Inspector-General of Fortifications.



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GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., V.C.
Adjutant-General to the Forces.

Nor is this less true even if, as is generally the case, each separate war has its own special difficulties in new problems to be grappled with and solved; for the experience gained in one war in the handling of large bodies of troops, in the management of transport, and in the commissariat—features which are common to all campaigns—is of the highest value in any other war.

The British Army has at this moment a larger proportion of generals who have seen active service in the field than can be found in that of any other country. Nearly forty generals of various grades have taken part in the war in South Africa; but in what I have ventured to call our "reserve" of generals, officers who have not been in the present war, and who number considerably more than a hundred, there are very few whose records do not include two or three campaigns. India has frequently been spoken of as the training-ground of our Army, and it certainly has given us some splendid soldiers. Most of our generals have served there in one capacity or another, and not a few of them have had charge of important operations either on its frontiers, or in Afghanistan, or Burma. There are constantly upwards of fifty of our generals in India, and, as any Army man will tell you, "Indian men are always good men," meaning thereby that they are experienced and efficient commanders, it

follows that in them we have a large and reliable portion of our reserve of generals. During the last twenty years there have been several campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan, each of which has helped to transform men who otherwise must have been



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GENERAL SIR BAKER RUSSELL, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Commanding Southern District since 1898.

mere closet-students of warfare into trained and tried leaders of armies in the field.

It will be evident, therefore, that our forces have at their head generals who have had excellent opportunities either in India, or in Egypt, or in both, of perfecting themselves at first-hand in their business. And while it

is no doubt the case that the great soldier, like the great poet or the great anybody else, is born and not made, still it cannot be disputed that knowledge derived from personal observation of actual warfare must be of enormous service; and in this very valuable knowledge our generals are rich. Nor, numerically considered, are they an insignificant body. There are on the Active List nearly one hundred and sixty generals, of whom fifteen are of the full rank, thirty or more are lieutenant-generals, and a hundred and ten are major-generals. Brigadier-generals are not usually included in the list of "generals," but if they are added, then our Army has close upon two hundred generals. (I have said nothing about our field-m Marshals, of whom there are eight, although our two most distinguished generals, Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, are amongst them, because they form a class by themselves.) Thus, if we deduct the forty—the actual number is less—who are in South Africa, our reserve of generals is something like a hundred and fifty strong. Twelve of these, however, are generals of Marines, who never have "commands."

Among so large a number of generals, it may surely be said without offence that all have not the same ability or the same particular gifts, but there can be no question that most of them are capital soldiers; some of them, indeed, have proved themselves remarkably able and brilliant men. Except in altogether unusual circumstances, a general in the British Army—or, for that matter, in any army—can hardly be a young man; and while some of our generals have reached their rank earlier than others in the service, their average age is rather above than under fifty. All of them have had to "work their way up"—a process which has taken them from thirty to forty years. Some of them, perhaps, are physically not quite so "fit" as when they were younger; but the conditions which surround an officer's life are such as to make him as good a man practically at fifty, or even sixty, as a civilian who is many years his junior. A general must be able to be in the saddle for many hours at a time if necessary, and the "mobility" (shall we call it?) of our generals in South Africa shows how well they can stand this test.

Old military men tell me that the relations between generals and their commands have altered very much for the better in the Army during the last twenty or thirty years. Formerly a general had very little real

connection with, or influence upon, his troops, and took but a comparatively insignificant part in their instruction. He used to be dreaded as a great magnate whose principal function was the carrying out of the annual inspection, and of course he was a familiar feature on a field day; but the man himself was an unknown quantity. It is quite otherwise to-day. The general now knows his officers and men, and they know their general. In no other country is there so much sympathy between commander and command as there is in ours, and this applies to the whole body of our generals. The outbreak of war—often sudden, sometimes unexpected—is not the best time for the exercise of calm judgment, though it is just at such a crisis that it is needed most; and it is unquestionably an excellent feature in our Army that our generals are none of them “ornamental” soldiers, holding themselves apart in a sort of splendid isolation, as it were, from their men. On the contrary, knowing what their men can do, they are not likely to be either hurried or flurried.



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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL,
G.C.M.G., G.C.B.*Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces.*

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MAJOR-GENERAL H. LE GUAY GEARY, C.B.
Commanding Belfast District.

The personal element has always entered very largely into warfare; so much so, in fact, that nearly all campaigns are identified with the names of individual generals. In our reserve of generals there must needs be many differences of disposition, of temperament, and of character in the men who are comprised within it, and it is well that it should be so. The point to notice is that the field of choice is wide enough to cover all the operations of war, no matter what their scope. During the first part of the war in South Africa, the foreign Press, in its own kindly and friendly way, flouted and sneered at our generals. They even went so far as to say that President Kruger had issued orders to the effect that his soldiers were on no account to shoot at our generals—because they were of “more use to him living than dead.” But when our reserve of generals was drawn upon, and Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener appeared upon the scene of action, with what result is now known to all the earth, these flouts and sneers were replaced by the grudging acknowledgment of the fact that, indisputably, we had generals who were generals indeed.

The space which can be given to an article in a magazine is naturally so circumscribed that it is impossible to do more

here than to group together a few of the most prominent members of our reserve of generals, with a brief glance at the more striking or more interesting periods of their respective careers.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, is *ipso facto* our principal general, and would, no doubt, take the field were it necessary or expedient. Born in 1833, he entered the Army in 1852. His record of service therefore extends over nearly half a century. Lord Wolseley has been so constantly in the public eye for many years past that even the most casual man in the street knows something about him. The present generation may have forgotten his earliest exploits in the Burmese war of 1852-3, in which, a mere lad of twenty, he distinguished himself greatly, or in the Crimea, where his services were mentioned in despatches. In both of these wars he was severely wounded. The Mutiny seems to most of us nowadays far away; he was present at the relief of Lucknow. Five years later he was in China, and took part in the assault of the Taku forts. His first great chance came in the Red River Expedition in 1870, of which he was in command; for his successful conduct of that affair he was made K.C.M.G., and since then it is not too much to say that he has been the fore-



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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN ARDAGH, K.C.I.E.

Director of Military Intelligence, War Office.



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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, K.C.B.

Commanding at Devonport.

most soldier of the Empire, as witness Ashantee (1873-4), South Africa (1879), Egypt (1882), and the Soudan (1884-5). It is perhaps mainly in connection with the victory of Tel-el-Kebir that his name will go down to posterity. In 1895 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief; and his has been the vast and tremendous responsibility of organising and sending out the large army we have accumulated in South Africa—a feat which, in its own way, is without a parallel in the history of the world. In a former number of the WINDSOR there was given an account of Lord Wolseley at the War Office.

The first name on the active list of generals is that of H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Next comes that of Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Artillery, who is at the present time Governor of Gibraltar, a post for which he is pre-eminently well fitted, as he is one of the best artillerymen of our day. He is a thoroughly good man, and in the event of a European war, improbable, but always possible, no better general could be in command of the "Rock." The Duke of Connaught, who ranks immediately after Sir Robert, won many golden opinions when he was in command at Aldershot; and it is very well known that H.R.H. would very much have preferred

South Africa to Ireland, where he is now Commander-in-Chief. The Duke is an ardent soldier, and inherits those military qualities which have ever distinguished our Royal line.

Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, the Adjutant-General of the Army, who has the Victoria Cross among his numerous orders and decorations, is one of the most prominent figures in our reserve of generals. Sir Evelyn entered the Army by way of the Navy, so to speak, serving in the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, where he was severely wounded. It was in India, in 1858, that he won his V.C., "for having, during the action at Sindwaho, when in command of a troop of the 3rd Light Infantry, attacked with much gallantry, *almost single-handed*, a body of rebels who had made a stand, and whom he routed," and for other gallant and courageous acts. He was subsequently with Wolseley both in Ashantee and in South Africa. On the death of Sir George Colley he became Governor of Natal and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa in 1881. Still later he saw much soldiering in Egypt. Sir Evelyn has been well described as a "tremendous cavalry soldier." He is the author of two books on this arm of the service—"Cavalry at Waterloo," and "Achievements of Cavalry."

Sir Richard Harrison, K.C.B., the Inspector-General of Fortifications, the general next in seniority to Sir Evelyn, is, as one would expect from his position, a "sapper." His record begins with the Indian Mutiny, and as a young Engineer he was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow; he has taken part in four or five other campaigns, including the Zulu war and the Egyptian war of 1882. He carries his sixty-three years very well, is a keen soldier, and extremely "fit." Immediately after him on the roll come General Chapman, commanding in Scotland, Sir Arthur Lyon-Fremantle, and General Montgomery-Moore, Colonel of the 18th Hussars.

Among the other generals of full rank several are connected with the Army in India—Horace Anderson, I.S.C., Channer, V.C., I.S.C., and Sir Arthur Palmer, I.S.C., in command of the Punjab.

The last two names on the list of generals are both those of men of great distinction—Sir Henry Brackenbury, the Director-General of Ordnance, and Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor of Malta. The former, a Staff College man, is a student and a diplo-

matist as well as a soldier. He has been in four or five campaigns, beginning with the Mutiny. As an author, his principal work is a "Narrative of the Ashantee War." Sir Francis Grenfell is a splendid all-round man of conspicuous ability, and the excellent work he did in Egypt, when he was Sirdar, will not soon be forgotten. A strategist and a tactician, he is as fine a soldier as is to be found in the Army.

Among the lieutenant-generals not in South Africa at the time of writing, Sir



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BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.

Commanding Bundelcund District since 1895.

Charles Mansfield Clarke, Sir Cecil East, Sir Robert Low, Sir Baker Russell, General Geary, Sir G. B. Wolseley, Sir William Butler, and Sir George Luck, are all well known men. The first-named is on the military administration as Quarter-Master General, and he has seen service in India, New Zealand, and in Zululand. He is the man who completed the subjugation of the Zulus. Sir Cecil East is a good student, as well as a good soldier. He showed marked capacity when he was at the Intelligence

Department. Sir Robert Low, who has the Bombay command, is a first-class soldier. Sir Baker Russell, of the 13th Hussars, at present commanding at Portsmouth, is not only a splendid cavalryman, but also a capable all-round general; he is a tactician and a strategist of eminence. General Geary is President of the Ordnance Committee; he is a man of keen intellect and an extremely hard worker. Sir G. B. Wolseley, brother of the Commander-in-Chief, is in command at Madras. Sir William Butler, now at Devonport, is another of our conspicuously able men. Sir George Luck, a magnificent cavalry soldier, has the Bengal command.

Such are a few of our lieutenant-generals—the exigencies of our space preclude making the list as full as I should like. And the same remark applies to the major-generals, of whom there are something like eighty in our reserve of generals.

Lord Congleton, in command of the infantry at Malta, and General Thynne (York) are both admirable soldiers. General Trotter, who has the London command, is a fine officer who does not spare himself. General Burnett, now at Poona, is the man who revolutionised the feeding of the Army. General Maurice is our foremost student-soldier. As far back as 1872 he won the Wellington Prize Essay, and he has made

several important contributions to the literature of war. He has the district command at Woolwich at present. General Gosset (Dublin) is a man of great ability and experience. Sir Coleridge Grove, the Military Secretary at Headquarters, is giving invaluable service where he is—a position for which he is singularly well fitted. General Stewart MacGregor, in command of the Artillery at Portsmouth, is a capital “gunner.” General Leech—with the exception of General Sartorius, the only major-general with the V.C. in front of his name—is not only a first-class “sapper,” but a good all-round man. General Lloyd, who is at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, is a very strong man. General Borrett, the Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces, fills his post to perfection, but he has small chance of war service. Sir John Ardagh has a very responsible position as Director of the Military Intelligence Department. General Brownlow is a fearless soldier who made a record for himself at Laing’s Nek. Sir Bindon Blood, now at Meerut, is a “sapper,” but he is a good deal more. He proved himself to be an excellent general in the Chitral campaign. John Ramsay Slade is the “gunner” who brought his guns out of the battle of Maiwand. General Hallam Parr (Shorncliffe) is an authority on Mounted Infantry.



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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

Commanding Madras Forces since 1898.

PRO PATRIA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.



AT Abbazia, upon the shores of the Bay of Quarnero, I first heard this story from the lips of the man who wrought that it might be told. As he wrote it at my solicitation, so for the most part is it written here. No longer a whispered tale for the chief priests of bureaucracy, some knowledge of it at least has passed from the council-chamber to the market-

place; and there are many who "would an they could," yet do not for lack of surer ground. One man alone is able to speak; and he has spoken in these pages. That the whole nature of the momentous events he relates will, hereafter, be understood by his fellow countrymen, it would be presumption to hope. The Englishman is slow to admit the graver perils in which circumstances might place his country and his home. The unchanging ramparts of sea and shore are for him a surer fact than all the armies of the nations. From the cliffs of Dover he looks down upon his "goodly heritage"; in the shadow of the "coastwise lights of England" he finds his hope. Should one approach him to say, "The day is at hand when these ramparts shall not avail, when the lights shall shine no more," he would give no hearing to so bold a preacher. The old complacency would remain undisturbed, the unshaken belief in the girde of the waters which, for a thousand years, has stood sentinel to the homes of England, and will so stand until the end.

"Three ways I know," said the great Moltke, "of getting into your country, but I have yet to discover a way of getting out."

If Alfred Hilliard's story suggests any thought to us, it may well be this—"Is the truth of the national security the same in our day as it was when the first of the Germans wrote? Is it the dreamer alone who may tell himself that the national creed is built upon a false faith, upon false premises and tacit ignorance? Is it the dreamer alone who, in his dreams, may see the sword at England's gate and the enemy in her homes?"

These questions one man's devotion has helped us to answer. A simple soldier, stumbling blindly upon the heart of the nation's peril, of such I write. The work which he was called upon to do, a thousand hands would do again if England's need should seek them; yet not more courageously could it be done, nor with greater love for fatherland, all sufficient and all sacrificing. He wrought for his country's sake, and of him his friends may say, as the greatest of the Englishmen said for Cominius—

"I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate."

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF ALFRED HILLIARD'S STORY, AND INCIDENTALLY OF TWO MEN UPON THE ROAD TO CALAIS.

MY story, I am to tell it, you say? The hand is the hand of Damon; but whence comes the counsel? Others, and they are many, have been before me wherever the tongue of the gossip is heard. The momentous events of these later months—events which yet can put a hush upon my life—have been the theme of every tattler to tickle the ears of the credulous and to make strong the boaster. For the pleasure of undoing such as these, I must speak, men tell me. No longer do my superiors forbid; no longer am I, as a soldier, compelled to silence. The reasons are good, but I stand to a better. If I speak it shall be as an

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Englishman, even the least of my country's servants. That which I did, ten thousand would do to-morrow if the call were theirs. But mine was the lot; and as it befell so let the record go.

I am to tell my story, but it is to be built upon no ancient models. There is to be no "dear reader" in it, nor any horsemen coming down a hill. Let my friends forgive me, if I break faith with them, here at the outset; for who should come galloping towards Saint Pierre as I write these very lines but Harry Fordham, the parson of Cottesbrook, in good Northamptonshire, and how should he gallop if not upon a horse? In imagination I see him, it is true, for a thousand miles, or more if you wish it, lie between this sunny bay of Abbazia and the old town of Calais, whereto he rode upon that good day of June, which remains in my memory as any landmark of my childhood, or greater day which men may not forget. And of Harry shall my first word be, though all the canons of the arts are thereby broken, and every reader that would follow me quits the loitering caravan upon the threshold of the pilgrimage.

"Halloa, Sir Knight! halloa, halloa! And where, in Heaven's name, did you get that stink-pot from?"

There are some men from whom you take insult meekly. Harry Fordham is one of them. Let him cast ashes upon your ancestors, and your own handkerchief dusts the pictures. God never intended him to be a parson, he says. I would write it down that no truer servant of religion ever wore white choker (though, to be sure, he is given to stocks when he hunts in winter).

"'Stink-pot,' my dear Harry, is a vulgar term. Behold a brand new Panhard, delivered an hour ago from the city of Paris. It cost a thousand, please to remember. Respect her Majesty's coinage, if you have none for me."

He reined in an impatient horse and looked my new automobile up and down contemptuously.

"The Lord be good to you for coming to a thing like that—you that have ridden horses. Why, they must smell it in Calais, and that's a mile away. Captain Alfred Hilliard, you are on the broad and easy road. Thank your stars for it."

I told him to have done with it and not to display his ignorance.

"Come, now, you were never on a motor in your life?"

"I have too much respect for the Cloth."

"Which, in your case, is a check suit they can see at Dover."

He looked down at his amazing coat, and the twinkle of his keen eyes was a thing to see.

"The Church must set an example. Besides, where shall the loud lyre be heard if not in France. I want to know about the car."

"Come aboard and I will haste thy manual to be. Seriously, it's a pretty car?"

"The proud kettle rejoicing in Day and Martin. I admit that it has points above other kettles. Be kind to my widow and children and I will listen to you. Is the horse to come, too?"

"Summon that aged impostor at the inn-door yonder, and let him hear some Winchester French. He seems to want a tonic."

He hailed the fellow with a voice that would have moved a Margate hoy, and having wasted a good deal of breath in such plain injunctions as "*Menez le cheval à l'écurie*," "*prenez-garde*," "*je te donnerai un franc*," he crossed the road and seated himself at my side.

"To the bureau of the nearest asylum, *allons donc*, cher Alfred. I am all for a speedy death, 'something lingering, with boiling oil in it.' Cover me up and let her rip, as Homer says."

"I will run you into Boulogne under the hour, and bring you back with a new faith. People who abuse motors belong to a past generation—a race that tabooed the steam-engine for the sake of the horse-breeder. Ten years hence they will be in sackcloth, which is not so becoming as an Irish homespun, let me tell you. Admit that the sensation is a new thing in your life."

"I admit everything to the man with the club. The thing certainly seems respectable. I apologise to its odorous qualities. *Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri*. The stink is left upon the road behind us, for the benefit of posterity, as it were."

"There is little or none when we are moving, no vibration, no jar, you see. A good car always reminds me of a gondola. You go and don't know why you go."

"Until you run into a handy ditch and are better informed. Instruct my ignorance, what speed are we travelling now?"

"Twenty-one and an eighth miles an hour. Down the hill yonder I will promise you thirty-five miles an hour."

"And I am an orphan. *Nullus est locus domestica sedâ jucundior*. Cicero anticipated this, my Alfred. Be a little merciful."

"Do you remember the archdeacon who was asked to say prayers because the ship was sinking, and who cried, 'Great Heaven! has it come to that?' You remind me of him. But I am going to slacken speed, Harry. We are now running nine miles an hour. Take courage and regard the prospect."

It is cruelty to animals to drive an automobile at her best when you have one *in statu pupillari* aboard. While I knew Harry Fordham would have cried "Bravo!" even had we gone at a hundred miles an hour, I

and vivifying. The blue waters were spread out as though at our very feet. A fisherman's cottage upon the cliff had the aspect of a doll's house built into some picture which a great theatre disclosed. A man lived on such a day. Nevertheless, for my part, I can never look to the white cliffs of Kent without a sickness for my home; and so it was upon that morning, when, as a so-called invalid and certainly an idler, I turned my eyes to Dover town and the green heights of England beyond.



"He looked my new automobile up and down contemptuously."

slackened speed through the village of La Chaussée, and permitted him, as we mounted the hill beyond, to enjoy the superb prospect of the downs and the odd little town of Calais behind us, and even the white cliffs of our own country across the laughing sea. One of the packet-boats was making Calais Harbour then; a fleet of smacks, their brown sails close hauled, drifted rather than sailed upon that sparkling field of blue. Out in mid-channel a great liner steamed for Thames and home in an atmosphere gloriously clear

"Why are we in Calais, Harry, when we might be in London?" I asked him, for the scene had stilled his tongue, too. "Do you know that the London season is now in full swing—*vide* the society papers? Think of all the pretty women in Hyde Park this very day—Ranelagh, Prince's, suppers at the Carlton, the clack of tongues, and 'Music, with her voluptuous swell.' Are you unmoved?"

"As a rock. I would not change a boat of all that fishing-fleet for the house with

the statues on it in Park Lane. Consider me an enigma—and tell me where we lunch.”

“At the first decent hotel in Boulogne. That windmill over there marks the village of Marquise. It is seven miles from there to the town, and you shall do it in half an hour.”

“For these and all mercies—— By the way, do you dine with Lepeletier to-night? But of course you do; where else should you dine?”

I suppose that my face betrayed me; for presently he laughed and slapped me on the shoulder.

“We blush: all is safe!” he cried merrily.

“Why are we in Calais, old Alfred? Why, to dine with Lepeletier and his daughter.”

I turned it with a question.

“Are you dining there?”

“Be calm. I am, sir. I shall even presume to take the exquisite Agnes into dinner. Ha, ha! all is discovered, my Alfred. Fly at once.”

I said nothing, for what can a man say at such times? After all, the story must come out some time, and why not then? Surely I knew no one to whom I would tell it so freely as to Harry Fordham, the largest-hearted man that ever preached the gospel of humanity. He, meanwhile, flew off at a tangent.

“I like Lepeletier—a French gentleman, a *rara avis* nowadays. It seems odd that such a man should be sent to Calais, of all places, because the Government has taken it into its head to dig a coal-pit, or something. But it must be more than that, for when I rode over to the works the other day, a sentry came out of a box and struck an attitude which would have done credit to Ajax and the lightning. I explained that I agreed with him entirely and turned my horse. I am sorry to have missed the pith of an excellent oration. He really was very angry for such a small man.”

“You mean the sea-works over yonder at Escalles? I’ve often thought of it. The official story is a Government survey for new protective harbour works and coal borings. Why should they be so secret about it? But it’s always the case in France. They show the foreigner the sentry’s bayonet. We show him everything and give him a glass of sherry afterwards. It’s the English confidence, I suppose.”

“And a good, old-fashioned confidence, too. I like the open door. If you are going to knock a man down for his sins, always do

it in a gentlemanly way. The skeleton in the cupboard is but a collection of bones when you dump him down outside. I preach that from the pulpit—light and not darkness. You cannot tell an honest man from a rogue until the lamp is turned up. Get them out into the daylight, and you teach them to see.”

“Fine maxims—I can take more of them when that fellow over there has done with his horse. Why does he perform circus tricks on the Republic’s highway?”

“Ask his horse, man, ask his horse. Don’t you see he’s bowing to us? By Jove! that’s ugly.”

We were in the village of Wimille at the moment, and had met a Frenchman upon a little chestnut cob, which, whatever were his other qualities, entertained no good opinion of motor cars, I could see. Now rearing straight on end, now lashing out, now whipping round, now bucking from sheer lightness of heart, the cob had thrown his awkward rider heavily to the ground almost before I could brake the car and bring her to a standstill. For a moment I thought the fellow was surely killed; but he was upon his feet again while Harry ran to him, and his avalanche of words gave comforting evidence that no great injury was done. When he had recovered his breath, and a villager had caught the light-hearted cob, he began to listen to our apologies. Let me say a word about him, as he stands there, for we shall meet him again upon the road to Calais.

A man of the middle height, with a sinuous, wiry figure, a face bronzed by the sun, and blackened by the work he did at the foreshore soundings—for I had no doubt from the first that he came from Escalles and the Government’s business there; very deep-set, clever eyes beneath a forehead round and shallow and by no means clever. In type a creole, whose “colour” you might detect in the thick lips and the angular nails of well-shaped hands. Hair matted and curly; great breadth of shoulders coupled to a long, thin neck which seemed to detach his head from his body and to permit it to strike all sorts of odd attitudes. In short, a man of taciturn aspect whom you would have passed a hundred times without notice in any crowd—yet one, and this was the surprise of it, whose face was known to me as the face of someone who had played a part in my life, but whose very name I had forgotten. Behold me staring at him in mute amazement while Harry racked his very

soul for new and ungrammatical apologies, and I had not a word to add to them.

The Frenchman heard us to the end sullenly, brushed the dust from his coat, sprang upon his cob, struck the beast savagely with a steel rod he carried in his hand, and without a single word went cantering away towards Calais just as Harry wound up with an expression of sorrow which would have brought the Academy of France to a premature grave. Here we were left, we two, staring foolishly at each other and at the peasant who had caught the horse. A more ridiculous situation is not to be conceived. Harry saluted it with a roar of laughter which might have been heard at Cape Gris-Nez.

"My French, my French—oh, blessed tongue! Has he gone to fetch the gendarmes, do you think?"

I scarcely answered him. The car was away again in a cloud of dust before I spoke.

"Who could the fellow have been? Don't laugh at me—I have seen him somewhere. I could not tell you where if my life depended upon it."

"But it doesn't depend upon it. Do not court reminiscences, my Alfred, on such a day. We have done all that civility required, and more. Heard civility ever such a splendid use of the imperfect subjunctive?"

"Imperfect, no doubt. Hence the gallop. He is riding away to Escalles to say that a ferocious Englishman is killing his mother tongue in the village of Wimille. Your speech will amuse a town to-night. You serve humanity, gratis."

Harry took a cigarette from his case, and realising the impossibility of obtaining a light in a car travelling twenty miles an hour, he chewed it philosophically and turned the banter with a new story.

"Do you know," he said, "that fellow spoke English when he was on the ground."

"English?"

"I will—well, affirm it. He said a word common to some emergencies of life—amongst laymen."

"Anything else?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal more. Don't ask me to repeat it."

"Stand excused. I knew that I had seen him somewhere. The face is as familiar as it can be."

"A good many faces are. I have known men that said the same of every pretty girl they met. Such a habit leads to unpleasantness."

"It will not do so in this case, for I

remember my man. He is Robert Jeffery, who crammed with me at Webb's."

"Call him Robinson Crusoe, and I will be his man Friday. What put that tale into your head?"

"The man's face. I could have picked him out of a hundred. He went up for Woolwich and was ploughed. A clever man, as a mathematician above the average, but his taste in claret was too good——"

Harry sympathised always when you told him of distress.

"Poor chap!" he said quickly; "it is the end of the story which I generally hear in those cases."

"Yes, but not in this one. What is the man doing at Calais, at the Admiralty works, too?"

"Carrying a steel rod, apparently. Also riding a horse. My dear fellow, why speculate? There is the sea, and beyond it the odorous town of Boulogne! Let us lunch, and speculate afterwards."

I did not answer him. It seemed to me that the face of Robert Jeffery followed me to the town, and that the man sat at my side even while I ate. Nor, to this hour, can I account for a premonition so remarkable.

CHAPTER II.

OF MYSELF AND ANOTHER.

I HAD been in Calais exactly three weeks when Parson Harry Fordham fell foul of my motor-car; and, as far as I could see, the distant winter might find me still in that exceedingly uninteresting memorial to Queen Mary's prophecy. An ugly fall with the Fitzwilliam bounds, an ever-anxious mother, the impossibility of serving my regiment with a deficiency of ribs and a collar-bone which the faculty obstinately described as "broken," had sent me from England in the February of the year to join the sun-seekers at Nice, and afterwards to imagine myself an invalid at Pau. Upon the links at the latter town I first met Colonel Lepeletier and his daughter. She taught him the English golf, she said; and her dear father was so rapidly improved that a week found him in all the bunkers, and in a fortnight he had broken his clubs. I complimented the fine old fellow upon this excellent achievement and his admirable control of temper, and was not surprised that the audacity amused him. "A game for children," he said apologetically, "and yet one which makes little things seem great to us. I am

ashamed of myself, but to-morrow I shall play again."

It was good to hear him ; for I agreed with Harry Fordham that Colonel Lepeletier was one of God's best works, an honest gentleman. A "hall-mark" man, the parson called him ; and I would dub them both as he dubbed one. In all my life I thought that I had never seen a prettier thing than this spectacle of a little French girl teaching her less agile father the mysteries of golf. There is, I suppose, one hour in every man's life when he finds such a picture and such a thought as I found upon the links at Pau. The more sacred impulses are least to be written about ; I hesitate to speak of mine when they do not concern this story. But let it be recorded that I lingered a month in Pau, and that where Agnes Lepeletier walked, there went my world. Silently, surely, unknowingly, perhaps, that understanding, so subtle, so intimate, so true, began to mould our wills. The day when impatience to see my brother-officers and my regiment chafed and galled was forgotten and un mourned. A rich man (for that crime the world has laid at my door), I was my own master—to serve or not to serve as the impulse dictated ; to forget my home in England if I had the mind to ; to marry or give in marriage as the whim should take me. But the time for serious things was not yet. I was at Pau, and Agnes Lepeletier had become my companion. I asked nothing more of Nature or of man.

The weeks passed quickly, all too quickly, we said, when Oscar Lepeletier told us at dinner, one night in the first week of May, that his work called him back to Paris, and from Paris might send him to the exasperatingly unromantic town of Calais. I knew nothing of his reasons, nor did he seek my confidence. But to Agnes I said, "I will come to Calais"; and there was that upon her face which could make my pulse beat the faster and send me to the booking-office as men rarely go. So behold the new scene. The Colonel at his official house which overlooks the Jardin Richelieu, the English "Sir Capitain" at the Hôtel Meurice, which, should you stop in Calais (and may the gods forbid!) you will find in the Rue de Guise. Had it been the Black Country, to me it had been an Eden ; for Agnes was there, and when a week had passed, Harry Fordham, the king of parsons, was my fellow adventurer for every enterprise.

He had left Cottesbrook, in Northamptonshire (for he holds our family living

there) to visit an unknown destination in Switzerland ; but being exceedingly ill upon the steamer, the impulse took him to come and see me in Calais. A decent horse, to which the Colonel introduced him ; some pleasant tennis parties contrived by Mademoiselle Agnes ; an heroic attempt to build a golf links on the sandy dunes to the west of Calais ; perchance pure pity for my solitary condition, kept him in the name of charity at the Hôtel Meurice, where I had bivouacked. One excuse and the other delayed his return to England ; and when June came we had formed a habit of the town, and no longer detected its deficiencies. For that matter, Harry was no less frequent a visitor to Colonel Lepeletier's house than I had become. We dined there twice a week, breakfasted in the shade of the garden as often, were unceasing in our quest of unfamiliar pilgrimage and lazy picnic. But Harry was the more welcome guest at the house, as I knew from the beginning of it ; and if the kindlier greeting he received was spoken by Colonel Lepeletier's lips, none the less it threatened to be the disturbing element, not only of my holiday, but of my life.

That Lepeletier's attitude baffled me, I confess unhesitatingly. My position, at least, I argued, might have won upon his consideration ; for few that came to his house enjoyed such advantages of fortune as my birthright had thrust upon me. Nevertheless, this fine old fellow, who had loved to play the father's part to me at Pau, was here so changed in Calais that I began to doubt my very senses and the estimate of him they had formed for me. Frigidly polite, always ready with his hospitalities, sometimes melting to his old geniality and confidence, there remained in my mind the conviction that I was not a welcome guest at his house, and that my departure from Calais would be pleasing to him. If I delayed to perceive this, or to be aware of the true state of the case, until the situation threatened to become intolerable, remember the old fable that Love is blind—upon which I put the sure fact that my interest in Agnes Lepeletier had now passed the bounds of mere friendship and entered into that intimate dominion of a woman's heart which one in all the world may share with her. I was blind, because my eyes had other things to see. To awake was to come down from the gardens of my dreams to the sandy town of Calais and its hotel. I determined that very day to speak to Lepeletier and to make an end of it. The



“‘A game for children,’ he said apologetically.”

occasion was the dinner at his house. The opportunity should be found for me by Harry Fordham.

The Colonel dined at seven o'clock, and it was at half-past six when Harry, black now in the prim clothes of orthodoxy, came to my room to "call beginners," as he put it in the jargon which amateur theatricals had taught him. I had just finished dressing, and, seeing that it was but five minutes from the Hôtel Meurice to the house by the Jardin Richelieu, I suggested that we should take a turn down the Place d'Armes and chat as we went. "For, Harry," said I, "you must be serious to-night, more serious than ever you were in all your life."

He laughed and linked his arm in mine. "The gods shall weep for my melancholy," he said. "Behold these tears upon a virgin cheek!"

I told him to have done with his nonsense and to listen to me. It was a simple story. He had observed Lepeletier's manner towards me; he must guess the reason. He knew why I was in Calais. If anything lay behind the Colonel's manner but the plain intimation that I was not the husband he would choose for his daughter, I should be glad to know of it. Could Harry suggest anything? In short, could he help me? To all of which he listened with that unabashed merriment which nothing could moderate or control. He would not be serious.

"Oh, man!" he exclaimed, when my patience was nigh exhausted, "man that is born of woman, art not blind as any camel with one eye? Attend now to my argument. What befalls him who takes a cleek when he should use a brassey? Assuredly he is bunkered, even as thou art, my Damon. But let him take the proper club, and lo! there is papa, and papa's darling, and the darling of papa's darling in a threesome of their heart's choice. Play the game, Captain Alfred, play the game——"

"If you were not my friend, Harry, I would not go another step with you."

He affected great sorrow, but so drolly that I could not but laugh with him.

"*Meâ culpâ, meâ maximâ culpâ.* I will be very solemn, brother. Let me tell you of a man in love who is afraid to ask papa, and who, thereby, provoketh papa to impatience. Ye goats and sheep! don't you see, my Alfred, that the old gentleman is dying for the word, the blessed word? You are the laggard. Ponder upon the cutlets you have eaten in that same house,

the excellent Burgundy you have drunk. Is *mon père* to sit for ever, the spectator of your billing and cooing? Not so, by my halibut!"

A great light came to me even of his nonsense.

"Upon my honour, I never thought of that. Do you really think it's true, Harry?"

"If I were a layman I would go nap upon it. And why not? Here is the prettiest little girl in all France—I say so; do not contradict me—the prettiest little girl in all France, cooling her heels—oh, phrase most elegant!—on the doorstep of the beast's house, while the beast plays tennis, swims, rows, drives a stink-pot, and does anything but go to her papa to say, 'Honourable sir, give me your daughter to wife, for I have no wild oats in my garner, and I am of discreet age, or should be, and there is gold in my cellars (if I choose to keep it there).' Man, you're a catch, and you don't know it. To Lepeletier, a milord whose money-bags jingle; to little Agnes, the fairy prince whose ribs were hurt as he fell out of heaven. Can't you see it? Are you blind? Must I do the business for you? Why, the old fellow's dying, going into rapid consumption, because you forbid him to say, 'Bless you, my children!'"

He stopped, for very want of breath, I believe, and seeing that I had nothing to say—for I was bewildered with the novelty of it, bewildered beyond understanding or clear thought—he put his hand upon my shoulder and compelled me to look him in the face. Eyes more honest I have never seen.

"Do you want the girl? do you mean to marry her?" he asked despotically.

"Don't be a fool, Harry—at least admit my honour."

"Admitted—and underlined. This very night thy latch-key shall be required of thee. Come on, Sir Romeo, I will even punish the Bordeaux while you throw the glove to papa. It is a clean glove, at any rate."

My head was too full of the surprise of it to answer him, and once more he linked his arm in mine and set out for the Jardin Richelieu. His talk was all of Agnes now, of her, and that which he was pleased to call the right ascension of the planet Venus. Nevertheless, a note of new gravity rang presently in harmony with his badinage, and the jester's cloak fell to reveal the counsellor.

"A man of thirty-one can do many things well, especially if he has the money. Mar-

riage is one of them. Wild oats, kept until they become riches, feed the honour of home and fatherhood. You are growing *blasé*, my Alfred. Life is *ennui*. You are like the millionaire's child who cried because it wanted to want something. Twenty thousand a year, the best place in Northamptonshire, a doting mother, are knocking the iron out of your will. I find you moody and contemplative—symptoms of repletion. As you are, you will never do anything in life. If they give you a brass plate or—*horribile dictu!*—a couple of plaster angels in Cottesbrook Church, it will be more than you deserve. A wife would change all this. It is even possible that she would make you do something to astonish me. I have thought of it often, but no man has a right to speak such thoughts. Judge of my joy, as they say in the fairy books, when I came to Calais and found you with one hand already in the matrimonial lucky bag."

"Unlucky bag, sometimes, Harry."

"*Tais-toi*. Here is our exception. Do you not understand that you are winning the sweetest little woman in all France?"

"I have a shrewd suspicion of it."

"One who will say, 'Life is not in the newspaper or the clubs, but here in a good woman's heart.'"

"An excellent sentiment."

"One who will tell you that you, Alfred Hilliard, of the Eighteenth Hussars, captain, must do something for the island they call England, and something for the sake of the name you bear."

"I cannot expect her to be over-anxious about our side of the Channel. She is born of France, at least."

"Rubbish, my son! A woman is of her husband's nation. It says little for the husband if she be not. At Cottesbrook she will babble patriotism in the prettiest broken English possible. Do not contradict me. A parson who baptises and buries them sees both ends of the stick, as it were. You are marrying a good girl—tell yourself that when papa asks about your expectations to-night. The old fellow would grow an inch if he could see your banking account, *cher Alfred*."

I resented the suggestion—would have resented it hotly but for the fact that we stood now upon the threshold of the house, and could see the candles upon the dinner-table whereat we were about to sit. The nadir of infamy surely is touched in that plea, "I am a rich man; give me your daughter to wife."

Harry implied no such vulgarity when he fell to his bantering humour, as I would have admitted in a cooler moment; and now, silencing me with a gesture, he opened the gate of Lepeletier's garden.

"Hush! we are observed," he said, with finger upraised mockingly. "The band does not play but the curtain rises. I wish you luck, old fellow, luck from the very bottom of my heart."

I knew that he did; knew that there was no truer friend of mine in all Europe than Harry Fordham, the parson of Cottesbrook. Nevertheless, I went into the old barrack-like house with heavy steps and a foreboding I could but ill define.

All Harry's philosophy was true, every word of it. I knew that the one woman in all the world for me was the one I was about to meet in the little drawing-room beyond the hall; I knew that I could speak to her father with an authority of my position which few might hope for; and yet my expectation stumbled, halted, went laggingly and obstinate to the *salon*. Perchance the house itself helped my mood. There is no more gloomy house in all the cities. From every square and hideous window you look upon the docks and squalid basins of Calais Harbour. The great buttresses of the grey citadel are its neighbours for the left hand; the arid Jardin Richelieu mocks its pastoral pretensions upon the right. I never entered it yet but it seemed to carry me to some prison-house, some silent gate, beyond its portals. And I am glad because I shall never pass its door again to my life's end.

Agnes was at the piano as we entered; a little, winsome figure in a gown of muslin worn as only a Frenchwoman knows how to wear the poorer stuffs and make them rich. A simple circlet of pearls about her throat was her only ornament of jewels; but she wore one white rose in her pretty brown hair, and that which her face lacked of colour (for it was always a pale face, I thought) she made good in expressive eyes and the little affectionate mannerisms which are a woman's power. She had a habit, I remember, of laying her hand upon my arm when she spoke to me, and excitement could emphasise the touch until it became almost a grip which seemed to act upon every nerve in my body. Quick in all her actions, always at the high place of her spirits, capable of deep feeling, nevertheless her quick, womanly sympathy, developed to maturity in her girlhood, was for me her abiding characteristic. It was no doll's face that looked up at us as

we entered the drawing-room, but a face that a man might remember when others more beautiful were forgotten.

"Why do you always come when I am practising, Captain Hilliard?" she asked, as she held out an ungloved hand and with the other scattered the music upon the piano. "That is the 'March from Tannhäuser,' and I hate it."

"Then why do you play it, Mademoiselle Agnes?"

"Because it makes a noise, and you cannot hear the wrong notes. Wagner wrote it for me to drown the bugles in the citadel. Is Monsieur Harry musical—oh, but I'm sure he's not."

Harry, sitting in a low chair, looked for all the world like some great, fair-haired schoolboy.

"Not musical, when I am the father of Gregorians?" he cried, in affected indignation. "Do you know that I once wrote an oratorio, mademoiselle, and that the critics pronounced it beneath contempt? I have considered myself musical from that day. Horrible term, isn't it? Suggests a musical box in your chest. You turn the handle and the box plays 'The Carnival of Venice.' There's an idea for a patent. Musical sweets guaranteed to play 'We Won't Go Home till Morning,' when you've swallowed them."

Agnes, who spoke good English, for she had been educated in the convent at Isleworth—though one of the old French Protestants—was utterly unable to follow Master Harry's idiom.

"I believe that you play beautifully," she said in protest. "You shall try after dinner."

"I will render you the 'Lost Chord' with one finger—the missing notes to be found by the imagination. Alfred will supply an assorted bass. He is very good on the lower 'G.' Ask him."

She told him that she would insist upon it, and had turned round to make me her ally, when Colonel Lepeletier entered the room, and with him there stood the very man whose horse had shied at my automobile in the village of Wimille that morning, Robert Jeffery, of Webb's aforetime, the rejected of Woolwich, yet here masking under a French name, and presented to me as one of France's most skilful engineers. I stared at the Colonel in amazement. Why did he introduce his friend to me as a Frenchman?"

"Monsieur Sadi Martel—Captain Hilliard. How! you have met before, gentlemen?"

It was upon my tongue to say that we had

met many times before; but I controlled myself, perhaps as a tribute to my curiosity, and in a word related the events of the morning.

"Monsieur Martel, I fear, must bear me a grudge—his horse objects to innovations, Colonel. I am glad of this opportunity to make my apologies."

Jeffery, for so I insisted on calling him, nodded his head in a gesture which was meant to be curt, I thought, and spoke to the Colonel in rapid French. Then he turned to Agnes and left me with her father.

"A fortunate meeting, but I had no idea of it," said the Colonel, as he led me away from them to the window. "My friend is one of the engineers at the harbour works. You will not often meet so clever a man."

"A Frenchman, of course?"

"On his father's side. His mother was an American. You will discover that he shares the vices of some of my countrymen. He has yet to understand the merits of England; you must convert him. His father went to Mexico with the unfortunate Maximilian, but the son has been many years in France and has almost forgotten his accent. A most interesting man, whose name Europe will hear one day."

I said nothing, waiting for him to continue. But I remembered that it was sixteen years ago almost to a month since Robert Jeffery had left England, without reputation or prospect. The man who stood over there talking volubly to Mademoiselle Agnes was Sadi Martel, and not Robert Jeffery, the Colonel said. Again I wondered at the coincidence, and was wondering still when the servant announced dinner.

We went to dinner, Agnes, to my satisfaction, upon Harry's arm; and being seated, I found myself upon the left-hand side of the table, and so far removed from the engineer that politeness demanded no effort to converse with him. Already we had been given to understand that he spoke little English; and Harry's frank admission, in turn, that he never yet met a Frenchman who could understand *his* French, broke the ice; and each held forth in the sure and certain conviction that his neighbour could not contradict him. Once or twice in a lull of their talk I found Jeffery's eyes turned curiously upon me; but whenever our glances met he would avoid my question in a new outburst of declamation and argument. His volubility astonished me, for at Webb's we had spoken of him as a silent man.



"She touched my arm with her hand, in one of those gestures I love."

"I am interested in your engineer," I said to Agnes anon. "Tell me about him."

She touched my arm with her hand, in one of those gestures I love, and answered me provokingly.

"If you listen, he will tell you about himself."

"But I can't understand a half he says."

"Are you sure that you lose anything?"

"Your father says that I do. His name is to be heard all over Europe."

"Then he must have invented a new speaking-trumpet. He is so clever you know, down below the ground."

"A good many men are clever there, Mademoiselle Agnes. We admit it generously. Have you known Monsieur Martel long?"

"Since the works began. He has invented a great machine for digging up the coal. Why, are you curious? You should ask him."

"He seems to interest you, at least."

"At least, sir? Oh, I am least, then——!"

"I mean that you like him."

"Very much; I like all clever men."

"A woman believes every man to be clever if he tells her so."

"Does she? Then why do you not tell me that you are clever?"

"I must have forgotten to mention it.

I will begin to-morrow. The life and times of Alfred Hilliard, soldier."

Harry, overhearing us, put in his word.

"The life and high old times," he corrected.

"I have often thought of that for a title when a bishop is to be written up."

"You are flippant, Harry. Does Monsieur Martel forgive your apologies?"

"He does not forgive your car!"

"Ask him to be introduced to it to-morrow."

"Tell me the French for that, Mademoiselle Agnes."

"You would never remember it."

"No, but you say it so charmingly."

"Harry, Harry—I listen——"

"A pernicious habit! Do I intrude? I will even make my neighbour miserable."

He turned to Martel, and I to Agnes. If there be anything more exasperating under God's heaven than a dinner-table flirtation, I would gladly know of it. You break a petal of romance—the butler cries, "Thick or clear?" You touch a vein of sentiment—a brute says, "'Ock or sherry?" You rise to heights of understanding—the flunkey brings you to ground again with "Saddle of mutton, sir?" Or all is going swimmingly when your host's voice is raised to pronounce a verdict, and you, all confusion in discovery, must

cry "Aye," or "Nay," as the case may be. Happily, I sought no dinner-table flirtation with Agnes. There was a deeper, truer voice of delight in that unspoken intimacy, in the thought that she, a little, unknown French girl to me three months ago, but now the one figure of my content—she, who first had taught me to say, "For this a woman was born into the world"—sat there at my side, and that I might prison in memory every note of her laughter, and make my own every vision of her changing beauty. We would not tell our story, for it were better untold. The book wherein we wrote should be the book of our lives. I think, even then, that her content was linked to mine—for good or ill, in an abiding purpose.

It was a habit in the Colonel's house that we lingered at the dinner-table but a moment when Agnes had left it; for the old soldier did not smoke, and while he tolerated our cigarettes, we conceded much to his habit, and usually denied ourselves until we were upon the road to the Meurice again. It was good to see Parson Harry, who surpassed the chimneys, protesting that the last thing in all the world he cared about was the narcotic they call tobacco. Upon this evening, which I have twenty reasons to remember, I can recollect that Lepeletier permitted Harry and the other to follow his daughter to the drawing-room; but this was the surprise of it, no sooner was I about to imitate them than he touched me on the shoulder and pointed to an empty chair by his own.

"Let me see you smoke a cigarette, Captain—I should like it."

I sat down without a word and fumbled for my cigarette-case. A first drill, the initiating hour of riding-school, a *début* as a speaker upon a platform, occurred to my mind as child's tasks beside this ordeal. Instinctively I knew that the Colonel was to speak to me of Agnes. I can see him to this hour, with his trim, pointed, black beard, his sallow face, his large and kindly eyes, his nervous, white hand tapping the white cloth restlessly. A gentleman? Aye, there never was a truer. And he invited my confidence. I felt that I could speak to him as to my own father—had my father been living.

"Yes," he said, "I have never learned to smoke—my misfortune, Captain. Tobacco is the handmaiden of Reason. A man can smoke with his enemy at the gate! Otherwise he comes to blows. Let me see you content."

"I am never anything else at your house,

Colonel. When you come to England, to Cottesbrook Castle, I despair of my chances—after this."

He turned away from me to lift the shade of one of the candles. I thought that he was a little embarrassed, and I was sorry for him. My own condition was lamentable. I was hot and cold, excited and depressed, hopeful and desponding, while a man could have counted ten. To this does conventionality bring us. Why did I not say to him there and then, "I want Agnes, I won't hear 'No': she is mine"? Heaven knows why it remained unsaid.

"I should like to see your English home," he continued by and by, speaking in so low a voice that I must bend my ear to follow him. "A soldier, however, is less his own master than any other man. They keep me here in Calais and do not ask me if I wish to go away. Next month, next year, I may be a free man. How can I make promises, Captain——?"

"Oh, but you are coming to me some day, if I have to write to the General myself. It's my due, Colonel. You wouldn't disappoint me. I think Mademoiselle Agnes will have a word to say on that matter."

He raised his hand as though to stop me. The unshaded candle sent a ray of pale light upon a face which, I thought, had grown old suddenly.

"I repeat, I must repeat, Captain, that I can make no promises. You will not ask me why—you will know that I am compelled to be frank with you. I wish that you could understand me. It is not to be, however. When our duty stands between us and our wishes, we may complain, but we must not rebel. I do not forget that we are both soldiers, and that one of us will think it wiser to return to his own country by and by. But I would give much to say, 'Stay here, make this your home.' Will you believe that, Captain Hilliard?"

I do not know how I answered him. If he had struck me on the face, the surprise of it would not have been more amazing. It was a point-blank refusal of my unspoken request. He had said "No," as plainly as any man ever said it in this world. The hot blood of my race rushed to my face, choking tact and reason and argument. I stood up and faced him, yet was sorry for him in spite of myself.

"Colonel," I said, "do you wish me to put the only interpretation possible upon those words?"

"If you please, Captain."

"You prefer that I should leave Calais?"

"I must prefer it——"

"You have said as much to your daughter?"

He turned away.

"My daughter will understand," he said, but every word cost him an effort.

"Then I am not to broach the subject to her?"

He started at the question and looked me full in the face.

"As a man of honour, you will say nothing to her."

"Leaving that to you?"

"I understand my duty, sir."

"Forgive me if my understanding is less clear. I shall leave for London in three days' time. It will be possible for you to come to another determination before I go—in which case you will find me at the Meurice."

"Entertain no hopes, I beg of you. My decision is inflexible."

"I shall give you three days, nevertheless. If I do not see Mademoiselle Agnes again——"

But I halted suddenly, and as for the rest of it, that remained unspoken. Indeed, I remember little more of it save that I shook hands with him and went to the door.

But I saw him for an instant, the figure of a weary old man, with the wan light cast upward upon a face of marble. And even then I knew how much the night had cost him.

CHAPTER III.

THE PANTHER.

I LEFT the house without another word, and sending no message even to Harry the Parson, I went out into the clear night, and struck a road that should bring me down toward the Casino and the western beach. Never did man so welcome God's fresh air, or the cooling breezes from the sea, as I welcomed them in that solitary walk. Not so much had the blow struck upon the merely selfish matter of my interests; but at my pride, even, it may be, I think now, at my self-conceit. Yesterday I had called Lepeletier intimate among my friends. To-night—to-night, I ground my heel into the gravel by the seashore and said, as young men will, that he should repay to the utmost farthing. Never once did I stay to ask myself, Why is this thing so? What fact, or lie, or interest has so changed a man in

twenty-four hours, that he, who yesterday had called me son, showed me his door to-day—civilly, if you will, yet none the less an open door? Anger thrust out the saner figures of my thoughts. He had insulted me and I would answer him.

To many a lover, I suppose, has there come such an hour as I spent that night upon Calais beach—where all sorts of vain oaths were sworn vainly, and chivalry could colour a fine romance for me, and I called the heavens to witness that no man yet born should stand between me and her I loved. Let the impression of it be effaced as the folly is forgotten. Rather would I remember the north wind as it tumbled the breakers upon the harbour piers, or sent a rime of spindrift to tauten many a well-drawn sail. How the music of the pebbles, rolling long-drawn notes of melancholy, could touch a plaintive chord, deep and human, in my own heart! The lights of England shone for me with a new meaning as I stood sentinel upon the deserted sands. For there was the Foreland, magnificent above them all, and the star which marked the Goodwins; and other constellations as of ships passing eastward, westward, to the harbour gates beyond the oceans, to the wharves and quays of London town herself. Behind me lay Calais, a little group as of lanterns hovering above the marshland. A band played in the Casino, and its jarring gaieties struck a discord upon the sea's unchanging voice. But I thought of France no longer with affection; and there came to me out of the night a consolation of my country, of her resources, and of her power—even, it may be, some surpassing gratitude to that sea whereby I stood, the rampart impassable of our kingship, the grave and the glory of that multitude of England's sons who had wrought that kingship might be ours. For the lights of my country spoke of the green lanes, of the homes of England beyond; and my heart went out to them as ever it will go homeward in the moments of our grief.

An hour, at least, I watched the ebbing seas, the play of light upon the waters, the paths of the great steamers that hurried on in mystery as though land and the peoples of the land were of no concern to them. And when the first impression of it had passed I found a cooler head and a clearer wit to grapple with that which had befallen me. After all, I said, I had acted just as some impatient schoolboy, out of temper with his lesson and obstinate beyond knowledge. Another man would have had it out with

Lepeletier there and then, would have put him to the question and demanded his reasons, and sought, it might be, to obtain a new argument and a new verdict. But all my life had been a sop to the gratification of my desires. I had yet to live the day when my mother would rebuke the veriest whim of mine. My word was law at Cottesbrook, and even in my regiment the yoke of obedience had ever been made light by a tactful and indulgent colonel. Gold is but a poor mirror in which to see ourselves. Until Lepeletier asked me to quit his house (for so I put it to myself in my account of it) I had been satisfied with the picture my mirror gave me; but now it changed upon the instant—to show me that of a man unattaining, resourceless, vanquished at a word, unable to withstand even a whisper of dissent. Shame of my weakness rather than self-pity prevailed when my anger cooled. How Parson Harry would laugh at me! And what would Agnes think of her knight, who rode away from the lists because a glove was thrown to him? It needed but this to make my humiliation complete.

The harbour clocks, the great bell of the Cathedral booming above them, struck the hour of ten, when I retraced my steps to the Meurice and asked if Mr. Fordham had returned. They told me that he had not, but that a gentleman, Martel by name, was waiting for me in my sitting-room and had been there since nine o'clock. To say that such a visit astonished me would be to express myself but ill. The man was Robert Jeffery, after all, then! He had come to beg my secrecy; he could have come for nothing else. That much I owed him for the sake of auld lang syne. I said that his secret should be safe with me, and, impatient for the meeting, I went upstairs with quick steps. It was Robert Jeffery, after all.

He was in my room, as they said; and he had not forgotten the privileges of a rusted acquaintance. I found him, his black cape unbuttoned, one of my cigars between his fingers, one of my books in his hands, just as I had found him many a day at Webb's, when we promised him a career, and mathematicians shed their benedictions upon him. All the old effrontery, the old reticence were there. In five minutes he would know my business at Calais—I should not learn his in as many years.

"Come in, old sport!" he cried, with all the splendour of his impudence, as I entered

the room and shut the door after me. "Come and try one of these weeds and make yourself at home. You're about the last man I expected to see in France to-day. A lucky meeting, eh? Well, I'm not so sure about it."

I threw off my light dust-coat, and, the night being very hot and close, I went to open one of the windows which, evidently, he had shut; but he stopped me almost with an angry gesture.

"Not so, my Captain—you are a captain, eh, Hilliard? Well, spare my feelings, then, and keep the window shut. I've got a cold in my head, and I don't want all Calais to hear my mother tongue. Good Heavens! I'd forgotten I was an Englishman until I saw your mug on the Paris road. Fancy that, after sixteen years. Why, man, it makes a boy of me again."

There was all the old conceit, the offensive brutality of manner in the fellow's speech, which had contrived to make him one of the most unpopular men that ever set foot in Webb's house; but for the nonce I passed by his impertinence, and lighting a cigar I wheeled an armchair round and so sat facing him.

"Well," I said quietly, "and why have you come here?"

He blinked and looked down at the glowing tip of his cigar. The blue veins in his thin hands reminded me of ancient prejudices—but they were the fruit of his manners, and not of his birth. We had called him "The Panther" at Webb's. No word could have described him so well.

"Why have I come here? That's an odd question. I thought you'd be glad to see me. Anything else? No, I think not, Alfred Hilliard."

"Let's see," said I, "it would be sixteen years since you left Webb's? That's a long time. I didn't remember your name this morning—until you'd ridden away."

He threw the ash from his cigar with an odd little jerk and laughed hardly.

"Who's the parson chap—the man who speaks French like a bullfighter? I like the cut of his jib. Is he a chum of yours?"

"He is one of my oldest friends."

"So; and you're holiday-making in Calais. Rum place for a picnic, eh? The great Sahara and Southend-on-Sea playing pitch-and-toss together. You've reasons—I won't quarrel with them; but the other chap, he's peculiar tastes, hasn't he?"

"Do his tastes concern you?"

"Me—good Lord! If he drank himself

to death to-morrow in buttermilk, what's that to me? Nice chap, though. I thought he was going to put me through the Catechism when he picked me up this morning. Say, you've a good car. You didn't buy that at a dime store, I'll wager. My park hack took the same view. He isn't used to money."

"I hope you weren't hurt?" said I.

"Ask the steel bar I was carrying. I think you bruised it a bit. But I'm an old one. They've chucked me off a derrick



"You won't be so glad you're an Englishman next year, pard."

twice, and here I am. Do I look the worse?"

"Not a great deal. It's my turn for questions. What have you been doing these sixteen years?"

"Learning to become a Frenchman. You turned me out of England. By ——! I hated some of you. But you weren't among 'em. I always thought you were a gentleman. The others—well, I'll wipe my boots on them some day, as sure as the Lord made us of a different colour."

There was always, I knew, in this man's

mind the sore of his colour and of that which he believed to be the due of it. He had told me, even as a boy, that he hated the "white man." No argument could modify that rankling consciousness of an inferiority which his imagination detected. He hated his fellows because they were not as he. And his temperament followed the traditions of his race. Where he could not bully he fawned.

"I'm sorry to hear you speak like that, Jeffery. There were few at Webb's who would not have helped you if they could. You did not let them——"

"No, the swine! I wanted none of their help."

"But that's no reason for hating them?"

He threw himself back in his chair and laughed brutally.

"Let's talk of something else," he said. "Your pal, Hardy, what's he doing?"

"He's at Woolwich, doing well."

"Married?"

"A year——"

"And one child?"

"Yes, there's a child."

"Ah, Hardy was one of them. I'll not forget him—in hell or out of it!"

"You were going to speak of something else—something more pleasant."

"Yes; whisky. That's what I want to speak of. I'm as dry as biscuits. Suppose we wash out the Colonel's Bordeaux. Filthy stuff, my chum, filthy stuff; but he likes it. Let's drink to his daughter."

I rang the bell and ordered whiskies and sodas.

"Colonel Lepeletier is a friend of mine. The less said about him the better. Haven't you another subject? I'm anxious to know where you have been since I saw you last. By Jove! it really is sixteen years ago."

"Mix me three fingers, and I'll tell you. So; don't drown it. Another cigar—I thank you."

He drank his whisky, the half of it at a gulp, and settled himself in his chair. The deep-set, steely eyes turned upon me curiously.

Again I said that they who named him "The Panther" named him well.

"You made a quick exit to-night," he exclaimed jocularly, avoiding my question, as his habit was. "The old man said you were queerish; you don't look it."

"I—oh, I'm all right—a little business——"

"Down on the bathing-shore, eh? Well, I won't intrude. 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' eh? But I thought it was an off-shore wind, and you puzzled me."

"That must have been amusing."

"Oh, it was. I'd made up the story, and you come along and alter the best chapter. Old colonel—young daughter—milord the Englishman. Colonel's duty compels him to say 'No.' Mustn't pal with the English. Milord, the Englishman, bounces out of the house and goes to sharpen a sword on the pier buttress. Coffee for two, to-morrow, and daughter's tears to sweeten it. Say, she's a pretty girl."

He had touched me to the quick, and another word might have sent him headlong from the room. But a sentence he had spoken bitted my tongue and brought me to a point of curiosity beyond any I had touched.

"What particular duty put upon Colonel Lepeletier by his command at Calais should cause him to show me incivility?" I asked carelessly, hiding my annoyance under a pretence of amusement. He answered it off-hand.

"Oh, I know nothing about that. These French soldiers have odd notions, that's all. He may think that you and he are to meet across a sabre some day. Who knows—who the devil knows? as messieurs the Spaniards say. Have you seen his coal-pits, by the way?"

"The works at Escalles? No, I understand they are not to be seen."

He half closed his eyes and I thought that he watched me closely while he spoke.

"Officially, no, of course not. But there might be a way in."

"I have no curiosity on the point."

"No curiosity? And you call yourself an Englishman?"

"Yes, but not a spy."

He rose to his feet and began to laugh as a man in a maudlin condition bordering upon intoxication.

"I'll drink your health, old sport," he said. "If you want to see the place where the coal comes from, you follow an old chum. I'll show you two fortunes not fifty feet below high-water mark. Say you're a friend of Sadi Martel—oh, you'll keep my secret,

old pard, you won't blow on one of the boys?"

"I'm not likely to do that, especially under the circumstances."

"Ah! the circumstances. Old boy's honour and that sort of thing. Well, so long. It's a pity to leave good liquor, isn't it. Let's fill another glass. Here's to the little lady who can't get married because La France says 'No.' A bumper and no heel-taps—ah! that does a man good."

He drained a tumbler and then staggered to the door. But he had wits enough to cry "Good-night" to me in French, as he stood upon the threshold, and returning for an instant to the room he took me by the lapel of the coat and whispered a confidence.

"You won't be so glad you're an Englishman next year, pard—no, by——!"

And with that he went away and left me standing by the table to wonder at the odd notions which come to men whose reason is bartered at so low a price.

CHAPTER IV.

AT TWO GROATS STERLING.

It was characteristic of Harry Fordham that you could never catch his laughter napping. Sunshine or rain, good news or ill—there was the man and there the jest to lift the clouds of your misfortune, or to rub out the tidings which had troubled you. To one over-given to gloom and saturnity (for this picture of myself I must admit), there was no finer antidote in all the kingdoms than the merry consolations of that irrepressible humour. And to it he added a measure of common sense more generous than the Church is apt to bestow. "Make a man and you make a Christian," was the keystone of his teaching. He spent his days, I witness, in making men.

Harry had returned from the Colonel's house when Robert Jeffery left the hotel, and as soon as he heard the fellow's steps upon the stairs he came across to my room and seated himself deep in an armchair, as though it had been a natural thing for me to leave Lepeletier as I had done, and to steal away without a single word to Agnes or the others. As ever, he wore an old Trinity coat, and carried in his hand the colossal pipe which had been the envy even of the hardy smokers of the shires. But his slippers were remarkable—a sample, as he professed, from the two hundred pairs which the

"flock" had worked for him, and which, some day, he would bequeath to a slipper-loving nation.

"My son," he said pathetically, as he lighted the giant bowl with loving care, "my son, I do not like your friends. Apparently they have recently partaken in this very room of certain intoxicating liquors which are offensive to me. Whisky upon Bordeaux. Behold an atrocity! Red, white, and (in the morning) blue. The national colours. Let us set them an example and consume the veriest drop in all the world of the spirit they call brandy. Add thereunto what the waiter calls 'syphon,' and I am a happy man."

I rang for the waiter and ordered the Cognac. The work of filling my own pipe seemed long and laborious that night. Harry watched me observantly. I knew that he was asking himself how he should begin.

"Well," he exclaimed presently, and without a shadow of warning, "what said papa? Don't you see I'm dying with curiosity?"

I struck a match and held it up while I answered him.

"Lepeletier desires me to leave Calais to-morrow."

Harry laughed long and loudly. The waiter who came in with the glasses stared at him in mute and French amazement. To me his humour was as water upon my back.

"The reasons," he cried—"the reasons for this madness?"

"I did not ask them."

He regarded at me with blank amazement.

"You did not ask them—not ask his reasons?"

"Not a word of them."

"Great Solomon! Here's a man who will take another man's 'No' and go away without reasons. Alfred, you are very young, my boy."

"I am one-and-thirty, Harry."

"In years; in discretion, one without the thirty. I pass on. Tell me what the aged one said."

"If I remember it—principally, I think, that he would an he could, but could not. The rest I divined. A French officer does not marry his daughter to a captain of English Hussars—France would not approve."

"France—what has France got to do with it? Is France going to pay her dressmaker? Odd rot France! I'll tell him so to-morrow."

"Would that help matters?"

"We'll see. I've promised to go over to Dunkerque with him."

"Seriously, you do not take my view?"

"I value it at two groats sterling. How far does a man in love ever see? What business has he not to be blind? You're as blind as a bat, my son, and as proud as an hidalgo when his toes are trodden on."

"I am proud enough to leave a man's house when he asks me."

"To leave a man's fiddlesticks! And a pretty girl crying her eyes out in the drawing-room."

"Agnes is not likely to do that."

"Figuratively, blockhead. She laughed all the evening. But a little and she would have made me sing in tune. I told her you had business at the hotel—Heaven forgive me!"

"It was true. I found your French engineer when I came in. Of course I was right. He is Robert Jeffery, after all."

For a moment Harry was serious.

"What's the fellow doing in France, then?"

"Superintending the new coal-workings. He always promised to make a first class engineer."

"Ah, with a third class character. You can't ride in two carriages at once, remember. Which class is he travelling in now?"

"The buffet-car, apparently—near the bottles."

"Then look out for collisions. He seems on good terms up at Lepeletier's. The Colonel's hand and glove with him. Miss Agnes, I notice, is merely on finger-tip terms. That's lucky, anyway."

I treated the suggestion with contempt, but the sting of it remained.

"He has my word that we do not give him away. But, at least, do not ask me to be jealous of him."

"I wouldn't for the world. There is only one request this hour suggests——"

"And that——?"

"Bed—bed, my captain. To-morrow, at nine of the clock, I leave for Dunkerque. An honest train and no stink-pots. By the time you are thinking of dinner I shall be here to sing 'All's Well' with you. Of course I shall. Am I the man to take 'No' for an answer? By my halibut! she shall be mine—yours, that is."

I laughed at his nonsense.

"I wish to Heaven I could think so, Harry."

He put his hand upon my shoulder and bade me good-night affectionately—more affectionately than he had ever done.

"I will leave no word unsaid that shall help the man who is the best friend to me in all the world."

I knew that he would not. I knew that if there were one in Calais who could win back that which I had lost, it was Harry Fordham, the parson of Cottesbrook.

And I slept upon the promise of his words, upon that and his cheery optimism; and in my sleep I dreamed neither of Agnes nor of my love for her, but, strangely, of my country and of her safety. For a man had said that, before the year was out, I should be sorry to be an Englishman.

Even in sleep I knew that he lied.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOUTH OF A GREAT SECRET.

THERE was a drizzling rain of morning falling when I had breakfasted next day. The few who sought the blighted amusements which Calais affords to that *rara avis*, a visitor, went limply and with little spirit to the morning bath and the forlorn Casino. Nor was I, myself, in better humour. A night's rest found me with but little hope of Harry or his promise. What could be done, that I knew he would do; but my logic wore a greyer robe than his, and the man who had whispered the first hint of the truth persuaded me against myself. Some graver motive lay behind Colonel Lepeletier's talk with me. I suspected already that it was fear of his own duty, reluctance to war against that destiny which had made of him a French engineer and of me an English officer of Hussars.

Harry had left for Dunkerque at eight o'clock, they told me; but it was nearly ten before I quitted my hotel and wandered aimlessly to the Gare Maritime, the place where the land-lubbers come from—as the parson always spoke of it. The morning boats steamed in with dripping decks and busy sailors, and Paris-bound incapables all pitiful to see, but found me without amusement or interest. The freshness of the morning, the racing seas which gambolled in beds of foam, the close-pointed snacks, the busy Channel life, and Dover clearly to be seen in the after-lights of rain, moved me to a certain impatience as unreasonable as inexplicable. While I would tell myself in one breath that Lepeletier's words last night were typical of a mood which a day would change, I would say in the next that they were irrevocable as the seas which rolled westward to the sandy beaches and their haven beneath Gris-Nez. The wisdom of years spoke cruelly to my youth of desire

when it reminded me of the gulf that lies between one nation and another. For I had not remembered it, had seen only the face of one dear to me beyond any face my life had shown me.

Questions without answers, books without stories, an hour at the Casino, another upon the beach, a visit to the pierhead when the afternoon boat came in—behold my day! Impatient always, impatience grew upon me then as a fever. What was Harry doing? Why did he not send me a telegram? Where was Agnes? Had her father spoken to her? Would she send me any word of her own? Once or twice, let me confess, I went as far as the Jardin Richelieu to watch her house and to reap as a reward those quickening emotions which the home of one we love ever stirs within us. Ugly and commonplace to the point of brutality as it was, the Colonel's house then pictured itself in my mind as some scene of passing happiness and content. But there was no one about its door when I stood in the gardens to watch it upon that unforgotten day—and Agnes, as I learned from an acquaintance at a later hour, had driven her ponies to Marquise to visit a relative there. But I did not lament my occupation, and would have gone to the house though no human thing were destined to tenant it again.

It had been already late in the afternoon when Dr. Woodward, one of the English doctors at Calais, spoke of Agnes and her ponies upon the Paris road. I let another hour go by in the hope that some wind of fortune would send Harry prematurely to the hotel again; but when four o'clock was struck by the harbour bells, and there was no sign of him, the idea came to me that I would run a little way out toward Marquise upon my car, perchance in the hope of meeting Agnes, perchance in the mere resolve to kill time; for all my thoughts were abroad, and I had no clear purpose either of intent or action. When my man had brought the carriage to the door, and we had threaded the suburb of St. Pierre and passed the barrier, westward, to the high road, I began to wonder what folly had kept me at the hotel all day, and why I had left my new car idle. At least I was doing something now. The fresh wind, the saturated air, the galloping seas, the joy of speed, excited me to a new optimism and a better mood. Even the ugliest road in Europe—for such you may call the route from Calais to Boulogne, with its sandy dunes, its lime-kilns, its dykes, its desolation—could not



"A vast activity."

abate my humour. The clouds would lift to-morrow, I said. There are days in every life when they loom above us and we cannot see the sun. But the sun is there all the same, and a little word of courage will lift the darkest horizon.

There were few upon the road—peasants trudging to Calais, a couple of troopers riding at the trot, a doctor in the oddest buggy I have ever seen, a priest, a fisherman. As we drew near to the great Government works above Escalles I remembered for an instant the visit which the man Jeffery had paid me yesterday, and all the drunken innuendo he then had uttered. But a greater interest prevailed above it, an interest of the road itself, and of a carriage which must pass upon it presently. The idea grew upon me now that I must see Agnes; must hear from her own lips as much as my honour and my word to her father permitted me to know. Here upon the road to Marquise the opportunity should be found.

I say that we drew near to the great works at Escalles, and it was here for the first time that Bell, my engineer, checked our speed and began to remember that he had a brake. A taciturn man always, with no neck to speak of for a car to crack, as he put it grimly, I came to regard him as a part of the machine he drove, an automaton, a mute. On that particular afternoon I can remember no word that he uttered from the Porte St. Pierre to Haut-Buisson; but as we came to a walking pace to cross the rails by the workings, he jerked a thumb backwards toward Calais and implied thereby that it was raining behind us, and that we should catch it presently.

"Going to be a storm, sir."

"Apparently there is one, Bell. Have you got the mackintoshes?"

"Oh, of course, sir."

"Then go on slowly and let's see what we make of it."

Certainly it was very black. Mists loomed above distant Gris-Nez, heavy clouds were beating in from the sea. At Calais it was raining already, and the contending sun cut prisms of light across the bending showers. But where might we shelter if not in the works? I was debating the point when who should appear at the great gate of the first enclosure but Robert Jeffery himself. For an instant he stared at me with as savage a look as I have ever seen upon the face of man. But it passed as quickly, and he came up to the car and stood peering up at me curiously.

"Where away, my chum? where away so speedily?"

"Are you greatly concerned to know?"

"No; I don't care a scudo. But it's a nice day for a picnic. Say, did you see two ponies and something behind them go past here just now?"

"You are speaking of Mademoiselle Le-peletier?"

"On the head first time. Your old caravan won't catch her, my boy. She was through here at one o'clock."

"That's interesting. Much indebted for past favours. Are they going to open that gate and let me through?"

You must know that they have laid a pair of rails for the light engines across the road by Haut-Buisson, and there is a gate which an old watchman keeps. Usually he stood at attention when I came up; but I remember that he was not there on that unforgotten day, nor did I discover anyone else in his place. Bell told me afterwards that Jeffery laughed when I cried "Gate!" I did not see him, or much that happened might go unrecorded here. Would it have been for my country's good, I ask? God alone knows.

"The old flat-head's off with the girls," said Jeffery suddenly. "Why doesn't he answer? Gosh! there's the rain coming, too. You'd better step inside, my chum. I've a bottle of something they label ginger-beer there, but the grocer made a mistake and I do believe it's whisky. Come in and tell me."

Now, I do not believe for a moment that I wanted to go in with the man. Here and now, after all has been and is done with—may it be for our time and our children's children!—I can record it that I would sooner have met any other man in Europe than Robert Jeffery upon the road to Marquise. But the gate was shut, and a very deluge of rain began to fall; and there was the open door and the offer of shelter, and, to cut it short, against my will, against my judgment, I got down from the car and prepared to go in with him.

"Run your Pickford's van into the shed yonder," he said, becoming busy upon the instant. "The man can stop there. I dare-say you won't be five minutes. We'll just pull a cork and see what the clouds say. There's a sentry here, but he's not as fierce as he looks—not to friends of mine. Say, old Pluvius is out on the spree to-night, isn't he?"

He pushed open the gate, and the sentry

stood to the salute. As we passed through the great door it was instantly bolted and barred behind us. I did not like the sound of the key in the lock, but thought no more of it as Jeffery led the way across a paved enclosure to a little office under the shelter of a wooden wall. There I asked him a question.

"You are quite sure that they would not mind my coming in here?"

"Why should they mind, sonny?"

"I understood in Calais that strangers were forbidden the works."

"Ah, the military works; but we're in the coal-pits. You don't suppose I should go fooling you around the forts, do you? What a mug you must take me for!"

He laughed with that resonant, unpleasant laugh of his, and turned the key in the office door. When we were inside he produced a bottle of good Scotch whisky and two tumblers.

"Just a thimbleful to keep out the cold. I don't drink in the daytime usually, but this is an occasion. Besides, it keeps the inside of the ship dry. Here's to your friends down yonder, especially the pretty one. That's a toast you'll drink, sonny, I make sure."

I avoided the point and began to speak of the works again. All that I could see through the little window of his office betrayed a vast activity, the labour of countless navvies, the snorting and puffing of engines, the whirr of cranes, the ceaseless rattle of chains and buckets. Interest was compelled. He watched me as one amused and filled his glass again.

"Plenty to do here, eh, Captain? Why, yes, we don't catch cold. I've been on since six this morning, and if I get to bed at two o'clock it will be a sort of night off. But it's nothing to what they do over the pond yonder. That makes me tired."

"Were you long in America?"

"Three years in Mexico and five in French Guiana. After that I went out West and tried a couple of railways in Texas. I've seen some life—my!"

"And learned to pass for a Frenchman?"

"Oh, as for that, I speak the lingo, and my yarns of Mexico do the rest. They say I've got a twang, but don't believe 'em. It's good enough for such cattle, anyway."

He laughed at his own irony, and then looking at me sharply, as I had seen him look twice already (and more particularly when they shut the gate upon us), he put a question.

"You were crossing over to-night, weren't you?"

"To Dover, you mean?"

"Aye, that's so. I heard you mention it, I thought."

"Well, I was going to-morrow."

"And your pal, the parson?"

"Oh, I am not Fordham's keeper."

"Good sort, eh? None of your hustlers, with the hat crown down. Suppose we have another tot and look round. It's clearing a bit, I see."

The heavy storm had swept over by that time, and now a great yellow sun glowed pale and watery in a halo of fantastic light away above distant Cape Gris-Nez. In another hour it would set, and Harry would be waiting for me at the Meurice. I was impatient to have done with it; but the man led me on in spite of myself.

"Just a minute," he said, "we'll go and see the pits."

"But what about my lights?"

"You won't want 'em. Come along. I have to make a round, and you'll see something. Ever been down a coal-pit, Captain?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Then you shall go down one now. Come along, old sport. It's a treat to see old faces—I'm right glad you looked in."

He drank another "tot" of the whisky at a gulp and passed out to the yard. To argue with him would have been to defeat myself. I determined to have done with it, and to see the "pits" as he desired. I knew no more than the dead that I walked with a man who had set a trap for me.

It was quite fine when we left his office, and there was even a glow of the ebbing sunlight upon all those dreary acres and the grasslands beyond them. Away at sea (and we were four miles from the seashore as I made it out) the aftermath of storm gave a glorious serenity of scene and atmosphere, a clearness of vision which showed me the white cliffs of Dover, the Foreland, and all the fresh life of the Channel, as in some surpassing picture of Nature's painting. Calais itself I could perceive as a collection of roofs and spires below the outline of the furthest cliff. There were hamlets upon the sloping sides of the westward hills, pasturelands beyond them, and, to dominate all, the great Cape whose flashing light we point to at Dover, whose headland first welcomes the landsman as he labours in the agony of passage. All about me, however, was a spectacle more wonderful than these. We had passed as through some magic door to a

very Inferno of clamorous labour, to fields which had become quagmires, to armies of swarming workmen, to scenes of a great enterprise of which those who passed by the outer gate might not have dreamed in a hundred years. And these were the "pits"? I asked. Already some great, some indefinable doubt dogged my steps. Whither was I going? Why had I followed Jeffery? Why did he show me these things? I could not tell you then. To-day I would say that it was my destiny.

A first enclosure, vast and marshy, and everywhere teeming with life, we trod warily, observed, as it seemed to me, very closely by those who worked there, but challenged by none. Heavy, buttressed masonry, which I could have sworn was the rampart of a fort, stood as the dividing line between this outer court and a second enclosure which lay beyond it and still nearer to the sea. Here again sentries patrolled the rampart and stood warders of its gate. But we passed them at a nod from Jeffery, and traversing a little tunnel of the buttress we stood out in a tremendous working, which, whatever it might have been, had neither the aspect nor the shape of a pit's mouth. For my part, I could not even conceive a project, military or civil, which might provoke such activity or

employ so numerous an army. Here, as in the outer yard, ballast-trains moved everywhere, their trucks rolling under loads of oozy chalk, their little engines speaking of the contractor and his business. The shriek of whistles, the burr of the crane, the jarring of steel bars, the odd chantings of the workers, united in that discordant note of labour which only the largest undertakings may strike. I said that never were coal-pits such as these. And I went on obstinately, seeming to realise that it was dangerous to go.

A second line of ramparts, tunnelled as the others, and leading to a third enclosure yet nearer the seashore, brought Jeffery for the first time to a standstill. He pointed out to me the mouth of a great inclined railway which appeared to dip down in a vast cutting straight to the bowels of the earth. I did not ask him what the cutting was, but he told me.

"Yonder," he said, "yonder's the place we get our coal from, chummy. We don't go in for shafts here—oh, dear, no. We just walk down to our Wallsend, the same as you walk down the Haymarket. Come along, my boy, I'll show you a finer sight than ever you saw in your life."

And so I went with him to the heart of the peril.

(To be continued.)





THE ROYAL SEDAN CHAIR.

ALTHOUGH the Queen this year gave up her journey to the Continent in order to stay with her people, her Majesty has in no wise lost her love of travel. As it is, she has been to Ireland, and before long will go northward again for her usual autumn sojourn at Balmoral. But the venerable Sovereign travels, of course, under the easiest possible conditions, and everything is done to obviate any exertion, fatigue, or discomfort.

To begin with the conveyances which are for her Majesty's use by road, the first mentioned must be the Coronation coach. To the present generation this carriage is almost unknown, as it has never left the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace since 1861.

This lovely, if cumbersome, vehicle was designed for George III. by Sir William Chambers. Every portion of it is richly decorated with gilded carving work, and the outside of the coach contains many panels on which are painted superb pictures by the finest artists of that period, Ciprani being the chief of them. On one door are represented Mars, Mercury, and Minerva, supporting the Crown of

THE QUEEN'S CONVEYANCES.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Great Britain, and on the other door are shown figures of Industry and Ingenuity presenting the Genius of England with a cornucopia, whilst History is recording the deeds of Fame.

The body of the Coronation carriage consists of a representation of eight palm trees, which, branching out towards the top, form a support for the roof of the vehicle, and in the middle of the roof there are placed three boyish figures, representing England, Scotland and Ireland, holding a crown. Two figures in front of the coach appear to be pulling it with cords round their shoulders, and are sounding shells to announce the approach of the "Ocean's Monarch"; whilst the back of the vehicle is splendidly decorated with the Royal Arms, the Order of St. George, and the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. The total length of the carriage is 24 feet and its height is 12 feet, the whole weighing no less than four tons.

But beautiful as the Coronation coach is, lined inside with rich scarlet embossed velvet, and decorated outside with such gorgeous gilding, painting, and carving, the famous carriage has never been much favoured for State use by the Queen. It is too clumsy,



Photo by]

[H. N. King, Goldhawk Road, W.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE CLOSED STATE COACH.

too heavy, too jolting for her Majesty, in these days of lightness, luxury, and speed on the roads. In the good old days of King George III. this coach was considered to be the acme of comfort and ease in travelling; to-day it is far behind the times in these respects. Yet no conveyance of modern times can compare with it as a sumptuous carriage for the roads, with its painted panels, that alone are worth £7,000. It also remains one of our most interesting links with past methods of travelling in England, before railways were invented, and when motor-cars were unknown.

The next State conveyance used by the Queen to be noticed is the one she has generally favoured upon ceremonious occasions when a closed carriage has been neces-

sary. These eight cream-coloured horses which are kept in the stables of Buckingham Palace. These Hanoverians, with their harness of red morocco leather and their grooms at their heads, make a very imposing spectacle.

Of late the Queen has more often preferred an open carriage for her State appearances, as, for example, on the occasion of the Jubilee, and on her visit to Sheffield a few years ago. In such a case one of the best of the ordinary landaus at the Palace Mews is generally brought into requisition. These Royal carriages differ but little from many of those of the aristocracy, save that they are of regal size and upholstery. The latter is of dark blue cloth, and there are always a number of these carriages kept in the Mews ready for use.

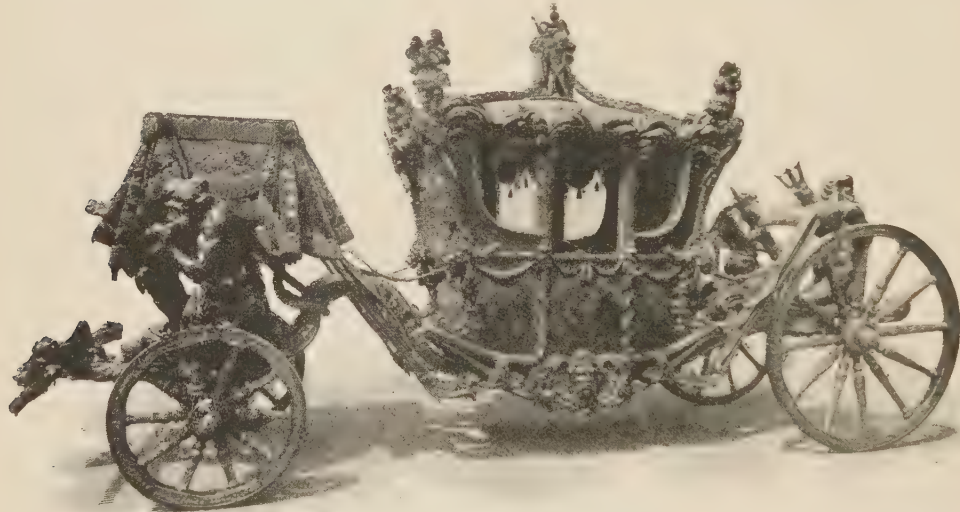


Photo by]

THE CORONATION COACH.

[H. N. King, Goldhawk Road, W.

sary. This has been used by her Majesty when opening Parliament in person, and for many State or semi-State processions she much prefers it to the Coronation coach previously mentioned.

Round the top of this second coach is some lovely carving, all richly gilt, of roses, shamrocks and thistles. On the roof itself is the representation of a cushion bearing the Royal Crown. The interior decorations are very charming, the upholstery being done in light blue silk. So perfectly is the vehicle strung on its strong springs that, despite its size, it moves along with such ease and lightness that the occupant scarcely feels any motion.

When her Majesty uses this carriage on State occasions it is drawn by the famous

Her Majesty likewise uses a carriage of this description when she takes her daily drive either at London or at Windsor. But in this case she is generally drawn by two pairs of greys, with outriders, the Queen showing a marked preference at present for this colour in her private carriage horses. On such occasions she is attended by a maid-of-honour and by one or two equerries. Only when the weather is either very wet or piercingly cold does the Queen drive out for her constitutional in a closed vehicle.

Lastly, amongst her driving conveyances we must not omit to mention the small phaeton and the donkey carriage which the Sovereign uses for her daily drives within the bounds of the Royal residences. Of late years the Queen has almost given up the



THE ORDINARY DRIVING CARRIAGE.

phaeton she formerly kept for this purpose, and has employed the donkey carriage instead.

The latter is made to carry two persons only, sitting side by side, and so is admirably adapted for the drives of the Queen and the Princess Beatrice. When the latter does not accompany her Royal mother the donkey is led by the groom. In any case the pace is seldom more than a walk or a very easy trot, and the Queen often takes the reins in hand herself.

The donkey carriage has a top which can

be raised to keep off the hot sun or rain ; it is made of basket-work and is very light. Its steps have been arranged specially to facilitate her Majesty's getting in and out ; they nearly touch the ground, and the bottom of the phaeton will be noticed to be very low. It is more than probable that the Queen now prefers the little donkey-chaise to all the carriages in the Royal stables, since she derives more pleasure and recreation from it than from all the rest put together.

When our Sovereign wishes to travel by railway very elaborate preparations are neces-



Photo by]

THE DONKEY CARRIAGE.

[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.



Photo by]

[Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

HER MAJESTY'S SALOON, LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

sary. There are at least two trains that may be dignified by the title of "Royal." One of them is the property of the Great Western Railway Company, and the other of the London and North-Western Company. The former of these is the train which her Majesty uses when she travels to and from London and Windsor for such events as the Drawing-Rooms, etc. It is a train of the corridor build and is most luxuriously fitted up, being painted in chocolate and cream colours, and consisting of at least six carriages.

This train was built specially for the Queen to commemorate the Jubilee three years ago, and it is said to have cost in its entirety over £40,000 to the Great Western Railway. This Company also built a new waiting-room on the station platform at Windsor especially for Royal use, as a memento of the Jubilee.

But the train which is, *par excellence*, the "Royal" train, is the one that carries her Majesty to Scotland and back when the Court goes to Balmoral. This belongs

to the London and North-Western Railway Company. The train invariably consists of twelve vehicles when it is fully made up, the Royal saloons being exactly in the centre. These include a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a dining-room. The windows are wide and are warmly curtained by heavy green curtains, green being perhaps her Majesty's favourite colour for the drapery of windows and beds. Every part of the rooms is gorgeously

fitted up, the suite of the saloon being of satinwood, inlaid, and the chairs, settees, etc., being covered with blue silk. Even the door-handles are gold-plated, and the floors are covered with thick carpets of velvet pile, whilst the saloons are brilliantly lighted in dull weather.

Small tables, cages of pet birds, books, and the usual impedimenta which the Queen carries with her on all her journeys are there. Outside the



Photo by]

[Russell, Windsor.

THE ROYAL TRAIN.

roofs of the train are painted white, and inside they are either upholstered, or painted and decorated in light colours.

Until a short time ago the carriages were lighted by gas, her Majesty being most conservative in such matters, but now the incandescent light is being brought into use here as in the Royal palaces.

Electric bells are practically all over the train, so that the Queen can at once call her attendants, whose rooms adjoin her own, or she can in a few seconds have the train stopped, should she so desire, by touching an electric bell that tells the guard and engine-driver of her wish.

On a table in her saloon is always laid beforehand a time-table, which gives every particular relating to the journey she is making. This time-table is artistically printed in mauve, on white paper. The Royal Arms surmount it, and it is bordered by a narrow gold band.

The steps of the Royal saloons are worth notice. They let down to the ground like those of an ordinary State-carriage, so that her Majesty has no fatigue in mounting them. It need scarcely be said that these railway carriages are placed upon springs as perfect as human ingenuity can make them.



Photo by]

THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE."

[West & Sons, Southsea.]

As one of the Princesses usually accompanies the Queen on these journeys, in addition to the two maids-of-honour, equerries, secretaries, and railway directors, these have all to have their own apartments apportioned on the train. The ladies-in-waiting are always in the saloons next to the Queen, nearer the engine, while the equerries are in a carriage behind the Royal one.

No special engine is adhered to, but there are two or three from which the selection is always made, these being naturally the best engines the Company possesses. The drivers and guards are similarly selected from the most trustworthy servants of the Company and are changed as seldom as possible. Both the engine and the carriages of the Royal train have the Royal Arms painted upon them. It is worth noting that under no circumstances whatever will her Majesty permit a higher rate of speed than thirty-five miles an hour.

How many people know that there is still



Photo by]

[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth]

THE ORIGINAL ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE QUEEN ON BOARD.

in existence a Royal sedan-chair? Yet such is the case, though her Majesty has never had occasion in these latter days of quick methods of travelling to make use of it. But the visitor to Windsor may have seen it near the entrance to the State apartments. It was often used by Queen Charlotte, and has her monogram, "C. R.," plainly marked on its sides. Except for its rather more sumptuous upholstery, there is little to differentiate it from the many sedan-chairs of the period to which it belonged.

It is kept in a glass case, and its embroideries are not nearly so much faded as one would have supposed. On the top of it is a gold, or rather gilt, crown on a cushion, and the front is hung with silk drapery and a fringe. Two large tassels hang from it, and the sides above the monogram are decorated with a crown. The bottom part of the chair is of red morocco, and rests upon a Royal Lion and Unicorn in gilt work. It is at present without its staves.

For many years the sedan-chair lay unheeded in one of the many lumber-rooms of the Castle, and when it was discovered, so little was known about it that it was believed at first to have been a relic of the time of Charles I., and the initials on it seemed to

favour this view. But when its history began to be inquired into, the real meaning of the "C. R." soon became clear.

There are few people who are aware that the Queen has still a Royal Barge-Master, though the barge itself is now a thing of the past, as far as the Queen's use of it is concerned. The old barge used for so many generations by Royalties, from the days of James I. onwards, now reposes in the South Kensington Museum, and will never more carry beves of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen from Westminster to Hampton Court as in the olden days. Its last appearance in public was at the Fisheries Exhibition in the early eighties, and then it had to be sawn into two pieces before it could be got into the building.

The barge was 63 feet long, and about 6 feet wide, and she carried a complement of twenty-one oarsmen. Her speed was often, at its best, not less than from nine to ten miles an hour, so that she was not easily to be beaten on the Thames in her day. Her hull was oak-planked, and had a considerable rise at the stern. Passengers entered her by a landing stool, carried for use where no stage existed, which, when placed upon the beach, formed a gentle slope to the gunwale level.

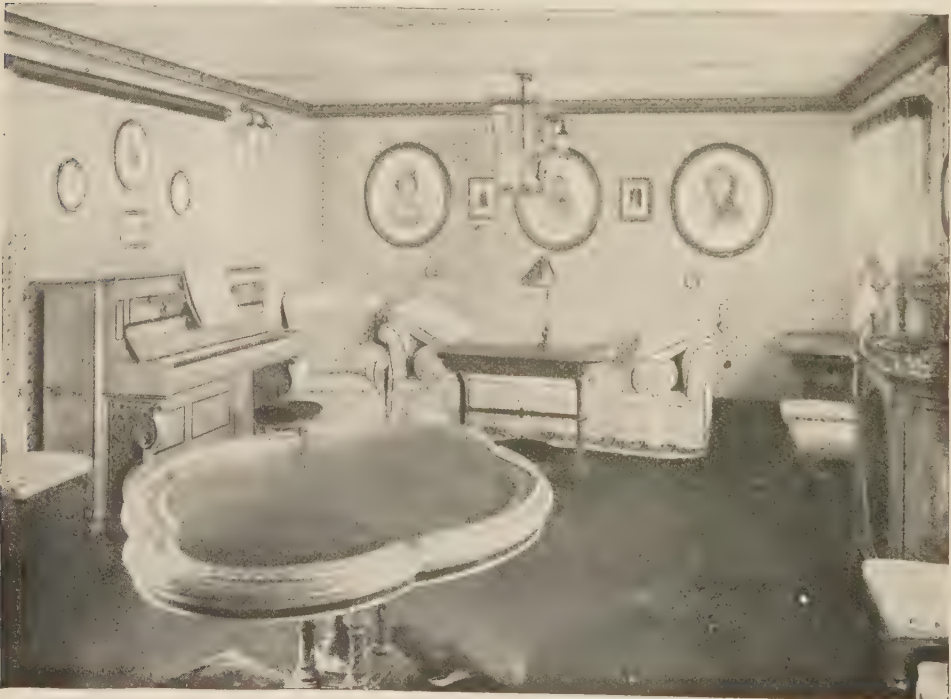


Photo by]

[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

DRAWING-ROOM ON THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



THE ROYAL BARGE.

Her state-room was near the stern, and extended the full width of the hull, into which it was completely incorporated. It was about 5 feet 8 inches high, and was sumptuously gilded and furnished. Its upholstery was of scarlet and gold cloth, and the exterior of the barge itself was adorned by a number of carved mermaids, dolphins, fishes, etc.

It is not exactly known who was the maker of the gallant vessel, or in what year she was first placed upon the Thames. But she can be traced back to the time of James I., and Mr. Messenger, the Royal Barge-Master, gave me it as his opinion that the barge was made from some Venetian model, if not actually by a Venetian workman, in the "City of the Sea" itself.

As to the last use of the barge by her Majesty, the same gentleman told me that he was appointed to his present post in the year 1862, but that he has never had the pleasure of rowing the Queen in the barge. It seems that the last occasion on which our Sovereign patronised the famous river craft was on the opening of the Coal Exchange in 1849, when the Queen went from Whitehall Stairs to the City by way of the Thames, and used the barge for the purpose. Since then it has not been engaged in any State ceremony, for the days of slow travelling on the river are past, when one can use the railway, and, moreover, the great river traffic nowadays has made such a journey far from being the easy and pleasant means of locomotion it used to be.

There is now a smaller barge, commonly called the "Shallop," which plies on Virginia Water for the use of Royalty, when so disposed, though it must be said that that is not very often. This is the boat which was brought down the river, when the Sultan of Turkey visited England a quarter of a

century ago, to give his Majesty a river-trip.

Speaking of the old barge and its master, who, by the way, gets £60 a year from the Royal Household as his salary, we must not pass by those curious survivals of the same period, the "Queen's Watermen." There are thirty-six of them who get each £3 10s. a year as wages, with 15s. each day, and their meals, when on duty. This duty was, of course, originally to row the Royal Barge, but now it is confined to taking visitors round the lake for a row on the occasion of a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Their costume is a very fine one, and consists of knee-breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, a scarlet coat with silver facings, and a black velvet jockey cap. On the coat, both back and front, there is a silver badge of the Royal Arms, with V.R. at its side.

These watermen, or three of them, have to be present when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person—a survival of the old days when they had to go by water to fetch the Royal Crown and Maces from the Tower, and hand them to the monarch at the House of Lords.

As regards the boats at Buckingham Palace, which may fairly be regarded as coming in the list of "the Queen's Conveyances," there are a few particulars that may prove interesting. Only a couple of these boats are kept there permanently. The others are brought when required from Mr. Messenger's place at Teddington, generally about ten or twelve of them, and there is a "Queen's Waterman" to each. On the occasion of the last Jubilee they were much in evidence, and at State garden-parties on warm summer days they are well patronised. Except for a Royal flag at the stern of the boat, and occasionally a gay awning, they differ in no respect from the ordinary

river boats. The Queen, it need scarcely be said, has not had a row in them lately, but the younger members of the Royal Family often make use of them on such occasions.

The Royal yachts, on the other hand, are much patronised by the Queen. There are at present four of these, the latest being the extremely fine vessel just completed, which, however, her Majesty has not yet used.

When not in actual use all the Royal yachts are kept at Portsmouth. The smallest is the *Alberta*, then comes the *Osborne*, the largest of all being the newer of the two vessels christened *Victoria and Albert*. There is, too, a small tender called the *Elyn*, occasionally brought into requisition if needed.

The *Alberta* is really a small steam yacht with paddles. Her hull is painted black, with yellow bands, and the upholstery of her state-rooms is in scarlet and blue. She is seldom used by the Queen herself, as her Majesty much prefers the larger yachts, which are more roomy and commodious.

The *Osborne* is a vessel of 1,850 tons and 1,800 horse-power. Except for her size, she is fitted up much like the *Alberta*, but there are more rooms for her Majesty's use and for her guests. The *Osborne* is a very comfortable yacht, and is frequently brought into requisition when any of the Royal Family wish to visit Southern Europe by sea. She some months ago took H.R.H. the Princess of Wales on such a cruise. With the whole of the Royal Family this yacht is much in favour.

The Queen herself, however, has for many years favoured the older *Victoria and Albert*. This is a steam yacht of 2,470 tons and some 2,400 horse-power. She is commanded by Rear-Admiral Fullerton, an experienced officer in whom her Majesty reposes the fullest confidence. When the Sovereign goes over to the Continent she as a rule uses this yacht, and generally makes a point of sleeping on board overnight on such occasions.

The *Victoria and Albert* was built in the year 1855, so that she will soon be half a century old. There are three apartments set aside on the vessel for her Majesty's private use. One of these is a bedroom. The bed is one of the old-fashioned order, with four posts. It is hung on every side with curtains, and is kept from moving, in the case of the

yacht rolling in a swelling sea, by being fastened to the floor. Next to this bedroom is a small sitting-room, and the other apartment is a dressing-room.

Besides these rooms for the Queen there are others which are apportioned to various members of the Royal Family. These rooms are sumptuously fitted-up, much in the same style as those kept for her Majesty's use. The upholstery in the state-rooms is of chintz, with a pattern of pretty rosebuds, and was chosen by the Prince Consort. His piano still stands in the drawing-room of the yacht. All the usual furniture and nick-nacks of her Majesty's rooms when at Osborne or Windsor find their counterpart here on the Royal yacht.

Lately there has been launched from Pembroke Dockyard a new yacht, also christened the *Victoria and Albert*, for the Queen's use. It will be much larger, better fitted than the others, and as sumptuous as possible. Much of the interior is arranged in accordance with the Queen's own ideas and wishes. In length this yacht exceeds the older *Victoria and Albert* by 80 feet, and in breadth by 10 feet. Instead of having paddles, the new vessel is fitted with twin-screws, and all her cabin fittings are of fireproof wood. The yacht is built of steel, with her hull sheathed with copper.

Outside, the new yacht is even more imposing. Round her hull run two imitation coils of rope, which are brilliantly gilded. These are 5 feet apart and over 700 feet long. There are also large shields on the sides of the yacht carrying the Royal Arms, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, etc., and at the starboard quarter of the stern is placed a great figure of Britannia, 10 feet high, whilst a similar figure of Neptune is on the stern port side.

The upholstery of the Royal apartments is of the same style and pattern as on the old *Victoria and Albert*. From the upper deck to the main one is a lift especially built for her Majesty and suite to reach their rooms without fatigue.

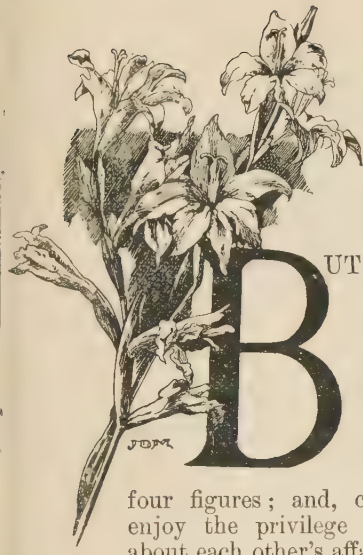
The new *Victoria and Albert* has, on the medallion at her stern, the motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide."

Altogether, this newest yacht is, without doubt, in every way the most beautiful, as it has been the most costly, of all "The Queen's Conveyances."

VICKERY'S DEPLORABLE STRATAGEM.

By ORME AGNUS.*

Illustrated by Bertha Newcombe.



BUT a small village is ours. Counting in every small house in the wide boundaries of the parish, we fall, I believe, a long way short of four figures; and, consequently, we enjoy the privilege of knowing all about each other's affairs and personal characteristics, and also a pretty minute account of each other's family history, which, when it is one's own family, is sometimes provoking. Life in the village or hamlet is an open book. Gossip about each other has to fill the place of the concerts, theatres, music-halls, and other social amusements of townsfolk; and the townsman cannot understand how absorbingly interesting the most trivial details of personal gossip can be, and would very likely laugh if he were told that the sudden (natural) death of Widow Ellem's sow gave, on an average, at least thirty minutes of gossip and speculation to every adult person in our community.

The fierce light that beats upon a throne is a milder ray than that which plays about the head of a villager. His lightest word, his childish escapades, his youthful follies are well remembered; and he who returns to his native village expectant of homage because he has gone out and climbed some way up the hill of prosperity has the crimson brought to his cheek by the ghost of his past being conjured up to his vision. When all this is borne in mind it will not seem surprising that I, in common with my neighbours, knew of the passion of our Guardian of the Peace (Police Constable Vickery, Dorset Constabulary) for Mrs. Luman, the doctor's housekeeper, nor that I am able to give all the details of the romantic episode.

P.C. Vickery, when I first knew him, was a hale and hearty man of forty-five at the least, who needed a belt that would have been several sizes too large for any other constable in the county. Mrs. Luman also, whose hair had begun to lose its colour, was rather too plump for placid breathing. She confessed to forty summers and winters in moments of confidence, but the shrewd ladies of the village added ten to the forty, and even then declared that they were erring on the side of mercy.

"Why," said one, "Zarey was thirty and over when she did come here, and that be twenty-one year agone. Don't tell I about vorty; vivoty-dree be her age iv it be a day."

Mrs. Luman, when she came to take charge of the doctor's establishment, was a widow; and, from the manner in which she spoke of the dual state, it was understood that her marriage had not been a success. She was a stout, placid, good-tempered woman, with tolerant opinions on every subject under the sun save that of husbands. This was the subject that roused her slumbering temper. With a shrill volubility, by turns ironical, vituperative, and interrogatory, but always caustic and altogether overstepping the bounds of parliamentary language, she belaboured the unhappy race and would allow them no single shred of virtue.

"Don't talk to I 'bout the men-volks," was her summing up; "there baint one of 'em worth picken up as a husband. I've done with 'em. If ever you do zee Sarah Luman tied to another man, you can put she down as gone saft-headed."

Yet, in spite of Mrs. Luman's resolve, so often expressed and in such graphical language, Solomon Vickery lost his heart to her. It became his habit to drop into the doctor's kitchen, "to pass the time of day with Mrs. Luman," whenever duty or pleasure took him in that direction, which has been as often as nine times a week. Mr. Vickery came to our village eleven years ago, and

* Copyright, 1900, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.

from the first he saw in Mrs. Luman the one desirable woman in the world. He had never thought of marriage, he often said, until he had seen her.

At first his visits to the doctor's premises were purely on matters of business. "You zee, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Luman, "the parson's and Dr. Fall's here do stand iserlated—as the prapper word to stand it be; and as they be the gurstest (largest) houses in this parish, it be my dooty to zee to 'em." Of course Mrs. Luman asked him into the kitchen, giving him a glass of beer and a little hot supper now and then; for, though she had such a poor opinion of them, she delighted "in tellen the men-volks to their vaces what pore creaturs they be, and how she had tried one, which was one too many."

Constable Vickery, never having played the gallant, was rather bashful, and it was quite a year before he summoned up courage to propose. It was a glass of old and heady port that braced his nerves on that momentous occasion. "It strikes I, ma'am," he said, looking critically at the port with one eye closed, "that you got hold of a poreish specimen of a man, that first ventur' of yours. Now, I warrant 'ee, ma'am, if you'd make another start in double harness, as you'd find married life a lot more wholesome than you think vor. It be the ordained state for man and woman," went on Mr. Vickery solemnly, in the greatest oratorical effort of his life, "and it bain't for a Christian to sneer at it. Try a prapper zort of a man, and you'll not regret it, I warrant 'ee."

Mrs. Luman was intensely amused, or at least seemed so. "Oh, Lor'!" she cried, and broke into such a fit of laughter that poor Vickery was very uncomfortable. "Try a prapper zort of a man, did 'ee zay, Vickery?" she asked, when she was a little more composed. "Where shall I find thik (that) zort, may I ask 'ee?"

It was Mr. Vickery's supreme chance, and to the credit of his manhood and the old port he rose to the occasion. "Well, Zarey," he said in tender and modest accents, "iv you'll take I, I'll try to make 'ee a virst-class husband. I bain't perfect; I have my little vailens, there bain't any doubt; but everybody will allow I be a good-tempered, easy zort ov man."

Mrs. Luman raised and dropped her hands three times, as if in the extremity of amazement. "Take *you*, Zol Vickery?" she asked, with cruel deliberation. "You think you be the prapper zort ov man, do 'ee? You do think I had a poreish specimen of a

man? Why, you bain't vit to be named the same day with Peter Luman. And if I couldn't stand *he*, how do 'ee think I could stand *you*."

Poor Vickery was so abashed that he rose up, put on his helmet, and murmured that he would be going.

"Oh! no, you bain't," said Mrs. Luman, standing with her back against the door. "You have had your zay, Zolomon, and it be time I got in a word, I 'low. Do 'ee mean to zay that after hearen my opinions on husbands you had the impidence to come here tryen to court I?"

Mr. Vickery was silent.

"Answer, will 'ee?" demanded Mrs. Luman, who was enjoying the situation immensely.

"Iv I did, Zarey, I can't zee it be any harm," replied Mr. Vickery doggedly. "It do show that I respected 'ee above all other women. You zee," continued the constable, with a stroke of genius, "I did never think nothen of women nohow. I did think a wife be a plague to a man till I zee you. Zays I, "No wife for Zol, thank 'ee all the same."

"And zo you did come here a-tryen to court I. A pretty slight to put on a woman who has my views, bain't it! Do 'ee think you be the zort of a man to make a woman go back on her word?"

"I—I love 'ee, do 'ee zee."

"Love? Farden candles! You came here not caren one atom about my repytation. A vine tale to get round, that I have men-volks courten I!"

It had taken Mr. Vickery some weeks to gather together sufficient courage to propose, but he felt he never would have had enough had he guessed how unpleasant it would be. His sole desire now was to get away.

"I be very sorry," he said, making a step nearer the door. "I'll be gwain now. I'll not come again."

"There, if that bain't just like Peter was! He'd have his zay like all the men, and then would never listen to a word, as if a pore woman's tongue was only an ornament. You bain't gwain till I have done with 'ee. Who put you up to this?"

"Nobody."

"Be you sure? Haven't 'ee been tellen everybody that you be a-courtin up at the doctor's?"

"I never zaid nothen to nobody."

"And a lucky thing vor 'ee, I 'low. It be bad enough tryen to make a vooil of I, without tellen everybody. Now look here,"



"It was a glass of old and heady port that braced his nerves on that momentous occasion."

BERTHA
NEWCOMBE

added Mrs. Luman, who was very unwilling to lose Mr. Vickery's visits, "you'll come here just as avore, or volks will be zayen that we have had a lovers' tiff, or zome such nonsense" (with a snort)—"you'll come the zame as avore, mind 'ee. But don't 'ee ever think I shall change my mind. I tell 'ee agen that I've tried one man, and it be like taken a mouthful of a bad egg—you don't want another. When Peter came a-courten I, he was that nice and sweet that you'd zaid he was too good to live long—the deceiven wretch! He turned out the biggest scamp that ever swore to love and cherish a woman, and I didn' shed dree tears when he was drowned. And now you may go, and you'll look in the zame as usual; and if you vallies your peace of mind, you'll tell nobody as you made a voil of yourself, and tried to make one of I. Good-night, Mr. Vickery. It do look like rain, don't it?"

Mr. Vickery, without a word, went out into the chilly night, and walked nearly two miles before he relieved his feelings by a very

improper word. For months he had been dreaming delicious dreams, and this was the reality. "Drat the woman!" he muttered.

* * * * *

The poor, rejected lover had been straitly commanded to keep the affair to himself, but it was not because Mrs. Luman wished it kept secret. In fact, she intended the whole village to know; but she wanted to tell the news herself, that it might be shaped to her liking. Unfortunately, it was between nine and ten, and as three-fourths of the village would have retired, she could not confide in anyone that night; but as early as possible the next morning she ran down to the post-office. Our post-office is kept by Mrs. Widge, who performs her duty on behalf of Her Majesty at one counter, and sells groceries at the other. She also deals very extensively in news and gossip. For local affairs she is more reliable than a local paper. She has the true journalistic instinct, for she has been accused of manipulating news with a view to rendering it more "spicy," and

even of manufacturing it in times of dearth.

"Good-mornen, Betty," said Mrs. Luman.

"Let I have six stamps."

"How be 'ee, Zarey?"

"How be I? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Whatever be amusen you, Zarey?"

"Oh, dear, it will kil I! If I tells you, you will keep it to yourself, Betty?"

"You know I never be one for gossipen about other volks," said Mrs. Widge rather severely. "It'll be zafe with I. Come in the house and sit down vor a minute."

"I mustn't stay," said Mrs. Luman, but went in, nevertheless. "Oh, dear, Betty, I be quite zore," rubbing her sides gently.

"Do 'ee zee, Betty, Vickery have been comen pretty often to zee as things be locked up and all right generally. At times I've given him a glass and told him what I thinks ov husbands. Well, last night"—Mrs. Luman interrupted her narrative to indulge in a one-minute peal of laughter—"he got zo bold as to propose to I."

"Never!" said Mrs. Widge, much shocked.

"You may well be surprised. He did ask I to marry him. Zaid I be the very woman vor him, and all thik nonsense. Didn' I let him have it, just about! 'I've tried one man; I bain't tryen another,' I told him. The pore man wished he could sink through



"'He got zo bold as to propose to I.'
'Never!' said Mrs. Widge, much shocked."

the vloor avore I'd done. You would have laughed. Ha ! ha ! ”

“Of all I ever heard, Zarey ! ”

“It be true. He be in love with I, he did zay. Oh, dear, it be killen I ! But you'll not zay a word, mind. It would serve him right to let everybody know, but I'll have mercy on him. Good-marnen.”

On her way back Mrs. Luman halted to confide the secret to two other gossips. It was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Widge did her duty admirably. Before her shop closed she had repeated the story eleven times ; and so familiar had it become that she was able to add several picturesque details of her own.

Poor Vickery ! What he had had to endure from the loved one was nothing to the facetious condolences and mock sympathy he met with from every side. How the story had got about he could not imagine, and he trembled at every knock at the door lest it was Mrs. Luman come to call him to account.

* * * * *

For some months he did not go near the doctor's ; but gradually the fires of love, that had only been deadened, not extinguished, burst into flame again, and sheepishly he ventured near the widow once more. To his grateful astonishment she did not refer to the matter. “Haven't zeen 'ee about lately, Zolomon,” she said. “Won't 'ee step in and have a glass ? ”

Vickery did step in, and in a few minutes was quite at home again. He resumed his daily calls, and listened patiently to the housekeeper's diatribes on the sorry race of creatures called husbands.

Solomon Vickery's love was not an ephemeral passion, to be killed by one blow. As time went on his courage returned, and at last he ventured to put the all-important question again.

“I thought,” said Mrs. Luman fiercely, “that you had got out of thik nonsense, Vickery. I tell 'ee, once vor all, I've tried one man, and when I try another I shall be that minute vit vor the 'sylum. I be very comfortable here ; do 'ee think I be a born vooil, to leave it for the best man as ever stepped—if there be any best among 'em ? ”

“Look 'ee here,” responded Vickery, with admirable firmness, “I be gwain to try and try agen, and zo I tell 'ee. Becos one man be no good, it baint vair to think all the rest of we be the zame.” With that declaration he put on his helmet and stalked out.

Mrs. Luman followed him to the door to

have the last word. “Very well, Zol Vickery, if you want to spend all your days tryen to grab the moon, well and good ; but it baint the sort of thing volks have a right to expect vrom a man your age, and one that wears Queen Victorey's uniform.”

For a matter of seven years or so the constable laid siege to the strong-minded widow's heart, but in vain. Regularly once a month he proposed. He used all the arguments he could think of. “You be gotten wold, Zarey,” he said once, “and the doctor won't live for ever. What will you do if anythen happens to he ? You'll have to look out for a fresh place, and p'r'aps not get taken. And it struck I the other day,” added the constable, with a deplorable disregard for the truth, “that the doctor be agein' vast.”

“Rubbish,” said Mrs. Luman contemptuously ; “the doctor will outlive you, I 'low ! ”

All the village knew of Vickery's hopeless passion. The doctor, when he met him, would rally him about it, and ask if she were relenting.

“Not yet,” Vickery would answer stoutly. “But I baint gwain to be conquered by no woman.”

“Well done, Vickery. I admire your courage. When the wedding comes off I'll make you a handsome present.”

* * * * *

It is now two or three winters back, when Vickery's siege had endured over seven years, that there came a crisis in the history of this doleful love affair. Our quiet district that winter was disturbed and excited by news of daring burglaries. Elmwood Hall, at Verden, only ten miles from us, was broken into one Sunday night when the family were at church, and Lady Elmwood's jewels stolen. A fortnight later another successful burglary was carried out at Sir William Frayle's place, The Grange ; and the footman who heard the noise, and gave chase to the thieves, was shot in the side and dangerously wounded. The Grange is only four miles away, and timid souls grew nervous as the hours of night came on. “You never know nowadays,” said Mrs. Widge, “whether you won't get up murdered.”

Constable Vickery walked our roads in those eventful days with an added importance, which is saying much, for when on duty he never forgot the dignity of his office. His manner seemed to say, “Good people, do not alarm yourselves. Am not I on duty ? ”

Some of the women took heart from his confident bearing. “I'll tell 'ee what,” said

one, "there bain't any robbers tomfools enough to ventur' where Vickery be. We can sleep quiet."

By a coincidence, which Mr. Vickery came to look upon as providential, the doctor was called to Dublin to see his brother, who was on the point of death; and Dr. Sibley, of Roley, the nearest village, was performing his duties. The evening after the burglary at The Grange, Mr. Vickery found Mr. Luman more agitated than he had ever seen her before, and she soundly rated him for his cheerful countenance. "How dare 'ee look so unconcerned," she cried, "when we be in danger of bein' found murdered!"

"There be no danger," he said soothingly. "No burglars will come here, I 'low."

"Ugh! how do 'ee know that? How would 'ee like to sleep alone in this house, and they villains about?"

Mr. Vickery looked at her with curious interest. "Zarey, you bain't avraid of burglars, be 'ee?"

"Yes, I be," she snapped. "They do get on my nerves. Ugh!" and she shivered.

Suddenly an idea struck the constable, and by hypocritical expressions of sympathy he extracted from her the confession that, in spite of her strong mind, she was addicted to the truly feminine practice of looking under the bed and in the cupboards before retiring, to assure herself that none of the hideous tribe were lurking there.

"Sleep in peace," said the constable, as he bade her good-night. "I'll keep a look-out."

"Mind you do," said Mrs. Luman rather irritably.

Mr. Vickery resumed his beat in a highly elated frame of mind. By chance he had discovered that excellent woman's one weakness, and as he paced the lanes he was considering how he could take full advantage of it. He chuckled repeatedly.

The next day he was seen talking for a long time with Tom Fry, the baker's harum-scarum son, doubtless warning him about some of his evil practices.

* * * * *

That evening he went to see Mrs. Luman with a very grave face, and it was only after pressing him repeatedly that she got him to unburden himself. "Well, Zarey," he said, "I never thought to have zeen it in this parish, but they burglars be about. I zeen dree ov 'em last night. I chased 'em, but they were too quick vor I."

This untruthful tale had the effect intended. She never could stay in the

house all night by herself, Mrs. Luman declared again and again. Vickery laughed at her. "A woman as can do without a husband," he said, as he was going, "shouldn't be avraid ov thieves."

She begged and prayed him to keep his eye on the house all night; and the constable, after being treated to a hot supper and "a drap or two of wine to warm him," departed, vowing he would keep his eye on the house all night.

Soon after midnight Mrs. Luman was awakened by the noise of broken glass. She sat up, trembling with apprehension. Her agitation increased when she heard loud noises from the kitchen. There was no doubt about it—a gang of burglars were in the kitchen. She dared not scream, but covered her head with the bedclothes in a vain endeavour to shut out the awful sounds. Her one hope was that the miscreants would confine themselves to the kitchen.

But, alas! presently the kitchen door was opened, and with a loud clatter they began to mount the stairs. She would not be murdered in her bed without one cry for help, and, springing up, she opened the window and gave a terrified scream of "Murder!"

Constable Vickery came running up the next instant. "Zarey, what be wrong?" he cried.

"Oh, Zol," she gasped, "thieves—they be come—to murder I. Help!" and she sank down, nearer fainting than she had ever been in her life.

"Don't 'ee fear, Zarey. I'll soon have 'em out," and Mr. Vickery got in by the window, and presently with a whoop was chasing the thief down the drive.

Out in the road the thief stopped until the constable reached him.

"Well done, Tom," said Vickery, nigh choking with laughter; "here be the sovereign. But mum's the word, mind. Go straight hwoome."

Mr. Vickery returned to the house. "Zarey," he called softly.

"Oh, Zol," she said, peeping out, "where—where be they?"

"They be gone. Dress yourself and come down, and I'll tell 'ee about it. I be comen in to zee what they have done."

Mr. Vickery, carrying a candle, met the trembling damsel at the foot of the stairs and escorted her to the kitchen. "Come on, Zarey," he said tenderly, "they be gone. Poor woman! what a fright you have had." He put his arm round her waist without



"‘Zarey,’ he said, ‘you will have to marry I.’"

resistance. She looked round the disordered kitchen, sank into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Zol," she sobbed, "but for you they would have murdered I. How many were there?"

"Dree or vour," replied the constable without a blush. "I come in by the windy, do 'ee zee, and met 'em as they be tryen to run out. I thought I was done vor. They tripped I up, and I vell, or I should have

nabbed one ov 'em. I was up in a jiffy and after 'em ; but the scoundrels were too quick vor me, and got away, and I came back to zee you."

"Thank 'ee, thank 'ee. They'd have murdered I," and she sobbed again.

The constable felt it was a decisive moment.

"Zarey," he said, taking her tenderly in his arms, but speaking firmly, "you will have to marry I. You must have a man to take care ov 'ee after this. If I'd taken offence, and not been near you, you'd have been murdered at this very minit. You'll marry me, Zarey?"

"I—don't—know."

"But you must make up your mind. If you'll marry I, there will be no more of this work. Zay you will, my dear."

The horrors of the last half-hour came thick on her mind and overwhelmed her. "Well, I will, Zol ; but I never thought——"

He stopped her with a kiss. "I'll make 'ee the best of husbands. This day month we'll be married. Where do 'ee keep the brandy? You need a drap, and I could do with a mouthful, vor I never expected to be alive after tusslen with they villains."

He sat with her till the dawn appeared, and then went home well content.

If only Tom Fry would keep his mouth shut all would be well ; and he saw that young gentleman, and, after giving him an extra ten shillings, impressed upon him the fact that he had committed a felony, and if he blabbed would assuredly fall into the clutches of the law.

"It won't help 'ee to zay I told 'ee. I might get dismissed, but it would be vive years' penal vor you, my boy."

Tom was greatly impressed, and promised to be as secret as the grave.

The burglary, Mrs. Luman's peril, and Vickery's bravery roused the excitement of the village to fever heat, and the story received many dramatic ornaments in passing from lip to lip. Vickery's terrific fight with the fifteen ruffians gave rise to much hero-worship ; and when, the following Sunday, the banns were published for the first time, nobody laughed—it was only right that Sol should be rewarded "that way, if he were zo minded," and both he and Sarah were congratulated on the romantic sequel to the night of horror. The doctor gave away the bride and provid'd the wedding-feast, at which he made a speech extolling the domestic virtues of the bride and the bravery and perseverance of the bridegroom.

* * * *

Six months passed, and Mr. Vickery found married life all that he had pictured it. But, alas ! young Mr. Fry, who was quite reckless when he had had a few glasses of beer, hinted one night that he knew a thing or two about "that there burglary," and on being plied with liquor told the whole story.

It was so remarkable that at first the listeners refused to believe it, but when Tom had been minutely cross-examined, and had told all that Vickery had said to him, wild hilarity was enthroned among them. Our village kept uncommonly late hours that night, for the Goodman had to tell his wife, and when she had enjoyed it there was calling in on neighbours that they might share in the good things. Mrs. Hoiley and Mrs. James, who had not been on speaking terms for three months, were reconciled on that historic night, for Mrs. James looked in at Hoiley's and said, "You haven't heard the news, I s'pose?" and stepped in and told it. Enmity could not flourish in such a sea of mirth, and Mrs. James stayed to share a second supper. There was one common wish in the village : everybody would have given fabulous amounts to be present at the interview between husband and wife "when Zarey knowed."

It was Mrs. Widge who, the next morning, "let Zarey know." She had borrowed Mrs. Vickery's smoothing-iron, and she returned it herself. She almost ran, lest anyone should be before her, but Providence was kind.

"I've brought 'ee back theese iron, and thank 'ee, Zarey," said Mrs. Widge, sinking down exhausted in the first chair.

"Oh, thank 'ee ; but I bain't in no hurry vor it. You be out ov breath, Betty."

"Ees, just a little. Zims closish to I theese marnen."

"I didn' vind it myself," said Mrs. Vickery.

Mrs. Widge expressed herself sapiently and at some length on the weather, on the post-office work, and on the letter she had had from her sister. It was not until she got up to go that she said, with a little laugh, "How do Vickery suit 'ee now, Zarey?"

"Oh, he be all right," said Mrs. Vickery with decision. "He do know his place, do 'ee zee."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! he be a cunnen old vox, to play with 'ee like he did, vor all that ! Don't 'ee think zo now, honest, Zarey?"

"Play with I?" gasped Mrs. Vickery in perplexity. "How do 'ee mean?"

"Now don't 'ee go vor to pretend, Zarey ; young Tom Vry have let it out at last. I 'low I didn' think Vickery could be so cunnen. We couldn' help but laugh when we knowed."



"On being plied with liquor told the whole story."

"Tom Vry? What do 'ee mean? I know nothen about Tom Vry."

"Why, Zarey, you don't mean to say Vickery played that trick on 'ee and never told 'ee afterwards? We thought as you knowed."

Mrs. Vickery went and shut the door, motioned her friend to a chair, and taking another herself said, "Now you'll tell I what you be driven at."

Mrs. Widge was nothing loth. She enjoyed the recital amazingly, but Mrs. Vickery did not see the humour of it. "Thank 'ee, Betty," she said at last. "Now, iv you be a true vriend to I, you'll tell everybody as I knowed all along."

"Cert'inly I will, Zarey. Ov course it be only as a true vriend would. Well, well, Zol cert'inly have been a perseverer sweetheart." And laughter had her in its grip again.

Mrs. Widge, with a due sense of what was expected of her, faithfully repeated the whole conversation as well as she could remember it.

* * * * *

Mrs. Vickery went upstairs, threw her apron over her head, and wept at intervals for nearly half an hour. Poor Vickery, all unconscious that the plot had been revealed, came home punctually at twelve, filled with pleasurable anticipations. He had purchased a duck earlier in the week, and they were to dine on it that day, and his mind fondly

dwelt on that tender bird, and the carrots and turnips, baked potatoes, and excellent home-brewed that were to accompany it.

He entered the room in his shirt-sleeves. "Well, my dear, be the duck ready?" he said cheerfully, and seated himself at the table.

Zarey did not answer, but busied herself with taking up the dinner. Vickery carefully whetted the carver, and as Zarey placed the bird on the table he said, "My goodness! but it do zmall relishable. Put it over here, my dear, and let I carve it."

Zarey took up the dish and threw the bird into the coal-scuttle, where it was quickly followed by the vegetables.

"Zarey, my dear!" gasped Vickery in horror, "whatever be 'ee doen? Zarey, what be the matter?"

"What be the matter? Tom Vry be the matter! Maken vun ov a pore woman be the matter! Breaking the laws be the matter! Marryen a husband as'll vind himself in gaol for house-broken be the matter! Maken I the common laughen-stock be the matter! Beën deceived into marryen a cunnen fat old wretch that only thinks ov eaten and drinken be the matter! Iv you can waste thirty shillens in deceiven, I can waste a dinner, I 'low. Any mwore?"

Vickery sat for a minute in helplessness; then he said with genuine fervour, "Hang young Tom Vry! I'll vry en brown to-morrow."

"It bain't Tom Vry, it be Zol Vickery as put en up to it." Zarey's voice was reaching the shrill tones that are closely allied to tears.

"Zarey, don't 'ee take on, my dear, don't

'ee, now. I did it because I wanted 'ee, do 'ee zee. It was the only way to get 'ee as I could zee. Let we be peaceable now, do 'ee. Iv volks zee you be put out, they'll laugh at we, just about. Come now, make it up, do 'ee."

But Mrs. Vickery was not to be appeased. Although unconscious of it, that day was Vickery's Waterloo. At one swoop the reins passed from his fingers; hereafter he was second in his own home. Out of doors he was armed with all the terrors of the law; indoors the suggestive took the place of the imperative mood, and at times even that was snubbed. He rarely speaks up for himself, it is whispered, though on one occasion he did retort that if he had known what she was going to be he would have "zeen hisself vurder before he had made any efforts to win her."

"Ah, my man," rejoined the good lady triumphantly, "but you didn' know. I'll teach 'ee to make I the laughen-stock avore I've done with 'ee."

Perhaps the hardest thing the constable has to bear is his wife's new-born dislike to the smell of tobacco, and the poor man has to smoke surreptitiously. Mrs. Vickery, it is said, goes over his pockets at night and impounds any pipes or weed she may find.

Sarah Vickery is certainly a woman who looks well to the ways of her household. Vickery is taken good care of, and the house is a model of comfort and cleanliness, but the correct style of address of the worthy couple is emphatically "Mrs. and Mr. Vickery," with the accent on the first.





IF.

ILL assail me if I fail thee,
Shouldst thou call to me in vain,
Should mine eyes mistake their lodestar,
Or my homage find its wane.

Dole attend me if I send thee
E'en one hour's cark or care,
Should dark trouble's brood o'ertake thee,
Grief draw near and I not there.

Woe await me if I treat thee
E'er less fondly hence than now,
Should my touch bring tribulation,
Strike the sunshine from thy brow.

Blight o'erwhelm me, sorrow helm me,
If to stranger-shrines my glance
E'er should wander, thine forgetting,
Be my days one long mischance.

CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE.

AN ORGANIST AND HIS ART:

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By F. KLICKMANN



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

THE most popular of London musicians is undoubtedly Sir Frederick Bridge.

He has attained this distinction through the sheer force of his personality, for there never was a man less given to self-advertisement, or more callously and persistently deaf to the importunities of editors, interviewers, and the whole army of Society paragraphists. Not that he is unapproachable under ordinary circumstances — quite the reverse; he is one of the kindest hearted of men in a profession where petty jealousies and magnanimous generosity jostle one another in a curious manner. Sir Frederick's tendency to help "lame dogs over stiles" whenever he meets them must add considerably to the wear and tear of his life's work, I fancy.

A man has to pay a certain penalty when he is gifted with a perfect genius for winning the admiration of the public; and Sir Frederick Bridge must realise this when he attacks his daily budget of letters. The position he occupies in the musical world brings him into touch with an immense audience, inasmuch as he holds not merely one important post, but many. As the organist of Westminster Abbey his name is

familiar, not only to Londoners, but to the whole of the civilised world; our Abbey, with its grand musical service and its organ that stands without a rival anywhere, is a centre towards which all tourists gravitate at least once in their lifetime. It is the very first place into which our American cousins precipitate themselves, after landing in breathless haste and taking some hurried refreshment on our foggy shores; and one of the most haunting memories that Colonials carry with them to the great plains and mountains "out beyond" is the recollection of that grey old pile, where organ and choir intermingle their voices and make one vast sea of sound.

It often happens that visitors who have travelled some tens of thousands of miles — more or less — to see the Abbey and hear the music, are anything but satisfied with the indistinct silhouette, above the choir-screen, that is pointed out to them as no less important a personage than the famous organist himself. True, those with extra long sight will sometimes aver that the figure wears glasses (though such a statement always inclines one to suspect a previous acquaintance with Sir Frederick's photographs!);

but, apart from this, one can actually see very little of the musician himself, beyond a misty halo (according to the position of the sun), which one admits is a very appropriate background under the circumstances.

English people are, as a rule, quite willing to accept the halo and go on their way rejoicing, but not so our transatlantic relatives.

"Now, I just guess I haven't come three thousand miles (and three thousand back, that'll make six thousand) to see this dear Abbey and the lovely graves of Longfellow, and Tennyson, and Handel, and the rest, and hear all those 'cute little boys sing, without getting a bigger sight of Sir Bridge than that little speck up there. Why, he might just as well be McKinley for all I can tell!"

Thus spake a delightful Boston girl, who was kindly showing me around my own native city! I explained that "Sir Bridge" and the President of the United States bore not the very slightest outward resemblance to one another, though I had found them to be marvellously alike in the matter of strong personality and unfailing courtesy, and in order to prove my statement I was unwise enough to lead her in the direction of a certain door marked "Private, no admittance," in one of the byways of the Abbey, which I knew led to the organ-loft. Evidently many other persons knew this, too; quite a small crowd of people were waiting about expectantly. I kept Miss Bostonia

well in the background, knowing the irrepressibility of her temperament. Presently the door opened, and a sedate young man emerged, with an absorbed, thoughtful air and a large roll of music. The small gathering looked admiringly upon him, fell back to make way for him, and then followed, eagerly, but at a respectful distance. "There he is," said my companion excitedly, preparing to make a headlong rush for him.

He was a pleasing looking youth, and possibly might not have been averse to being shaken hands with on behalf of all the maidens in Massachusetts. But I detained her—much against her will, I admit. It was useless for me to explain that that was *not* "Sir Bridge"; she merely retorted, "Then, if he isn't, why are all the people following him?" Which was an unanswerable piece of logical deduction, and I didn't care to betray the secrets of my country so far as to explain to her that I entertained certain suspicions that the affair was nothing

more than a little ruse. When the crowd had been thus decoyed away, the door again opened, and a tall figure appeared, carrying a square cap and peering slightly to right and left through his glasses. Then he made his way towards the cloisters, unconscious of the two figures loitering in the shadows. I let him get well out of reach before I said, "That was Sir Frederick." With wide-opened eyes she exclaimed, "You



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[Eburnham, 421, Brixton Road.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, MUS. DOC.

don't say!" and then added, after an interval of silence, during which she had evidently grasped and digested the situation, "Well, and if that isn't just too cunning for anything!"

But though Sir Frederick Bridge does his best to evade the pronounced attentions of the celebrity-hunter, he will put himself to actual trouble if he can be of real assistance to anyone. I can spare space to recall only one such incident, but this was very characteristic of the man himself. It was in the old days of the Gresham Musical Lectures, when they were held at Gresham College, in Basinghall Street, and not, as they are now, in the roomy great hall of the City of London School. Two enthusiastic musical students had hurried to the lecture at a pace that argued more zeal than discretion. The hall was packed, although there was still half an hour to spare. Yet they managed to edge a way in somehow; and then it was that the airlessness of the room, combined, perhaps, with the previous scamper across the City, resulted in a prosaic "faint"! The invalid was assisted downstairs again into a cooler atmosphere, the only seat visible being a large carved arm-chair in the entrance-hall, evidently sacred to the use of an imposing-looking, gold-laced individual who stood beside it, representative of civic dignity and authority. The circumstances being briefly explained, he graciously gave consent for the chair to be utilised. At that moment a door opened and Sir Frederick (then Dr.) Bridge crossed the vestibule. "Mr. Bumble" saluted obsequiously, and as the Doctor turned to acknowledge it he caught sight of the forlorn couple, who were entire strangers to him. He stepped over to them and said, "Have you come to the lecture? or are you waiting for somebody? or——"

"The lady hain't feeling well, sir," interposed the magnificent official, jerking his cocked hat in the direction of the chair. "Eat of the room," he added by way of a lucid and exhaustive explanation.

"Then why in the world, man, didn't you get some water?" And in a moment the Doctor had returned with a liberal supply. Having been thus restored, that student desired—with the energy that only belongs to one's youth, alas!—to risk once more the carbonic acid gas in order to hear the lecture. But the audience by this time extended down the staircase in a most hopeless manner. Dr. Bridge called an attendant, however, and told him to take the two up a

private staircase, and give them seats in the front row, reserved for the City Fathers, remarking, "Put them under an open window and in a strong draught!" Then turning to them he said, "And if either of you contemplate another faint this evening, *please* do not do so in the middle of one of my best speeches. I will make a convenient pause if I observe that you are getting pale. And when you are suffering from a stiff neck all next week, I hope you will think kindly of me!"

I ought to add, however, for the benefit of those who propose to attend future Gresham Lectures, that there is ample ventilation in the City of London School, also a handy supply of water outside, while the hall-porters now relieve Sir Frederick of the task of administration.

The Gresham Lectures on Music bring Professor Bridge into touch with a very different audience to the one he is accustomed to at the Abbey. At Westminster it is the leisured sightseer who listens to him daily, whereas his lectures are crowded with students and busy City men. The great secret of his success lies in his happy sense of humour and his overwhelming enthusiasms. Whatever subject he has in hand, for the time being he clothes it with an importance that at once communicates itself to his audience.

The first time I heard of the now long past Purcell Commemoration remains vividly in my mind. It was a wretched, cold winter day. The Abbey looked lonely and mysterious in the fog, and all the bare trees in Dean's Yard were glistening in a coating of hoar-frost. I shivered as I walked along the cloisters to that portion of the Abbey known as Littleton Tower, where Sir Frederick resides. But the glow from the big fire in the study gave a more optimistic colour to life. One forgot all about the cold, looking out of the picturesque square window on to the still more picturesque gables and quaint corners outside, and thinking how delightful it must be to live in an abbey, and in Westminster Abbey above all others. That study, by the way, has an unusually musical history. It was at one time occupied by the late Sir Joseph Barnby (whom Sir Frederick Bridge also succeeded as conductor of the Royal Choral Society), and the tiles round the fireplace bear the initials J. B., which likewise serve for the present tenant, Sir Frederick's first name being John.

On the morning in question Sir Frederick Bridge was even more cheery than usual.



Photo by]

[T. J. Wright.

VIEW OF THE ORGAN-LOFT AND CHOIR-SCREEN FROM THE EAST END.

"Now I am going to show you a real treasure," he said excitedly, after we had been talking for a while.

"Oh!" laughed Lady Bridge, "I know what it is, and I have heard it before, so I shall go!"

But the Doctor persisted that it did not matter *how* many times she had heard it before, it would certainly bear hearing again.

He then produced an old, faded, yellow, worn book of manuscript music, and tenderly opened it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"What is it? Why, it is the original MS. of the Purcell *Te Deum* that there has been so much controversy about; and here are all the corrections and annotations in *Purcell's own handwriting*."

It was a most interesting relic. Everything was so clearly legible. The whole work was in Purcell's writing, and he had even written the names of the soloists who were to sing certain solos—names as long since dead as the hand that wrote them.

The MS. had come into the Doctor's possession quite by accident. A man whom he

down hurriedly on the first scrap of paper he came across, meaning to deal with it later on. The words were written against the music.

"You see, I got two things for my money," said Sir Frederick, as he sat down to the piano, and played and sang the quaint little song.

As I have already stated, Sir Frederick's sense of humour is by no means the least of

his saving graces. His conversation is often a running fire of witty *mots* and smart repartee. The very smallest event will serve him. Not long ago the following notice was fastened up in the Music Room at Westminster Abbey.

The *Great and Swell* occupants of the Organ Loft invite the *Choir*, if they can descend Solo(w), to a friendly Manual and Pedal Exercise, entitled Cricket. Every Player is requested to provide a *Full Score*, and it is hoped many *runs* will be executed, though no "great shakes" are expected. All particulars to be settled at the rehearsal on Tuesday next at a quarter to Eleven.

P.S.—A Ball-Proof Cuirass will be provided, and a *doctor* will attend.

This brilliant musician can use his pen very effectively when he pleases, as his clever parody on "Sally in our Alley" bears witness, in which he sings the praises of his friend, Mr. Labouchere, M.P. and editor of *Truth*,

and one of the several distinguished personages who reside within the Abbey precincts.

"LABBY IN OUR ABBEY."

Of all the boys that are so smart
There's none like crafty Labby:
He learns the secret of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey.
There is no lawyer in the land
That's half as sharp as Labby;
He is a demon in the art,
And guileless as a baby!



Photo by]

[T. J. Wright.

A NEARER VIEW OF THE ORGAN, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE NEW CASE, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE PURCELL BI-CENTENARY.

did not know, brought it to him one day, and asked him if he cared to make an offer for it.

"After I had examined it, and saw what it really was, I told him that either his bones or the MS. would remain behind in the Abbey," said the Doctor, "and he preferred the latter."

There was also a little song, just roughly scribbled on a spare blank leaf, the last in the book. Evidently Purcell had jotted it

For "Bomba Balfour" in the week
 There seems to be no worse day
 Than is the one that comes between
 A Tuesday and a Thursday.
 For then we read each foul misdeed,
 "Unmanly, mean and shabby,"
 Exposed to view in type so true
 By penetrating Labby.

The ministers and members all
 Make game of truthful Labby,
 Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
 A sleepy set and flabby.
 And when their seven long years are out
 They hope to bury Labby;
 Ah! then how peacefully he'll lie,
 But not in our Abbey!

As an after-dinner speaker Sir Frederick Bridge is always an acquisition. The following is a fair specimen of the short, bright speeches for which he is celebrated. It was made at a banquet given to Mr. W. H. Cummings, the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and was a response to the toast of "The Ladies":—

"It is really too bad to call upon me to acknowledge this toast, more



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE IN HIS DOCTOR'S ROBES.

especially as I was just beginning to enjoy myself. It is, of course, a great satisfaction and pleasure to me to be present here, for our guest was connected with the Abbey. In my young days, before most of you were born—at all events, before any of the ladies present were born—it was the custom to call upon the most bashful, the best looking, and most shy young man to return thanks for the ladies. No violation of this rule has been permitted to-night. As the honorary secretary himself put it on these grounds, of course I could not refuse to reply. The new woman is to be paramount. Musically, we poor men are to be done away with. I hope they will be as kind to us as we are to them. Of course, I am not speaking from experience. Kindness to them! Why, just think what happens at examinations when there are lady and gentleman candidates. I have seen an unfortunate youth come to play the violin for a diploma, and, entering the room, he proceeds to tune his instrument. 'Can't stop



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[Burnham, Brixton Road.]

CONDUCTING AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE SERVICE.

here all day whilst you are tuning,' says an examiner. The lad goes away, and then advances a lady, bringing her violin *in the case!* And it has not been tuned! What occurs? One of the examiners jumps up and undoes the case; another catches up the instrument and tunes it, or tries to. A string breaks! But she is not sent out to fetch the next person. You hear one German examiner say, '*Sehr schön!*' She passes with honours! The unfortunate youth manages only to *scrape* through. In the ladies we all have kind supporters. Some have admirers. Some have wives whom they dare not bring to such a festive gathering. Some have wives like Mr. Cummings." ("I have only *one!*" interpolated that gentleman.) "In the name of that one wife of his, whom I congratulate upon the honour done to her husband, I beg to thank you for the way you have drunk this toast."

As conductor of the Royal Choral Society's Concerts at Albert Hall, Sir Frederick Bridge has proved himself to be a man worthy to succeed that king among choral conductors who laboured so faithfully and so long to bring the choir to as near a state of perfection as possible. With the Choral Society, as with his Abbey choir, Sir Frederick is immensely popular. His rehearsals are never dull, yet he allows not the

smallest fault to go uncorrected. Of the results he obtains I need not speak. All the world and his wife and daughters attend the Albert Hall Concerts with such regularity that any description of these would be a superfluity.

Sir Frederick Bridge has had many odd experiences, but perhaps the funniest of all was when he discovered a small, suspicious-looking black bag in the organ-loft, while turning over the music just before the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service at the Abbey in 1887. On opening it gingerly and discovering a loudly ticking clock within, his horror was increased a hundredfold, for it was at a time when dynamiters were performing many freakish things around London, and preparing all sorts of little surprises for people in general and royalties in particular. Of course the supposed "infernal machine" was escorted off the premises with as much promptitude and despatch as the trembling officials could command. It would have been a most heroic and exciting affair, of course, had it not proved to be a small, harmless American clock, that was merely striving to do its duty in that station of life, etc. It belonged to one of the bandsmen, who had bought it on his way to the rehearsal and then had inadvertently left his bag behind him.

A SONG OF THE DAWN.

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR.

SOFT, in the dawn, came Love to me—
 Love, that is born of the sun—
 Love that is bred in the lap of the sea
 When the Night and the Day are one.



He came on the crest of the morning cloud,
 He sprang through the morning mist,
 And laughed as he leapt from his downy shroud
 Where the Sun and the Ocean kissed.



He struck at my heart with his spear of flame—
 The Sun set the world ablaze—
 And I knew 'twas for me Love laughed as he came
 And was born of the Sun's sweet rays.

YOUNG BARBARIANS.

By IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. I.—THE COUNT.



"The Bailie regarded him with grave disapproval."

IF you excluded two or three Englishmen who spoke with an accent suggestive of an effeminate character, and had a fear-some habit of walking on the Sabbath, and poor "Moosy," the French master at the Seminary, who was a quantity not worth considering, the foreign element in Muirtown during the classical days consisted of the Count. He never claimed to be a Count, and used at first to deprecate the title, but

he declined the honour with so much dignity that it seemed only to prove his right, and by and by he answered to the name with simply a slight wave of his hand which he meant for deprecation, but which came to be considered a polite acknowledgment.

His real name was not known in Muirtown—not because he had not given it, but because it could not be pronounced, being largely composed of x's and k's, with an irritating parsimony of vowels. We had every opportunity of learning to spell it, if we could not pronounce it, for it was one of the Count's foreign ways to carry a card-case in his ticket-pocket, and on being introduced to an inhabitant of Muirtown to offer his card with the right hand while he took off his hat with the left and bowed almost to a right angle. Upon those occasions a solid man like Bailie MacFarlane

would take hold of the card cautiously, not knowing whether so unholy a name might not go off and shatter his hand, and during the Count's obeisance, which lasted for several seconds, the Bailie regarded him with grave disapproval. The mind of Muirtown, during this performance of the Count's, used to be divided between regret that any human being should condescend to such tricks and profound thankfulness that Muirtown was not part of a foreign country where people were brought up with the manners of poodles. Our pity for foreigners

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was nourished by the manner of the Count's dress, which would have been a commonplace on a *boulevard*, but astounded Muirtown on its first appearance, and always lent an element of piquant interest to our streets. His perfectly brushed hat, broadish in the brim and curled at the sides, which he wore at the faintest possible angle, down to his patent leather boots, which it was supposed he obtained in Paris, and wore out at the rate of a pair a month—all was unique and wonderful, but it was his frock-coat which stimulated conversation. It was so tight and fitted so perfectly, revealing the outlines of his slender form, and there was such an indecent absence of waist—waist was a strong point with Muirtown men, and in the case of persons who had risen to office, like the Provost, used to run to forty inches—that a report went round the town that the Count was a woman. This speculation was confirmed rather than refuted by the fact that the Count smoked cigarettes, which he made with Satanic ingenuity while you were looking at him, and that he gave a display of fencing with the best swordsman of a Dragoon regiment in the barracks, for it was shrewdly pointed out that those were just the very accomplishments of French "Cutties." This scandal might indeed have crystallised into an accepted fact, and the Provost been obliged to command the Count's departure, had it not been for the shrewdness and good nature of the "Fair Maid of Muirtown." There always was a fair maid in Muirtown—and in those days she was fairest of her succession: let this flower lie on her grave. She declared to her friends that she had watched the Count closely and had never once seen him examine a woman's dress when the woman wasn't looking; and after that no person of discernment in Muirtown had any doubt about the Count's sex. It was, however, freely said—and that story was never contradicted—that he wore stays, and every effort was made to obtain the evidence of his landlady. Her gossips tried Mistress Jamieson with every wile of conversation, and even lawyer's wives, pretending to inquire for rooms for a friend, used to lead the talk round to the Count's habits; but that worthy matron was loyal to her lodger, and was not quite insensible to the dignity of a mystery.

"Na, na, Mistress Lunan, I see what you're after; but beggin' your pardon, a landlady's a landlady, and my mouth's closed. The Count disna ken the difference atween Saturday and Sabbath, and the

money he wastes on tobacco juist goes to ma heart; but he never had the blessin' of a Gospel ministry nor the privileges of Muirtown when he was young. As regards stays, whether he wears them or disna wear them I'm no prepared to say, for I thank goodness that I've never yet opened a lodger's boxes nor entered a lodger's room when he was dressin'. The Count pays his rent in advance every Monday morning; he wanted to pay on Sabbath, but I told him it was not a lawful day. He gives no trouble in the house, and if his doctor ordered him to wear stays to support his spine, which I'm no sayin' he did, Mistress Lunan, it's no concern o' mine, and the weather is inclining to snow."

His dress was a perfect fabric of art, however it may have been constructed; and it was a pleasant sight to see the Count go down our main street on a summer afternoon, approving himself with a side glance in the mirrors of the larger shops, striking an attitude at our bookseller's when a new print was exposed in the window, waving his cigarette and blowing the smoke through his nostrils, which was considered a "tempting of Providence," making his respectful salutations to every lady whom he knew, and responding with "Celestial, my friend!" to Bailie MacFarlane's greeting of "Fine growing weather." When he sailed past McGuffie's stable-yard, like Solomon in all his glory, that great man, who always persisted in regarding the Count as a sporting character, would touch the rim of his hat with his forefinger—an honour he paid to few—and, after the Count had disappeared, would say "Gosh!" with much relish. This astounding spectacle very early attracted the attention of the Seminary boys, and during his first summer in Muirtown it was agreed that he would make an excellent target for snowball practice during next winter. The temptation was not one which could have been resisted, and it is to be feared that the Count would have been confined to the house when the snow was on the ground had it not been for an incident which showed him in a new light, and established him, stays or no stays, in the respect of the Seminary for ever. There had been a glorious fight on the first day of the war with the "Pennies," and when they were beaten, a dozen of them, making a brave rearguard fight, took up their position with the Count's windows as their back-ground. There were limits to licence even in those brave old days, and it was under-

stood that the windows of houses, especially private houses, and still more especially in the vicinity of the Seminary, should not be broken, and if they were broken the culprits were hunted down and interviewed by "Bulldog" at length. When the "Pennies" placed themselves under the protection of

been so effectually "dashed," that there was not a sound pane of glass in the Count's sitting-room. As the victorious army returned to their capital, and the heat of battle died down, there was some anxiety about to-morrow, for Mistress Jamieson was not the woman to have her glass broken for

nothing, and it was shrewdly suspected that the Count, with all his dandyism, would not take this affront lightly. As a matter of fact, Mistress Jamieson made a personal call upon the Rector that evening, and explained with much eloquence to that timid, harassed scholar that, unless his boys were kept in better order, Muirtown would not be a place for human habitation; and before she left she demanded the blood of the offenders, and compared Muirtown in its present condition to Sodom and Gomorrah. As the Rector was always willing to leave discipline in the capable hands of Bulldog, and as the chief sinners would almost certainly be in his class in the forenoon, the Count, who had witnessed the whole battle from a secure corner in his sitting-room, and had afterwards helped Mistress Jamieson



"The departure of the Count, with Bulldog attending him to the door."

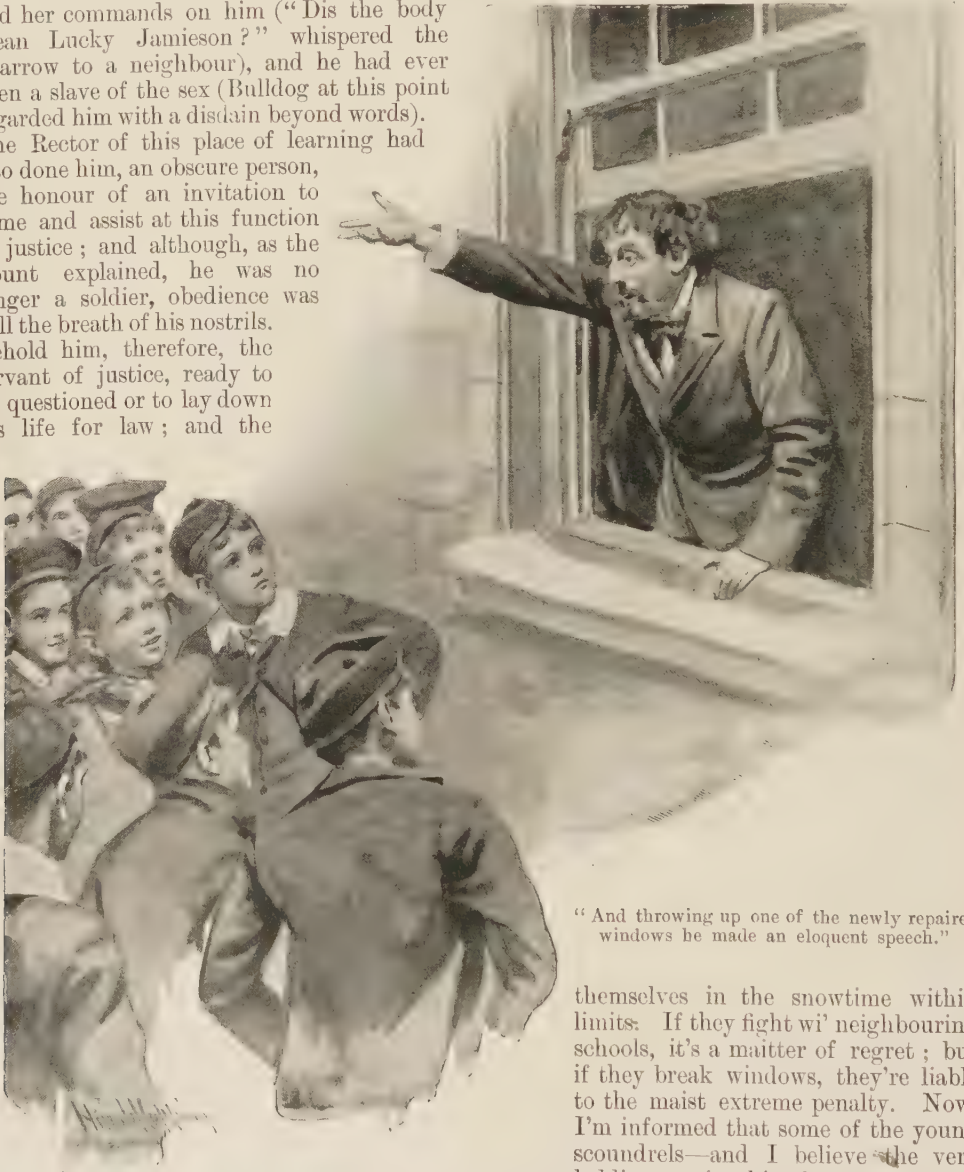
the Count's glass, which was really an unconscious act of meanness on their part, the Seminary distinctly hesitated; but the "Sparrow" was in command, and he knew no scruples as he knew no fear.

"Dash the windows!" cried the Seminary captain; and when the "Pennies" were driven along the street, the windows had

to clear away the *débris*, went to give his evidence and identify the culprit. He felt it to be a dramatic occasion, and he rose to its height; and the school retained a grateful recollection of Bulldog and the Count side by side—the Count carrying himself with all the grace and dignity of a foreign ambassador come to settle an international

dispute, and Bulldog more austere than ever, because he hated a "tell-pyet," and yet knew that discipline must be maintained. The Count explained with many flourishes that he was desolated to come for the first time to this so distinguished a Gymnasium upon an errand so distasteful, but that a lady had laid her commands on him ("Dis the body mean Lucky Jamieson?" whispered the Sparrow to a neighbour), and he had ever been a slave of the sex (Bulldog at this point regarded him with a disdain beyond words). The Rector of this place of learning had also done him, an obscure person, the honour of an invitation to come and assist at this function of justice; and although, as the Count explained, he was no longer a soldier, obedience was still the breath of his nostrils. Behold him, therefore, the servant of justice, ready to be questioned or to lay down his life for law; and the

day, sir," and Bulldog's glance conveyed that such a figure as the Count's ought not to be exposed in snowtime; "but we'll not keep you long, and I'll juist state the circumstances with convenient brevity. The boys of the Seminary are allowed to exercise



"And throwing up one of the newly repaired windows he made an eloquent speech."

themselves in the snowtime within limits: If they fight wi' neighbouring schools, it's a matter of regret; but if they break windows, they're liable to the maist extreme penalty. Now, I'm informed that some of the young scoundrels—and I believe the very laddies are in this class-room at this meenut" (the Sparrow made no effort to catch Bulldog's eye, and Howieson's attention was entirely occupied with mathematical figures)—"have committed a breach of the peace at Mistress Jamieson's house. What I ask you, sir, to do"—and Bulldog regarded

Count bowed again to Bulldog, placing his hand upon his heart, and then leant in a becoming attitude against the desk, tapping his shining boots with his cane, and feeling that he had acquitted himself with credit.

"We're sorry to bring ye out on such a

the Count with increasing disfavour, as he thought of such a popinjay giving evidence against his laddies—"is, to look round this class-room and point out, so far as ye may be able, any boy or boys who drove a snowball or snowballs through the windows of your residence."

During this judicial utterance the eyes of the Count wandered over the school with the most provoking intelligence, and conveyed even to the dullest, with a vivacity of countenance of which Muirtown was not capable, that Bulldog was a tiresome old gentleman, that the boys were a set of sad dogs capable of any mischief, that some of them were bound to get a first-class thrashing, and, worst of all, that he, the Count, knew who would get it, and that he was about to give evidence in an instant with the utmost candour and elegance of manner. When his glance lighted on Spiug it was with such a cheerful and unhesitating recognition that the Sparrow was almost abashed, and knew for certain that for him, at least, there could be no escape; while Howieson, plunging into arithmetic of his own accord for once, calculated rapidly what would be his share of the broken glass. Neither of them would have denied what he did to save himself twenty thrashings; but they shared Bulldog's disgust that a free-born Scot should be convicted on the evidence of a foreigner, whom they always associated in his intellectual gifts and tricks of speech with the monkey which used to go round seated on the top of our solitary barrel-organ.

"When it is your pleasure, sir," said Bulldog sternly; and there was a silence that could be felt, whilst the Sparrow already saw himself pointed out with the Count's cane.

The shutters went suddenly down on the Count's face; he became grave and anxious, and changed from a man of the world, who had been exchanging a jest with a few gay Bohemians, into a witness in the Court of Justice.

"Assuredly, monsieur, I will testify upon what you call my soul and conscience," and the Count indicated with his hand where both those faculties were contained. "I will select the boy who had the audacity, I will say profanity, to break the windows of my good friend and hostess, Madame Jamieson."

The Count gave himself to the work of selection, but there was no longer a ray of intelligence in his face. He was confused and perplexed, he looked here and he looked there, he made little impatient gestures, he

said a bad French word, he flung up a hand in despair, he turned to Bulldog with a frantic gesture, as of a man who thought he could have done something at once, and found he could not do it at all. Once more he faced the school, and then Sparrow, with that instinct of acute observation which belongs to a savage, began to understand, and gave Howieson a suggestive kick.

"As a man of honour," said the Count with much solemnity, "I give my testimony and I declare that I do not see one of the boys who did forget themselves yesterday and did offer the insult of an assault to Madame's domicile."

And it would have been curious if he had seen the boys, for the Count was looking over their heads, and studying the distant view of the meadow and the River Tay with evident interest and appreciation.

The mind of the Sparrow was now clear upon the Count, and Bulldog also understood, and in two seconds, so quick is the flash of sympathy through a mass of boy life, the youngest laddie in the mathematical class-room knew that, although the Count might have had the misfortune to be born in foreign parts, and did allow himself to dress like a dancing-master, inside that coat, and the stays, too, if he had them on, there was the heart of a man who would not tell tales on any fellow, but who also liked his bit of fun.

"It's a peety, Count," said Bulldog, with poorly concealed satisfaction, "that ye're no in a poseetion to recognise the culprits, for if they're no here my conviction is they're not to be found in Muirtown. We can ask no more of you, sir, and we're muckle obleeged for yir attendance."

"It is a felicitous affair," said the Count, "which has the fortune to introduce me to this charming company," and the Count bowed first to Bulldog and then to the school with such a marked indication in one direction that the Sparrow almost blushed. "My sorrow is to be so stupid a witness; but, monsieur, you will allow me to pay the penalty of my poor eyesight. It will be my pleasure," and again the Count bowed in all directions, "to replace the glass in Madame's house, and the incident, pouf! it is forgotten."

There was a swift glance from all parts of the class-room, and permission was read in Bulldog's face. Next instant the mathematical class-room was rent with applause such as could only be given when fifty such lads wanted to express their feelings, and the Sparrow led the circus.

"Ye will allow me to say, sir," and now Bulldog came as near as possible to a bow, "that ye have acted this day as a gentleman, and, so far as the boys of Muirtown Seminary are concerned, ye're free to come and go among us as ye please."

The departure of the Count, still bowing, with Bulldog attending him to the door and offering him overshoes to cover the polished leather boots, was a sight to behold, and the work done for the rest of the morning was not worth mentioning.

During the lunch hour the school was harangued in short, pithy terms by the Sparrow, and in obedience to his invitation Muirtown Seminary proceeded in a solid mass to the Count's residence, where they gave a volley of cheers. The Count was more gratified than by anything that had happened to him since he came to Muirtown; and throwing up one of the newly repaired windows he made an eloquent speech, in which he referred to Sir Walter Scott and Queen Mary and the Fair Maid of Perth, among other romantic trifles; declared that the fight between the "Pennies" and the Seminary was worthy of the great Napoleon; pronounced the Sparrow to be *un brave garçon*; expressed his regret that he could not receive the school in his limited apartments, but invited them to cross with him to Mistress McCrum's, the Seminary tuck-shop, where he entertained the whole set to Mistress McCrum's best home-made ginger-beer. He also desired that Mistress Jamieson should come forward to the window with him and bow to the school, while he held her hand—which the Count felt would have been an interesting tableau. It certainly would have been, but Mistress Jamieson refused to assist in the most decided terms.

"Me stand wi' the Count at an open window, hand in hand wi' him, and bowin', if ye please, to thae blackguard laddies? Na, na; I'm a widow o' good character and a member o' the Free Kirk, and it would ill set me to play such tricks. But I'll say this for the Count—he behaved handsome; and I'm judgin' the'll no be another pane o' glass broken in my house so long as the Count is in it." And there never was.

It were not possible to imagine anything more different than a Muirtown boy and the Count; but boys judge by an instinct which never fails within its own range, and Muirtown Seminary knew that, with all his foreign ways, the Count was a man. Legends gathered around him and flourished exceedingly, being largely invented by Nestie

and offered for consumption at the mouth of the pistol by the Sparrow, who let it be understood that to deny or even to smile at Nestie's most incredible invention would be a ground of personal offence. The Count was in turn a foreign nobleman, who had fallen in love with the Emperor of Austria's daughter and had been exiled by the imperial parent, but that the Princess was true to the Count, and that any day he might be called from Mistress Jamieson's lodgings to the palace at Vienna; that he was himself a king of some mysterious European State, who had been driven out by conspirators, but whose people were going to restore him, and that some day the Sparrow would be staying with the Count in his royal abode and possibly sitting beside him on the throne. During this romance the Sparrow felt it right to assume an air of demure modesty, which was quite consistent with keeping a watchful eye on any impertinent young rascal who might venture to jeer, when the Sparrow would politely ask him what he was laughing at, and offer to give him something to laugh for. That the Count was himself a conspirator, and the head of a secret society which extended all over Europe, with signs and passwords, and that whenever any tyrant became intolerable, the warrant for his death was sent from Mistress Jamieson's. Whenever one fable grew hackneyed Nestie produced another, and it was no longer necessary in Muirtown Seminary to buy Indian tales or detective stories, for the whole library of fiction was now bound up and walking about in the Count.

Between him and the boys there grew up a fast friendship, and he was never thoroughly happy now unless he was with his "jolly dogs." He attended every cricket match, and at last, after he had learned how, kept the score, giving a cheer at every new run and tearing his hair when any of his boys were bowled out. He rushed round the football field without his cane, and generally without his hat; and high above all cheers could be heard his "Bravo—bravo, forwards! Spar-r-row!" as that enterprising player cleft his way through the opponent's ranks. It mattered nothing to the Count that his boots were ruined, and his speckless clothes soiled, he would not have cared though he had burst his stays, so long as the "dogs" won and he could go up in glory with them to Phemie McCrum's and drink to their health in flowing ginger-beer. During the play hour his walk seemed ever to bring him to the North



"It was a pretty sight to see him watching a battle royal between the tops of Sparrow and Howieson."

Meadows, and if a ball by accident, for none would have done it by intention, knocked off the Count's hat, he cried "Hoor-r-rah!" in his own pronunciation and bowed in response to this mark of attention. It was a pretty sight to see him bending forward, his hands resting on his knees, watching a battle royal between the tops of Sparrow and Howieson; and if anything could be better it was to see the Count trying to spin a top himself, and expostulating with it in unknown tongues. As the boys came to the school in the morning and went home in the evening up Breadalbane Street, the Count was always sitting at one of the windows which had been broken, ready to wave his hand to anyone who saluted him, and in the afternoon he would often open the window to get the school news and to learn whether there would be a match on Saturday. As time went on this alliance told upon the Count's outer man; he never lost his gay manner, nor his pretty little waist, nor could he ever have been taken for a Scot, nor ever, if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, have been made an elder of the Kirk; but his

boots grew thicker, though they were always neat, and his clothes grew rougher, though they were always well made, and his ties became quieter, and his week-day hat was like that of other men, and, except on Sunday, Muirtown never saw the glory of the former days. With his new interest in life, everyone noticed that the Count had grown simpler and kindlier, and Muirtown folk, who used to laugh at him with a flavour of contempt, began to love him through their boys. He would walk home with Bulldog on a summer evening, the strangest pair that ever went together; and it was said that many little improvements for the comfort of the lads, and many little schemes for their happiness at Muirtown Seminary, were due to the Count. It was believed that the time did come when he could have returned to his own land, but that he did not go because he was a lonely man and had found his friends in Muirtown; and when he died, now many years ago, he left his little all for the benefit of his "jolly dogs," and the Count, who had no mourners of his blood, was followed to his grave by every boy at Muirtown Seminary.



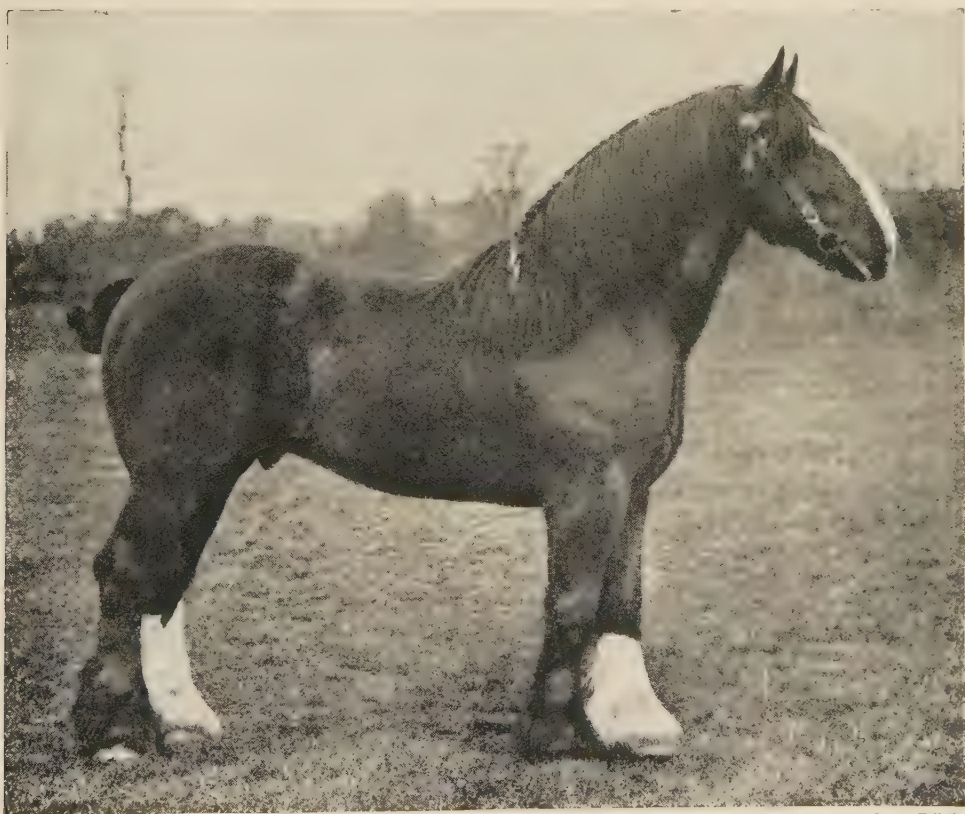
SOME SPLENDID SHIRE-HORSES.

BY GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

THERE can be but very little doubt that the modern Shire-horse—that hairy-legged, big-boned, but active equine giant so common in the streets of our cities and on our country farms—is descended from the old breed of English cart-horses. These, in their turn, were probably descended from a breed of heavy

day. So long as armour was in fashion a large, massive animal was required to support the enormous weight of the steel-clad knight, and to withstand the ponderous attacks of a similar opponent. The half-bred horse was then unknown, and the Spanish and other imported horses were insufficient in size, so that recourse was had to the large black



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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S "WHIRLWIND."

[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.]

horses imported into these Islands from the mainland of Europe as far back as the days of the Norman Conquest. This point is emphasised by Mr. W. C. Spooner, who says: "We have reason to believe that the horses employed in the army of William the Conqueror were little better, as respects breeding, than the cart-horses of the present

horse, which had been known throughout the fertile plains of Europe from time immemorial, and from which no doubt the greater portion of our cart-horses are descended; for we find that during the reign of the Edwards repeated importations of these animals took place. And in the time of the Duke of Newcastle, who wrote

a work on horses in 1667, there was in this country an established breed of cart-horses. The most prevailing colour amongst these animals is black—so much so that we recognise a distinct breed under the appellation of the ‘old black horse.’”

But nowadays we constantly meet with bays and browns, while chestnuts, roans, and greys are fairly common, and even skewbalds and piebalds are by no means rare. This variety and colour is the outcome of many crossings.

—Ely, strangely enough, being the city in which Hereward the Wake and the last of the English so long defied the Norman Conqueror. But Mr. Gilbert Murray, on the other hand, claims that the most perfect specimens of the Shire-horse to be found in the United Kingdom were bred within thirty miles of the town of Derby, and that much of the ancient and unalloyed blood still remains there.

Possibly both statements are more or less correct as to the past history of this ancient



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MR. McMULLEN'S "IRON CHANCELLOR."

[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Shire-horses derive their name from the counties in which they are most commonly found—*viz.*, Cambridge, Lincoln, Derby, Norfolk, Huntingdon, Bedford, Leicester, Cheshire, Rutland, Nottingham, and some parts of Northampton, Warwick and Shropshire. They have chiefly sprung, however, from the rich fen districts in the Midland and Eastern counties, and it was said at one time that “more good horses were bred within a radius of twenty miles of the city of Ely than in all the rest of the Kingdom”

breed; but to-day we find them rapidly spreading all over Great, and even Greater, Britain, for many wealthy landowners, like Lords Ellesmere, Spencer, and Powis, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Alexander Henderson, and others, not to mention H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have become so deeply interested in the breeding of these giants, that they keep not tens or twenties, but hundreds between them; and there are few more picturesque sights than that of the great brood mares

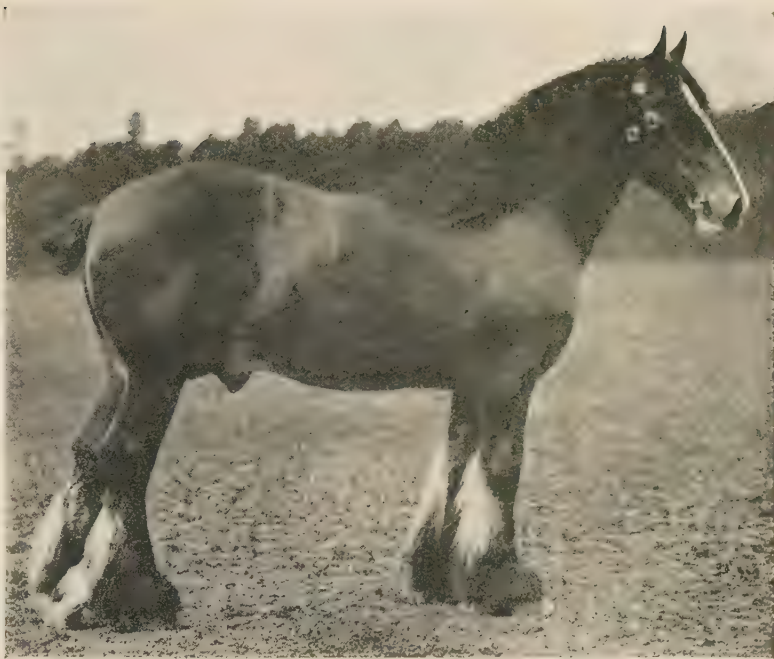
and their shapely, active foals, feeding in British pasture lands, whilst a visit to any of our agricultural exhibitions is well repaid by the sight of the monster stallions, decorated with bright-coloured rosettes on their head-stalls, and ribbons on their manes and tightly tied-up tails, the long, silky hair from knee to fetlock carefully brushed out with dry sawdust, and their coats shining, in the very pink of condition.

Yet, despite the wonderful utility of these animals, it is not so very many years ago since they were quite neglected and the breed almost lost to us; for at one time they were thought to be too slow and heavy for town work, and

their clean-legged rivals, the Clydesdales and the old "Cleveland bays," were looked upon as the *beaux idéals* of what cart-horses should

be like. Fortunately public taste has changed once more; the clean-legged horses were found to be unable to stand the wear and tear of the paved streets, and it has been proved that the heavy Shire-horse, bred as he is now, with quicker and lighter action, is more suitable for general purposes, that he stands the stone-paved streets far better, and commands a much higher price in the market, as recent sales go to prove.

And not only have the people of Great Britain recognised this at last, but our fellow-countrymen in Greater Britain—those in Australia,



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MR. A. HENDERSON'S CHAMPION BAY COLT, "BISCOT HAROLD."

[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.



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MR. A. HENDERSON'S CHAMPION, "MARKEATON ROYAL HAROLD."

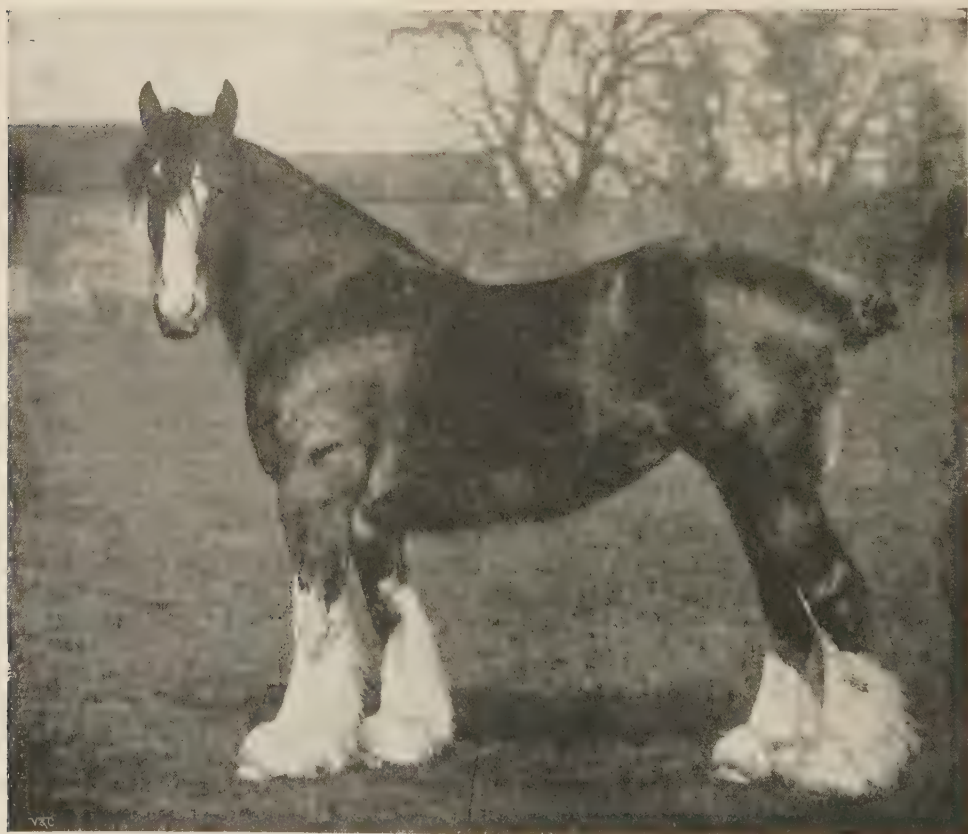
[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Canada, and even South Africa—have become large buyers of our surplus stock; and in Melbourne, Montreal, Toronto, Cape Town, and other cities they may be seen stepping out gaily in front of loads which three or four of the ordinary light horses of those countries could scarcely move.

The writer well remembers a recent visit to the stables of one of the great horse-loving rajahs of India. Round three sides of a huge stone enclosure ran sheds in which stood scores of beautiful Arabs, many Australian "Walers," and active native ponies; but the horse specially reserved to the last, as a *bonne bouche* for the English sahib, was an enormous black Shire-stallion, who was led forth, kicking and plunging like a colt, whilst ten to fifteen little natives hung on for dear life to the leading-chains, the perspiration rolling down their arms and faces, the whites of their eyes shining, in the most ludicrous fashion, through the clouds of red dust, as they clung to the skittish twenty-year-old monster; and it

remains a problem, unsolved to this day, how those dusky little Hindoos could ever groom him properly without the help of a step ladder.

A remarkable feature in the stud-book of the Shire-Horse Society is the length of the pedigrees of the best-known stallions, which, for the sake of brevity, may be printed as: "British Wonder" (foaled in 1875) g. g. g. g. g. g. g. s Milton and Colley's brown stallion"—each g., excepting the last, representing the word "great," thus giving a total of nine generations to this horse's pedigree, even in 1875, and now two or perhaps three more would be added to the descendants of "British Wonder," whose pedigree traces back direct to the end of the last century. And it is most interesting to notice the names that have been selected for these huge British horses, names so typical of the land of their birth as to be worth quoting, for we meet with "England's Glory," "Honest Tom," "Thumper," "Samson," "What's Wanted," "Heart of Oak," "Honest Lass,"



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MR. GRANDAGE'S "DUCHESS OF YORK."

[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.]



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[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

MR. GRANDAGE'S CHAMPION MARE, "QUEEN OF THE SHIRES."

"Cast Steel," "Bar None," "Spanker," "England's Boast," "Yorkshire Lad," "So Seldom Seen," and many others equally happy in their exact description of these giants, and redolent of the pastures and fen countries in which they were bred. "A real good 'un" should stand about seventeen hands, should be long, low, and wide in form, and, above all, should be a good mover at cart-horse pace—*viz.*, walking, and if trotting should pick up his feet and show the action of a Norfolk cob.

The Prince of Wales's "Whirlwind" (14,935) is a good specimen of the "old black horse" breed, and can trace his pedigree, through "Honest Tom," back for many generations, and is interesting for comparison with the more modern type of Shire-horse which our photographs show.

One of the most picturesque of modern-day stallions is Mr. McMullen's dark grey "Iron Chancellor" (14,677), champion at Anglesea, and winner of the Cup at the Bath and West of England Show. He stands seventeen hands at the shoulder, has good legs, enormous bone, and fine quality hair, whilst he is an excellent mover, and a typical dray-horse. Looking at his beautiful

dapplings and white mane, one is reminded of the horses so beloved by Rosa Bonheur, and immortalised by her in her picture of "The Horse Fair."

Although, of course, the mares cannot be expected to come near the stallions in beauty of appearance, massiveness, and general picturesqueness, yet they must not be passed over without notice, and in "Queen of the Shires" (20,686), Mr. Grandage, of Leeds, owns the champion mare of the show in London in 1897. She is a deep brown, and with her darker dapplings appears to the uninitiated eye to be a black. She was three years old at the time of her great victory, and although, in the photograph, she looks staid and rather sleepy, she is remarkably "showy" in the ring; and as she trotted round and round the huge Agricultural Hall, at Islington, on the day of her triumph, loud volleys of applause from the thousands of onlookers proclaimed how splendidly she moved, and how popular "the Queen" and her owner are amongst all lovers of the Shire-horse. In the "Duchess of York" (19,855) Mr. Grandage owns another splendid animal, although not equal to his champion; but as he bred her himself, he is

naturally proud of her victories; and being one of the judges at our largest shows, when he sums her up as "a really good one," we may rest assured that his verdict is correct.

On the day when "the Queen" won her championship for mares, Mr. Alexander Henderson's magnificent bay four-year-old stallion, "Markeaton Royal Harold" (15,225), was awarded the corresponding cup for the opposite sex; and although even then rumours of a most wonderful son of his were heard, no one was prepared for the sensational series of wins that have since taken place; and when the champion returned to his home at Buscot Park, near Farringdon, an offer, it is said, of no less than £5,000 was refused for him by his owner.

At the great show at Islington in 1898, Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., exhibited four celebrated animals: his champion, "Markeaton Royal Harold," who, now five years old, again won first and the £20 cup for the best stallion in his classes; his superb bay mare, "Aurea" (13,951), who, at seven years old, won first and the £10 cup for the best mare in her classes, and then the £50 Challenge Cup, and finally the £25 Championship Cup for the best mare in the show (beating "the Queen"); his bay filly, "Locking Loiret" (22,071), who took first and the £10 cup for the best in her classes; and the sensational bay colt, "Buscot Harold" (16,576), who, at

two years old, won first and the £20 cup for the best in his classes, and was then led into the ring to compete against his father for the championship of the show.

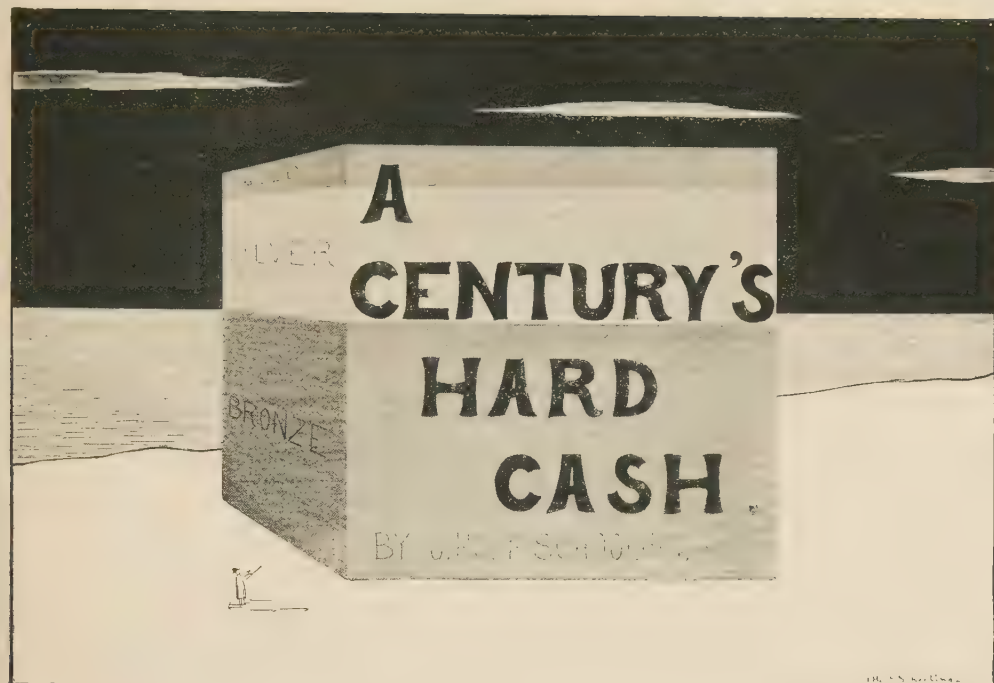
Few of the thousands who were present will ever forget that memorable sight; and as the judges sent first one, and then the other, walking and trotting round the huge ring, the spectators broke into thunders of applause, in which the Prince of Wales joined most heartily. Mr. Henderson's face was a study in itself, for although both were his property, the colt was bred by him, whilst his sire was bred by Mr. John Smith, of Ashbourne, and, perhaps somewhat naturally, he favoured the youngster; and as the judges hesitated, and made fresh examinations of both, and then compared notes with each other, one could see the anxiety of the fortunate owner plainly written on his face. But when the red, white, and blue rosette was handed to the groom who held "Buscot Harold," and the great building swelled with roars of applause, his suspense was at an end; and, after first receiving the hearty congratulations of the Prince, and then both the championship cups and the two challenge cups, he left the ring the proud holder of a most wonderful "record," which it is more than probable will never again be repeated by any one person in the annals of Shire-horse history.



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"BEFORE THE JUDGES."

[Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.]



THE huge mass of metal here labelled "A Century's Hard Cash" represents the gold, silver and bronze (including copper) moneys of this Realm which have been coined during the hundred years 1800-1899. It is a great cube, that measures more than 38 ft. each way, and it includes only those coins which have been made for use in these Islands—not the miscellaneous coins made in the Royal Mint for use in India and other countries.

At the top is a slab of solid gold over $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick; then comes a slab of silver nearly $12\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick, and the bronze base is nearly $22\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick—a total height of nearly $38\frac{1}{2}$ ft., which is also, of course, the measurement of the other sides of this great cube of British bullion.

The weight of this huge mass is just under 16,000 tons, or equal to the weight of 320 large express railway locomotives. The value is almost 385 millions sterling, or equal to sixty per cent. of the present amount of the National Debt. The number of coins that were made from this mass of metal was the astounding total of 2,439 millions (nearly), or almost sufficient to give two British coins to every man, woman and child now living in the whole world.

In order to obtain the results just briefly

set down I had to examine the official records of the coinage during the century, and it was specially interesting to look at the accounts for the period 1800-1815. England was hard up, the great French war was draining the country of men and money, and the silver coinage was suspended, only a trifle of small silver moneys, under the denominational value of a sixpence, being coined during those years, the value of which was only £1,187 for the whole sixteen years. The coinage of gold was also reduced to the lowest limit—less than five millions' worth of gold coin was made during those sixteen lean years; no copper money was made at the Mint, but some was made by Mr. Boulton, at Birmingham. The average yearly value of the coinage during 1800-1815 was only £292,038, as compared with an average yearly value during 1816-1899 of £4,527,544, nearly sixteen times as large an output yearly. The average yearly value of coinage during the last ten years has been about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. The account from which I got these early records is dated 14th June, 1816—one year later than the battle of Waterloo, when the French war came to a close—and then, it seems, we began to look around and take stock of things which had been interrupted by the great war, including the accounts of the coinage.

The Summary Table No. 1 shows to us,

NAME OF COIN.	NUMBER MADE.	FACE-VALUE.
<i>Gold Coins.</i>		£
Five-Pound Piece	73,360	366,800
Two-Pound Piece	151,183	302,366
Guinea	361,473	379,547
Sovereign	273,263,194	273,263,194
Half-Guinea	3,322,548	1,744,338
Half-Sovereign	112,877,400	56,438,700
Seven-Shilling Piece	7,278,687	2,547,540
TOTAL GOLD COINS	397,327,845	£335,042,485
<i>Silver Coins.</i>		£
Crown	8,745,206	2,186,301
Four-Shilling Piece	2,689,830	537,966
Half-Crown	85,675,937	10,709,492
Florin	86,968,416	8,696,841
Shilling	328,897,886	16,444,894
Sixpence	253,888,730	6,347,218
Fourpence	20,615,742	343,596
Threepence	127,110,414	1,588,879
Twopence	693,895	5,782
Penny-Halfpenny	479,670	2,998
Penny	801,240	3,338
TOTAL SILVER COINS	916,566,966	£46,867,305
<i>Copper and Bronze Coins.</i>		£
Penny	478,644,096	1,994,351
Halfpenny	401,029,661	835,478
Farthing	228,649,628	238,176
Half-Farthing	16,438,104	8,562
TOTAL COPPER AND BRONZE COINS	1,124,761,489	£3,076,567
ALL COINS	2,438,656,300	£384,986,357

1.—A SUMMARY OF THE COINS OF THE REALM MADE DURING THE HUNDRED YEARS—1ST JANUARY, 1800,
TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1899.

for each denomination of coin made during 1800-1899, the number of each coin made and the face-value.

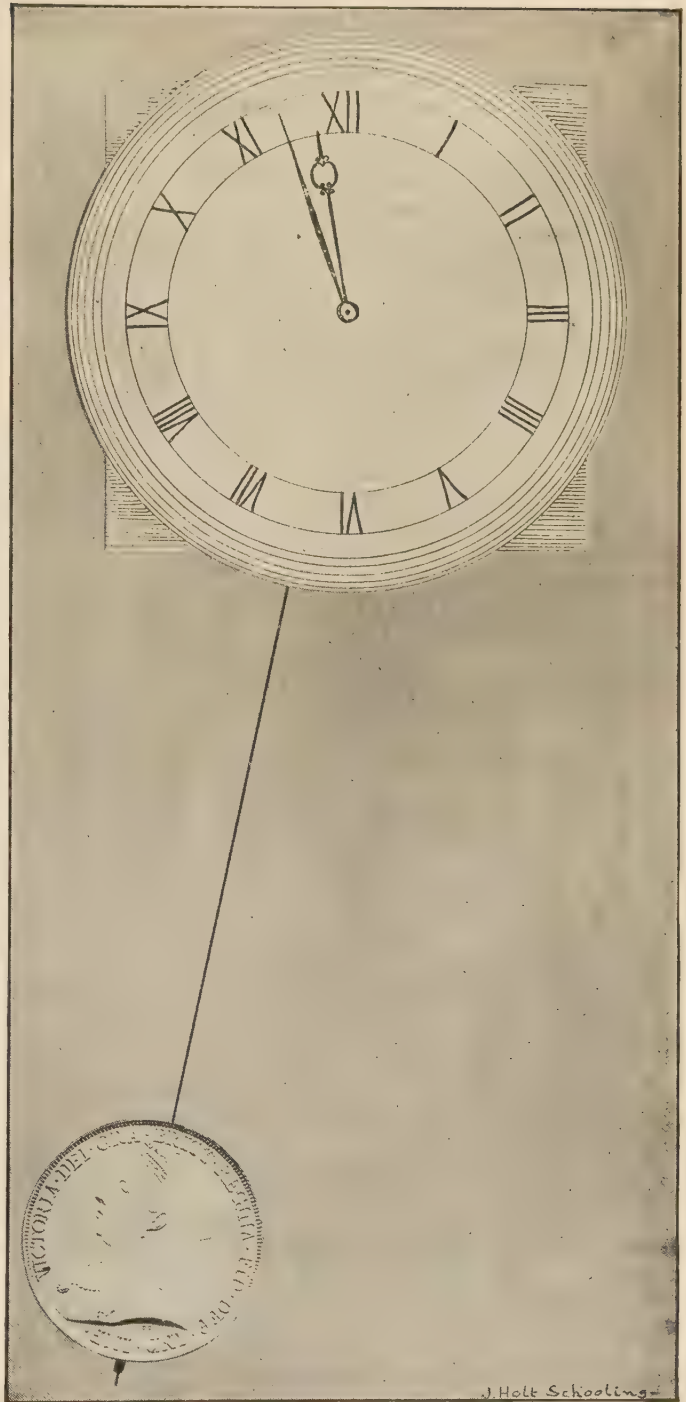
Five-pound gold pieces were first coined in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, but I find double sovereigns—or two-pound pieces—as far back as the year 1823. The third gold coin on our list—the guinea (so called, by the way, because it was first made of gold brought from Guinea, on the West Coast of Africa)—has been coined once, and only once, during the century—*viz.*, in 1813, in which year the half-guinea and the third-guinea, a seven-shilling gold piece, were also coined for the last time.

The sovereign first comes on this century's list in 1817, although gold coins called sovereigns were made as far back as Henry VII.'s reign. They were issued up to the time of James I., and then the sovereign fell out of the coinage list until George III. issued it in 1817. The half-sovereign was also issued in 1817 for the first time in the nineteenth century.

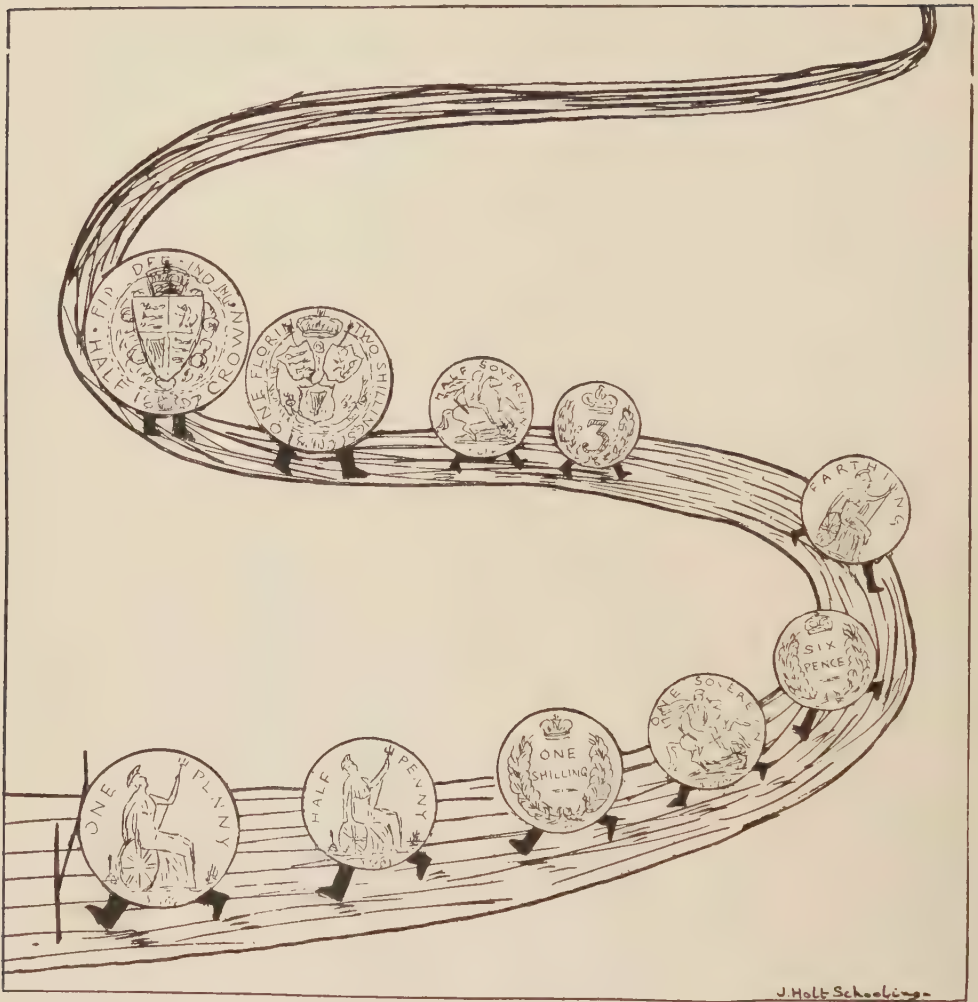
Of the denominations of the silver coin in this summary-table, the Mint now makes only crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences, threepences, and silver Maundy money from one penny to four-pence.

The copper half-farthings, of which £8,562 worth were made during 1800-1899, were first coined in 1843.

The vast total of this summary of the century's coinage—£384,986,357—may be better understood if I say that at three per cent. interest this amount of money would yield a per-



2.—THE VALUE OF THE MONEY COINED DURING 1800-1899 IS EQUAL TO HALF-A-CROWN BEING MADE FOR EVERY TICK OF THE CLOCK THROUGHOUT THE CENTURY, DAY AND NIGHT, WITHOUT CESSATION.



3.—THE PENNY WINS THE RACE FOR POPULARITY BETWEEN THE TEN LEADING COINS OF THE CENTURY.

petual income of very nearly one million sterling per calendar month. Its value is also given by the statement illustrated in No. 2—*viz.*, that the value of the coinage during 1800–1899 has been (approximately) at the average rate of half-a-crown's worth of money coined for every second of time throughout the century, day and night, without cessation.

It is interesting to learn from No. 1 the degree of popularity of the coins, for these are made to supply the demand for them, and people get from the Mint the coins that they ask for. We of the nineteenth century have asked for pennies, and have got them.

No. 3 illustrates the race for popularity during the century between the ten leading coins, which, as No. 1 shows, are :—

	Millions of each coin made during 1800–1899
1. The Penny . . .	479
2. The Halfpenny . . .	401
3. The Shilling . . .	329
4. The Sovereign . . .	273
5. The Sixpence . . .	254
6. The Farthing . . .	229
7. The Threepence . . .	127
8. The Half-sovereign . . .	113
9. The Florin . . .	87
10. The Half-crown . . .	86
<hr/>	
The ten leading coins . . .	2,378
The twelve other coins . . .	61
<hr/>	
All coins made during 1800–1899	<u>2,439</u>

There is, as Table 1 shows, a big drop between the half-crown, which is the last of the ten most popular coins, and the fourpence, which is the leading coin of the twelve miscellaneous coins that have not been sufficiently popular to win a place in our first ten. This drop is from 86 millions of half-crowns to only 20 or 21 millions of fourpences, and the other coins tail off quickly until we reach the despised five-pound piece, which comes last on our list of twenty-two coins with the poor total of 73,360 made; people don't want five-pound-pieces—they prefer pennies—and so the Mint has made but a few of these handsome gold coins.

The universal penny is an easy winner.

He wins by a margin of nearly 80 millions as compared with the halfpenny, who runs into the second place. The shilling comes third, followed by the sovereign, who in point of actual value, but not of number, takes the first place (see Table 1), where the sovereign leads the value list with a fine total of over 273 millions sterling.

Then, in No. 3, the sixpence and the farthing sprint gamely round the bend, and each secures an honourable place—fifth and sixth respectively. The four other coins lag in the race, and the heavy old half-crown has, as we see in No. 3, ceased to persevere, seeing the lead that all the other competitors have obtained. The half-crown is a nice, genial, tipping, Christmas-boxy old boy, and



4.—THE METAL THAT WAS USED FOR THE COINAGE DURING 1800-1899 WOULD MAKE A SOLID SQUARE ROD AS LONG AS THE POLAR DIAMETER OF THE EARTH [7,899 MILES], THE ROD BEING NEARLY HALF AN INCH THICK.

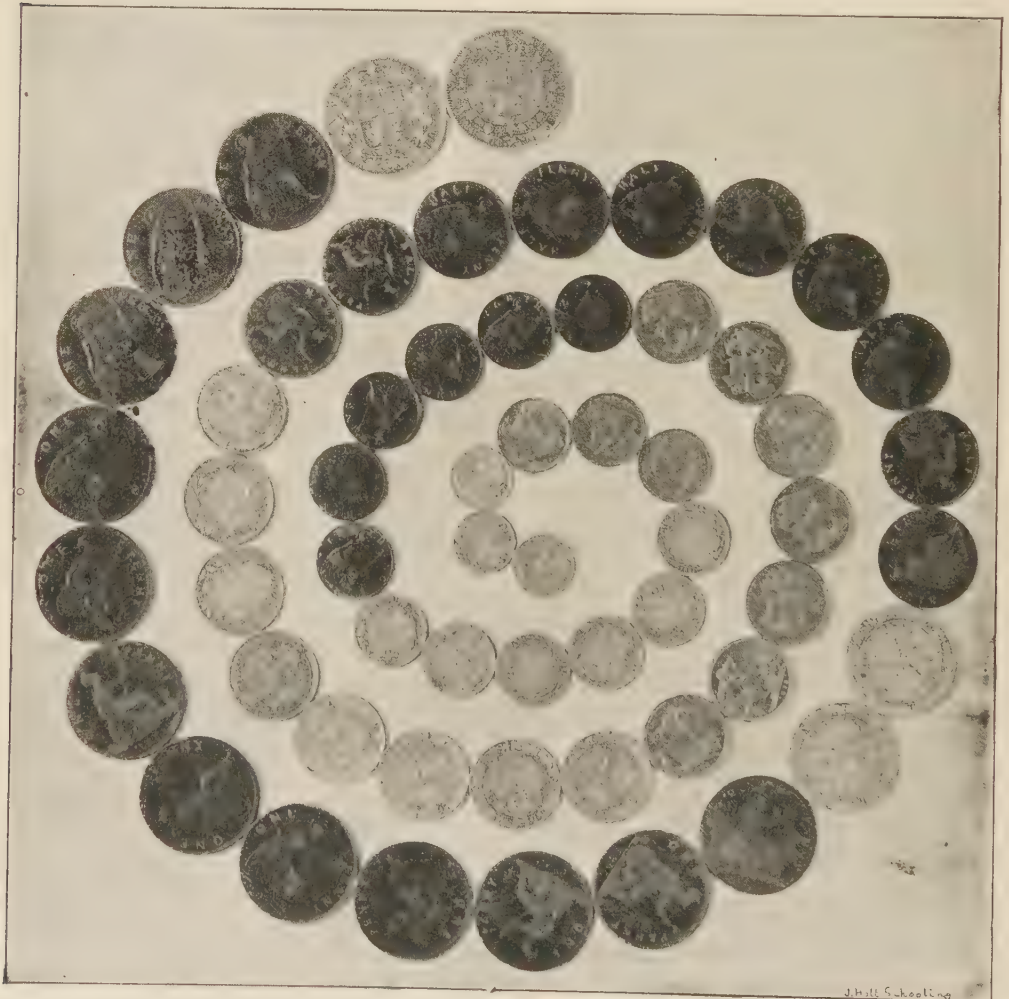
I am glad he gets a place in the ten most popular coins of the century—but he's pretty nearly done up by his effort.

The metal that has been coined into the stupendous amount of money made by the Mint during 1800-1899 would suffice to make a square-sided rod as long as the polar diameter of the earth, 7,899 miles, and this rod would be nearly half an inch thick. I've left the end of the rod sticking out from No. 4, and the end you there see is of the actual size that this rod would be. It would, as I say, be long enough to extend right through the earth from the South Pole to the North Pole. This is not a bad record of work for the Royal Mint, when one considers that each of the 2,439 millions

of coins whose metal is contained in this 7,899 mile rod has been separately made and most carefully tested and examined before it has been passed as a true coin of the Realm.

With this vast amount of money facing one, one feels inclined to ask, "What is my share of it? Where do I come in?" On examination, my present share of the century's hard cash is, as I find by turning out my pockets, only £7 9s. 3d., and this does not seem enough.

Taking the present population of the United Kingdom at forty millions, and dividing the total face-value of the coins made during 1800-1899 (see Table 1) among this population, the average share for each



5.—THIS IS YOUR SHARE OF THE TEN MOST POPULAR COINS MADE DURING 1800-1899—£9 12s. 3½d; YOUR SHARE OF ALL THE OTHER COINS AMOUNTS TO 2½d.—TOTAL £9 12s. 6d.

one of us works out to £9 12s. 6d. apiece.
[I thought my share was too small.]

The ten leading coins of the century, shown in No. 3, make up nearly the whole of this individual share of £9 12s. 6d., which, as No. 5 shows, is composed as follows :—

*This is Your Share of the Coinage during
1800-1899.*

	£	s.	d.
Two Half-Crowns	0	5	0
Twelve Pennies	0	1	0
Two Florins	0	4	0
Ten Halfpennies	0	0	5
Eight Shillings	0	8	0
Seven Sovereigns	7	0	0
Six Farthings	0	0	1½
Six Sixpences	0	3	0
Three Half-Sovereigns	1	10	0
Three Threepences	0	0	9
	9	12	3½

Your share of other coins,
which are not among the
ten leading coins of the
century, is

Total £9 12 6

I hope you have your share.

Finally, it is interesting and suggestive to compare the coinage per head of population in 1800, in 1850, and at the present time. Here are the facts :—

	Value of Coinage. £	Population.	Yearly Coinage per Head of Population. £ s. d.		
In 1800	190,028	15 millions	0	0	3
In 1850	1,621,381	27½ „	0	1	2
Now	7,500,000	40 „	0	3	9

This little statement tells us that the great increase of population since 1800 and since 1850 has been quite outpaced by the increase in the yearly amount of coinage per head of population. The present amount of yearly coinage per head of population is fifteen times as great as it was in 1800, and more than three times as great as in 1850. This is a sign of material prosperity that should not escape notice when the events of the nineteenth century are being reviewed.

One does not wish to attach undue importance to this remarkable increase in the amount of hard cash, for there are many things other than mere money that are of more value to a community as a sign of progress; but, despite this reservation, such an increase as is here shown must be regarded as distinctly satisfactory.

SONG.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

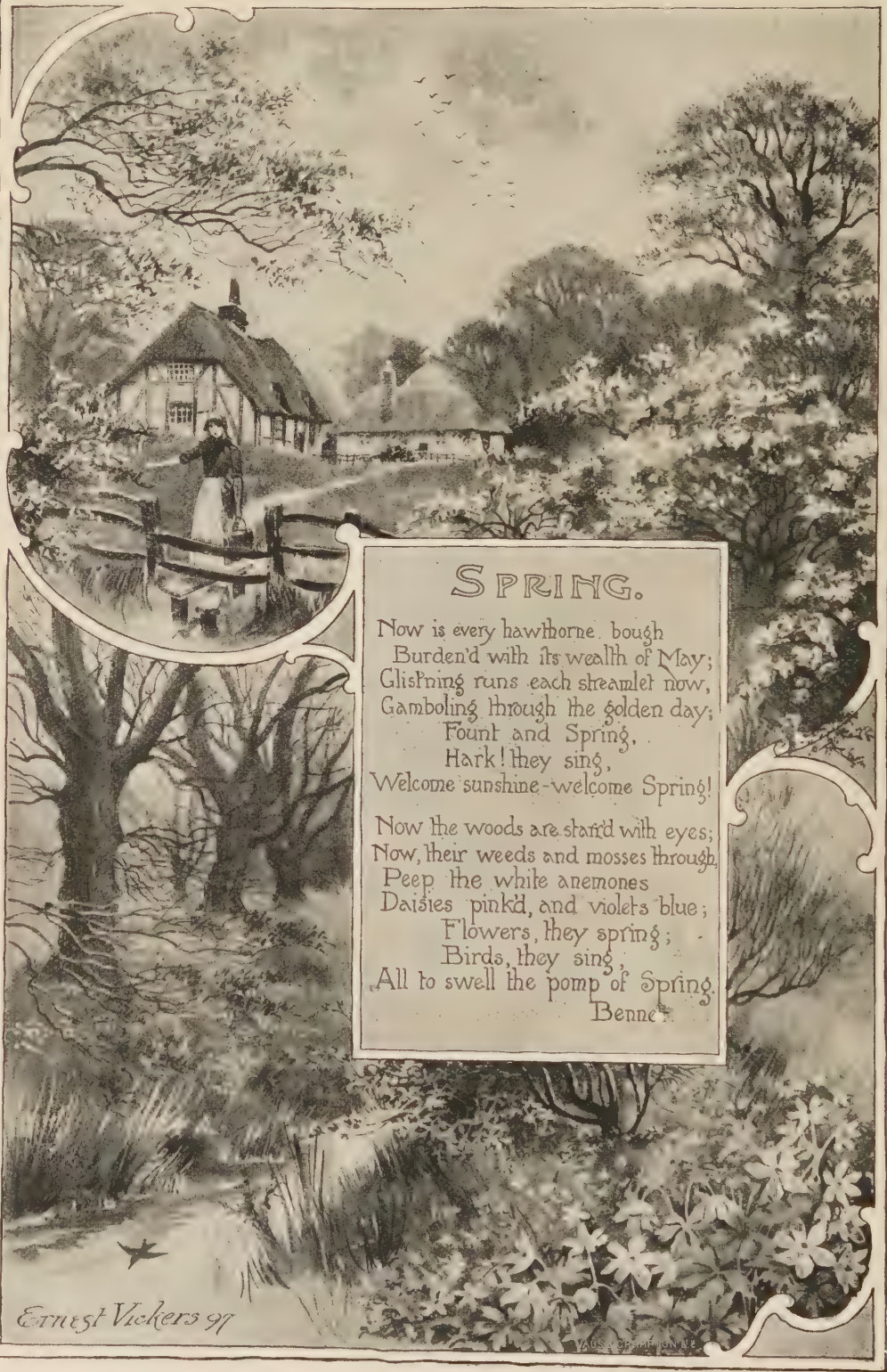
Do you remember still
The sunny sweetness of that April day,
The purpling hazel copse,—the larks' clear
lay?—

Do you remember still?

Have you forgotten yet
The robin's song, borne on the autumn
breeze,—
September's golden touch upon the trees?—
Have you forgotten yet?



Might it not ever be
That some to-morrow,—in the far away,—
Should bring again the joy of yesterday?—
Might it not ever be?



SPRING.

Now is every hawthorne bough
Burden'd with its wealth of May;
Glist'ning runs each streamlet now,
Gambling through the golden day;
Fount and Spring,
Hark! they sing,
Welcome sunshine—welcome Spring!

Now the woods are start'd with eyes;
Now, their weeds and mosses through
Peep the white anemones
Daisies pink'd, and violets blue;
Flowers, they spring;
Birds, they sing,
All to swell the pomp of Spring.
Benne



BY OCTAVE THANET.*

Illustrated by John Da Costa.

THE flies and the sun! The sun and the flies! The two tents of the division ward in the hospital had been pitched end to end, thus turning them into one. The sun filtered through the cracks of the canvas; it poured in a broad, dancing, shifting column of gold through the open tent flap. The air was hot—not an endurable, dry heat, but a moist, sticky heat which drew an intolerable mist from the water standing in pools beneath the plank flooring of the tents. The flies had no barrier, and they entered in noisome companies, to swarm, heavily buzzing, about the medicine spoons and the tumblers, and crawl over the nostrils and mouths of the typhoid patients, too weak and stupid to brush them away. The other sick men would lift their feeble skeletons of hands against them, and a tall soldier who walked between the cots, and was the sole nurse on duty, waved his palm-leaf fan at them and swore softly under his breath.

There were ten serious cases in the ward. The soldier was a raw man detailed only the day before, and not used to nursing, being a blacksmith in civil life. An overworked surgeon had instructed him in the use of a thermometer, but he was much more confident of the success of his lesson than the instructed one.

There was one case in particular bothered the nurse; he returned to the cot where this

case lay more than once, and eyed the gaunt figure which lay so quietly under the sheet with a dejected attention. Once he laid his hand shyly on the sick man's forehead, and when he took it away he strangled a desperate sort of a sigh. Then he walked to the end of the tent and stared dismally down the camp street, flooded with sunshine.

"Well, thank God, there's Spruce!" said he.

A man in a canvas uniform, carrying a bale of mosquito netting, was walking smartly through the glare. He stopped at the tent.

"How goes it?" said he cheerfully, but in the lowest of tones. He was a short man and thin, but with a good colour under his tan, and teeth gleaming at his smile, white as milk.

"Why, I'm kinder worried 'bout Maxwell——"

Before he could finish his sentence Spruce was at Maxwell's cot. His face changed.

"Git the hot-water bottle quick's you can!" he muttered, "and git the screen—the one I made!" As he spoke he was dropping brandy into the corners of Maxwell's mouth. The brandy trickled down the chin.

"He looks awful quiet, don't he?" whispered the nurse, with an awestruck glance.

"You git them things!" said Spruce; and he sent a single flash of his eyes after his words, whereat the soldier shuffled awkwardly out of the tent, returning first

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"A tall soldier on duty waved his palm-leaf fan at them."

with the screen and last with the bottles. Then he watched Spruce's rapid and silent movements. At last he ventured to breathe. "Say, he ain't—he ain't—he ain't——?"

Spruce nodded. The other turned a kind of groan into a cough and wiped his face. Awkwardly he helped Spruce wherever there was the chance for a hand, and in a little while his bungling agitation reached the worker, who straightened up and turned a grim face on him.

"Was it me?" he whispered then. "For God's sake, Spruce! I did everything the doctor told me, nigh's I could remember. I didn't disturb him, 'cause he 'peared to be asleep. I—I never saw a man die before!"

"It ain't no fault of yours," said Spruce, in the same low whisper. "I'm sorry for you. Did you give him the ice I got?"

"Yes, I did, sergeant."

"And was there enough for Green and Dick Danvers?"

"Yes ; I kept it rolled up in flannel and newspapers. Say, I got a little more, sergeant."

"How ?"

"The doctors or some fellers had a tub of lemonade outside, a little bit further down. I chipped off a bit."

Spruce ground his teeth ; but he made no comment. All he said was, "You go git Captain Hale and report. Tell the captain I got his folk's address. They'll want him sent home. They're rich folk and they were coming on. Guess they're on the way now. Be quiet !"

The soldier was looking at the placid face. A sob choked him.

"He said 'Thank you' every time I gave him anything," he gulped. "God ! it's murder to put fools like me at nursing, and the country full of women that know how and want to come !"

"S-s-s ! 'Tain't no good talking. You done your best. Go and report."

As the wretched soldier lumbered off, Spruce set his teeth on an ugly oath.

"I ought to have stayed, maybe," he thought, "but I've been doing with so little sleep my head was feeling dirty queer ; and the doctor sent me. Collapse, of course. Temperature ran down to normal, and poor Tooley didn't notice, and him too weak to talk ! Well, I hope I git the G boys through, that's all I ask !"

He went over to the next cot, where lay the nearest of the G boys, greeting him cheerily.

"Hello, Dick !"

Dick was a handsome young spectre just beginning to turn the corner in a bad case of typhoid fever. His blue eyes lighted at Spruce's voice, and he sent a smile back at Spruce's smile.

"Did you get some sleep ?" said he. "What's that you have in your hand ?"

"That's milk ; real milk from a cow. Yes, lots of sleep. You drink that."

The sick man drank it with an expression of pleasure.

"I don't believe any of the others get milk," he murmured ; "save the rest for Edgar."

"Edgar don't need it, Dick," Spruce answered gently.

Dick drew a long, shivering sigh, and his eyes wandered to the screen.

"He was a soldier, and he died for his country, jest the same as if he was hit by a Mauser," said Spruce—he had taken the sick boy's long, thin hand, and was smoothing

the fingers—"it's what we all got to expect when we enlist."

"Of course," said Dick, smiling, "that's all right, for him or for me ; but he—he was an awfully good fellow, Cris."

"Sure."

Spruce made his rounds. He was the star nurse of the hospital. It was partly experience. Cris Spruce had been a soldier in the Regulars and fought Indians, and helped the regimental surgeon through a bad attack of typhoid, which came to the fort as a consequence of too ambitious plumbing. But it was as much a natural gift. Cris had a light foot, a quick eye, a soft voice ; he was indomitably cheerful, and consoled the most querulous patient in the ward by describing how much better his lot, with no worse than septic pneumonia, than a man whom he (Spruce) had known well, who was scalped.

Spruce had enlisted from a Western town, where he had happened to be at the date of his last discharge. He had a great opinion of the town. And he never tired recalling the scene of their departure, as amid tears and cheers and the throbbing music of a brass band, with their pockets full of cigars and an extra car full of luncheon boxes, and a thousand dollars company spending-money to their credit.

"A man, he comes up to me," says Spruce, "a big man in the town, rich and all that. He says, calling me by name—I don't know how he ever got my name, but he had it—he says, 'I'm told you've been with the Regulars. Look after the boys a little,' says he. 'That I will,' says I. 'I've been six years in the service and I know of a few wrinkles.' I do, too. He gave me a five-dollar bill, after he'd talked a while to me, and one of his own cigars. 'Remember the Town's back of you !' says he. 'Tis, too. I'd a letter from the Committee they got there, asking if we had everything, offering to pay for nurses if they'd be allowed. Oh, it's a bully town !"

Spruce himself had never known the sweets of local pride. He had drifted about in the world until at twenty he drifted into the Regular Army. He had no kindred except a brother, whose career was so little creditable that Spruce was relieved when it ended, were the truth known, in a penitentiary. He had an aunt of whom he often spoke, and whom he esteemed a credit to the family. She was a widow woman in an Iowa village, who kept a boarding-house for railway men, and had reared a large family, not one of whom (Spruce was accustomed to

explain in moments of expansion, on pay day when his heart had been warmed with good red liquor) had ever been to jail. Spruce had never seen his estimable relative, but he felt on terms of intimacy with her, because occasionally on these same pay days he would mail her a five-dollar bank note, the receipt of which was always promptly acknowledged by an educated niece, who could spell most of her words correctly and who always thanked him for his "kind and welcome gift," told him what they proposed to do with the money, and invited him to come to see them.

He always meant to go, although he never did go. It was his favourite air castle, being able to go on furlough to the village where his aunt lived and show his medal. He had won the medal in an Indian fight, where he had rescued his captain. The captain died of his wounds; and Spruce never got drunk (which I regret to confess he did oftener than was good for either his soul or the service) that he didn't talk about his captain, who had been his hero, and cry over him. Spruce, who was a cheery creature in his normal state, always developed sentiment and pathos when he was revealed by liquor.

Now, he had another day dream. It was to be greeted by the cheering crowds. Again he would march down the sunny streets, with the band playing, and the faces, and the shouts. And the men who had stood by the company so staunchly would be pointing him out and telling each other his mythical exploits, and adding the record of his Indian exploits, which Spruce felt that an inattentive country had not appreciated. A dozen times a day he pictured the scene, he mentally listened to the talk, he walking with a rigid and unseeing military mien. He approximated the number of glasses a man could take without grazing indecorum—for he was determined he would not be riotous in his joy—and he used to whistle the refrain of a convivial song—

"Enjy yourselves, enjy yourselves
But don't do no disgrace!"

Meanwhile his consciousness of in some way caring for the whole company held him a model of sobriety. In fact, he did take care of the company, secretly instructing the captain on the delicacies of military etiquette and primitive sanitary conditions, and openly showing the commissary sergeant how to make requisitions and barter his superfluities of rations for acceptable canned goods at the groceries of the town. He explained all the

Regulars' artless devices of being comfortable, he mended the boys' morals and their blouses in the same breath, and he inculcated all the Regulars' traditions and superstitions.

But it is to be confessed, again, that while Spruce was living laboriously up to his lights of righteousness, under this new stimulus, the lights were rather dim; and in particular, as regards the duty of a man to pick up outlying portable property for his company, they would have shocked a police magistrate. Neither did he rank among the martial virtues the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

"A good captain is always a kicker," said Spruce firmly; "he's got to be. Look at this here camp, captain; the mess tent's all under water, we're standing in the slush every meal we eat. Water's under our tent, water——"

"I know, I know, sergeant," interrupted the perplexed and worried young captain, a clever young dandy, bright enough to be willing to take wisdom in any clothes; "I've been to the colonel; he agrees with me, and he's been to Major Green, and that's all that comes of it. I don't see what I can do further; if I did——"

"Begging your pardon, captain, the men will be falling sick soon, and dying. They're weakened by the climate and being fretted, expecting always to git off and never going."

"But what can I do? Oh, speak out, we're off here, alone! Have you any idea?"

"Well, sir, if you was my captain in the old —th you'd say to the colonel, 'Colonel, I've remonstrated, now I'm desperate. I'm desperate,' says you. 'If there ain't something done to-morrow I'm going to march my company out and find a new camp; and you can court-martial me if you please; I'd rather stand a court-martial than see my men die!' He'd talk real pleasant at first, and so to git in all his facts, and then he'd blaze away. And he'd do it, too, if they didn't listen."

The captain gave the sergeant a keen glance. "And that's your notion of discipline?" said he.

"There's a newspaper fellow asking for you, captain, this morning; I see him a-coming now," was the sergeant's Orphic response; "but," he chuckled, walking stiffly away, "he'll do it; I bet we won't be here two days longer." For which glee there was reason, since inside the hour the captain was in the colonel's tent concluding an eloquent picture of his company's discomfort with, "Somebody has to do something. If



"An Indian fight, where he had rescued his captain."

you are powerless, colonel, I'm not. If they don't give some assurance of changing the camp to-morrow I shall march Company G out and pitch a camp myself, and stand a court-martial. I would rather risk a court-martial than see my men die; and that's what it has come to!"

The colonel looked the fiery young speaker sternly in the eye and said something about unsoldierly conduct.

"It would be unmanly conduct for me to let the boys trusted to me die because I was afraid to speak out," flung back the captain; "and I know one thing, if I am court-martialled the papers are likely to get the true story."

"You mean the reporter on the Chicago papers who is snooping around? Let me advise you to give him a wide berth."

"I mean nothing of the kind, sir. I only mean that the thing will not be done in a corner."

"Well, well, keep cool, captain; you're too good a fellow to fling yourself away. Wait and see if I can't get something definite out of the major to-day."

Whereupon the captain departed with outward decent gloom and inward premonitions of rejoicing, for when he had hit a nail on the head he had eyes to see. And the colonel betook himself, hot foot, to the pompous soldier in charge of the camp, who happened to be a man of fixed belief in himself, but, if he feared anything, was afraid of a newspaper reporter. The colonel gave him the facts, sparing no squalid detail, indeed adding a few picturesque embellishments from his own observation. He cut short the other's contemptuous criticism of boy soldiers, and his comparison with the hardships endured during the Civil War with a curt "I know they fooled away men's lives then; that is no reason why we should fool them away now. The men are sickening to-day, they will be dying to-morrow. I'm desperate. If that camp is not changed to-morrow, I shall march my regiment out myself and pitch my own camp. You court-martial me for it if you like. I would rather stand a court-martial, I would rather be shot by it, than see my men die because I was afraid to speak out! This camp we have now is murder, as the reporters say. I don't wonder that young fellow from Chicago talks hard."

"You're excited, colonel; you forget yourself!"

"I am desperate, major; I'm desperate. Will you walk round the camp with me?"

The end of the colloquy was that the captain saw the major and the colonel, and told the first lieutenant, who told the first sergeant, whose name was Spruce.

"Captain's kicked to the colonel, I guess," says Spruce, "and colonel's kicked to the major. That's the talk. Git ready, boys, and pack."

True enough the camp was moved the very next day. "I guess captain will make an officer if he lives and don't git the big head," Spruce moralised; "it's mighty prevalent in the Volunteers."

The captain wrote the whole account home to one single confidant—his father—and him he swore to secrecy. The captain's father was the man who had committed Company G to Spruce's good offices. He sent a cheque to the company and a special box of cigars for Spruce. And Spruce, knowing nothing of the intermediary, felt a more brilliant pride in his adopted town, and bragged of its virtues more vehemently than ever. The camp was not moved soon enough. Pneumonia and typhoid fever appeared. One by one the boys of the regiment sickened, presently one by one began to die.

Then Spruce suggested to the captain, "I guess I'd be more good in the hospital than I am here, captain," and the captain, who was scared, poor lad, and had visions of the boys' mothers demanding the wasted lives of their sons at his hands, had his best sergeant put on the sick detail.

If Spruce had been useful in camp he was invaluable in hospital. The head surgeon leaned on him with a jest, and the young surgeon in charge with a pretence of abuse. "You'll burst if you don't work off your steam, Spruce, so out with it! What is it now?" In this fashion he really sought both information and suggestion. Nor was he above being instructed in the innumerable delicacies of requisitions by the old Regular, and he did not, when requisitions were unanswered and supplies appeared in unusual form, ask any embarrassing questions. "I get 'em from the Red Cross, sir," was Spruce's invariable and unquestioned formula.

And the doctor in his reports accounted for what he had received, and complained lustily because his requisitions were not honoured, even as Spruce had desired. And thereby he obtained much credit in the days to come. Spruce did not obtain any particular credit, but he saved a few lives it is likely; and the sick men found him better

than medicine. The captain always handed the Committee letters over to him, and bought whatever he desired.

"Captain's going to distinguish himself. Give him a chance," thought Spruce; "he's got sense!"

And by degrees he began to feel for the young Volunteer a reflection of the worship which had secretly been offered to a certain fat, little, bald-headed captain of the old —th. His picture of the great day when he should have his triumph quite as dear to him, perhaps, as any Roman general's to the Roman, now always included a vision of the

was, but had the captain write to his married sister in the same town, but not in the same house. She in sore perplexity wrote to both the captain and Spruce, and kept her trunk packed expecting a telegram.

Danvers used to talk of her and of his mother, and of his little nephews and nieces to Spruce, at first in mere broken sentences — this was when he was so ill they expected that he might die any day—later in little happy snatches of reminiscence. He was perfectly aware that he owed his life to Spruce's nursing, and he gave Spruce the same admiration which he used to give the



"Visions of the boys' mothers demanding the wasted lives of their sons at his hands."

captain, slender and straight and bright-eyed, at the head of the line; and he always could see the captain, later in the day, presenting him to his father: "Here's Sergeant Spruce, who has coached us all!" He had overheard those very words once said to a girl visiting the camp, and they clung to his memory with the persistent sweetness of the odour of violets.

To-day he was thinking much more of the captain than of young Danvers, although Danvers ranked next in his good-will. Danvers was a college lad who had begged and blustered his mother into letting him go. He would not let her know how ill he

great man who commanded the University football team. The social hiatus between them closed up insensibly, as it always does between men who are in danger and suffering together. Danvers knew Spruce's football, his thin face would lighten with a smile whenever the sergeant came in sight. He liked the strong, soft touch of his hand, the soothing cadence of his voice. He felt a gratitude which he was too boyish to express for the comfort of Spruce's baths and rubbings and cheerfulness. The other sick lads had a touch of the same feeling for the sergeant. As he passed from cot to cot, even the sickest man could make some little sign of relief at

his return. Spruce's heart, a simple and tender affair, as a soldier's is oftener than people know, swelled within him, not for the first time.

"Well, I guess I done right to come here," thought he, "and I guess all the G boys will be out of the woods this week, and then I don't care how soon we git our orders."

Danvers stopped him when he returned. "I want to speak to you, Cris," he said; and a new note in his voice turned Spruce about abruptly.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"Oh, nothing; I only wanted to be sure you'd come back and say good-bye before you got off. The regiment's got its orders, you know?"

"No!" cried Spruce. He swallowed a little gasp. "What are you giving me?"

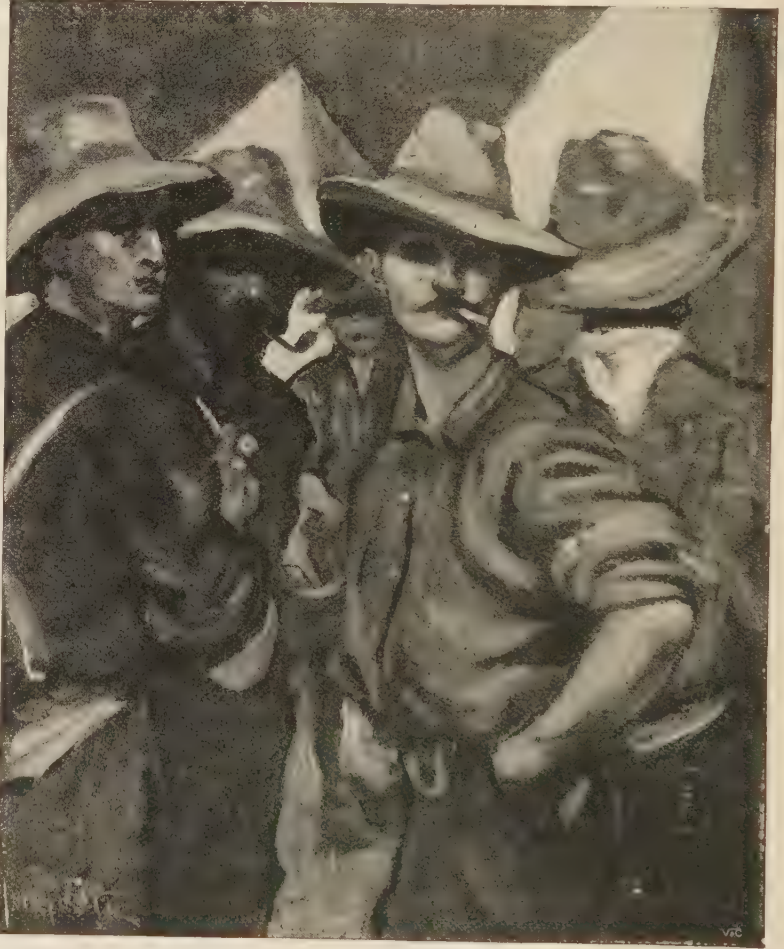
"Oh, it's straight. I heard them talking. Colonel has the order, the boys are packing to-day."

Spruce's eyes burned: he was minded to make some exclamation of profane joy, but his mood fell at the sight of the boy's quivering smile.

"Great, isn't it?" said Danvers. "I wish they'd waited two weeks and given us fellows a show; but I dare say there wouldn't be any show by that time, the way they are after the dons at Santiago. Can't you get off now, to pack? But—you'll be sure to come back and say good-bye, Cris?"

"I ain't off yet," said Spruce, "and I ain't too sure I will be. They're always gitting orders and making an everlasting hustle to pack up, and then unpacking. You go to sleep."

He was about to move away, but Danvers detained him, saying that he wanted to be turned, and as the soldier gently turned him, the boy got one of his hands and gave it a squeeze. He tried to say something, but was barely able to give Spruce a foolish smile. "Spruce, you're a soldier and a gentleman!" he stammered. He turned



"He was conscious that they gazed after him curiously."

away his head to hide the tears in his eyes. But Spruce had seen them. Of course he made no sign, stepping away briskly, with a little pat on the lean shoulder.

He came back softly, in a little while. He looked at Danvers, who was simulating sleep with his dark lashes fallen over red eyelids, and he shook his head. During his absence he found that the orders were no rumour. The regiment was going to Porto Rico, sure enough. Spruce stood a moment before he

sat down by Danvers's side. But he barely was seated ere he was on his feet again, in a nervous irritation which none had ever seen in Spruce. He walked to the door of the tent and gazed in the same attitude that the nurse had gazed, an hour earlier, at the low white streets. Two great buzzards were flying low against the hot, cloudless vault of blue.

"Them boys'll be all broke up if I go!" said Spruce.

He frowned and fidgeted. In fact, he displayed every symptom of a man struggling with a fit of furious temper. What really was buffeting Spruce's soul was not, however, anger, it was the temptation of his life.

Spruce had known few temptations—at least, he had recognised few. His morality was the lenient, rough-hewn article which satisfies a soldier's conscience. He had no squeamishness about the sins outside his limited category; he fell into them blithely and had no remorse when he remembered them, wherefore he preserved a certain incongruous innocence even in his vices, as has happened to many a man before. It is perhaps the moral nature's own defence, and keeps untouched and ever fresh little nooks and corners of a sinner's soul, into which the conscience may retreat and from which sometimes she sallies forth to conquer the abandoned territory. What Spruce called his duty he had done quite as a matter of course. He had not wavered any more than he wavered when the war bonnets were swooping down on his old captain's crumpled up form. But this—this was different. The boys needed him. But if he had stayed with the boys, there was the regiment and the company and the captain and the chance to distinguish himself and march back in glory to his town.

"I guess most folks would say I'd ought to follow the colours," he thought; "raw fellers like them, they need a steady old hand. Well, they've got Bates" (Bates was an old Regular also, of less enterprising genius than Spruce, but an admirable soldier). "I s'pose"—grudgingly—"that Bates would keep 'em steady. And captain can fight, and colonel was a West Point man, though he's been out of the Army ten years, fooling with the Millish. I guess they don't need me so awful bad, this week; and these here boys— Oh, hang it all!"

He walked out of the tent. There was a little group about a wagon at which he frowned and sighed.

"Poor Maxwell!" he said. Then he tossed his head and stamped his foot.

"Oh, hang it all!" said he again between his teeth.

But his face and manner were back on their old level of good cheer when he bent over Danvers half an hour later.

"Sa—y, Dick!"

"Yes, Cris. You've come to say good-bye! Well, it's good luck to you and God bless you from every boy here; and we know what you've done for us, and we won't forget it, and we'll all hurry up to get well and join you!"

Danvers's voice was steady enough now, and a pathetic effort at a cheer came from all the cots. Spruce lifted his fist and shook it severely. "You shut up! All of you. You'll raise your temperatures! I ain't going, neither. Be quiet. It's all settled. I've seen captain, and he wants me to stay and see you boys through—all the G boys. Then we're all going together. I tell you to keep quiet."

Dick Danvers was keeping quiet enough, for one; he was wiping away the tears that rolled down his cheeks. The others in general shared his relief in greater or less measure, but they were too ill to think much about anything except themselves. In some way, however, everyone in the tent showed to Spruce that he felt that a sacrifice had been made.

"I know you hated it like the devil, and just stayed for fear some of your precious chickens would come to mischief if they got off from under your wings, you old hen!" was Dick's tribute; "and I know why you went into town yesterday when the boys went off. It is rough, Cris, and that's the truth!"

"Oh, it's only putting off things a bit. Captain told me so himself," said Spruce, very light and airy. But his heart was sore. The G boys understood; he wasn't so sure that all the others did understand. He caught his name on one gossiping group's lips, and was conscious that they gazed after him curiously. "Wonder if I'm scared, that I stayed home, I guess," he muttered, being a sensitive fellow, like all vain men. "I wish they'd seen the things I've been in! Confound 'em!"

The men really were discussing his very Indian experiences and admiring him in their boyish hearts. But he was unluckily out of earshot. Unluckily, also, he was not out of earshot when a lieutenant of another regiment, who had had a difference about

right of way with Spruce's captain and been worsted by Spruce's knowledge of military traditions, freed his mind about that "bump-tious Regular who was so keen to fight, but (he noticed) was hanging on to his sick detail now the regiment had a chance to see a few Spaniards." Spruce, in his properly buttoned uniform, his face red with the heat of something of the words, saluted rigorously and went by, not a muscle twitching. All the while he was thinking, "I'm glad he don't belong to my town! God, if anybody was to write them things about me!"

By this time the town was not only his town, but he was sure that he was the figure in the conversation of the place. Thus his anxiety of mind increased daily. He kept it from his charges, who grew stronger all the week and the next, and he read such papers as drifted out to the camp and such shreds of news about the fighting with frantic interest. Danvers was able to sit up at the end of three weeks; most of the boys were further along, walking about the wards or gone back to their regiment.

"You get out, Cris," said Danvers. "We all know you're on your head with aching to go. We're all right, and I'm off home on furlough to-morrow. I'll get straightened out there quicker and be after you next week, see if I don't! I knew you'd be hanging on, so I won't give you the excuse. My sister's coming to-morrow."

"Really, Dick?" gasped Spruce; "and you—you're sure the other boys are so's I can leave?"

"Well, you know there are going to be some women from the Red Cross last of the week—oh, by the time we are all out of it this will be a swell hospital, with all the luxuries! Spruce, go, and don't get hurt or I'll murder you!"

Spruce giggled like a happy girl. He was on his way to put in his application to join his regiment the next day, after Dick Danvers's sister had arrived, when something happened. He did not exactly know himself, until he felt the water on his forehead and tried to lift himself up from the sand, catching the arm of the surgeon-in-chief. "Sunstroke, doctor?" he whispered.

"Just fainted," the surgeon answered cheerfully; "you've been overdoing it, Spruce, in this heat. Be careful."

"Oh, it's nothing, sir," Spruce grinned back; "had it lots of times, only not so bad. All the boys git giddy heads."

Somehow the ready words faltered off his tongue; the surgeon had been fumbling at

his blouse, under the pretext of opening it for air; he was looking in a queer, intent way at Spruce's chest. Of a sudden the eyes of doctor and soldier, who had been nurse, met and challenged each other. There was a dumb terror in the soldier's eyes, a grave pity in the surgeon's.

"I seen them spots yesterday," said Spruce slowly, in a toneless voice, "but I wouldn't believe they were typhoid spots, nor they ain't!"

"You get inside and get a drink, Spruce, and go to bed," said the doctor. "Of course I'm not certain, but as good a nurse as you knows that it isn't safe to try to bluff typhoid fever!"

By this time Spruce was on his feet, able to salute with his reply, "That's all right, major; but—I got to keep up till Danvers gits off with his folks, or he'd be kicking and want to stay. Jest let me see him off, and I'll go straight to bed."

"No walking about, mind, though," said the doctor, not well pleased, yet knowing enough of the two men to perceive the point of the argument.

Spruce saw Danvers off, with a joke and a grin and an awkward bow for Danvers's sister. Then he went back to the hospital and went to bed, having written his aunt's address on a prescription pad (one of his acquirements in his foraging trips), with a remarkably spelled request that his pay be sent her and his other property be given his friend, R. E. Danvers, to divide among his friends, giving the captain first choice.

"Lots of folk die of typhoid fever," he remarked, quite easily, "and it don't hurt to be ready. I feel like I was in for a bad time, and I ain't stuck on the nursing here a little bit."

Before the week was out he recognised as well as the doctors that he was a very sick man.

"If you'd only gone off with your regiment three weeks ago," the doctor growled one day, "you'd have missed this, Spruce!"

"That's all right," said Spruce, "but some of the boys are home that wouldn't be, maybe. I guess it's all right. Only I wish you'd write to the old town and tell the Committee I done my duty. I can't be a credit to the company, but I done my duty, though I expect there's folk in town may think I was malingering."

"Stop talking!" commanded the doctor. "Did you know the women are coming to-morrow, and you are to have a nurse of your own here?"

to talk, major; something's broke loose in me and I got to talk. I don't want to, I just got to."

When the nurse came he was so light-headed to have no control of his words; yet quite able to recognise her and welcome her with an apologetic politeness.

"I'd have had some lemonade for you if I'd been up myself, ma'am. We're glad to see you. All the G boys are convalescing. Most of



"His hand tightened on hers."

"Time," said Spruce. "If my town had had its way they'd have been here long ago. Ever been in my town, major?"

"No. Good-bye, Spruce, keep quiet."

"It's the bulkiest town in the country and the prettiest. And when G Company goes back—oh, Lord, I won't be with them."

The surgeon's hand on his shoulder prevented the movement which he would have made, and he apologised. "I didn't mean to do that! Moving's so bad. Tell you, I'd a time, keeping the boys still; they would turn when they got a little off! Say, I got

'em's gone.

We all come from the same city. It's an awful pretty town.

I got a lot of friends there that maybe don't take it in why I'm here 'stead of with

my regiment, with the old man. I got a good reason. Only I can't remember it now."

The captain's father stood outside the telegraph office, in Spruce's town. Beside him was the chairman of the Relief Committee.

"Too bad, about that Regular," said the chairman. "Spruce—isn't that his name?"

One of the boys telegraphed he couldn't live through the day. Better have him brought here for the funeral, I guess; he's been very faithful. Young Danvers wanted to go right down to Florida; but he had a relapse after he got home, and he's flat on his back."

"I heard," said the captain's father. "I've just telegraphed, on my own responsibility, for them to send him here. It won't make any difference to him, poor fellow, but we owe it to him. I wish we could do something that would help him; but I don't see anything."

"We have told them to spare no expense, and he's got plenty of money. No, you have done everything. Well, good-bye; remember me to the captain; we're all proud of him."

The captain's father thanked him with rather an absent air.

"I wish we could do something for that fellow," he was thinking. "I don't suppose a message to him would—— When a fellow's dying, messages are nonsense. It's a bit of sentiment; I don't care, I'll do it!" He turned and went back into the office.

"I am afraid there is not a chance," said the doctor; "too bad. He was a good fellow. Well, you can give him all the morphine he needs. And strychnine. Though he's past strychnine, I fear. Morphine's the one chance. And that's mighty little."

"He talked about wanting to see you," said the nurse. She had a sweet voice, plainly a lady's voice; and her slim figure in the blue-striped gown and white apron had a lady's grace. Her face was not handsome, nor was it very young, but it had a touch of her voice's sweetness. The doctor found himself glad to look at her, and forgetting his patients in his interest in the nurse.

"Oh, yes"—he roused himself—"I'll look round later. I suppose he is delirious."

"Not so much that he does not recognise

us. He talks all the time of his town, poor fellow; and seems to want to have them understand that he hasn't neglected his duty. He only once has spoken of any relations. It's all the town, and the captain, and Danvers making it right there. And the boys going back. I suppose he has lived there all his life and——"

"Not a bit of it. Danvers told me he merely enlisted from there. But they are making a great time over him. Telegraphed to have his body sent there; and here's another telegram. See."

"I'll let him see," said the nurse, taking it; "may I, doctor?"

"Yes, but not the first part about sending him back. That's a little too previous."

The nurse's touch roused Spruce.

"Dick," he murmured. "Dick, you tell the folk I couldn't go with the regiment, you know why."

"They know why, too. Here's a telegram from your captain's father, 'Tell Spruce he is the hero of Company G.'"

"Read it again."

She read it. His hand tightened on hers. Her trained eyes were on his face.

"Ain't it the—the bulliest town? I wish I'd enough money to go back; but, you see, my folk got to have my pay. But I—wisht——"

Her eyes, not a nurse's eyes now, but a woman's, sought the doctor's in a glance of question and appeal. He nodded.

Her sweet voice said, "And the town has telegraphed that no expense must be spared to cure you, but if you don't recover you are to go back to them."

Spruce drew a long, ecstatic sigh. "Oh, didn't I tell you? Ain't it the bulliest town?"

A minute later he murmured, "Thank you, Dick," and, still holding the nurse's hand, Spruce went to seek his town.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

At the present moment, when the air is full of the records of brave soldiers and brave deeds, it is interesting to recall an amusing story of Lord Panmure, in connection with the Crimean war. Her Majesty had been presenting the medals to the returned heroes, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, with natural feminine curiosity, was interrogating Lord Panmure on the subject.

"Was the Queen much touched?" she inquired.

"Bless my soul, no!" replied his imperturbable Lordship. "She had a brass railing before her, so that no one could touch her."

"But," persisted Mrs. Norton, "what I mean is, was she moved?"

"Moved?" ejaculated Lord Panmure, "why, she had no occasion to move." And then the lady gave it up in despair.

MRS. VICAR: Now, I want you to promise you'll come to church next Sunday, Mrs. Grubbins; we have a beautiful new organ, and I shall want you to tell me what you think of it.

MRS. GRUBBINS: Oh, no! Indeed I couldn't. I never trouble myself with the like of they things. You see I ar'n't no sort of good at dancin'.



JONES: Have you heard the news about Smith?

BROWN: No! what is it?

JONES: He died this morning—quite suddenly, I understand.

BROWN: That's just like Smith. He was the most impulsive man I ever met!



REASSURING.

THE NEW RECTOR (paying his first call): I suppose your dog is quiet, my little man?
SON OF THE HOUSE: Oh, come in; don't be 'fraid. I'll lick him if he collars hold of you:



EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.

CUSTOMER: Is that the razor you shaved me with last time?

BARBER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER: Chloroform, please!

"WHATEVER became of that plain Jenkins girl?" asked the man who had been away for a long time—"Maggie Jenkins, you know—the one with a face like a dream that makes you glad it wasn't so when you wake up?"

"Maggie Jenkins?" replied the old friend. "Oh, I married her. Come in. Maggie, here's somebody wants to see you."

SYMPATHETIC-LOOKING LADY: But why do you beg?

DISREPUTABLE ONE: 'Cause I can't get no work, mum, and my wife's a widder with five children, and they looks to me for support.

He looked a hardened member of the begging fraternity and had realised that advantages might accrue from proclaiming that a connecting link existed between his wooden leg and the Transvaal war. He bravely stumped his way to a sympathetic-looking front door and knocked. When it was opened by a brisk-looking woman, he began in a professional whine, "If you please, mum, I lost my leg—"

"Well, you didn't lose it here," she promptly interpolated. And next moment he found himself gazing meditatively at the closed door.



AN intelligent-looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and, reading from a paper, said—

"I want six pounds of sugar at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be one and three halfpence."

"Eleven pounds of rice at $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound."

"One and fourpence ha'penny," commented the grocer.

"Four pounds of tea at $1s. 8d.$ a pound."

"Six and eight."

And so he continued:

"Five pounds of coffee at $1s. 10d.$, 7 tins of milk at $5\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4 tins of tomatoes at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, 8 tins of sardines at $1s. 1\frac{1}{2}d.$ "

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying, "Did your mother send the money, or does she want them entered?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."



EVERY woman under thirty believes she is an actress, and every actress believes she is under thirty.



"Set a Thief—"

"In certain rural districts beloved of the cyclist it has been found necessary to institute a police force mounted on good machines, in order to cope with the dangers to the community arising from scorching and reckless riding."
—*Vide* daily papers.

A MAN went into an inn and asked for a loaf of bread. When this was served he said, "Now take this back, and give me a glass of ale instead." When he had drank the ale he turned to leave, but was called back by the landlord.

"What is the matter?" urbanely asked the stranger.

"Pay me for the ale," demanded the landlord.

"But I gave you the loaf for it," replied the stranger.

"Then pay for the loaf."

"Not I," was the response; "for you still have it." And the stranger departed on his way.

He flew up the steps of the suburban station and threw himself into the last carriage as the train moved off.

"Near thing, that," he gasped to the man in the opposite corner. "Mustn't do it too often—bad for the heart."

The other allowed that it *was* more hygienic to be punctual, even if the trains weren't.

"But that's just what surprises me," pursued the breathless one. "The trains are so confidently punctual. This line, you know, has a bad name, and till I came out to live here, a couple of months ago, I believed every word that

was said against it. Now, will you believe me, every morning for the past six weeks this train has been not only punctual to the minute, but sometimes even before its time."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do. I must really write to the papers about it. Now, this train—the 9.15——"

"I beg your pardon."

"Eh? What? Isn't this the 9.15?"

"No. This is the 8.57."



"AND have you ever yet obtained any reward for merit at your school?" inquired the austere grandparent.

"Rather," said the callous grandson. "My teacher gives me a lickin' most every day, and says I merit two."



IMPORTUNATE IRISHMAN: I s'pose you don't happen to have such a thing as an old pair of trousers handy, have yer, sir?

BUSINESS MAN: No, indeed; I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house.

IMPORTUNATE IRISHMAN: Well, if you'll gi' me yer private address, I'll make so bold as to call in the morning for the old pair ye've got on.



THE Longest Reign in the History of the World.—The deluge.



A TRIFLE HAZY.

INTELLIGENT RUSTIC: They tells me as 'ow 'Enery's boy 'as got wounded in the Transvaal.

MRS. GUMMINS: Lor' a mussey me! And what part of 'im might that be?

THERE are some words in the French language which possess no corresponding rhyme. A young lady asked a poet if he could suggest a word rhyming with *coiffe* (a lady's head-dress). "That is impossible, madam; there is none. For what belongs to a lady's head has neither rhyme nor reason."



CUSTOMER: I say, waiter, this steak is terribly burned.

WAITER: That's true, sir; I'm only glad it ain't no wuss. There's a gent over there as 'as got one simply broiled to a cinder.



A Serious Dilemma.

DULCIE: Poor Enid is in a terrible dilemma over her three soldier suitors.

MAISIE: How is that?

DULCIE: Because she is afraid to accept either one of them, lest the others might get promotion before him



THE REASON WHY.

AUNTIE: Do you like school, Tommy?

TOMMY: I like Sunday-school best.

AUNTIE: That's a good little boy. And why do you like Sunday-school best?

TOMMY: 'Cause it only comes once a week.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the far-on-ahead. "Ah, my darling!" he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of nought but the present—the beautiful, superb present."

"So do I, dearest," she replied; "but you'll take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer taste in rings!"

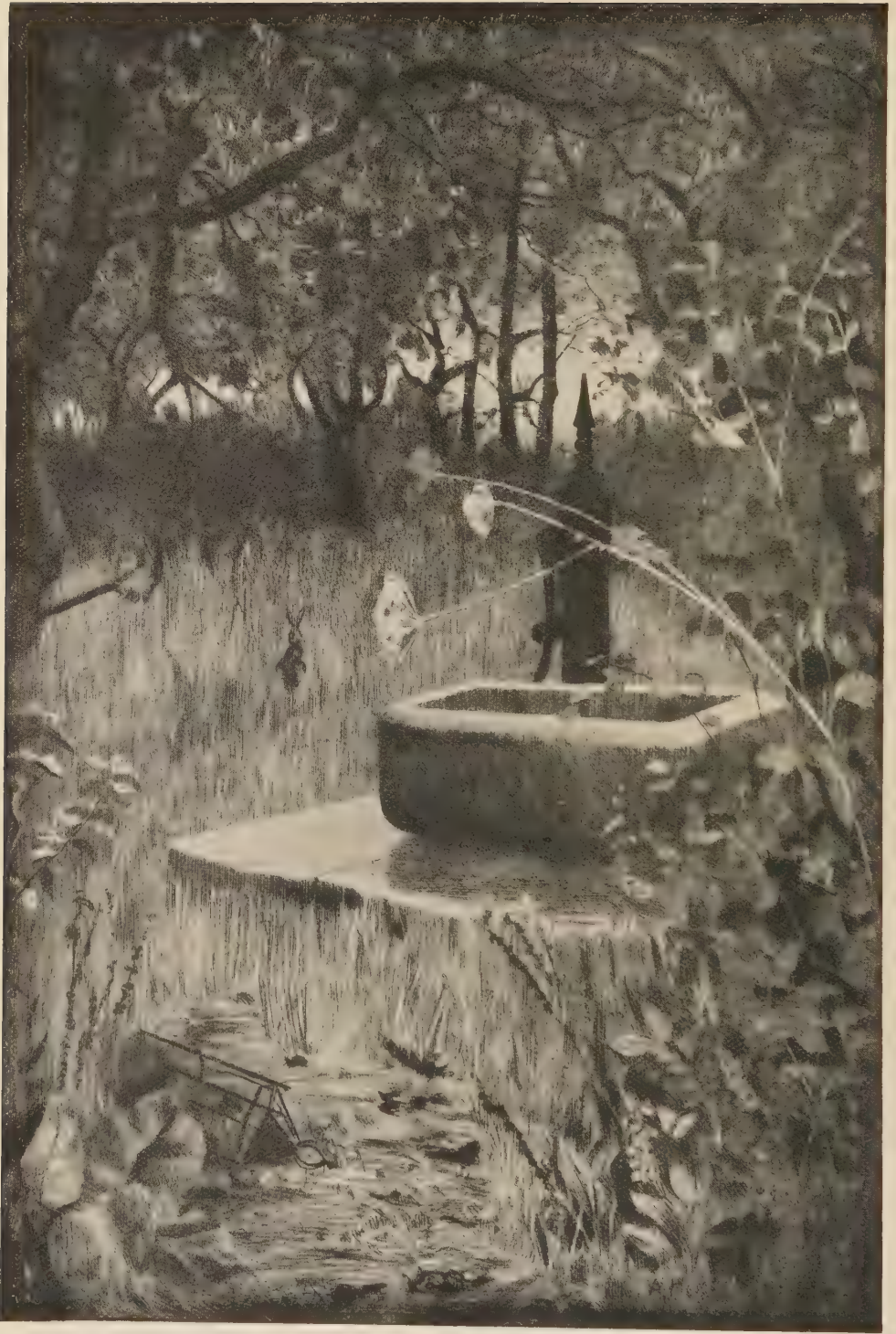
The pencil heaved a weary sigh
And murmured to the pen
"I've never felt so out of sorts
Since—oh, I don't know when!

"The penknife treats me shamefully;
It cuts me in the street,
And really is extremely sharp
Whene'er we chance to meet.

"And when I broke the other day
Beneath its bitter stroke,
It said it didn't see the point,
No more did I the joke!

"With many troubles I'm depressed,
My heart feels just like lead,"
The pen mopped up an inky tear:
"I weep for you," it said.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Old Orchard.

FROM AN ETCHING BY A. HUGH FISHER.

A DANISH NEWLYN.

By A. E. FLETCHER.

WITHIN the shadow of the tall light-house at the point of the narrow peninsula stretching out into the sea where the waters of the Kattegat and Skagerak meet, lies the quaint little township of Skagen, the *Ultima Thule* of Denmark. Though not so picturesque as some of the Danish villages which nestle amongst lovely lake and upland scenery further south,

are deposits from the great clouds of light sand driven northward from the western coast before the North Sea's gales. Up to a time within the memory of men still living, all efforts to arrest the shifting of these great sand-drifts failed, and Skagen in times past was sometimes threatened with being buried alive by them. In a terrible visitation of the winds years ago the old parish church,



"WILL SHE CLEAR THE POINT?" BY MICHAEL ANCHER.

Skagen has nevertheless a charm of its own. The level country round it is bounded on the seaboard by long ridges of sand-dunes whose almost snowy whiteness throws up sharply the colours of their environment of blue ocean, green meadows, and red-roofed cottages and farmsteads. These long tracts of sand-dunes bear silent witness to the energy and skill with which the Danes have contended with the forces of Nature. They

which is said to have been built by Scottish fishermen who frequented the Skagen coast in the fifteenth century, was thus buried, excepting the upper part of the tower, which is all that can now be seen of it. The Danes, however, have now discovered a grass, locally known as "marchalm," which will grow upon the dunes, shooting down its roots to a great depth and thus binding the grains together. When the grass has grown for a certain time



PETER SEVERIN KRØYER. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

states of the tide there is here perfectly safe and delicious bathing. Our reproduction of Krøyer's clever picture, "Children Bathing," will give the reader an idea of what a dip in the sea means at Skagen.

There is just a danger that Skagen may be spoiled by the excursionist, for it is now possible to get there by railway, and a fine hotel in the old Norse style, commanding a splendid sea view, has just been built. Skagen, however, has nothing in common with the conventional watering-place beloved of the mere tripper. The Skagen folk rather pride themselves on being the butt of an old Danish saying that they are beyond the confines of civilisation. They are an honest, simple, and primitive people. The hotel stands amongst the sand-dunes in a rather desolate spot at considerable distance from the village, and would no doubt be voted a dull place by the Cockney holiday-maker, for whom life would not be worth living even at the seaside without the help of nigger minstrels, lion comiques, Aunt Sallys and merry-go-rounds. This new hotel, however, equally with the old

the nature of the sands is so far changed that firs can be made to grow upon them. Thousands of acres of barren sand have thus been converted into forest, and Denmark has enlarged the borders of her small territory by a policy of expansion by the spade, which compensates her to some extent for her loss of territory by the sword. That part of the Skagen beach washed by the tides at the base of the sand-dunes is hard and smooth, and here, at low water, the cyclist may spin along for miles to the murmur of the sea, while at all

Aunt Sallys and merry-go-rounds. This new hotel, however, equally with the old



TWO FISHERMEN. BY MICHAEL ANCER.



A HERRING CATCH. By P. S. KRÖYER.



CHILDREN BATHING, SKAGEN BEACH. BY P. S. KRÖYER

hostelry which is one of the attractions of Skagen village, is a delightful resort for those who do not care to have their quietude broken otherwise than by the minstrelsy of rolling tides, the whistle of the winds, and the screech of sea-birds. I do not think, therefore, that, although Skagen has now been made accessible to the unconventional tourist, it is likely to lose its unique character.

For the artist and man of letters this quaint seaboard parish is never likely to

lose its charm. Not only has Nature here as a colourist done some of her best work, producing atmospheric effects of rare richness and variety, but she has peopled the place with as sturdy a race of men as ever braved the hurricane or gave inspiration to bards of heroic song. We give some illustrations of types of this hardy race, descendants of the dauntless Norsemen who, under Hengist and Horsa, sent the expedition to found the first Norse settlement on



THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF JUTLAND.

our shores. With the exception of the new hotel, to which I have already referred, Skagen has no buildings of any pretension to architectural beauty, but it contains one public monument which is both a work of art and an object of inspiring interest. It is a memorial raised by public subscription to Lars Kruse and his companions, the brave captain and crew of the Skagen lifeboat, that foundered in a gale on Christmas Day, 1862. Kruse and his men on that fatal day put out to the rescue of the crew of the *Daphne*, a British vessel wrecked on the sand-reef off Skagen Point. Time after

Hans Christian Jensen Bagh, the present captain of the lifeboat. I called upon him with a Danish friend who acted as interpreter, and had a long chat with him. He is a tall, well-built man, with a kindly, weather-beaten face, and eyes finely moulded by long looking out on far horizons. As some three hundred vessels pass the lightship off Skagen Point every day, and as near that lightship there is a very dangerous reef, the services of the Skagen lifeboatmen are more often needed here than elsewhere on the Danish coast. Captain Bagh, who has been twenty-two years in command of the boat,



SKAGEN FISHERMEN RETURNING HOME. BY MICHAEL ANCHER.

time the brave fellows pulled off to the wreck, and succeeded in taking off the whole crew. On returning for the last time the boat capsized, and the women of Skagen "were weeping and wringing their hands for those who will never come back to the town." Lars Kruse is the subject of a fine ballad by Holger Drachmann, Denmark's most popular poet, a man of striking personality, whom I had the good fortune to meet at the house of Herr Krøyer, when I was in Skagen a short time ago. Drachmann is also a painter of considerable merit.

Another fine type of Jutland fishermen is

has a splendid record, and has received decorations and other acknowledgments of his services from the governments of most of the maritime nations of the world. He was also awarded a diploma for a set of fishing-nets at the International Fisheries Exhibition held in London in 1880. The distinction he prizes most, however, is the medal of a Danish order for distinguished service (the Order of Dannebrog), awarded to him by King Christian for the rescue of the crew of an English brig during a gale of such violence that, although the crew was got off the wreck, it was impossible to take



THE SKAGEN LIFEBOAT.

them ashore. Captain Bagh so skilfully managed the boat that he was able to keep her afloat until a passing steamer came to his rescue. For this service Captain Bagh and his men received from England a gift of one pound each—a rather poor acknowledgment, I think, of the heroic conduct of these Danish fishermen by a nation which prides itself both on its wealth and its generosity. Possibly the real worth of the service rendered by Captain Bagh and his crew on this occasion was not rightly represented to the Board of Trade. The lifeboat service is managed much better in Denmark than in England. In Denmark it is organised by the State, but in England it is left to voluntary effort. It has been charged against our British method that it tempts our brave lifeboatmen sometimes to think as much of saving cargo as saving life, as they share in the salvage of wrecked vessels. In Denmark the sole object of the lifeboat service is to save life. The rocket apparatus as well as the lifeboats are provided by the State, and the crews, selected from experienced fishermen, are paid a fixed sum per head each time the boats put out. The Skagen lifeboatmen receive eight kroner for each call. When

the boat passes over a submerged reef, known as the Revler, the men receive twelve kroner each. They are not allowed to make any claim for salvage.

Like our own delightful fishing village of Newlyn, on the Cornish coast, which Mr. Gotch, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and the rest of the Newlyn brotherhood have

made famous, Skagen and its wild surroundings have given inspiration to a school of painters. Three of Denmark's most famous artists, Peter Severin Krøyer, Michael Peter Ancher, and his wife, have made Skagen their home, and other artists, not only from Denmark, but from Norway and Sweden, have chosen it from time to time as their headquarters. Krøyer is the most famous of this group, whose portraits, painted by him, adorn the walls of the dining-room of the old village inn, where they were wont to meet at "the feast of reason and flow of soul." Krøyer is the son of a well-known Danish naturalist, a professor in the University of Copenhagen and author of some important scientific works. The painter was born in 1851 and received his early training at the Copenhagen



FIRING A ROCKET AT SKAGEN.



STRANDED. BY ANTON MELBYE.

Academy of Art, which he left in 1870. He was first brought into public notice by a picture which he exhibited in the following year. He continued to paint with success until 1878, when he decided to complete his studies abroad. He spent a considerable

time in Paris, including one year in the studio of M. Bonnat, and afterwards studied in Italy and Spain. He has been awarded gold medals at various foreign exhibitions, including that of the Paris Salon and the International Art Exhibition at the Crystal



FISHERMEN ON THE SKAGEN BEACH: NIGHT. BY P. S. KRØYER.

Palace in 1882. Krøyer is now generally regarded as the head of the new school of Danish Painters—that is to say, the school which has broken with the Eckersberg tradition which dominated Danish art almost up to the time of the earliest efforts of Krøyer and his contemporaries. Eckersberg, though he had not the genius of his pupil Marstrand, the most famous of Denmark's painters, was yet the real founder of the old national school of Danish Art. He flourished in the earlier half of the century, after studying for some years in David's studio in Paris.

modern French School." Before, however, what Lange calls the abrupt break in the development of Danish national art made by Krøyer, Toxen, and others, some of the older Danish marine painters did much to prove that Eckersberg and his pupils had not marked the limits of the evolution of art. One of the most gifted of these painters, who stands midway between Eckersberg and the Skagen School, was Anton Melbye, of whose fine picture, "Stranded," we give an illustration.

The abandonment of the traditions of the



TAKING THE LIFEBOAT OVER THE DUNES. BY MICHAEL ANCHER.

The Eckersberg School was bound to pass into the region of history before the later European movements. It was incapable of solving the problems arising out of the new interpretation of Life and Nature. As Julius Lange, the well-known Danish art critic and writer, points out, "Richness and brilliancy of colouring, truthful rendering of picturesque phenomena, and a thoroughly realistic interpretation of human life: these demand light, air, Nature—in short, all the characteristics displayed with such brilliant ability by the powerful and flourishing

older Danish masters for those of modern foreign art was a departure made not exclusively by Danish painters, but also by the younger sculptors who were not content to follow too devoutly in the steps even of the incomparable Thorvaldsen. This, however, was but a transition. The men who had been brought under the influence of the foreign schools were never in serious danger of producing merely imitative work destitute of originality and national characteristics. "If the artists did not intend to leave their own country altogether," says Lange, "the



THE LIFEBOAT TO THE RESCUE. BY L. TOXEN.

claims of their home would return in full force, although on a somewhat modified technical basis. Realism, above all things, demands that the objects shall be before one's eyes, that they may be familiarly and intimately handled. Realism at a distance is an impossibility. Krøyer, who had already produced scenes from the Danish coast-life and fisherfolks' doings, now returned to this branch of painting with renewed vigour and success. This style had great weight with Michael Ancher, who has rendered with great breadth of style the Danish seaman; the same may be said of his wife Anna Ancher. Both had carried on their studies principally at home, as had Viggo Johansen and Julius Paulsen, painters of such great natural ability that they rose to the standard of



H. E. F. Bøgh.

CAPTAIN OF THE SKAGEN LIFEBOAT.

foreign art with but little study in its schools." Michael Peter Ancher was born in 1849, on the rocky island of Bornholm, in the Baltic. His parents, though poor, were intelligent and well educated, as, indeed, are most of the Danish peasantry. They were ambitious of making a student of their son, whom they were quick to perceive had been endowed by Nature with more than average ability. They had not the means, however, to gratify this praiseworthy ambition, for at that time Denmark had not fully developed the

splendid system of education which she has now placed within the reach of the humblest of her citizens. Disappointed of the hope of becoming a student of the University, Michael had to submit to the drudgery of a clerkship in the office of a great landowner.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE OLD SKAGEN HOTEL.



MEMORIAL TO LARS ANDERSEN KRUSE.

Here, however, he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of some travelling artists, from whom he caught the inspiration that decided his future career. In 1871 he was able to enter the Academy of Arts at Copenhagen, where he studied for four years. He made his *début* at the yearly exhibition of the Copenhagen Academy in 1874, and two years later he achieved a marked success with his picture of a scene from fisher-life. In 1880 he was awarded the highest honours of the Academy of Arts both at Copenhagen and Berlin, by his great picture, "Will She Clear the Point?" This fine piece of realistic painting will probably ensure his enduring fame. It has been secured for the Danish nation, and hangs amongst the masterpieces of modern Danish art in the National Gallery at Copenhagen. The picture represents a group of fishermen watching the efforts of a vessel to escape shipwreck on the dangerous reef of which I have already spoken. In certain states of the wind vessels sometimes beat about for days to

avoid this dangerous point if they cannot clear it. To fail in the attempt to clear it means that the services of the Skagen life-boat will be needed. There is another very fine picture of Ancher's, "Taking the Life-boat Over the Sand-dunes," of which we likewise give an illustration. Madame Ancher is also a fine painter. She received her first training from her husband.

Krøyer and Ancher live near to each other in picturesque bungalows, bowered in trees, and built in the cosy, unpretentious Danish style. Krøyer makes a spacious old out-house do duty for a studio. He spread out for me on the floor of this interesting sanctum several newly finished and partly finished sea-pieces of great power and suggestiveness. He has a wonderful eye for distance, and wonderful skill in painting atmospheric effects. I confess, however, that, much as I admire Krøyer's pictures, I prefer Ancher's, whose subjects, if not the treatment of them, appeal to my poor imagination with greater force. I am not an art critic, and therefore have no reputation to risk in giving expression to this heretical preference. After the kind way in which both artists received me, it is perhaps a little ungracious to speak of preference for one over the other. Both are strong and inspiring personalities, possessing the modesty of



Lars Andersen Kruse



SAND-DUNES AND LIGHTHOUSE AT SKAGEN.

genius and the kindly characteristics which make them honoured and beloved by the humble fisherfolk amongst whom they live. Both, too, have had the good fortune to be married to clever and beautiful women. It has been objected to the paintings of these artists that they cannot claim to rank with the highest order of works of art, as they are too realistic of what is, after all, but a

rough phase of life in the work-a-day world. They are not, I am told, suggestive enough of high ideals. To this I reply that the more I study the works of Krøyer and Ancher—the more I gaze upon the sturdy forms and look into the calm, beautiful, heroic faces they have grouped and painted, the less I wonder why Christ should have chosen fishermen for His companions.



ON THE DUNES, RAABERG, NEAR SKAGEN.



Fuller, Shipler & Co.

Copyright, 1895, by the Photographic Union, Munich.]

The Troth.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. KLIMSCH, IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. GUINN AND HEMPEL, LEIPZIG.

BY COURTESY OF THE CLOWN.

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.*

Illustrated by Henry Hutt.



THE little man in motley, thrusting his face through the curtains of the big circus tent, looked out on the gathering crowds and grinned. To him that assemblage of gaping backwoods pioneers was a greater show than the one he was travelling with, although the circus itself was a pioneer

in its way. It was the first that had ever travelled through the almost unbroken forests of southern Indiana, and the fame of its performance at Vincennes had spread to the Ohio long before the plodding oxen had drawn the heavy lion cages half that distance. Such wild rumours of it had found their way across the sparsely settled hills and hollows, that families who had not been out of sight of their cabin chimneys in five years or more were drawn irresistibly circusward.

Standing on a barrel, behind a hole in the canvas of the tent, the little clown amused himself by watching the stream of arrivals. As far as he could see, down the glaringly sunny road, rising clouds of dust betokened the approach of a seemingly endless procession. The whole county appeared to be flocking to the commons just outside of Burnville, where the annual training in military tactics took place on "muster-days." People were coming by the wagon-load; nearly every horse carried double, and one old nag ambled up with a row of boys astride her patient back from neck to tail.

It was a hot afternoon in August, and a rank, almost overpowering odour of dog-fennel rose from the dusty weeds trampled down around the tent. The little clown was half stifled by the dust, the heat, and the smell, and the perspiration trickled down his

grotesquely painted face; but an occasional impatient flapping of his handkerchief to clear away the dust of a new arrival was all that betrayed his discomfort. He was absorbed in the conversation of a little group who, seated on a log directly under his peephole in the canvas, were patiently waiting for the performance to begin.

"My motley can't hold a candle to theirs," he thought, with an amused chuckle, as he surveyed them critically. "Judging by the cut of the girl's old silk dress, it was a part of her grandmother's wedding finery, and she probably spun the stuff for that sunbonnet herself. But the man—Moses in the bulrushes! People back East wouldn't believe me if I told them how he is togged out: tow trousers, broadcloth coat with brass buttons, bare feet, and a coonskin cap, on this the hottest of all the hot dog-days ever created."

He wiped his face again after this inventory, and steadied himself on the barrel. All unconscious of the audience they were entertaining, the man and girl were retailing the neighbourhood news to a tired-looking little woman, who sat on the log beside them, with a heavy baby in her arms. Their broad Western speech was as unfamiliar as it was amusing to their unseen listener. The barrel shook with his suppressed laughter, as they repeated the rumours they had heard regarding the circus.

"Thar was six oxen to draw the lion cages," said the girl, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. "Sam said them beasts roared to beat the Dutch—two of 'em. And he says thar's a poek-marked Irishman as goes around between acts with a nine-banded armadillo. Ef ye tech it, ye'll never have the toothache no more. But thar's suthin' better nor him. Sam says he 'lows we'll jest all die a-laughin' when we see the clown. The whole end of the State has gone wild over that air clown. Sam says they make more fuss over him than they would over the President ef he was t'come to this neck o' woods."

Here the auditor behind the scenes, with his hand on his heart, made such a low bow

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that he lost his balance and nearly upset the barrel.

"I reckon the elyfunt will be the biggest sight," drawled the man. "That's what drawed me here. I ain't never seen even the picter of an elyfunt, and they say this is the real live article from t'other side of the world. They say it kin eat a cock of hay six foot high at one meal."

Here the baby stirred and fretted in the woman's arms, and she wearily lifted it to an easier position against her shoulder.

"I wish Jim would hurry up," she sighed, wiping her hot face on a corner of her homespun apron.

"He's over yander helpin' ole Mis' Potter put up her gingerbread stand," answered the girl, pointing to a large oak-tree on the edge of the common. "I see 'em when she first come a-drivin' up on that big ox-sled, with a barrel of cider behind her. Law, I reckon she hain't never missed bein' on hand to sell her cakes and cider here on muster-days nary a time in ten years."

"Tain't Mis' Potter," answered the older woman. "She's ben laid up with rheumatiz nearly all summer.

It's Boone Ratcliffe's mother and his little William."

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed the girl, with eager interest, standing up to get a better view. "Not ole 'Madame Ratcliffe,' as pap calls her! I've ben honin'

for a sight of her ever sence last spring, when I heerd she'd come out from Maryland. I used to hear about her afore Boone married M'randy. It was M'randy as told me about her. She said the ole lady was so rich and so stuck-up that she never



"The little clown amused himself by watching the stream of arrivals."

even tied her own shoes. They had slaves and land and money and everything that heart could wish, and they didn't think that M'randy was good enough for their only son. The letters they writ to Boone trying to head him off made M'randy so



“‘Ole Mis’ Ratcliffe tried to apologise fer comin’.”

mad that I didn’t suppose she’d ever get over it.”

“She didn’t,” answered the little woman, “and it was scant welcome they got when they come. The letter they sent a month aforehand never got here, so of course nobody knowed they was a-comin’, and they wa’n’t nobody down to the Ohio River landin’ to meet ’em. My Jim he happened to be thar when they got off’n the flat-boat. They was dreadful put out when they didn’t find Boone watching out for ’em, after comin’ all the way from Maryland. Goodness knows what ’ud become of ’em ef Jim hadn’t happened acrost ’em. The boat had gone on down the river and left ’em settin’ thar on shore amongst the bales and boxes, as helpless as two kittens. Jim he seen ’em a-set-

tin’ thar, and bein’ a soft-hearted chap and knowin’ suthin’ was wrong, he up and spoke.

“They was so bewildered like, ’count of not finding Boone, and everything bein’ so dif’runt from what they lotted on, that they was well-nigh daft. The ole man had ben sick ever sence they left Pittsburg, and they was both plum tuckered out with that long flat-boat trip. Jim he jest h’isted ’em into the wagon, big chest and all, and brought ’em on to Burnville.

“He said ’twas plain to be seen they hadn’t never been used to roughin’ it in any way. The ole gentleman was so sick he had to lean his head on her shoulder all the way, and she kep’ a-strokin’ his white hair with her fine soft fingers, and talkin’ to him as if he’d ben a child. She tried to chirk him

up by tellin' him they'd soon be to Boone's home, and talkin' 'bout when Boone was a little feller, till Jim couldn't hardly stand it, he's that soft-hearted.

"He knew all the time what a disapp'intment was in store when they should set eyes on M'randy and the cabin, and find Boone grew to be so rough and common. It was dark when they got thar. Boone hadn't got home yit, and thar wa'n't a sign of a light about the place. So Jim lef' the ole folks setting in the wagon, and went in to break the news to M'randy, knowin' what a high-tempered piece she is at times. He said she was settin' on the doorstep in her bare feet and dirty ole linsey-woolsey dress, jawin' little William. She'd ben a-makin' soap all day, and was dead tired.

"When Jim tole her what 'twas, the surprise seemed to strike her all of a heap. She never made a move to git up, and as soon as she could git her breath she begun to splutter like blue blazes. She said some folks had more burdens laid onto their shoulders than by rights was their share, and she couldn't see what made them ole people come trackin' out where they was neither wanted nor expected. She hadn't no airthly use for that stuck-up ole Mis' Ratcliffe, if she was Boone's mother. Oh, she jest talked up scan'lous.

"Jim he was afraid they would hear her clear out in the road, so he kep' tryin' to smoothe her down, and then he went out and tried to smoothe things over to the ole people. By the time they'd climbed out'n the wagon and walked up the path William had lit a candle, and she was holdin' it over her head in the doorway. The way Jim tole it I could jest see how they stood lookin' at each other, like as they was takin' their measures. Jim said they both seemed to see the difference, M'randy so frowsy and common-lookin', for all her prettiness, and the ole lady so fine and aristocratic in her elegant dress and bunnit. He said he'd never fergit how white and tired-lookin' their old faces showed up in the candlelight, and sort of disapp'inted, too, over the welcome they'd ben expectin' and didn't git.

"M'randy didn't even offer to shake hands. After she'd stared a minute she said, sorter stiff-like, 'Well, I s'pose you may as well come on in.' Jim says there was tears in the ole lady's eyes when she follered M'randy into the cabin, but she wiped 'em away real quick, and spoke up cheerful to ole Mr. Ratcliffe.

"The room was in such a muss there wa'n't

an empty chair to set on tell M'randy jerked the things off two of'm and kicked the stuff out of sight under the bed. Then she dusted 'em with her apron, and said, in a long-sufferin' sort of tone, that she reckoned 'twas about as cheap settin' as standin'.

"Ole Mis' Ratcliffe tried to apologise fer comin'. She said that their daughter back in Maryland tried to keep 'em from it, but that Boone couldn't come to them, and it had been ten years since he had left home, and they felt they must see him once more before they died. Jim said it was so pitiful the way she talked that he got all worked up."

"Why didn't they turn right around and go home the next day?' cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "That's M'randy all over again when she once gits her temper up; but people as rich as them don't have to put up with nobody's high and mighty ways."

"They are not rich any more," was the answer. "A few years ago they lost all they had, slaves, land, and everything, and their married daughter in Baltimore is takin' care of 'em. She was sure they wouldn't find it agreeable out here, so she provided the money for 'em to come back on; but the ole man had his pocket picked comin' down on that flat-boat, and they don't feel as they could write back and ask her for more. She's good to 'em as can be, but she hasn't got any more than she needs, and they hate to ask for it. That's why the ole lady is here to-day, takin' Mis' Potter's place. Boone persuaded her to come, and tole her if she could make as much as Mis' Potter always does, it will be enough to pay their way back to Maryland. He helped her get ready. I don't know what he said to M'randy to make her stand aside and not interfere, but she made up the gingerbread as meek as Moses, and let Jim roll the barrel of cider out of the smoke-house without a word."

"Why don't Boone scratch around and raise the money somehow?" put in the man, who had chewed in interested silence as he listened to the story. Now he stopped to bite another mouthful from a big twist of tobacco he took from his broadcloth coat pocket.

"Pears like their only son is the one that ought to do fer 'em, and at least he could make M'randy shut up and treat his parents civil."

"Boone!" sniffed the woman. "Why, he's under M'randy's thumb so tight that he dassent sneeze if she don't take snuff. Besides, he's ben on the flat of his back off and

on all summer, with dumb ague. It's run into a slow fever now, and it takes every picayune they can scrape together to git his medicines. Then, too, M'randy sprained her ankle a month or so back, and things have been awful sence then. The ole man he don't realise he is in the way, he's so childish and broken down. He jest sorter droops around, pinin' for the comforts he's always ben used to, in a way that almost breaks his ole wife's heart. She feels it keen enough for both of 'em, because she can't bear to see him lackin' anything he needs, and she'd rather die than be a burden to anybody.

"I tell Jim I'm sorry for the whole set, and I can see it isn't the pleasantest thing for M'randy to give up a room to them when thar's only two in the cabin, and her ways ain't their ways, and their bein' thar puts everything out of joint; but Jim he sides with the ole people. He's mighty sorry for 'em, and would have put his hand in his own pocket and paid their expenses long ago back to Maryland, ef he'd a-ben able. He's ben a great comfort to the ole lady, he's jest that soft-hearted. I hope she'll sell out as fast as Mis' Potter always done."

Before the girl could echo her wish there was a discordant scraping inside the tent, a sound of the band beginning to tune their instruments. Instantly there was a rush toward the tent, and all three of the little group sprang to their feet. The little woman looked wildly around for Jim, with such an anxious expression that the clown lingered a moment, regardless of the stream of people pouring into the entrance so near him that the curtain which screened him from public view was nearly torn down. He waited until he saw a burly, good-natured man push his way through the crowds and transfer the heavy baby from the woman's tired arms to his broad shoulder. Then he turned away with a queer little smile on his painted face.

"He's jest that soft-hearted," he repeated, half under his breath. The woman's story had stirred him strangely. "It's a pity there's not more like him," he continued. "I guess that too few Jims and too many M'randys is what is the matter with this dizzy old planet."

"What's that ye're grumbling about, Humpty Dumpty?" asked the pock-marked Irishman as he came up with his nine-banded armadillo, all ready for the performance. Then in his most professional tones: "If it is the toothache yez have now, I'll be afther

curing it entoirely wid wan touch of this baste from——"

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed the clown, putting his hand on the tall Irishman's shoulder and springing lightly down from the barrel. "I'm dead sick of all this monkey business. If it wasn't a matter of bread-and-butter I wouldn't laugh again in a year."

"Yez couldn't make anybody out there in that big aujence belave it," laughed the Irishman. "They think yer life is wan per-petooal joke; that yez are a joke yerself for that mather, a two-legged wan, done up in cap and bells."

"You're right," said the clown bitterly, looking askance at his striped legs. "But 'a man's a man for a' that and a' that,' and he gets tired sometimes of always being taken for a jesting fool. Curse this livery!"

The Irishman looked at him shrewdly. "You should have gone in for a 'varsity cap and gown, and Oi've been thinking sometimes that maybe yez did start out that way."

A dull red glowed under the paint on the clown's face, and he ran into the ring in response to the signal without a reply. A thundering round of applause greeted him, which broke out again as he glanced all around with a purposely silly leer. Then he caught sight of Jim's honest face, smiling expectantly on him from one of the front benches. It struck him like a pain that this man could not look through his disguise of tawdry circus trappings, and see that a man's heart was beating under the clown's motley. There came a sudden fierce longing to tear off his outward character of mountebank for a moment, and show Jim the stifled nature underneath, noble enough to recognise the tender chivalry hidden in the rough exterior of the awkward backwoodsman, and to be claimed by him as a kindred spirit.

As he laughed and danced and sang no one dreamed that his thoughts kept reverting to scenes that the woman's story had called up, or that a plan was slowly shaping in his mind whereby he might serve the homesick old soul waiting out under the oak-tree for the performance to be done.

No wonder that people accustomed to seeing old Mrs. Potter in that place, gowned in homespun, and knitting a coarse yarn sock, had stopped to stare at the newcomer. Such a type of high-born, perfect ladyhood had never appeared in their midst before. The dress that she wore was a relic of the old Maryland days; so was the lace cap that rested like a bit of rare frost-work on her



"He had been funny enough in the ring, but now they found his jokes irresistible."

silvery hair. Mrs. Potter knew everybody for miles around, and was ready to laugh and joke with anyone who stopped at her stand. Mrs. Ratcliffe sat in dignified silence, a faint colour deepening in her cheeks like the blush of a winter rose. It was so much worse than she had anticipated to have these rude strangers staring at her, as if she were

a part of the show. She breathed a sigh of relief when the music began, for it drew the crowds into the tent as if by magic. She and little William were left entirely alone.

With the strident boom of the bass viol came the rank smell of the dog-fennel that hurrying feet had left bruised and wilting in the sun. All the rest of her life that warm,

weedy odour always brought back that humiliating experience like a keen pain. The horses in the surrounding grove stamped restlessly and whinnied as they switched off the flies. The long ride and the unaccustomed labour of the morning had exhausted her. She began to nod in her chair, giving herself up to a sense of drowsiness, for as long as the people were in the tent she would have no occupation.

Her white head dropped lower and lower, until presently she was oblivious to all surroundings. Little William, sitting on the old wood-sled with his back against the cider barrel, was forgotten. M'randy and the ill-kept cabin vanished entirely from her memory. She was back in the old Maryland days on her father's plantation, hedged about with loving forethought, as tenderly sheltered as some delicate white flower. Every path had been made smooth for her, every wish anticipated, all her life long, until that day when they had set their faces westward to find Boone. It was coming down the Ohio on that long journey by flat-boat that she suddenly awoke to the knowledge that her husband's illness had left him a broken-down old man, as weak and irresponsible as a child.

But mercifully her dreams were back of that time. They were back with Boone in his gay young boyhood, when he danced minuets with the Governor's daughter, and entertained his college-friends in lordly style on the old plantation. Back of that time when the restlessness of his teens sent him roving over the Alleghanies to the frontier, regardless of their long-cherished ambitions for him. Back of the time when in a sudden mad whim he had married a settler's pretty daughter, whom he was ashamed to take back to civilisation when he thought of the Baltimore belles to whom he had paid boyish court. He had not stopped to consider her rough speech and uncouth manners. He had been a long time out in the wilderness, he was only twenty, and her full red lips tempted him.

If the dreams could only have stopped then, that little space she slept, while the circus band thrummed and drummed inside the tent, and the shadows of the hot August afternoon lengthened under the still trees outside, would have been a blessed respite. But they repeated the unpleasant parts as well. They came on down to the night of that unwelcome arrival. They showed her the days when Boone lay prostrate with a slow malarial fever; the days when the fierce heat made him drag his pallet desperately

from one corner to another across the bare puncheons, trying to find a spot where he could be comfortable. She could see him lying as he had so often lain, with his face turned towards the back door, looking out with aching eyes on the tall corn that filled the little clearing. In his feverish wanderings he complained that it was crowding up around the house trying to choke him. And there was little William, little nine-year-old William, sitting on the floor beside him, attempting to flap away the flies with a bunch of walnut leaves. There were long intervals sometimes when the heat overpowered the child with drowsiness. Then the walnut branch wavered uncertainly or stopped in mid-air, while he leaned against the table leg with closed eyes and open mouth. Sometimes Miranda slept on the doorstep, bare-footed, as usual, with a dirty bandage around her sprained ankle.

In that short sleep she seemed to re-live the whole summer that had dragged on until her sense of dependence grew to be intolerable. Miranda's shrill complaining came penetrating again into the tiny room where she sat by her husband's bed, and the old head was bowed once more on his pillow, as she sobbed, "Oh, William, dear heart, if the Lord would only take us away together! I cannot bear to be a burden to anyone!" It was the sound of her own sobbing that awakened her, and she sat up with a sudden start, realising that she had been asleep. She must have slept a long time. In that interval of unconsciousness the tavern-keeper from Burnville had erected a rival stand a few rods away.

She saw with dismay his attractive display of "store" goods. Then her face flushed as he began to set out whisky bottles and glasses. Her first impulse was to gather up her belongings and get home as quickly as possible. In her perplexity she looked around for little William. Regarding a circus with such contempt herself, it had never occurred to her that he would care to see it.

He was a timid little fellow, who always hid when company came to the house, and he had never been away from home more than a dozen times in his life. The crowds frightened him, and he stayed as closely as a shadow at his grandmother's elbow until the music began. Then he forgot himself. It thrilled him indescribably, and he watched with longing eyes as the people crowded into the tent. It seemed to him that he must certainly go wild if he could not follow. But they had sold nothing. Even if they had,

he would not have dared to ask for enough money to pay his admission, it seemed such an enormous sum. As she began to nod in her chair he began to edge nearer the tent. He would catch now and then a word of the clown's jokes, and hear the roars of laughter that followed. When the clown began to

Regardless of consequences, he threw himself on the grass and wriggled around until he succeeded in squeezing himself under the canvas. There was a moment of dizzy bewilderment as he sat up and looked around. Then some cold, squirming thing touched the back of his neck. He gave a smothered

cry of terror; it was the elephant's trunk. He had come up directly under the animal "from t'other side of the world, that could eat a six-foot cock of hay at one meal."

As he sat there, shivering and blubbering, afraid to move because he did not know which end of the clumsy monster was head and which tail, he heard a loud guffaw. The pock-marked Irishman who had charge of the nine-banded armadillo had seen the little side-show, and it doubled him up with laughter. He roared and slapped his thigh and laughed again until he was out of breath. Then he gravely wiped his eyes and drew the boy out from under the great animal. William clung to him, sobbing. Then the warm-hearted fellow, seeing that he was really terrified, took him around



"We are going back to Maryland, dear heart!"

sing, William had one ear pressed against the tent. People clapped and cheered uproariously at the last line of every stanza. He could not hear enough of the words to understand why. In the general commotion he was conscious of only one thing: he was on the outside of that tent, and he must get inside or die.

and showed him all the sights. In the delight of that hour, home, grandmother, and the world outside were completely forgotten.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ratcliffe sat wondering what had become of the boy. People began to straggle out of the tent. There was to be another performance after dark, and she

expected to find her customers among those who stayed for that. The tavern-keeper began calling attention to his refreshments in a facetious way that drew an amused crowd around him. Her hopes sank, as group after group passed her without stopping. Two young fellows from the village who had been drinking pushed roughly against her table.

"Hi, granny!" hiccoughed one of them.

"Purty fine doughnuts, ole girl!" He gathered up a plateful, and tried to find his pocket with unsteady fingers. She stood up with a sickening feeling of helplessness and looked around appealingly. Just then a heavy hand struck the fellow in the mouth, and jerked him back by his coat-collar. The pock-marked Irishman, to whom the bewildered little William still clung, had undertaken to find the boy's grandmother for him. The child's artless story had aroused his warmest sympathies, and nothing could have given him greater pleasure than this opportunity to fight for her.

"Put thim back, you ugly thafe o' the worruld," he roared, "or Oi'll throw yez entirely over the sorcuss tint!"

The man bristled up for a fight, but one look into the big Irishman's glowering eyes sobered him enough to make him drop the cakes and slink away.

The Irishman looked embarrassed as Mrs. Ratcliffe began to thank him with tears in

her eyes, and hurried back to the tent. The look of distress deepened on her face. Everybody passed her table for the one made popular by the loud-voiced man who knew so well how to advertise his wares. With a stifled groan she looked around on the great pile of provisions she had brought.



"The truest gentleman I have met in many a day!"

What quantities of good material utterly wasted! What would Miranda say?

As she looked around her in dismay she saw the clown coming toward her, still in his cap and bells. He had been watching the scene from a distance. Her distress was pitiful. To be compelled to wait on this

jesting fool like any common barmaid would fill her cup of degradation to overflowing. What could she do if he accosted her familiarly as he did everyone else?

He leaned over and took off his grotesque cap. "Madam," he said, in a low, respectful tone, "I have no money, but if you will kindly give me a cake and a mug of cider, you shall soon have plenty of customers."

Greatly surprised, she filled him a cup, wondering what he would do. There was a rush for that part of the grounds as the hero of the hour appeared. He had been funny enough in the ring, but now they found his jokes irresistible. His exaggerated praises of all he ate and drank were laughed at; but everybody followed his example. More than one gawky boy bought something for the sake of being made the subject of his flattering witticisms. The tavern-keeper called and sang in vain. As long as the clown told funny stories and praised Mrs. Ratcliffe's gingerbread all other allurements were powerless. He stayed with her until the last cake had been bought and the cider barrel was empty.

It was nearly sundown when she started home. Jim came up to roll the empty barrel on to the sled, to place her chair against it, and help little William hitch up the oxen; but when she looked around to thank the little clown he had disappeared. No one could tell where he had gone.

Never in her girlhood, rolling home in the stately family coach from some gay social conquest, had she felt so victorious. She jingled the silk reticule at her side with childish pleasure. She could hardly wait for the slow oxen to plod the two long miles toward home, and when they stopped in front of the little cabin she was trembling with eagerness. Hurrying up the path through the gathering dusk she poured her treasure out on her husband's bed.

"Look!" she cried, laying her face on the pillow and slipping an arm around his neck. "We are going back to Maryland, dear heart!" She nestled her faded cheek against his with a happy little sob. "Oh, William, we need not be a burden any longer, for we're going home to-morrow!"

* * * * *

Later, the full August moon swung up over the edge of the forest. It flooded the

little clearing with its white light, and turned the dusty road in front of the cabin to a broad band of silver. A slow, steady tramp of many feet marching across a wooden bridge in the distance fell on the intense stillness of the summer night.

"It's the circus," said Boone, raising his head to listen. "I reckon they're travellin' by night on account of the heat, and they'll be pushin' on down to the river."

His wife limped to the door and sat down on the step to watch for its coming, but his mother hurried out to the fence and leaned across the bars, waiting.

A strange procession of unwieldy monsters, never before seen in this peaceful woodland, loomed up in the distance, huge and black, while a stranger procession of fantastic shadows stalked grimly by its side. The sleepy keepers dozed in their saddles, filing by in ghostly silence, save for the clanking of trace-chains and the creaking of the heavy lion cages.

At the extreme end of the long line came the tired little clown on the trick mule. A sorrier-looking object could not be imagined, as he sat with his knees drawn up and his head bent dejectedly down. He did not notice the figure leaning eagerly over the bars, until she called him. Then he looked up with a start. The next instant he had dismounted and was standing bareheaded in the road before her. The moonlight made a halo of her white hair, and lighted up her gentle, aristocratic face with something of its old high-born beauty.

"I wanted to thank you," she said, holding out her slender hand to the painted little jester with the gracious dignity that had always been her charm. "You disappeared this afternoon before I could tell you how much your courtesy has done for me and mine."

He bowed low over the little hand.

"I bid you farewell, sir," she added gently. "The truest gentleman I have met in many a day!" It was the recognition that he had craved. She had seen the man through the motley. He looked up, his face glowing as if that womanly recognition had knighted him; and with the remembrance of that touch resting on him like a royal accolade he rode on after the procession into the depths of the moonlighted forest.



A Labour of Love.
FROM THE PICTURE BY PERCY TARRANT.



Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

DULWICH COLLEGE: THE CHAPEL IN THE CENTRE OVER THE PORCH.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE: HOW THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS HONOUR THEIR DEAD HEROES.

BY GEORGE A. WADE.

THE second and concluding article dealing with this subject must begin with Winchester, the oldest and probably the most renowned public school we have, scarcely excepting Eton and Harrow. Winchester boasts two fine memorials to her brave sons who have fallen in battle. One of these is a memorial to Old Wykehamists who were killed in the Crimean war, and it stands in the ante-chapel of the College. But perhaps the other memorial will most attract the average visitor. It takes the form of a charming gateway into the cloisters, and was erected in remembrance of Sir Herbert Stewart, who, as many readers will doubtless recollect, was killed in the Egyptian campaign of the early eighties.

To the world this gentle, beloved soldier was "Sir" Herbert Stewart; to his old college he ever remained simply "Herbert Stewart," as is shown in the inscription over the beautiful gateway. The monument is in excellent taste, the coat-of-arms and the two angels standing above the inscription being all that the gallant man commemorated would himself have desired, with his name, to perpetuate

his memory at the school of which he was so very proud. As one walks through this little gate one wonders whether, on that arid Egyptian desert, Stewart ever sang that famous evening song which has re-echoed through these very cloisters for so many long generations; and we hear him, in fancy, as he marches on that final lonely march, and as he sinks into the last unconsciousness, singing softly to himself, "Dulce Domum Resonamus."

In these same cloisters, too, there are various tablets to other brave sons of Winchester who have died whilst serving their country; and thus the old school of William of Wykeham can hold up its head with the proudest of military schools.

Kipling has said that "There are in India hundreds of 'Stalkys' who have come from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and Haileybury," and it must be confessed that Cheltenham has indeed sent out a goodly number of "Stalkys" who have helped to keep the glory of England bright. The famous school in Gloucestershire can show no less than

This article forms a sequel to one which appeared in the WINDSOR for December, 1899, and included the memorials of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, and others of our great public schools.

twenty-two tablets, erected to the memory of her old pupils who have either been killed in actual battle, or who have died whilst doing active service under unusual conditions on behalf of their country. In some cases there are several names of brave men, slain in different campaigns, upon one tablet, though as a rule every separate tablet is supposed to contain only the names of men who fell in the same war. But Cheltenham has had so many of the brave that she has had to get their names in wherever she could!

The tablets are large, of fine marble, but otherwise plain. They contain the name, the campaign, and the age of the soldier they are intended to commemorate, ranging from

colonels down to ensigns, showing gallant fellows who have died in every corner of the world defending Britain or proclaiming her power. After you have spent an hour or two reading these tablets you will no longer wonder at Kipling's praise of Cheltenham College.

When Haileybury sets about anything it must be allowed that she means business, and so we are not surprised to learn that one of the most beautiful memorials in any college or school chapel to the celebrated brave amongst "old boys" belongs to Haileybury, and is entirely her own, both in design and execution. And equally it must be confessed that the men honoured have deserved it, it being erected to

the memory of the ever-famous Coghill and Hodson, who, with Teignmouth Melvill, of Harrow (spoken of in our first article), won immortal fame by their valiant deeds on that blackest and yet most glorious day in British annals, January 22nd, 1879, on the field of Isandlwana. It will not be forgotten that, so impressed was Her Majesty with the splendid efforts of Melvill and Coghill to save the colours of the 24th on that day, when they were found dead with the flags wrapped round them, that even when dead these two heroes were awarded the Victoria Cross, an honour recently accorded also to the late Lieutenant F. H. Roberts—a unique method, surely, in the history of any nation, as regards rewarding its brave.

Coghill and Hodson were great friends at school, and they were officers in the same regiment, and fought side by side on that terrible day. Haileybury has not forgotten



GATEWAY AT WINCHESTER, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF SIR HERBERT STEWART.

to mention these interesting facts in her fine recognition of them. It was decided that this memorial should take the form of the adorning of the dome in the chancel of the chapel by splendid paintings of the four Evangelists, and two of these are shown in our illustration. A brass on the wall in a recess on the left side of the altar records Haileybury's noble testimony to the two. Its situation can be traced in the photograph, and its Latin inscription may be translated into English somewhat as follows :—

To the memory of Neville J. Aylmer Coghill and George Frederick J. Hodson, each of whom kept faithfully both his oath to his Queen and his vow of friendship, in that terrible slaughter near Isandlwana, when they died "quitting themselves like men!" The figures of the four Evangelists painted above are placed there in memory of these two true fellow soldiers and friends.

This memorial was erected in June, 1880, and does honour to the school and the dead at the same time. Another memorial was the stone cross raised on the spot in Zululand where the two faithful friends' bodies were found, a photograph of which, by the kindness of the Haileybury masters, I am enabled to give here.

Bedford Grammar School boasts a unique memorial to a dead soldier who received his education at that celebrated seat of learning. It is a cricket pavilion, and seems to show that this school has discovered a way of combining the useful with the commemorative that might well be followed by others.

Henry Cross, to whose memory this pavilion is raised, was an "old boy" and afterwards an assistant-master at Bedford School. He lost his life in the Soudan war, just after the battle of Omdurman. He was not killed in battle, but died of the dreaded fever so common in those climes. Nor was he a "soldier of the Queen," for he was out there doing duty as war correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. But he was a brave, noble fellow, none the less, ready to take a hand in driving back the foe if needed, and his old schoolfellows knew his



Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

worth and soon decided to commemorate his brave work in the manner described.

Clifton College has adopted the form of brasses for all its memorials of distinguished Cliftonians who have been killed in battle. In the chapel the visitor may see these, but their number is not yet very large, since Clifton has not behind it the antiquity and prowess which belong to the older foundations for producing many military men of renown. Yet the school near Bristol can claim, nevertheless, that when its sons have been "tried in the fire" literally, they have stood the ordeal nobly and well; and the blood which was so loyally given by those brave fellows, to whose memory the brasses in the chapel at Clifton are placed, may be taken as being but the seed of an extensive harvest of great deeds and noble actions for the Empire which the future of this school may yet be called upon to record.

Dulwich College has dispensed with monumental tablets and such forms, so far, in honouring the brave Alleynians who have

been killed in battle. She remembers them in another unusual way. Whenever there is recorded the death of any "old boy" whilst fighting for his Queen and country, the head-master speaks a few appropriate words to the whole school assembled in chapel or hall, upon the lessons of that boy's death, and an obituary notice, with a full account of the old Dulwich boy's life, work, and death is published in the next number of the school magazine. The last "old boy" thus honoured was Lieutenant Keating, who was killed in a skirmish with the natives in West Africa.

Repton School, so the head-master told

alumni who have died gloriously on the battlefield. But this year, 1900, is the jubilee of the famous Berkshire educational establishment, and there is a talk of erecting something that shall be worthy of the well known public school.

It is certain that any article of this kind on our great public schools would be quite incomplete without some words upon one or two of the finest Scottish establishments. Fettes College, in Edinburgh, is at present engaged in erecting a very large brass upon which are to be engraved the names and details of all old Fettes boys who have thus distinguished themselves by meeting death bravely in their country's service. But at the time of writing this article that brass is in an unfinished condition.

Scotland's military school, however—worthy of being coupled on equal terms with the best of the "Stalky"—producing schools of the sister country—is Glenalmond. That is what everybody calls the noted Perthshire school, though its true title is "Trinity College." But just as St. Peter's, Westminster, has become "Westminster School," so Trinity College has become "Glenalmond," from the place it adorns. The late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had a very high opinion of Glenalmond and its scholars. And no wonder, when one reads their records.

Two kinds of memorials exist at Glenalmond to dead heroes of the school. One takes the form of a most

magnificent window of stained glass in the chancel of the chapel, over the altar. This was erected some years ago to keep in memory the valiant deeds of Lieutenant R. W. Henderson and Ensign J. W. Henderson, two brothers, who were killed whilst defending the boats at Cawnpore, on June 27th, 1857. Their bravery was mentioned by their leaders in despatches home as being specially noteworthy. Also Lieutenant C. J. Langlands, of the 43rd Regiment, is commemorated by the same window; he fell in the Maori war, in 1864. Probably there is no similar case on record where two brothers died together

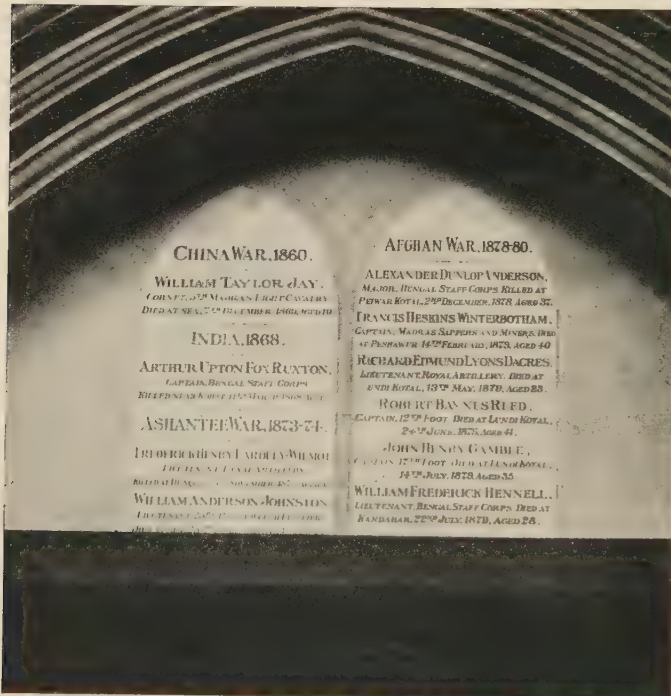


Photo by M. Hack.]

[Cheltenham.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.

me, has no special form of commemorating the deeds of "old boys" who have fallen in battle. Yet in most cases there is put up in the school chapel either a small brass, if the commemoration be that of some individual soldier, or a stained-glass window, if the memorial be to several boys in one campaign. Thus the chapel at Repton boasts several of these memorials, but they are too awkwardly placed, for light and other necessities, to lend themselves easily to being photographed.

Bradfield College, strange to relate, has no memorial at all at the present time to its old

like the Hendersons, both old captains of their school.

But, lovely as this window is, it is not Glenalmond's greatest glory in monuments of the kind we are dealing with. *That* is a marble slab on the wall, which is, doubtless, the finest tribute to bravery that any school in this land possesses. For, till Time shall be no more, there can be no grander deed, in every sense, done by mortal soldier—let alone

by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, who yet was an officer in the 74th

Highlanders, now the "Highland Light Infantry."



Photo by]

[Allen, Canterbury.

GRAVE OF LIEUTENANTS COGHILL AND HODSON, ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF ISANDLWANA.



HAILEYBURY COLLEGE CHAPEL, WITH PAINTINGS TO LIEUTENANTS COGHILL AND HODSON ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF CHANCEL ARCH.



Photo by]

[Mrs. Delves Broughton.

PAVILION IN THE PLAYING-FIELD, BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, IN MEMORY OF HENRY CROSS, OLD BOY AND ASSISTANT-MASTER, WHO DIED OF FEVER IN THE SOUDAN JUST AFTER OMDURMAN.

And it was in one of the most memorable events in the history of our Army—not on the battlefield, but on the deep sea—that Alexander Cumine Russell won immortal glory for himself and added lustre to the name of Glenalmond School, as the inscription on that marble tablet tells. Only it does not tell all the story, as it ought to do—that wonderful, ever-engrossing story of “The Loss of the *Birkenhead*.”

Everybody knows the tale itself—how the troopship struck upon a rock; how the soldiers were formed in ranks to die, whilst the women and children were being saved; how the whole force, officers and men, stood at the salute whilst, in the deathless verse of Sir Francis Doyle

Still inch by inch the doomed ship sank low,
Yet under steadfast men.

Most folks have heard how England thrilled when that story was known, and how the old German Emperor had the account read out on parade before every regiment in the German Army, as a tribute to what he called the “grandest deed ever soldiers did!”

But the splendid old veteran in Berlin did not know the story of Alexander Cumine Russell—the boy officer of seventeen—in connection with it, or he would assuredly have had that read out separately, and Glenalmond would have become as famous in Germany as she is in this country.

Russell was ordered into one of the boats carrying the women and children, for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some way off the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades and fellows standing upright there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it the hundreds of brave hearts. He saw those fearful creatures of the deep seizing their prey, and heard the screams of scores of human beings torn to pieces by sharks. Then, just when all for him was safe, when to him was given (with honour) life, ambition, and glory, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat and a hand strive to grasp the side.

There was not room in the craft for a single person more without great risk of upsetting the boat. But as the sailor's face rose clear at the boat's side a woman in the craft called out in agony, “Save him! Save him! He is my husband!”

No room in that boat for one more! But Russell looked at that woman, then at her children, then at that sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching help, then at the dreaded sharks feasting on every hand. Alexander Cumine Russell rose in the stern of the boat. With a bold plunge he jumped clear of it and helped that sailor into what had been his own place—and safety. Then, amidst a chorus of “God bless you!” from every soul in the boat, the young officer—a lad of seventeen, mind!—turned round to meet his death. And those in the boat shut their eyes and prayed. When they opened them again Alexander Cumine Russell was nowhere to be seen!

But on that day when the sea gives up its dead there will be no nobler hero yielded up than the brave boy of Glenalmond School to whose memory that marble tablet (here shown in a photograph taken specially by a boy in the school for this

article) was put up and unveiled some short time ago.

Although, strictly speaking, it is not considered one of our recognised "public schools," yet the Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, is practically the "Public School of the Army." Therefore it may not be out of place to conclude this article by reminding the reader that there was unveiled at this school, only a short time ago, a charming window of stained glass as a memorial to "old boys" of the school who had fallen in battle. The ceremony was appropriately enough undertaken by the aged Duke of Cambridge, whose interest in the school has never flagged. The window cost nearly £300, and has a representation of the Crucifixion, with figures of the fighting saints, Saint Michael and Saint George, at the sides.

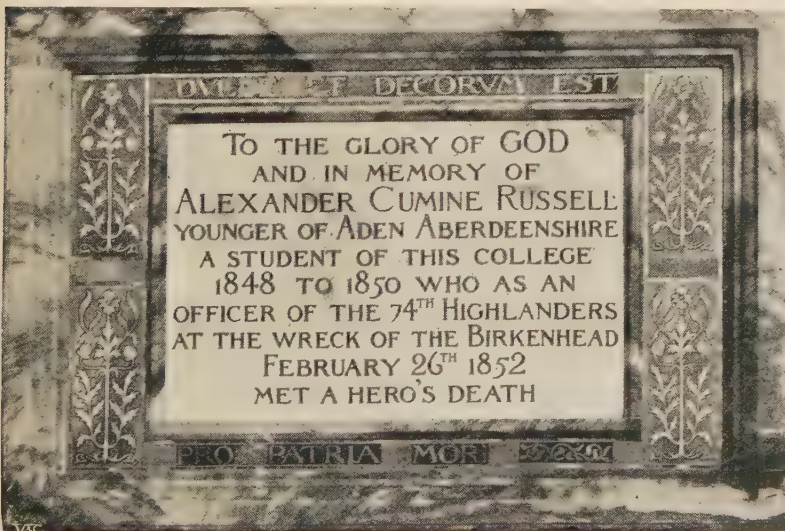
Below it, on an alabaster tablet, are inscribed the names of all scholars, since the founding of the school, who have lost their lives in battle. The record has been made as complete as possible, even including the name of one of the Lancers who was killed at Omdurman.



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WINDOW IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, GLENALMOND, IN MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT R. W. HENDERSON, ENSIGN J. W. HENDERSON, KILLED
IN DEFENDING THE BOATS, CAWNPORE, JUNE 27, 1857, AND
LIEUTENANT C. J. LANGLANDS, KILLED AT TAMANGA, IN THE MAORI
WAR, 1864.



Copyright photo by]

[Glenalmond Photographic Club.

TABLET IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, GLENALMOND.

And this memorial, so well deserved, must undoubtedly help to form a connecting bond of no small value between the training-school of boys who will be the rank and file of our future Army, and the schools where those youths are trained who will, as a rule, become their officers.

During the present Boer war we have seen more than ever what the grand officers

turned out from our public schools can do when fighting for Britain. We have Roberts and Buller from Eton, we have Baden-Powell from the Charterhouse, we have countless "Stalkys" from Fettes and Loretto, from old Ireland's famous colleges, from every noted English school.

Harold Paton, who will be remembered as having died gallantly at Mafeking on the night of the celebrated sortie, was one of Baden-Powell's favourites, and came from Loretto, Scotland's noted school. And then Fettes, not to be outdone by her chief competitor for cricket and football honours, gave up for Britain's cause the well-known D. B. Money Penny, whose career as a football player was at one time the most promising among the many brilliant young men that Scotland boasts as her athletic sons. It was Paardeberg that saw the end of the player of whom Fettes used to be so proud.

And from Ireland's Raphoe and from Cork School there came more than one

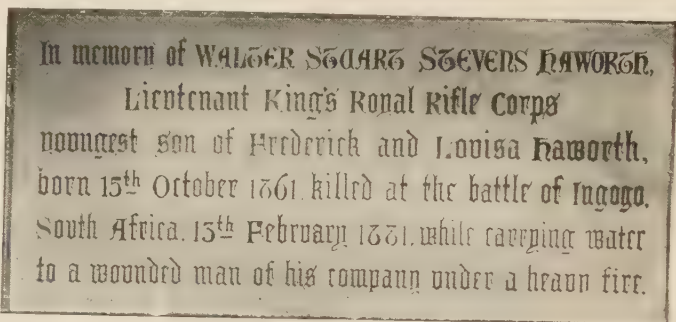
of the fine young officers who have made the names of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaught Rangers veritable household

words for bravery and true Celtic dash. Not only English public schools, or Scotch ones, but Irish places of education, too, will have a fine putting-up of memorials

to their brave dead when the present war is over. There will, no doubt, be a stirring-up of the old traditions of Londonderry and Belfast Colleges, of Waterford and Dublin Schools, such as there has not been, in a military sense, for a very long period.

Nobly dead or nobly living, honoured are the names of those who, in the words of Mr. Newbolt's fine poem on Clifton Chapel, have learned—

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes.
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.



MEMORIAL BRASS TO AN OLD CHARTERHOUSE BOY KILLED IN BATTLE.

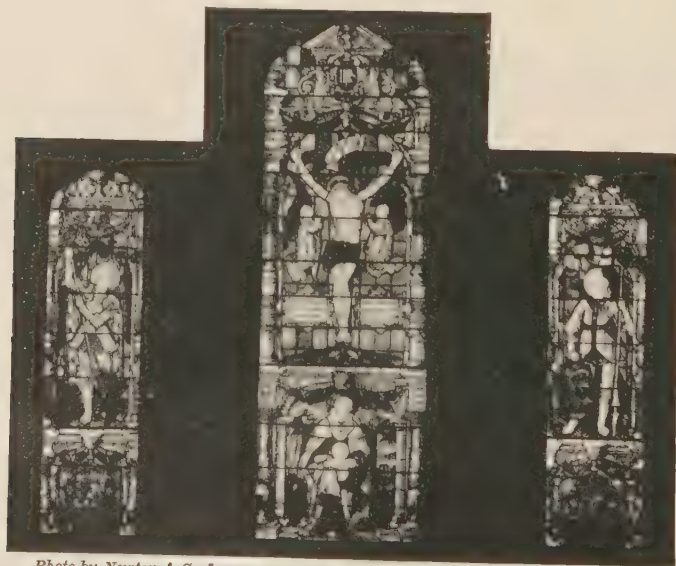


Photo by Newton & Co.,]

[Fleet Street, E.C.]

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL

PRO PATRIA.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

THIS story is related by Captain Alfred Hilliard, a young Englishman of considerable means and good social position, who is spending some time on the Continent with his friend Fordham. At Pau, Hilliard became acquainted with a Colonel Lepeletier and promptly fell in love with his daughter. When the Lepeletiers returned to their home in Calais, Hilliard followed them; but though he had every reason to believe that Agnes Lepeletier cared for him, his offer was positively declined by her father, no reason being assigned. At their house he met a man whom he had known, when a boy, as Robert Jeffery, but who was known as Sadi Martel to the French household. Jeffery, *alias* Martel, had deteriorated with years, and was now a man given to drink and thoroughly unscrupulous. He invited Hilliard to go with him and inspect some excavations, purporting to be harbour works and coal borings, which were being carried on by the shore, and which he was superintending. Never for a moment suspecting any treachery, Hilliard accompanied him one afternoon to the scene of operations.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TUNNEL.



H A R S H
steam siren,
blasted for
two full
minutes
as we ap-
proached the
mouth of
the cutting,
sent to the
countless
workmen
about me a

engine at work beneath the very sea toward which I knew we must be walking. But the man who led me downward had no desire to gratify my curiosity. Passing from the daylight to this cavernous gloom, he had become taciturn, morose, strangely self-occupied.

I followed at his heels as we went quickly ever down toward the sea. When at last the incline of the cutting ceased, and we came upon a level way, I could perceive four lines of rails running up to platforms as for the terminus of a station; and beyond them the narrow mouth of a tunnel which carried but two tracks, and seemed to be nothing else than a tube of steel thrust into the mud which here covers the chalk of the Channel bed. All the lines converged to the tunnel's mouth, but beyond was utter darkness. This was our journey's end, then.

God knows that even then I dare not ask myself the meaning of the things I saw. When, without presage, there is revealed to us, as in the twinkling of an eye, the truth of some mystery which appeals alike to the more terrible phase of our imagination and to our fear, we are slow to reckon with that truth or to admit it. I set it down that I knew from the first instant of inspection the whole meaning of that which the French contemplated against my country—there, seven miles from Calais upon the Paris road. But to claim that I realised the moment of it, or would embrace the knowledge in my innermost mind, would be to boast a pre-science I have no title to. Excited if you will, driven to a curiosity which defies any measure, telling myself that I should never

message of release; and it being then six o'clock in the evening they came pell-mell, from the heart of the earth before us as it seemed—some crowding in the ballast-trucks, some running, some clinging to the very buffers of the little engines, some going at their ease, as though labour were not distasteful to them. That which had been a pandemonium of order and method became in a few moments a deserted scene of enterprise. None save the sentries guarded the mouth of the pit. Here and there, in the chasm below, flares began to burst up in garish yellow spirit flames; but those who worked by their light were the chosen few, the more skilled artisans, the engineers. And as we plunged downward and still downward, the great buttressed wall ever raising itself higher above us—even the skilled were rarely passed. A tremulous silence prevailed in the pit. From the distance there came a sound as of the throbbing of some mighty

*. Copyright, 1900, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

live again such an hour as this, I followed the man to the tunnel's mouth: I watched him kindle a flare at another a workman held; I heard his odd exclamations, that racking laugh which no other in all the world ever laughed so ill. If my life had been the stake I must go on. Curiosity drove me now as with a lash. I neither reasoned nor apologised, for a voice within me said, You shall see.

Jeffery raised the flare and stood an instant at the very mouth of the tunnel. The waving, ugly light displayed a face hard-set as in some exciting memory. Again he looked at me as he had looked when I met him on the road to Paris.

"Sonny, ever been in a tunnel before?"

"Once, a Metropolitan tunnel."

"Nasty, eh?"

"Well, it wasn't pleasant."

"Ah, but you had the dry land above you there. You were never under the sea, I suppose?"

"Not farther than any decent swimmer goes."

"So! We'll take you deeper down than that. Come on, my boy. It does me good to hear you."

He entered the tunnel upon this and began to walk very quickly, while I, when we had left the last of the daylight behind us, stumbled after him with all a new comer's ungainliness. Such a glare as his torch cast showed me the polished rails of steel, the circular roof above us already blackened by the smoke of engines; but the track I scarcely saw, and tripped often, to his amusement.

"Miss your eyes, eh, Captain? Well, you've got to pay your footing. Listen to the music—it's a train going home to tea. You'd better step in here, my lad—we can't afford to waste your precious life like that. Do you know you're standing in what ought to be the four-foot-six, but isn't? Come out of it, come out of it."

He pulled me from the track to a manhole in the wall, and crouching there together we watched the engine go clattering by, all the roof of the tunnel incandescing with the glowing iridescence of the crimson light, the very faces of the workmen standing out white and clear in the glow which the torch cast upward. But the tunnel seemed shaken to its very marrow, and the quivering earth, which held the steel, appeared to live while the trucks rolled over it. Again, as often before, I realised the majesty of the engineer's life; nevertheless, the greater question

rang unceasingly in my ears, Why had I been seduced to this place? What did the French Government want with a tunnel beneath the sea seven miles from Calais Harbour? Heaven is my witness that I did not dare to answer myself—did not dare until many hours, nay, days were lived and I could doubt the truth no longer.

We had come by this time a mile at the least, as I judged it, from the tunnel's mouth, and must be very near to the sea, if not actually beneath it. By here and there upon our way we passed a soldier patrolling, lantern in hand, a section of the tunnel; and once, when we had gone on again a quarter of a mile, we found a great bricked shaft, at the foot of which men were hauling sleepers and steel rails by the light of a coal fire and many flares set about it. The picture was rude and wild; the faces of the men shaped pale and hard-set wherever the light fell upon them; the envioning darkness, so complete, so unbroken, suggested the mouth of some vast, unfathomable pit; whereunto all this burden of steel and wood was cast; wherefrom these shadowy figures had emerged to claim a due of the outer world. But the illusion was broken when Jeffery halted to exchange rapid words with the men and to give them their directions. Again I observed the quick obedience, the respect he commanded. Of all that unnumbered army of workers I had seen, he, indisputably, was General. And he knew his power.

"Clever chaps, these Frenchies," he said, as he went on again. "Direct them plainly and they'll get there, though they've a lot to say about it on the road. That shaft was an idea of mine, which I'm proud of. We'll ventilate there by and by; meanwhile the Belgian barges can beach their rails and send them down to us. I save two days' labour in three, and that's lucky in a job like this. Are you beginning to wonder where the coal is?"

I answered him by a question.

"Does the shaft come out on the beach, then?"

"Growing curious, eh? Well, perhaps, we'll go up by it and see as we go back. Meanwhile, you and I must have a bit of a talk for the sake of auld lang syne. Sit down, sree, sit down. The plank's not exactly Waldorf-Astoria, but it's next door to it, seeing you're in a tunnel."

We were then, I suppose, the third of a mile from the shaft he had spoken of. I knew that we were deep down below the bed



"A harsh steam siren sent to the countless workmen about me a message of release."

of the Channel ; and there was in the knowledge a sense of awe and mystery, and something beyond awe and mystery—it may be something akin to terror—which I realised then for the first time, but have lived through, waking and sleeping, many a day since that terrible hour. I was down below the sea in a tunnel that struck towards my own country. Above me were the rippling waves, the rolling ships, the flashing lights of the busiest waterway in the world. What lay beyond in the darkness, where the last girders of this tremendous high-road were to be seen, I knew no more than the dead. The grandeur of it, the mystery of it muted my tongue, fascinated me beyond all clear thought. The road lay to England, to my home ; it could not point otherwise. And I, alone of Englishmen, had come to a knowledge of the mystery.

Jeffery, I say, set his flare in a crevice of the track and made a rude seat of a couple of boards and a bench which here stood in the six-foot way. Work had been progressing at this place before the siren was blown, I imagined, and the tools of the men jacks, drills, heavy hammers—lay about as a testimony to French confusion. My guide pointed to them with an ironical finger, and, kicking a hammer from the track, made another bench similar to his own for me.

"Look," he said ; "that's your Frenchman's love of order. If a ticket were needed for the Day of Judgment, he'd go aloft without it. Sit down, Hilliard, and watch me drink a sup of whisky."

He seated himself on the bench and took a long pull from an old black flask, which he passed to me when he had done with it. My refusal to drink seemed to annoy him. It was an excuse the less for his own habit.

"Well," he snapped, "you know best. But you'll get little drink where you're going to. Here's luck on the road."

I rested my arms on my knees and looked



"'Liar!' he cried ; 'liar, as you always were.'"

him as full in the face as the guttering light permitted me.

"What do you mean by that, Jeffery ?"

He laughed to himself, a soft, purring laugh that meant all the mischief he could command.

"Hark !" he said, raising his hand for silence ; "do you hear the old girl throbbing ? That's my shield—my own. There's some in Europe who would pay a penny or

two if I'd make 'em another like it. But I'll wait till this job's through. Eh? sonny, wouldn't you?"

I did not answer him, but listened to the pulsing machine which, at some great distance from us, as I knew it must be, thrust its steel tongue into the soft chalk of the Channel's bed, and cast tons of the earth behind it, as though to make a burrow for a mighty, human animal which thus would cheat the seas. The tube of steel in which we had walked quivered at every thrust of the engine. Nevertheless, I know that the work was far away; for I could hear no voices, could not even see the twinkling lamps of those who gave life to the tongue and controlled it. The very sense of distance appalled and fascinated in an appeal to the imagination surpassing any I had known.

"Jeffery," I said, asking him a plain question for the first time, "why did you bring me here?"

"He answered me as plainly, "To still your tongue for ever."

The words (and never a man heard six words which meant more) were spoken in that half-mocking, half-serious key which characterised the man. To this hour I can see him squatting there upon the wooden bench, his sallow face made sardonic in the aureole of dirty light, his thin, nervous fingers interlaced, his deep-set eyes avoiding mine, but seeking, nevertheless, to watch me. And he had trapped me! My God! I tremble now when the pen recalls that hour! He had trapped me, brought me to that place because he believed that I had his secret, the secret which France had kept so well from all the world.

Fool! thrice fool I was to follow him. As one blind I had stumbled on to the mouth of the abyss; and now I could see the depths, could, in imagination, reel back from them appalled. He had trapped me!

He uttered the threat, I say, but almost in the same breath began to question me as though the thing had never been spoken. While twenty ideas sprang at once to my mind, while the peril quickened my heart and brought drops of sweat to my face, he pursued his purpose of interrogation relentlessly. For all that I knew he had brought me to the place that I might carry from it to a French prison the knowledge of that which France wrought against my own country. Every word he spoke recalled to me the ramparts we had passed, the patrols upon the cliffs, the great locked door, the walls which shut in this secret from the world.

No prisoner was ever caged more surely. Even at that moment of it I said that the last day of my liberty might have been lived. The words which the man spoke were as drums beating in my ears.

"So you came to Calais to make love, sonny, and the little French girl was to help you, eh? You hocus-pocussed the old man and dished him up with banknote sauce, eh? You weren't at all anxious about the works—oh, no, not at all, and you didn't want to come here. Poor little lambs and sheep! How I do like to see them out to grass! Say, boy, have a cigarette? You won't get 'em in the fortress."

I took the cigarette and wondered at the steady hand which lighted it. My very liberty hung upon a thread; I had the wit at least not to break the thread.

"Isn't it about time we dropped this?" I said at last. "You know perfectly well why I came to Calais?"

"As true as the levels of this floor, my son. You came to Calais to make love—to the harbour works. Do you suppose I'm a chump, like Lepeletier?"

"Lepeletier is a gentleman."

"Oh, stick up for your friends. He'd have played a good hand for you, siree, he and the other bit of goods. But I weighed in before them, you see. And just in time, by——!"

He had told me in a sentence why Lepeletier had asked me to leave Calais. This man had threatened to denounce his friendship for a spy. And Agnes? But of her I would not think.

"Well," I said quietly, "you make a good story of it. The other side's to come. Take my word as a soldier and a gentleman that I knew nothing whatever of this business until you brought me here to-night. It's your own fault that I have not gone back to England as wise as I came. And what's the offence? That I followed your lead? If it's no more, you won't persuade our people to keep their fingers out of this pie."

The idea amused him vastly.

"Your people—club dandies and Pall Mall fools, paid a thousand a year to say nothing and do as much! Man, you know them better. By the time they've cut the red tape off your packet, you will be forgotten on the Healthy Isles, and this work will be where all the world may come and see it. I'm living for that day. There are some on your side I want to clean a slate for. Your slate's washed, or will be when I've done with you. The others may wait,

that swine Hardy among the number. He called me a black man, the dirty toad !”

The reminiscence of the old days at Woolwich found him in a more dangerous mood. Temper began to master him. The outstanding veins upon his forehead and his hands swelled horribly. He threw the cigarette he had been smoking to the ground and crushed it with his heel. Men speak of a “glittering eye”; I knew what the expression meant before he had done with me.

“I’ll settle with Hardy, and wring his cursed neck, or he shall wring mine,” he continued, with growing anger; “that’ll be pretty news to go out to you at Cayenne, sonny. By Gosh! I hope you like hot climates. You’ll want some summer clothes where you’re going to.”

I heard him with what indifference I could affect. There was not an instant now when I did not tell myself that, if I wished to see my own country again, I must act then, at the beginning of it, or remain impassive to the end. He had trapped me, but a cool head might discover a rent in the meshes of his net. England seemed far away—out beyond the lights of the Channel and the ramparts we had passed.

“Let’s have done with it, once and for all,” I said at last; “has there not been enough of this rot? Just show me the way to my car, or Bell, my man, will have a fever. You don’t suppose I’m going to take you seriously.”

The taunt was as coal upon the fire of it.

“Why did you come here to spy out my work?” he asked. “Was it any business of yours? Are you an Intelligence man, or the dandy you pretend to be? Am I never to build a house but some English fool must come along and spoil it? Don’t lie to me lie to those who’re waiting for you when I give the word. You’re playing double, and you know it.”

He stood clenching his hands and facing me in an outburst of anger which was pitiful to see. A single cry of his would have brought a sentry to the place; one word might have sent me to the prisons of France. That much I remembered in spite of the hot blood of my race.

“If you will be reasonable for five minutes, I will show you how I play double,” said I; “but it can’t be done here. Come back to my hotel and search my luggage. You are not prepared to take my word; let your eyes convince you. I came to Calais because Lepeletier was here. A little reflection would make the rest clear to you. Is it not rather

absurd to make accusations which you cannot support, and which you know to be false? Do me the justice to remember what you knew of me at Webb’s. Is a man with my means likely to come here prying about your affairs? You know that he is not. Let us go up and talk it over. We shan’t get any farther in this place.”

The suggestion amused him. He snarled an ironic answer.

“No, I guess not, Alfred Hilliard. You’ve gone as far towards Northamptonshire as you’re likely to go for many a day. My! you make a good story of it! I’m a bit of a liar myself, and I recognise the breed.”

Now, I have said that I come of a race which was never known at any time for a well-controlled temper. My mother is of Irish birth; my forefathers were fox-hunters and soldiers, jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel. There was never one of them that counted his life at the value of a pin’s point if honour thereby were imperilled. And all the world had said that as the fathers were, so the son. Until this man called me a liar I had kept my temper under what control I could; had feigned when he engaged; had laughed, jested, been serious or flippant, as his mood was. But the mask of prudence fell at a word. Had all the sentries in Calais been there to hear us, I should have acted as I did upon that spur of temper and of honour.

“You talk like a fool!” I exclaimed, holding myself back with an effort which cost me much. “If I thought you meant a word of it I would answer you differently.”

He took a step towards me and raised a clenched fist to my face. His eyes were bloodshot, but lighted by a drunken anger which defied his last attempt at self-control.

“Liar!” he cried; “liar, as you always were—that’s what I mean to say.”

And that was the end of it, for the words had scarcely passed his lips when I struck him twice, and he fell at my feet, white and senseless, across the very track he had built.

CHAPTER VII.

I THINK TO HEAR THE SEA.

WE awake from anger as from sleep, and in the clearer light of reason judge ourselves. While the man stood before me, while his taunts were so many lashes of a whip upon my honour, temper and the frenzy of temper blinded me. But I awoke from the stupor as suddenly as it had come upon me. My



"Twenty paces beyond the orifice a sentry stood gazing out over the angry seas of the Channel."

daylight was the garish flame of the guttering torch. Night was beyond in the utter darkness of the mystery with which, even then, my awaking imagination could not cope.

I had struck the man with all my strength, and Nature has given me a full measure of that ; nevertheless, when he fell senseless be-

fore me, some moments passed before I could remember how I came to strike him, or why we were in that place. Slowly, link by link, I completed the chain of memory. He had brought me there upon a pretext. He had wished, as I came to see in those saner moments, to prove for himself my knowledge

of that which France had planned below the sea at Escalles. His suspicion being aroused, he had determined thus to shut my mouth forever. And, in my turn, I had killed him. God knows I could even believe it was that—so still he lay, so white, so pulseless.

They say that in the moments of our greatest peril we often act with an odd presence of mind and a method which less exacting hours could not surpass. Be this as it may, I do not see, looking back to that night, that if another had struck the man down, I, a passer by, could have done more than I did. For my first act was to stoop and to drag him from the rails. Quietly, I remember, and methodically, I picked up our mackintoshes and our peaked hats, which we had cast off because of the stifling air of the tunnel. No doctor standing at a bedside could have fingered a pulse more leisurely or with more patience. But his pulse was still. I thought that I had killed him, and a shudder, such as I pray I may never know again, fell upon my limbs and sent me giddy and reeling in the darkness.

I record it that I thought he was dead, and for a little while I stood there, held dumb and terror-stricken with the horror of it, and yet unready to admit the truth. When ten seconds, perhaps, were numbered, the dreadful fear passed as a shadow. The body at my feet quivered suddenly in a nervous convulsion, the fingers of the hands were opened and shut, but clenched no more: a groan escaped the man's lips. No music that ever was written could have been sweeter music to me than that cry of life returning. I had been a fool to think him dead, I said. Many a man had I seen go down to such a blow as mine, and yet be walking with his friends before another pair had boxed their rounds. As they fell, so had Jeffery fallen. The knowledge sent me back upon myself. I thought of my own case—of the sea above me, and the ramparts I must pass, and the lights of England beyond them. For aught that I knew, ten seconds might turn the scale of my liberty. A distant sound in the tunnel, as of a train approaching, sent me to my feet with the leap of a hare startled from sleep. The man lived. He had but to cry out once, and twenty would answer him. I said that Destiny had willed this moment of respite, and, with all my nerve set upon that desperate hope, I turned to the darkness and ran headlong—I knew not whither, save that it was toward the land, away from the pit and the intolerable fear of it.

It was, at the first of it, at least, a flight

of panic, and so much I do not seek to disguise. Judge my case and do me justice. For who would have guarded an obedient will in the face of all that I had seen and heard during one short hour? Recall the scenes one by one as they came before me to appal my mind and paralyse my imagination. To-day I know that those phantoms were no phantoms, but truths, momentous to my country, written there in the darkness for one of the least of her servants to read. But then I knew them not at all. More than once I could ask myself if I were not the victim of some great jest, of Jeffery's drunken humour—if, indeed, I had not visited but a coal-shaft, a shaft thrust far out under the sea to workings there planned by engineers. A truer voice of intuition forbade so simple an account of it. Always in my ears were the words, "You, you are the chosen, yours is the lot, by you shall men know." Belief in a mission sent by God, and not of my own asking, was, I hold, the guiding impulse of much that I did that night. I, an obscure officer of Hussars, had robbed France of her secret. I hugged it as a precious possession. Come what might, I would seek to do my duty.

And so I ran from the garish light, away from the body lying there by the tunnel's wall, away upon as desperate a hope as ever carried a man to danger. Panic at the beginning of it sent me on blindly, almost helplessly. Once I fell my length across the rails, and lay, while a man might have counted twenty, dizzy and breathless. The thunder of the approaching train passed from a mere suggestion of sound to the roar as of an avalanche. Would those who guided it find Jeffery and hear his story? So did the thought play upon my nerves that I stood still when I saw the engine's light, and watched it approach that place upon the unused track where the flare was lifted. Had those upon the train seen the body? Yes! No! I said that they were stopping, coming on. My heart beat quick, faltered, pulsed throbbingly. It was beyond bearing. At last I sank to the ground and did not dare to look. The danger was passed, then? Again my Destiny said "Yes."

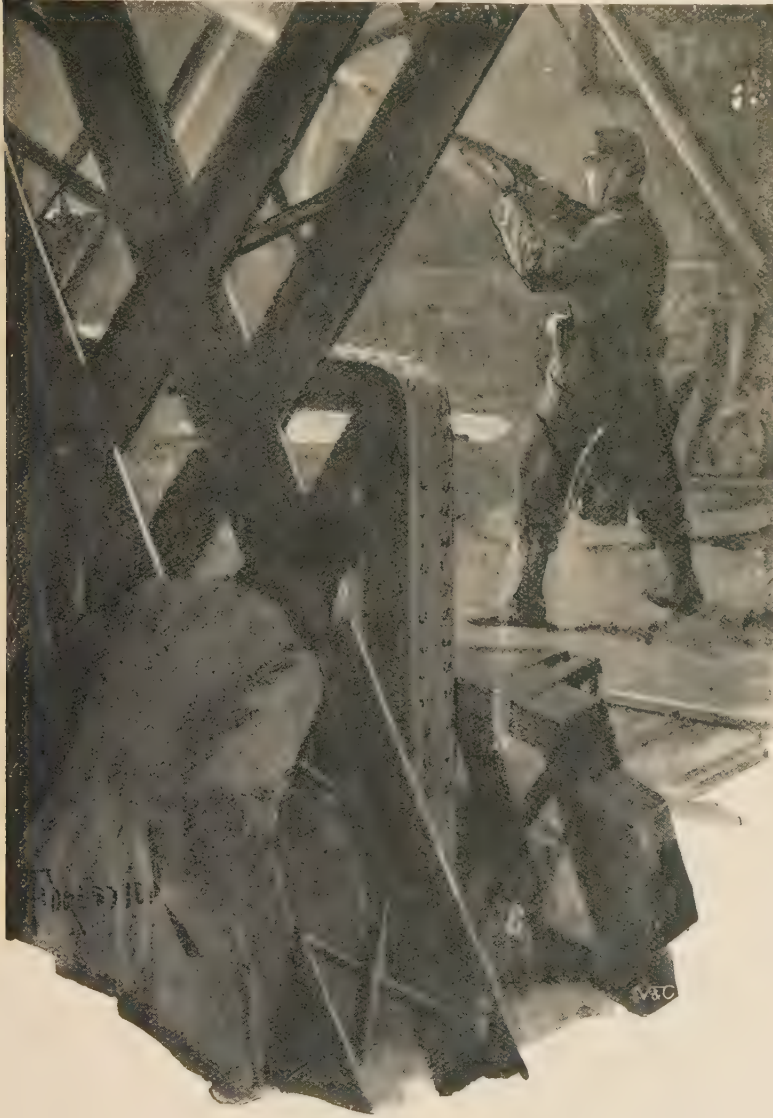
The train thundered by, and none of those upon it perceived the man who crouched low to the track and held his breath to count the seconds of suspense. A great glow of crimson light, bursting upward from the furnace, was cast down again by the steel roof to show me the faces of the last of the

workmen as they were carried swiftly to their homes and to the light. I saw that they were faces intelligent above the common—faces which the dignity of labour had ennobled, upon which a seal of manhood had been set. These were no mere servants of the ganger's

ceased to stumble headlong through the tunnel, but went on, erect and thinking. As they were called, so might I be.

It was intensely dark when the engine had passed, and I could see that star of crimson light which the furnace cast upward,

diminishing in lustre minute by minute, until it became but a speck upon the roof, and at last had vanished altogether in the utter blackness of distance. The thunder of wheels had now become but a trembling of the tube about me, and that ceased at last and the nadir of silence was touched. Every drop of water that dripped to the floor was a great sound above that stillness. A quickened imagination so deceived me that I thought to hear the sea rolling upon its bed of shingle above my head, and believed that I could distinguish the melancholy cry of the wind and the beat of the waves. From time to time I stood to listen for the sound of steps or the echoes of a voice—but heard nothing. The distant engine, far away below the Channel's bed, had ceased to throb. I stood



"He fired his rifle three times in the air."

troop or gathered idlers from the villages; but men unmistakably selected for the more honourable posts—the chosen, it might be, for this tremendous task, the sharers of the secret which France had guarded so well. The lesson which their example taught me was quickly learned. From that moment I

alone, but never farther from my liberty.

A fool's hopes, a driven man's desire—these sent me on. Behind me lay the man who had brought me to the trap; before me were the ramparts and the sentries and the prisons of France. I knew that I could not pass the ramparts; nevertheless, I went on.

Courage of a sort made my step more sure. I was ashamed of nothing, did not fear any man's story, was willing to tell my tale to all the world. Nevertheless, I understood from the first that I must seek to tell it in England, and not in France. For what meed of justice might I look for at the hands of those who guarded this insurpassable secret? They would silence me at any cost. My life would not be worth a grain of sand against the tremendous purpose which had dictated this endeavour. They would risk any accusation, any crime, to stamp out this accident of Destiny whereby one, who least deserved to know, had come to the possession of full knowledge. And I, in turn, must call upon every gift that Heaven had given me that I might proclaim the truth. An excitement of the purpose sent me on again with beating heart toward the ramparts and the light.

I was alone in the tunnel, I say, and I knew that the great air-shaft we had passed in our journey must now be very near the place where I stood. A great sense of relief came to me of the assurance that the sea no longer beat above my head. There would be air at least from this point onward, and a glimpse of the sky above me. So great was the expectation of it that I ran on quickly, saying that I would tell the sentries this or that, or would avoid them by scaling the wall of the enclosure, or would demand to be sent to Colonel Lepeletier himself. True it was that a vision of a face came to

me for an instant, as some memory of happiness past, of an old state of life lost for ever. Never more would Agnes and I meet as we had met. This barrier of the mystery lay between us as a gulf no merely selfish impulse might bridge. A heavy burden of my Destiny lay upon me then. I did not dare to think of it. Lights and the voices of men called me back from the dreamland to the tunnel. I was alone no longer.

It is a rare experience to stand in doubt and fear and to await the approach of those in whose hands our fate is. When first I saw the lanterns and heard the voices, I was without plan, or word, or intention. Whoever they were, these patrols had entered the tunnel from the shaft I approached so expectantly; their lanterns struck a sudden glow on the blackness, and where all had been intensely dark, ten seconds ago, there was now the glimmer of a candle's light. By this already

I could distinguish the shadows of three, and I knew that they must pass me, must see me, could not fail, it might be, to challenge me. Nevertheless, I had no plan in my mind, no thought of it, but stood there as one resourceless and beaten. This, and this only, could be the outcome of my flight. Challenge, discovery, arrest. I repeated the words as the men drew near. Then, as upon an impulse, I drew my cape about my shoulders and walked straight toward them, by them, past them toward the shaft and the tunnel's mouth.



"I set my face toward Calais and ran a race such as it is given few to run."

"*Monsieur Martel, Monsieur Martel, où est Jourdain ?*"

I halted at the words, spoken in provincial French, but did not turn toward the speaker, the shortest of the three and the one who carried the wavering lantern. Why had he called me Martel? Had the darkness deceived him, then? Inconceivable deception! And yet he called me Martel.

"*Il est là bas,*" I said, distinctly, again upon the impulse. And what folly, for who could not distinguish the voices? But, miracle of words, the three cried "*Merci,*" and passed on.

They would find Jeffery's body in ten minutes, I said. And they had called me Martel.

They had called me Martel and let me pass. Well, in the darkness it was not inconceivable, after all. Jeffery's hair was black—so was mine. I had the advantage of him in inches, but I stooped, perchance, when they passed by. He spoke French with sufficient accent; I spoke it as at Stratford-atte-Bowe, yet with enough of grammar to suffice. And our clothes? We were both wearing mackintoshes and peaked caps. Abstractedly I felt about my cap to verify the assumption. But my hand touched a gold shield as it fingered the rim—and then I knew. In the darkness I had picked up Jeffery's cap; my own lay yonder, where the patrol would find it presently. I laughed ironically at the thought.

This little thing, this unguided act, had saved me from the men. But, was it "unguided," or did the hand of Destiny direct my own? I could not answer.

The man's hat was on my head, sure enough; I wore a black cape such as he had worn; the darkness and the circumstance of the place served for the rest. And do you wonder that many wild schemes leaped to my brain as it dwelt upon this fortuitous *rencontre*? If the patrol passed me in the tunnel, why should I not pass the sentry at the gate? True, there would be the light of arc lamps there—for often had they shone down upon me as I returned, belated, to Calais upon my motor. There would be arc lights and the patrol of the enclosure, and the guardians of the inner ward and the guardians of the outer. My plot ebbed away as a burn in the sand. A miracle alone could open the great gate to me, I said. And these are not the days of miracles.

So behold me again racked with the doubt of it. At every step I took now my

ears were bent for any sound that should speak of Jeffery's recovery, or of the alarm that must succeed the finding of his body. The men must have come to the place by this time—must, must, I argued. Nerves that would respond to every sound made new phantoms for me in the recesses of the tunnel. I thought often to hear the cries of pursuit and of discovery. When (and this is as surprising as any change wrought in a theatre) a great flood of light suddenly shone out about me, the fear of it chilled my very heart. Good Heavens! that I should set it down! It was nothing but the lighting of the tunnel, the white and radiating glow of the arc lamps, which, I imagined, were lighted thus after sunset every day of the year. And now they shone in countless globes of the blue-white iridescence—far away, until they were but stars beneath the depths of the sea. I caught my breath again and went on. There were men in the distance, but their backs were toward me. And I was at the very foot of the shaft I sought. The clear light showed it plainly—a great bricked chimney, shooting upward to the air and the life above. Could I but mount there, how easy it would be to escape the ordeal of the gate! Aye, if—if, the eternal if! And what of the sentry at the shaft's head? It was a hundred to one that such a danger spot would not go unwatched. I admitted the truth with indifference. The three had called me Martel.

A great arc lamp made day in the shaft and showed its layers of blue bricks as clearly as in the sunlight. I espied no ladder there, but a pulley rope hung loose, and I remembered as I stood that I had gone to the mast-head many a time upon my schooner yacht, and thought no more of it than any gymnastic trick which good muscles and the right use of them make possible. To fix the loose rope to one of the heavy sleepers lying there was the work of a moment. After all, what was it to grasp at this way of the rope—what was it, when any minute I might hear the alarm from the tunnel, when discovery walked cheek by jowl with me at every step I took? Let me claim nothing of the attempt. I would have risked my life twenty times to escape the dread of that pit. And here was a means to my hand. When next I thought of it I had climbed twenty feet and could see the stars far above me. Oh! how the freshening air blew sweet upon my face! Upward and upward toward my liberty. Did they cry after me in the tunnel below? Once I thought so, and clung nervelessly to

the rope, while it swayed from side to side, and I had time to remember that a failing nerve might send me headlong back into the pit. Anon it seemed to me that no one cried out, and that the voice was but the ripple of the sea on the beach above me. Again my courage came back, as upon a freshet of hope. Though my untrained hands were bleeding, and my knees barked by the bricks, I went up, up, slowly, surely; and at every hand-pull now the face of the sentry above came nearer. Fear showed me the figure of a man gaping down at me as I climbed. I looked the second time and saw but the stars. There was the blue of the early night still in the sky. The phantom figure appeared no more. I was but two feet from the orifice.

Slowly now, and with every faculty quickened, I climbed that space intervening. Yonder, above the cap of bricks and the circular mouth, I should find the sentry, should be challenged, questioned, arrested. No other hope seemed possible. And yet men had called me Martel. They were those who had passed me in the tunnel to hear Jeffery's story and to raise the alarm. Aye, in truth, I thought to hear the voices again, there, at the vital moment of it all. Low at first as a sonorous whisper from the tunnel, the note gained strength and volume, became an unmistakable cry, was not to be set down any longer to imagination or to fear.

The three had found Jeffery, the alarm was raised!

I said as much, and leaped from the shaft's mouth, desperately, to the grass of the cliff. Twenty paces beyond the orifice a sentry stood gazing out over the angry seas of the Channel. But he did not challenge me, and I lay upon the grass as one dead, counting the minutes until he would hear the voices.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

I HAD always assumed that the shaft was nothing but a ventilator thrusting itself up to the cliff's head as near as might be to the sea. As I lay upon the ground, waiting for the sentry to hear the alarm, a quick survey made my environment clear to me. I was thirty paces from the seashore, perhaps, three miles, it might be, from my man and my car. The low chalk cliffs here fell away, to show me the wet beach by the Cape they call Blanc-Nez, and the long line of white waves which marked the ebbing tide. A heavy

rampart of stone defended the shaft on the seaward side, and was now patrolled by the sentry I must pass. I was still in the third or last of the enclosures, and the cutting by which the tunnel was gained lay far behind me—a mile, perhaps two, for my sense of locality is poor. But here, as in-shore, I perceived that a close patrol shut the works to strangers. Lanterns danced at changing points upon the outer wall. I could hear the voices of other sentries challenging other passers by. The man who stood twenty paces from the shaft had kept his eyes towards the sea and the empty beach below us. It would be odd, I said, to watch him when he heard the alarm. Yet that he must do, for those below were crying loudly now. He would hear them when five seconds had passed—or ten.

A great litter of lumber lay about the orifice, and I have often said that I owe my life to it. From the moment when breath came back to me, and with breath the new courage of the freshness and the exciting sea breeze (for it had ceased to rain now, and there was a wonderful night of stars, as poor Stevenson has put it so finely), I espied the stacks of timber, the heavy steel girders, the earth in heaps, the overplus of labour. Upon my hands and knees, yard by yard, in as odd a situation as man ever found himself, I crawled to the shelter of a huge girder; and through the interstices of the latticed metal I watched the sentry. He heard them now—he must hear them. The wail of the wind rose and fell incessantly, but for me the sound of voices in the pit prevailed above it. What would the fellow do when the alarm was raised? I asked myself. How deaf he was! Twice he walked to the buttress of the rampart, twice he returned. He would never hear, then; it was all my imagination, the voice was the voice of the night, not of men.

Suspense, they say, is the enemy of time, making hours of minutes and years of days. Until that night of nights I had known little suspense in my life, and the truth was new to me. But I learned the lesson in the moments that followed upon my flight, learned it so well that if I lived a hundred years I might not forget it. Looking back to that hour to-day, I can admit that no more than five minutes passed between my leap from the shaft's mouth and the loud note of alarm upon the cliff about me. But each of those minutes was to me an hour of waiting. So unendurable did the doubt become, that when the sentry heard the voices at last, I verily believe I wished that he should hear

them. Now, at last, the glove was thrown down. Now, if ever, I must play for my liberty as I had never played before, nor might look to play again.

He heard the cry at his second turn upon the rampart, and for an instant stood as one under a spell. Then, bawling with all his lungs to another who patrolled the cliff westward towards Gris-Nez, he ran to the shaft-head and answered those who were clamouring below. Under other circumstances I should have laughed at the very Babel which arose. Gesticulating, though none could see, now running a little way to the sea, now back again to the shaft, at last one clear idea possessed the man, and he fired his rifle three times in the air and set off as one possessed, in-shore, toward the great gate and the Paris road. I watched him as though a great weight were carried by him from my own shoulders. For, running, he left the way to the sea open, and by the sea should the gate of my liberty be found.

It was a great hope, and it sent me from my hiding-place with a better courage and a clearer head than I had known from the beginning of it. Providence alone, I said, had compelled the sentry thus to take the one road which would serve me best. True, the rampart defending the works, the rampart shaped like a fort at the cliff's head, had yet to be crossed, and a way found to the beach below. But had not Jeffery spoken of Belgian barges coming upon the tide to discharge their cargoes there? and how could they discharge them if there were no connecting link between the sands and the heights? All my common sense helped me to confidence. There would be a ladder, a scaffold there.

Without it the work could not go on. As a hunted man, I ran to and fro upon the rampart, seeking the ladder upon whose rungs freedom was to be won. Reason could not lie, I argued. There was a ladder, if I could but espy it. And then, in the dark, I blundered upon it, went over the parapet almost in my impatience. My instinct was a true one. There was a ladder, and luck went down it with me, even then, at the crisis of pursuit. The sentry's rifle had been answered by others, some near, some far away, almost in the outer workings. I heard a bell ringing and the shriller blast of whistles and the crying of men to men; but I was down upon the sea-beach then, and the lights of the passing ships, even the splendid rays of the Foreland, were my beacons. Had the tide been in that night, God knows what the end would have been. But it was at its very ebb. The

white line of the crested seas advanced and fell at least a quarter of a mile from the outspurs of the cliffs. Not a living soul was down there upon the dark sands at such an hour. Stumbling (cursing if you will), now at the zenith of hope, now despairing again, I set my face toward Calais and ran a race such as it is given few to run. The stake was liberty; the consequences of capture—well, I tried to forget those.

Silence, such a silence as I could well account for, fell upon the works behind me as I drew toward the higher cliffs which mark Blanc-Nez. Those who had raised the alarm, I said, were now busy upon a hue and cry which would be the talk of all Calais to-morrow. It amused me to imagine the troopers scouring the high roads, to follow in imagination those who listened to Jeffery in the tunnel and searched every yard of it again and once again. Would they look shoreward or toward the sea, I asked myself? Would they follow the tunnel to its end? and, if they did so, to what point below the sea would such a journey carry them? Was it to be believed that the unseen engine, which day and night thrust its mighty antennæ deep down below the fretful Channel, stood already far out toward the English shore? Such a thing might be, I reasoned. No reader of these lines could share the conflicting emotions of that argument. I saw, in the pictures of my mind, the witness to an ambition more subtle, more dangerous, surely, than any with which a nation has occupied itself. I saw, as in a vision, the depths of that pit filled with armed men, whose footsteps were muted by the angry seas, whose hopes, whose arms, were turned toward my own country. The dream of one who had been frightened by a jest, you say? I tried to think so as I raced for my life that night toward Blanc-Nez and the open country beyond. I tried to say, "Fool, fool! face it out; have done with it." And yet I went on at all my speed. I did not know then why I went; but the instinct of flight was sure, irresistible. I must get back to England, nothing must intervene.

There is a gap in the cliff beyond Cap Blanc-Nez, a gap and a bridle-path leading upward to the pastures of a farmhouse there. When I came to the gap (such a one as you may see at Dumpton, in Thanet), I stood, breathless yet alert, to reflect upon my situation. Did I follow the beach further, I should find myself presently amid those sand-hills which are the dreary ramparts of Calais upon its western side—a

desert land abounding in dykes and canals and marshy swamps. Those dykes no man could pass, or, passing, could not escape observation in the intricate paths beyond. All my argument sent me to the upland of the cliff and the open fields, wherein, at least, there would be many a hiding-place, many a befriending hedge. By whatever gate I entered Calais, it must not be a harbour gate or by any avenue from the sea. A child would have known that much, and I was a child in idea no longer. All my faculties were sharpened beyond any point in my experience. There was an exultation of the night I could not explain. Standing upon the cliff's edge and looking out over the moonlit beach and the lonely sea, looking out toward the lights of England, my country, I said that I had cheated France once and would cheat her once again. And, with that for my watchword, I turned my face toward the pastures and went doggedly, stubbornly on—I knew not whither, if it were not toward the light.

Heavy fields, dark paths, fallow land, through wheat, through barley, now with clumsy steps over difficult ground, again with new energy where the grass was good. by such I sought my safety when I had quitted the sea and turned my steps shoreward. Often I was haunted by phantom figures, the unreal shapes of horsemen galloping over the darkened fields, the sudden

apparitions in the shadows of a spinney, the imagined pursuers whose cries clamoured in my ears. But all was my fancy—for I was alone there; alone with the clear, white light, alone with the sleeping cattle, and the startled sheep, and the horses that galloped fearsomely as they heard my steps. And no longer could I reckon with direction or locality. I must escape the men, I said—always that and nothing more. Though fatigue began to weigh upon me, and my step was slower, and I said that I had come to the end of effort, my purpose stood unshaken. I must get back to England.

A vaguer sense of locality, an odd singing in my ears, the sudden consciousness that, unwittingly, I had quitted the fields and struck upon a road, brought me to a stand at last as at a challenge of my reason. What road was it, then? I peered about, yet could make nothing of it. Yonder in the distance the lights of Calais beckoned me as to a prison. Far away, out of the shadows of the moonlight, I could distinguish a carriage upon the hillside, and a pair of ponies that drew it. Who would be abroad in such a place and such a carriage? Again and again, as though my head had been muddled by a blow, I asked myself that question. Who came toward Calais in a pony carriage at that time of night? "Great God!" I cried at length, "if it were Agnes!"

(To be continued.)



THE BIGGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.

BY HERBERT C. FYFE.

ONE is not at all surprised to learn that the largest locomotive in the world hails from the United States. America is the land of big things; and when a writer in a transatlantic paper claimed the other day that his country eclipsed all others in the number of its structures, both in civil and mechanical engineering, that could claim the distinction of being "the biggest in the world," he was probably not far wrong in his assertion.

By the kindness of Mr. D. A. Wightman, the general manager of the Pittsburgh Locomotive and Car Works in Pennsylvania,

forms part of the Carnegie system and connects the Duquesne Furnaces, Homestead Steel Works, and the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. Four miles of the line are built on a grade of 70 ft. to the mile, and another stretch of the road (about 2,000 ft.) is built on the unusually heavy grade of 2·7 per cent. The estimated tractive force of the 115-ton Pittsburgh locomotive is 53,280 lb., and the estimated hauling capacity on a practically level track is about 6,650 tons. The hauling capacity on a level of 6,650 tons represents a train of 166 box-cars loaded with wheat. The total length of such a train



THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD—WEIGHT OF ENGINE AND TENDER TOGETHER, 167 TONS.

we are enabled to present our readers with some photographs of a mammoth freight locomotive which lays claim to the title of the largest in the world. These photographs are here published for the first time, and they will probably come as a revelation to English readers who are not accustomed to the sight of the enormous engines which are so common in the United States. We are also indebted to Mr. Wightman for some interesting facts about the engine.

This locomotive is unquestionably the most powerful ever constructed. It has been built quite recently by the Pittsburgh Locomotive and Car Works for the Union Railroad Company, of Pittsburgh, and is now at work on a short stretch of line between Munhall and North Bessemer, Pa., which

would be 5,700 ft.—considerably over a mile; and the wheat would represent, at an average of fifteen bushels to the acre, the product of 9,000 acres, or over fourteen square miles of land. This enormous load could be taken over the road—or, rather, the level portion of it—at a comfortable speed of ten miles an hour.

As an American contemporary has remarked, he would have seemed a bold prophet to our forefathers who would have dared to foretell that at the close of this century we should have steam horses that could cart away the product of fourteen square miles of the countryside at a load, and do it at a gait faster than that of the local mail coach.

The unique photograph which is repro-

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THE MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVE COMPARED WITH THE YARD ENGINE.

duced on page 171 was specially taken in order to give an idea of the immense size of the parts of the locomotive. It shows the little yard engine mounted on the cylinders of the mammoth Pittsburgh engine. The small engine was lifted to its perch by the shop crane. It is standing on the cylinder casting, which weighs $8\frac{3}{4}$ tons as against a weight of $6\frac{1}{4}$ tons for the yard engine. The cylinders of the latter are 6 in. by 10 in.; its gauge is 24 in.; the diameter of the boiler 24 in.; driving wheels $26\frac{1}{2}$ in.; tractive force 1,883 lb.

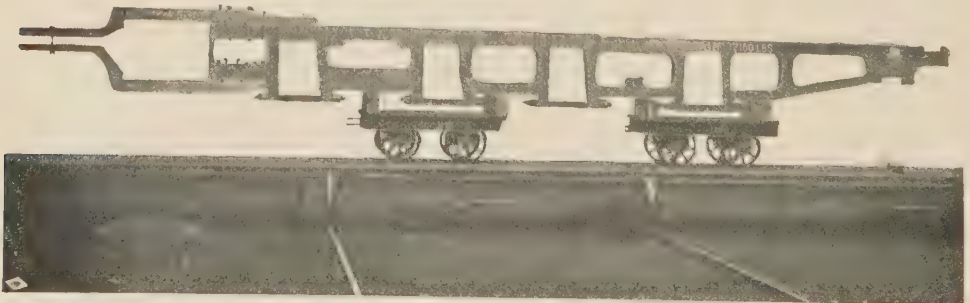
The cylinders of the mammoth locomotive, which are 23 in. in diameter, are only 1 in. less than the diameter of the yard engine boiler (24 in.). Its drivers are 54 in. in diameter; its steam pressure is 200 lb.; its tractive power $26\frac{1}{2}$ tons; its heating surface is 3,322 sq. ft.; and its hauling capacity on the level 6,650 tons.

The cylinders of the Pittsburgh locomotive are of the half-saddle type, made heavy, and have great depth longitudinally. A steel plate $1\frac{1}{8}$ in., and of the same width as the bottom of the saddle, extends across, and is bolted to the lower frames, and to the plate as well as to the frames. The cylinders are

securely fastened. Heavy bolts passing through the top frame-bars at the front and back of the saddle form additional transverse ties and relieve the saddle casting from all tensile strains. Its longitudinal strains, usually transmitted to cylinders through frames, are largely absorbed by the use of a casting extended from the buffer-beam well up to the saddle and securely bolted to the top and bottom frames. This casting also acts as a guide for the bolster-pin of the truck. The above method of relieving cylinders of longitudinal stress was introduced by the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works nearly two years ago, and has proved, in practical use on a large number of locomotives, to be of great value in reducing the breakage of saddle castings. The frames are $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. They were cut from rolled steel slabs made by the Carnegie Steel Company, and weigh $8\frac{1}{2}$ tons per pair when finished.

America has always been famous for her huge locomotives, and in recent years several of these monsters have been turned out in the different yards. Mention may be made of—

1. The Decapod Tank Locomotive, specially constructed for the St. Clair Tunnel.



THE FRAME OF THE MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVE.

2. The Twelve-Wheel Locomotive, constructed for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

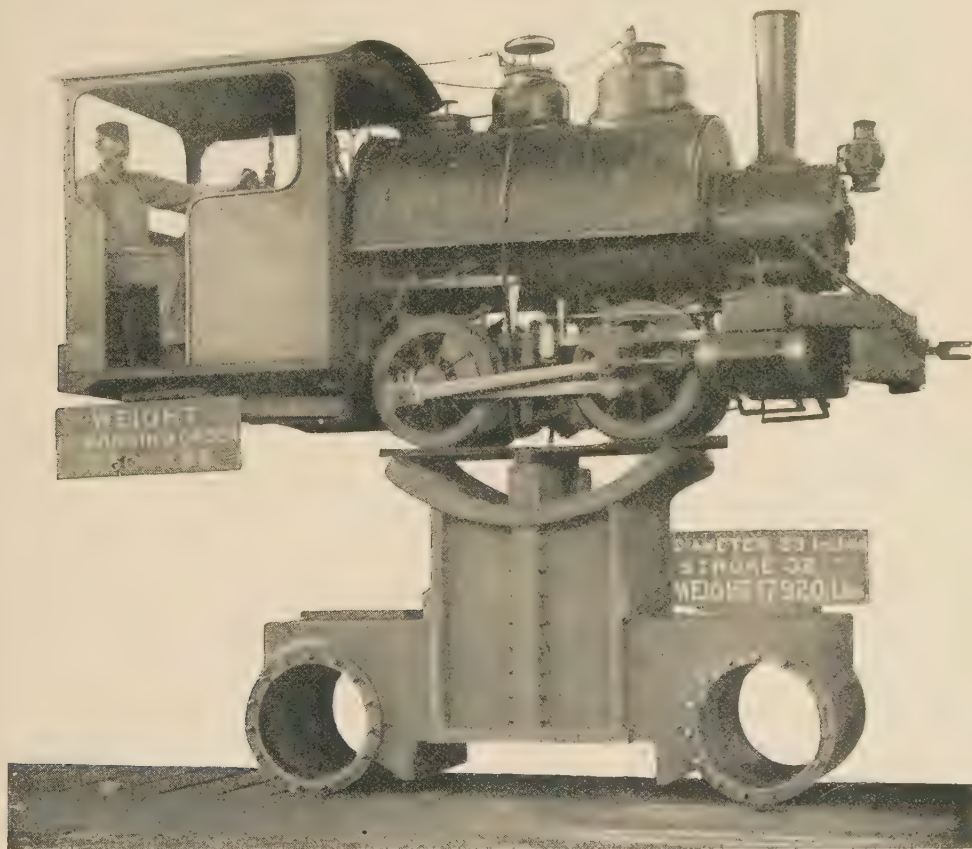
3. The Decapod Erie Locomotive.

4. The Pennsylvania, Class H, No. 5, Consolidation Locomotive.

5. The Twelve-Wheel Locomotive, constructed for the Great Northern Railroad Co.

6. The Pittsburgh Consolidation Mammoth Locomotive, the "largest in the world," with which we are dealing in this article.

167 tons. The total length over all of engine and tender is 63 ft. 3½ in. The centre of the boiler is 9 ft. 3¾ in. above the rails, the top of the boiler is 13 ft., and the smokestack 15½ ft., above the rails. The driving-axle journals are 9 in. by 12 in., and the main crank-pieces 7 in. by 7 in. The steam-ports are 1¾ in. wide by 20 in. long, while the exhaust-ports are 3¼ in. by 20 in. The tender has a capacity of 5,000 gallons of water and 10 tons of coal.



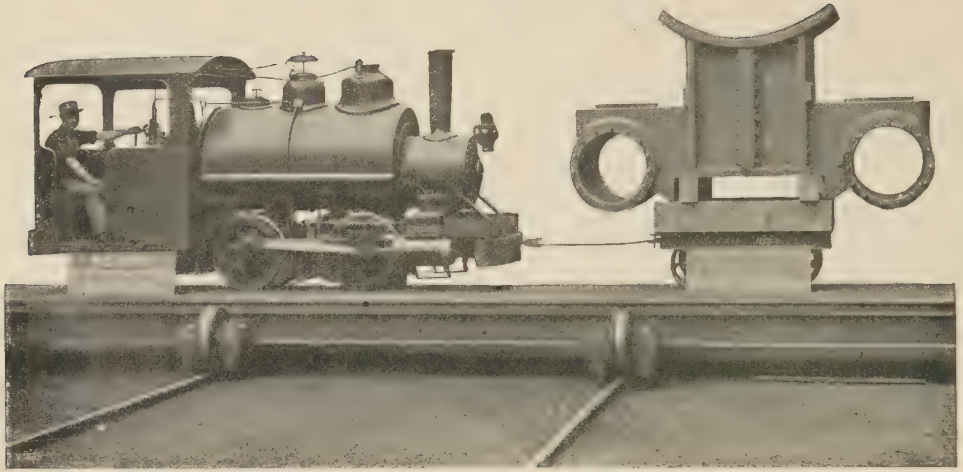
THE SMALL YARD ENGINE MOUNTED ON THE CYLINDERS OF THE MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVE.

In the following table we give a comparison of these big freight locomotives with one another.

	Total weight.	Total heating surface.	Diam. of cylinders.	Stroke of cylinders.
No. 1	180,000 lb.	2,411·8 sq. ft.	22 in.	28 in.
" 2	186,000 "	2,948·4 "	23 "	30 "
" 3	195,000 "	2,443·1 "	16 "	28 "
" 4	198,000 "	2,917 "	23 "	28 "
" 5	212,750 "	3,280 "	21 "	34 "
" 6	230,000 "	3,322 "	23 "	32 "

The tender is of the standard type and weighs when loaded 52 tons, so that the weight of the engine and tender in working order is

American engineers indignantly deny that in the construction of the "biggest in the world" they are influenced by a desire to build big things for the mere sake of their bigness, and to pander to the curiosity of the public, who are naturally interested in knowing that such and such a piece of engineering has "beaten the record." The U.S. engineer will tell you that huge machines like the Pittsburgh locomotive are big because it has been found that it pays to make them big. "The Pittsburgh Consolidation Engine," writes one of these engineers,



THE SMALL YARD ENGINE HAULING THE CYLINDERS OF THE MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVE

"weighs nine tons more than the Great Northern Mountain Locomotive, not because the Carnegie Steel Company wished to 'beat the record' by possessing the biggest freight engine in the world, but for the very practical reasons that the Company wished to have their freight at the least possible cost per ton, and the clearances of the road on which it was to run, and the strength of the bridges it would have to cross, allowed a locomotive of this size and weight to be used."

Readers may perhaps be inclined to ask why it is that our English railway companies do not go in for such mammoth locomotives if the American companies find them so much more economical than smaller engines. It may be taken that the continually increasing size of American engines is due to the desire to secure the most economical results in operation. Anyone can readily understand that it is preferable to haul a heavy train with a single engine rather than two light trains with light engines. The working of the line is simplified and the number of men employed is less.

The reason we do not go in for a larger type of engine over here is because the restrictions to size on the English railroads, in the way of low bridges, narrow tunnels, and bridges of limited carrying power, are such as to prohibit the use of the huge express freight engines which are common in the United States.

And yet there are not wanting Americans who criticise adversely the tendency of locomotives to grow bigger and bigger. As a recent writer put it, "In the United States the question of the weight of locomotives is generally settled without paying much

attention to the protests of the engineer in charge of the track, except to get his assurance that his bridges are strong enough to carry the increased weight. In Europe, however, and especially in England, the engineer in charge of the permanent way is almost invariably a much more important personage than the locomotive superintendent, and his veto is often successfully interposed where it is proposed to build engines heavier than he considers good for his tracks and road-bed. It is probably due to this wise conservatism that the tracks of the main line of the London and North-Western Railway are always in such magnificent condition with apparently but little effort. Thus the celebrated 'Lady of the Lake' class of locomotives, which have hauled the Irish and Scotch mail-trains for so many years, weighed in their original form only a little over 60,000 lb. in working order. These engines had single driving-wheels, $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in diameter, with 16 in. by 24 in. cylinders. Even though some of them have been rebuilt during the past few years, they now weigh in working order only slightly over 65,000 lb., while the heaviest express passenger engine on the London and North-Western system weighs 101,920 lb." Compared with the weight of the Pittsburgh Mammoth Locomotive (230,000 lb.), this is, of course, very little indeed.

President Charles P. Clark, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, when asked what had impressed him most forcibly during his recent trip to Europe, replied that he came home with the conviction that both engines and trains in the United States were generally heavier than

they need be, and that, so far as he was concerned, he would do his best to devise some plan of lightening the dead load of engines and trains on the railway with which he was connected. He felt sure that the advantage of such a reform, wherever practicable on American railways, in preserving the track in good condition, was too obvious to require comment.

But if America is the land of big things, it is also the land of small things. As if to show his versatility, the American engineer boasts that he has constructed the smallest engine in the world. At the recent "Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition," at Omaha, one of the attractions was "The Smallest Passenger Train in the World." This diminutive train was constructed by Mr. Thomas E. McGarigh, of Niagara Falls, and he claimed that it was the smallest ever built for the conveyance of passengers. The locomotive (which weighed but 600 lb.) was in every respect a faithful reproduction of the parts and working of a full-sized passenger locomotive.

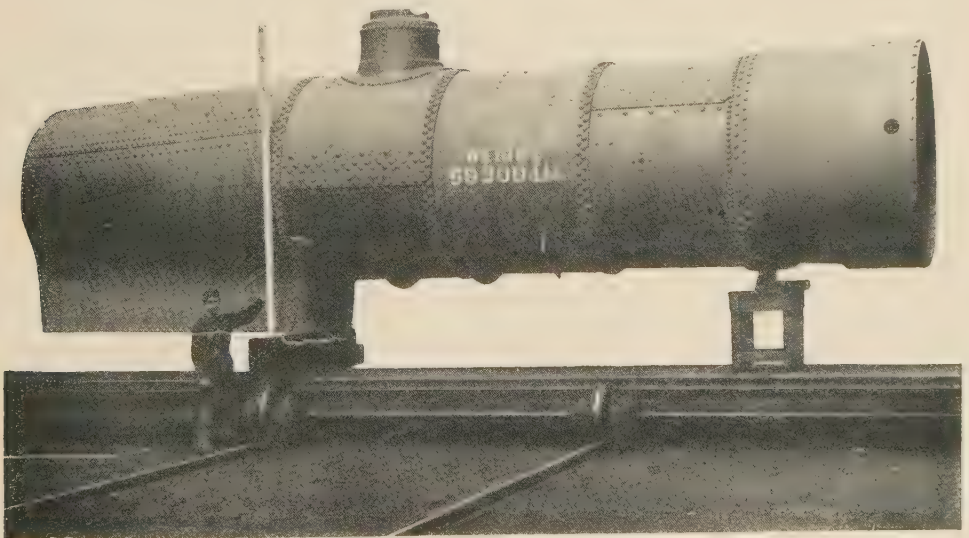
But even this tiny engine is said to be eclipsed by another, also built for the actual haulage of a train containing passengers. On Young and McShae's pier at Atlantic City, New Jersey, is a notice-board which states that there is to be seen on the pier the "Smallest Train in the World for Carrying Passengers; fare five cents."

The immense size of the American continent, and the variety of conditions that have to be met, tend to make the engineers on the other side of the herring-pond more

resourceful than those of the United Kingdom. Many unusual forms of locomotives are to be met with in the States, but each is designed for some specific purpose. On the Mexican Central Railway there is a very curious locomotive in operation. It was designed by Mr. F. W. Johnstone, superintendent of motive power of this railway, and was built by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, at Providence. It was made for special service in drawing freight-trains over heavy grades and curves on certain parts of the road, and in appearance it is much like a couple of locomotives backed up together, with the two cabs joined. Flexibility sufficient to go round sharp curves with the least frictional resistance was gained by securing the driving-wheels in a truck which is free to move in a line different from that followed by the main frames.

On one section of the Mexican Railway there are inclines as steep as 1 in 25, and a special kind of engine has been built by Messrs. Neilson and Co., of Glasgow, for these inclines. The engines are exceptionally heavy, and when fully loaded with water and fuel weigh ninety-four tons. Each bogie is fitted with two cylinders, and is an engine complete in itself, steam being supplied from the boiler which is common to both.

Unique forms of engines are also to be found in the States built expressly for the pine lumber industry, where they have to haul heavy loads over steep grades and on poor roads. Official statistics (made up last year) give the total number of locomotives in the United States as approximately 36,000.



THE BOILER OF THE MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVE—OVER TEN FEET IN HEIGHT.



Enthusiasts.

By J. AYTON SYMINGTON.



Photo by]

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

LORD HAWKE.

“MY FIRST CENTURY.”

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

W. G. GRACE, A. E. STODDART,
C. B. FRY, K. J. KEY,
G. L. JESSOP, J. R. MASON,
R. ABEL, P. F. WARNER,
J. T. BROWN, D. L. A. JEPHSON,
AND LORD HAWKE,

HERE CHRONICLED

BY

M. RANDAL ROBERTS.

seen from the letters below, I was luckily able to overcome this coyness. One amateur, by the way—a very famous Notts batsman—entered so heartily into my scheme at the beginning that I was led to expect great things from his pen. He even volunteered the opinion that the idea of the article was a capital one; but the delivery of this flattering criticism apparently induced a fit of absent-mindedness. Anyhow, though I

jogged his memory with repeated reminders, I am still waiting for his account of his first century. The professionals are but scantily represented here. That, however, is owing to the professionals' shortness of memory, not to any lack of importunity on the part of the compiler of this article. I have a long journalistic acquaintance with most of the professional cricketers in England, but I could not persuade any of them to unbosom themselves to me about their first hundred. “It's so long ago, I really can't remember anything about it,” was the burden of most of the replies I received. Coming from such century-hardened veterans as Abel, Shrewsbury, or Gunn, who have been making scores of a hundred for twenty years, this excuse is valid enough; but in the case of batsmen whose appearance in county cricket dates back only a couple of years, it may be taken with a very liberal sprinkling of salt. After all, his first century is an epoch in the career of every cricketer.

The most interesting of all first centuries is, of course, W. G. Grace's. I confess I had some misgivings about being able to draw the great man on this subject. In the first place, “W. G.” hates confessions of all sorts;

TWENTY years ago this article could not have been written. Till the middle of the seventies centuries were as rare as illustrated magazines. With the exception of W. G. Grace, the most famous batsmen could easily count on the fingers of one hand the number of times they had played an innings of a hundred, and there were plenty of first-class cricketers who had never scored a century at all. The smoothness of modern pitches and a succession of abnormally dry summers has altered all that. Nowadays the difficulty would be to find a dozen men in first-class cricket who have not scored a couple of centuries at some time or other. Still, even though the century-makers' glory has been dimmed by their numbers, there is always an interest attaching to the first century of a great batsman.

Unfortunately, the modesty of most of our batsmen prevents them from looking at the matter in this light. Nearly all the amateurs to whom I applied for the purpose of this article answered my first application by replying that they did not believe that the details of their first century could be of the slightest interest to anyone. As will be

in the second place, I knew that his first century was hidden in such remote antiquity that I doubted whether he would be able to recall the actual date or any particulars concerning it. As it turned out, "W. G." could not say from memory exactly where or when he scored his first hundred, but he very

an account of my first hundred in first-class cricket. I fancy it was my first hundred in any cricket, but am not sure, it was so long ago. Please return the *Guide* as soon as you have done with it.

"Yours truly,

"W. G. GRACE."



Photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighton.

DR. W. G. GRACE.

kindly provided me with the material for finding what I wanted. Below I give his letter—

"London County Cricket Club,
"Crystal Palace,
"Sydenham, S.E.

"I am sending you an old *Lillywhite's Guide*. You will find at pages 92 and 93

On turning to pages 92 and 93 I found the following account of a match played between the Gentlemen of Sussex and the South Wales Club, on July 14th, 15th, 16th, 1864. "The hitting was commenced by the South Wales Gentlemen, who lost a wicket for 19 runs. Then came the most extraordinary incident in this great hitting match. Mr. J. Lloyd was partnered by Mr. W. G. Grace, the younger brother of the celebrated cricketer, and they were not parted until the score stood at 207. Mr. Lloyd left for 82, a well played innings; but young Mr. Grace did not leave until he had scored 170 runs, pronounced to be the finest innings played last season on the Brighton ground. He did not give a single chance, and was at last out by playing the ball on to his wicket. He also carried out his bat for 56 in the second innings. When it is borne in mind that this young gentleman was not sixteen years of age until the 18th of July, two days after the match was played, there can be very little doubt that this 170 and 56 not out, of Mr. W. G. Grace's, was one of the greatest batting feats of the great batting season of 1864."

All superlatives have long since been exhausted in describing W. G. Grace's dazzling career, but if a succinct proof were wanted of his overpowering superiority to all players, past and present, it could be found in this—that he scored his first century in 1864, and that in 1900 he is still holding his own with the best in first-class cricket.

In the same year that Grace played the first of his hundred odd centuries, the cricketer who possibly comes next to him in merit was born. As most cricketing careers go, A. E. Stoddart is almost a veteran, but he is positively an infant compared with W. G. Grace. Mr. Stoddart, as will be seen from

his letter, like some other cricketers to whom I applied, took my question to refer to his first century in first-class cricket. As a matter of fact, he scored bushels of centuries for the Hampstead Club long before he appeared for Middlesex. At the time of writing it is not known whether Mr. Stoddart will take part in county cricket this season, but the mere recounting of a few of his great feats makes one feel what an irreparable loss to the game his permanent retirement will be. In reply to my request for some details about his first century, Mr. Stoddart wrote as follows—

"South Hampstead, N.W.

"Of course there is always pleasure to be got out of making a century, whether you win the match or lose it. But the pleasure is very naturally enhanced when the hundred one makes happens to win, or, at any rate, helps to win, the match. My first hundred in first-class cricket was made against Kent, at Gravesend, on August 13th, 1886, but the match was drawn and my innings was by no means a good one. What I consider *the* century of my career was made on the occasion of the visit of my first team to Australia on the 1st of January, 1895, at Melbourne, in the second of the test matches. We were 48 runs to the bad on the first innings; in the second innings I made 173 out of a total of 475, leaving the Australians



D. L. A. JEPHSON.

Photo by Hawkins, Brighton.

428 runs to get—a score they fell short of by 94 runs. As I felt that I had contributed a small share to England's victory, nothing I have ever done in cricket gives me the same lasting pleasure to look back on as that innings.

"Yours truly,

"A. E. STODDART."

Mr. Stoddart must have been in tremendous form at the time he made his first century in county cricket, as it was within a few days of his hundred against Kent, at Gravesend, that he made his mammoth score of 485 for the Hampstead Club against the Stoics.

Did he not tell us so himself, we should never believe that it is twenty years ago since S. M. J. Woods scored his first century. According to *Wisden*, "Sammy" Woods was born in 1868, and, as he tells us that he was twelve years old when he made his first hundred, it must be twenty years ago since he accomplished that feat. But I am not sure that we should be surprised if we had heard that he had started making centuries thirty years ago. "Sammy" is the type of cricketer who looks as if he had been born with a bat in his hand. He made centuries as a boy, and as a man he is a whole side in himself. Here is his letter—



Photo by]

S. M. J. WOODS.

[Thiele.

"When I was twelve I scored 109 out of 148 for Juniors of Royston College, Sydney, New South Wales. I was in the first eleven at the time and played for them in the afternoon. I remember telling the captain that I had made a century in the morning, thinking he might put me in a little earlier. I generally went in last, as I was a bowler.



Photo by]

[R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

ROBERT ABEL.

Much to my disgust, he said, 'Oh, then you need not go in soon, as you will be too tired; or, if you do, get out first ball.' Which I did without any trying to.

"S. M. J. Woods."

"Sammy" has not had to wait on a captain's instructions very often since those early days. From the time he entered Brighton College he has generally been captain of any team he has played for—and a right good captain, too.

Lord Hawke's account of his first hundred is, unfortunately, rather brief, but that is not

at all the fault of the Yorkshire captain. Lord Hawke originally wrote me a most interesting and graphic description of his first century. A very well known amateur whom I asked for a contribution to this article told me that he would be glad to write it if I would let him have a sample of the kind of thing I wanted. I sent him Lord Hawke's letter as a guide-post, but from that day to this I have neither seen the sample nor the contribution for which it was to serve as a model. At the last moment, just as this article was going to press, I applied again to Lord Hawke, and he very courteously consented to write me another account of his first hundred, but as the cricket season had just begun he had no time to look up records and had to write merely from memory. His second letter ran as follows—

"Wighill Park,

"Tadcaster.

"I really forget exactly what I wrote about my first century, but, as far as I recollect, it was that I made 171 out of 191, in Lower Boys Cup Tie, at Eton, in 1875. Ran six others out, bagging the bowling. First hundred in first-class cricket was 141 for Cambridge *v.* C. I. Thornton's XI., in 1883, against the bowling of Peate, Ulyett, and Barnes. Very busy—hope this will do.

"Yours very truly,

"HAWKE."

Here is what C. B. Fry has to say about his first century—

"Chelsea.

"I am sorry to say I can't recall the circumstances of the first century I ever made; but the first hundred I made in first-class cricket was at Ashley Down, Bristol—it was in 1894, I fancy. The wicket was of the sticky order, but a trifle too slow to be really difficult. I managed to make 109 in a partnership with Butt, our wicket-keeper, who made 75. We both made most of our runs by 'pulls' and 'hooks.' I certainly did not play well. I did not at the time know how to play back, and kept reaching forward at the breaking ball and nearly getting bowled. I ought to have been stumped at 99 off C. L. Townsend, whose bowling I found most difficult; in fact, he was my master all through, but luck was with me that day. The other bowlers, as far as I can remember, were J. J. Ferris, Roberts, and 'W. G.' Sussex won by an innings, I think. I missed four 'dolly' catches in close succession. But



J. T. BROWN.



G. L. JESSOP.



P. F. WARNER.



C. B. FRY.

Photographs by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

the scoring on the Gloucestershire side was low. I fear my first century was not a great innings.

"Yours,
"C. B. FRY."

Though Mr. Fry cannot remember the date of his very first century, some of his school-fellows have a more retentive memory. An old Repton boy told me the other day that he distinctly remembers C. B. Fry playing an innings of over a hundred in a house match at Repton, some ten years ago. The writer, besides, has a well defined recollection of a certain young man with the same name and initials as Mr. Fry, who had been previously known as an excellent Association back and a marvellous long-jumper, making a hundred in the "Freshers" match at Oxford in 1892. Talking of Repton, it is worth remarking how completely C. B. Fry has distanced in the last couple of seasons his old school-fellow and rival, L. C. H. Palairet, in the

race for cricket honours. At Repton, and at Oxford, L. C. H. Palairet was always regarded as a batsman of a much higher class than C. B. Fry, but continued ill-health has materially affected the former's renown as a cricketer. Undoubtedly C. B. Fry's fine constitution has been an important factor in his athletic success.

The bowler who, C. B. Fry tells us, proved his master when he was making his first century has something to say about his own first hundred in first-class cricket. In 1894, as all the world knows, C. L. Townsend was the most promising bowler in England, but was no great shakes as a batsman. It was in 1897 that his great batting abilities first showed themselves. For some reason or other, nine out of ten cricketers will tell you that they would rather score a hundred against Yorkshire than any other county. C. L. Townsend, as will be seen from his letter below, shares this feeling—

"Clifton Club,

"Clifton, Bristol.

"We were playing Yorkshire, at Harrogate, on July 20th, 21st, 22nd, 1897. It was in this match that Gilbert Jessop, who went in just before me, scored his historic 101 in forty minutes. I had to go in immediately after this astonishing bit of hitting, and never felt less like making runs. However, I suppose I must have been in good form at the time, for after the first few overs everything seemed easy to me. I was as slow as a snail at first, but after my first fifty I began to score quite fast and made my last fifty in about forty-five minutes, an exceedingly fast rate for me in those days. It was a most exciting moment for me when I saw the handkerchief go and knew that I had gained my ambition and scored a hundred against Yorkshire. Whatever hundreds I have made since, none have given me the same pleasure as that particular century against Yorkshire.

"Yours truly,

"C. L. TOWNSEND."

Mr. Townsend's letter is a well deserved tribute to the irritating excellence of the Yorkshire bowling.

With an increased experience of first-class cricket many cricketers change their original methods. J. Darling, the Australian, started life as a great hitter, though in important matches he is now a "stick" of the most pronounced order. George Brann, too, and even C. B. Fry, played a vastly freer game in their early days of county cricket than they do at present. Perhaps the most won-



Photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighton.

derful thing about Gilbert Jessop's batting is that he has never changed his style a jot. Time cannot temper his ferocious hitting. As will be seen from his confession below, his first hundred, in a local match in Essex, was made by exactly the same methods as he employs to-day against the most skilful bowling in the world. Once let him get his eye in, and he can carve a century out of the best balls of Lockwood, Richardson, and J. T. Hearne, as easily as from the half volleys of the merest agriculturalists in a Saturday afternoon match on the village green. Mr. Jessop thus describes his first hundred—

"My first appearance as a centurion in any match was in Essex, for South Woodford v. Woodford United, in 1893, when I scored 112. I can remember that it was a distinctly lucky innings, remarkable chiefly for the number of opportunities I presented to the wicket-keeper. I stood a foot and a half outside my crease during most of the innings, and eventually fell a victim to my rashness, by being stumped through the ball rebounding from the wicket-keeper's pads. This habit of mine, by the way, of standing outside the crease, greatly displeased the journalistic critics when first I played county cricket. The comments of a Manchester evening paper on my *début* as a first-class cricketer were certainly not very encouraging to a nervous player. They read as follows: 'If Mr. Jessop cannot bat better than he can bowl or field, he will certainly not be an acquisition to the western shire.' My running out to Mold was condemned in those days as 'rustic cricket' by a good few of the people who nowadays talk of the same method as good forcing tactics. *Mores mutantur*.

"Sincerely yours,
"GILBERT L. JESSOP."

Mr. J. R. Mason's account of his first century is short and concise—

"In reply to your letter of the 27th, I scored my first century for Mr. Smith's House v. Mr. Du Boulay's House, on July 14th, 1891. I made 169 not out, and know that I was missed three or four times at least, but can't remember any further details.

"Yours truly,
"J. R. MASON."

I wonder how many schoolboys have made a century without being missed at least half a dozen times.



Photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighion.

J. R. MASON.

Abel had forgotten all about his first century, but he solaced my feelings with the following pleasant little note—

"Sorry I can't give you any assistance in your article on 'My First Century,' but I have quite forgotten when and where I made my first hundred, and have not kept a record. Otherwise I should have been very pleased to have obliged you.

"Yours truly,
"ROBERT ABEL."

Robert Abel's late captain was more communicative. Mr. Key, luckily, keeps cricket records, and was good enough to put himself to considerable trouble in looking up some of these records for the benefit of the readers of the WINDSOR.

"22, Summer Place, S.W.

"I am sorry I have not answered your letter sooner, but I have been trying to look up particulars. My first hundred was made for Clifton College against the Old Cliftonians, at Commemoration, in 1882. My score was 181 not out; I went in first wicket down; I rather think the innings was unfinished. I

remember being missed at third man when I had made about fourteen, but that was about my only chance. The bowling cannot have been formidable. T. W. Lang was one bowler, and at the end of the innings J. A. Bush bowled fast underhand sneaks, when he succeeded in running out a boy who was backing up too much.

"Yours truly,
"K. J. KEY."

Since the days of C. F. H. Leslie, Rugby has not been particularly rich in cricketers. But a batsman of the calibre of P. F. Warner, "commonly known as 'Plum,' who takes teams to America, and goes in first for Middlesex," amply compensates for many failures. Mr. Warner took to making centuries at an early age and has continued the practice ever since. He was only sixteen when the event related below took place. This is how he describes it—

"The first time I ever made a century was at Rugby, against the Free Foresters. The match was played on June 16th and 17th, 1890, and my score was 177 not out. The Free Foresters scored 311, and the School 303. I went in first wicket down, when only a few runs had been scored, and was 20 not out overnight, and 99 not out at lunch on the second day. The wicket was a very good one, just the right pace, not too fast, and my last forty runs were made after a shower of rain, the ball cutting through and the wicket being very easy. I was missed twice, when about 84, and again at 132. This 177 is the highest score I have ever made.

"Yours truly,
"P. F. WARNER."

There is a curious similarity, by the way, between the first centuries of K. J. Key, J. R. Mason, and P. F. Warner. Each made approximately the same number of runs, each was not out, and the three were all school-boys at the time.

There is nothing new under the sun. I had flattered myself that in this article I had perpetrated an entirely novel idea, till J. T. Brown's letter dispelled the notion. Some other cricket enthusiast had evidently got hold of the idea before. Luckily for me, he failed in his attempt to carry it out.

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you by writing an account of my first century; but as I have been asked to do so before, and refused, I think it would not look well of me to do so now.

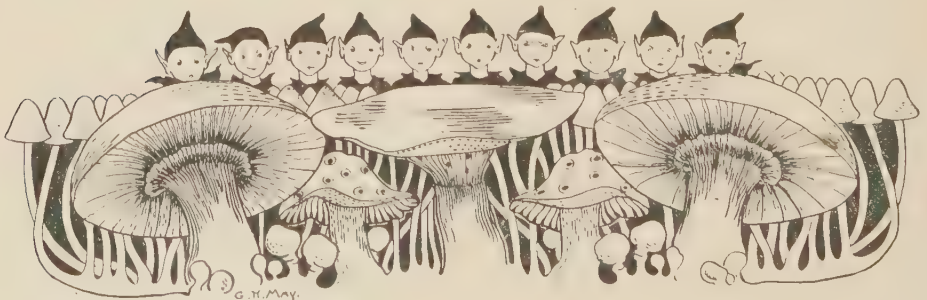
"Yours truly,
"J. T. BROWN."

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson had to thank the fieldsmen for his first century. The new Surrey captain frankly tells us that he was missed more than a dozen times—

"Surrey County Cricket Club,
"Kennington Oval, S.E.

"I hope this note is not too late for your purpose. The first century I ever made was for the Clapham Wanderers (now the Wanderers), at Penshurst, in Kent, fourteen years ago. I got 148, and was missed fifteen times. The only way I can account for my making such a score was that the ground was so exceedingly small that all the bad strokes counted four—as they went clean out of the ground—and the good ones only one or two.

"Yours sincerely,
"D. L. A. JEPHSON."



YOUNG BARBARIANS.

By IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. II.—A TOURNAMENT.



SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman, that excellent foreigner had spent all his spare cash — which

we thought afterwards was not very much — in encouraging athletic exercises among the Seminary lads. His zeal, like that of every other convert, was much greater than his knowledge, and left to his own devices he would certainly have gone far astray; but with the able assistance of the Sparrow, with whom he took intimate counsel, it was astonishing what a variety could be infused into the sports. When every ordinary competition had been held, and champions had been declared (and this had never been done before in the history of the school) for the hundred yards, the quarter, and the mile (the ten miles down the Carse and over the top of Kinnoul Hill had been stopped by an impromptu meeting of parents), for broad jumping and high jumping, for throwing the cricket-ball and kicking the football, the Sparrow came out with a quite new programme which was rapturously received, and, had it not met with a cross-providence, would have lasted over four happy Saturdays and

considerably reduced the attendance at the Seminary. The first item was a swimming match across the Tay, a river not to be trifled with, and four boys were saved from death by a salmon-cobble, whose owner fortunately turned up to watch the sport. The Count was so excited by this event that he not only lost his hat in the river, but being prevented from going in to help, for the very good reason that he could not swim a stroke, he took off and flung the coat, which was the marvel of Muirtown, into the river, in the hope that it might serve as a lifebelt. The second item, upon which the Sparrow prided himself very much, was a climbing match, and for this he had selected a tree which seemed to be designed for the purpose, since it had a rook's nest on its highest branch, and no branches at all for the first twenty feet. The conditions were, that every boy above twelve should have his chance, and the boy who climbed to the top, put his hand into the rook's nest, and came down in the shortest time, should get the prize. The Seminary above twelve were going up and down that tree a whole Saturday morning, and in one kirk next day thanks were offered in the first prayer in peculiarly dignified and guarded terms that half the families of Muirtown had not been bereaved. As a matter of fact, nobody was killed, and no limbs were broken, but the Sparrow, who was not allowed to enter for this competition, but acted as judge, with his tongue out all the time at the sight of the sport, had to go up twice on errands of mercy, once to release his friend Howieson, who had missed a branch and was hanging by his feet, and the second time to succour Pat Ritchie, who was suspended by the seat of his trousers, swaying to and fro like a gigantic apple on the branch. It was understood that the Seminary had never enjoyed themselves so entirely to their heart's content, but the Count's moral courage failed during the performance, and at the most critical moment he was afraid to look. When Muirtown got wind of this last achievement of the Sparrow's, indignation meetings were held at church-doors and street-corners, and it was conveyed to the

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" 'You will see, ha, ha! you will see.' "

Rector—who knew nothing about the matter, and was so absent-minded that if he had passed would never have seen what was going on—that if Providence was going to be tempted in this fashion again, the matter would be brought before the Town Council. The Count himself would have been faithfully dealt with had he not been considered a helpless tool in the hands of the Sparrow, who was now understood to have filled the cup of his sins up to the brim; and he might have been at last expelled from the Seminary, of which he was the chief ornament, had it not been that the Count went to the Rector and explained that the idea had been his from beginning to end, and that it was with the utmost difficulty he could induce the Sparrow even to be present. For, as I said, the Count was a perfect gentleman and always stood by his friends through thick and thin; but the thrashing which the Sparrow

got from Bulldog was monumental, and in preparation for it that ingenious youth put on three-folds of underclothing.

What the Sparrow bitterly regretted, however, was not the punishment, which was cheap at the money, but the loss of the next two items in his programme. He had planned a boxing competition, in which the main feature was to be a regular set-to between Dunc Robertson and himself, to decide finally which was the better man, for they had fought six times and the issue was still doubtful; and the Sparrow, who had a profligate genius outside the class-rooms, had also imagined a pony race with hurdles; and as

about twenty fellows, farmers' sons and others, had ponies, of which they were always bragging, and the Sparrow had the pick of his father's stables, he modestly believed that the affair would be worth seeing. When the hurdle race was forbidden, for which the Sparrow had already begun to make entries and to arrange weights with his father's valuable assistance, he took the matter so much to heart that his health gave way, and Mr. McGuffie senior had to take him to recruit at the Kilmarnock Races, from which he returned in the highest spirits and full of stories.

For some time after this painful incident the Count lay low and adopted a deprecating manner when he met the fathers and mothers of Muirtown; but he gave his friends to understand that his resources were not at an end, and that he had a surprise in store for the Seminary. The Sparrow ran over every form of sport in casual conversation to discover what was in the Count's mind, but he would not be drawn and grew more mysterious every day. One Saturday evening in mid-summer he took the Sparrow and Nestie into his confidence, explaining that his idea would be announced to the assembled school by himself next Wednesday, and that it had nothing to do, as the Sparrow had hinted in turn, with rats, or rabbits, or fencing, or the sword dance. With their permission he would say one word which would be enough for persons of so distinguished an imagination, and that word was "Tournament"; and he would speak of nothing else except the beauty of the evening light upon the river, which he declared to be "ravishing," and the excellence of a certain kind of chocolate which he carried in his pocket and shared generously with his "dogs." As he parted with his friends the Count tapped his nose and winked at them—"Tournament—great, magnificent, you will see, ha, ha! you will see"; and the Sparrow went home in a state of utter confusion, coming finally to the conclusion that the Count intended to introduce some French game, and in that case it would be his painful duty to oppose the Count tooth and nail, for everybody knew that French games were only for girls, and would bring endless disgrace upon Muirtown Seminary. During Sunday Nestie had turned the matter over in his mind, and being full of Scott's novels he was able on Monday to give the astonished school a full programme with the most minute particulars. The tournament was to be held in the North Meadow; the judge was to be the Commander of the

cavalry at the barracks; John McGlashan, the town's bellman, was to be herald; the Fair Maid of Perth was to be the Queen of Beauty; and the combatants were to be such mighties as Robertson, Howieson, and of course the Sparrow. Each knight was to be in armour, and Nestie freely suggested dish-covers would be useful as breastplates, broom-handles would come in conveniently for lances, and as ponies were now forbidden, sturdy boys of the lower forms would be used instead. The two knights who challenged one another would rush from opposite ends of the lists, meet in the centre, lance upon breastplate, horse to horse, and man to man, and the one that overthrew the other would receive the prize; and at the thought of such a meeting between the Sparrow and Dunc Robertson, each in full armour, the delighted school smacked their lips.

"Muirtown Races 'ill be nothing to it," said Ritchie. "I'll lay anybody a shilling that Spiug coups (capsizes) Dunc the first meeting; but"—feeling as if it were almost too good to be true—"I dinna believe a word o't. Nestie is a fearsome liar." And after the school had spoken of nothing else for a day, Dunc Robertson asked the Count boldly whether such things were true.

"*Mon ami*," said the Count, who had tasted Nestie's romance with much relish, "you will pardon me, but it is a *banalité*, that is what you call a stupidity, to ask whether so good a *jeu d'esprit* is true. True? Truth is a dull quality, it belongs to facts; but Nestie, he does not live among facts, he flies in the air, in the atmosphere of poetry. He is a *raconteur*. A tournament with knights on the North Meadow—good! Our little Nestie, he has been reading 'Ivanhoe' and he is a troubadour." And the Count took off his hat in homage to Nestie's remarkable powers as an author of fiction.

"But yes, it will be a tournament; but not for the body, for the mind. My dogs are jolly dogs; they can run, they can leap, they can swim, they can kick the ball; now they must think, ah! so deep. They must write their very best words, they must show that they have beautiful minds; and they will do so, I swear they will, in the tournament, which will not be on the meadow—no; too many cows there, and too many washers of clothes—but in seclusion, in the class-room of that brave man called the Bulldog. It will be a battle," concluded the Count with enthusiasm, "of heads; and the best head, that head will have the prize, *voilà*."

"Silence!" and Bulldog brought his cane

down upon his desk that Wednesday afternoon when the whole upper school was gathered in his class-room, bursting with curiosity. "The Count has a proposition to lay before you which he will explain in his own words and which has the sanction of the Rector. You will be pleased to give the Count a respectful hearing, as he deserves at your hands." And Bulldog was there to see that the Count's deserts and his treatment strictly corresponded.

"Monsieur," and the Count bowed to Bulldog, "and you," and now he bowed to the boys, "all my friends of the Seminary, I have the honour to ask a favour which your politeness will not allow you to refuse. Next Saturday I will dare to hold a reception in this place, with the permission of the good Bull—I do forget myself—I mean the distinguished master. And when you come, I promise you that I will not offer you coffee—pouf! it is not for the brave boys I see before me, *non*," and the Count became very roguish. "I will put a leetle, very leetle sentence on the—" ("Blackboard," suggested Bulldog). "*Merci*, yes, the blackboard; no, the honourable master he will have the goodness to write it in his so beautiful characters. One sentence, that is all, and you will sit for one hour in this room where you make your studies, and you will write all the beautiful things which come into your heads about that sentence. You will then do me the pleasure of letting me carry home all those beautiful things, and I will read them; and the writer who affects me most, I will ask him to accept a book of many volumes, and the Lor' Mayor" ("Provost," interpolated Bulldog) "will present it on the great day in the Town Hall.

"No one, not even the honourable master himself, will know that leetle sentence till it be written on the—the—" ("Blackboard," said Bulldog, with asperity), "and every boy will be able to write many things about that sentence. The scholars upon whom I do felicitate the honourable master will write much learning," and the Count made a graceful inclination in the direction of the two Dowbiggins; "and the brave boys who love the sport, they will also write, ah! ah!"—and the Count nodded cheerfully in the direction of the Sparrow—"such wonderful things. There will be no books; no, you will have your heads, and so it will be the fair play, as you say," repeated the Count with much satisfaction, "the fair play."

Bulldog dismissed the school after he had explained that no one need come unless he

wished, but that anyone who didn't come was missing the opportunity of securing an honourable distinction, and would also show himself to be an ungrateful little scoundrel for all that the Count had done for the Seminary.

"Dod," said Jock Howieson, with much native shrewdness, "aifter all his palaver it's naething but anaither confounded exercise," for that worthy had suffered much through impositions, and had never been able to connect one sentence with another in an intelligent manner. "The Dowbiggins can go if they want, and they're welcome to the books. I'm going next Saturday to Woody Island—will you come, Spiug?" And it hung in the balance whether or not the Count would be openly affronted next Saturday, when he found himself in the company of half a dozen "swats," while his "jolly dogs" were off in a pack to their island of romance.

The Sparrow could not imagine himself sitting in a class-room on Saturday afternoon, except under brute force, and yet he felt it would be ungrateful after all his kindness to leave the Count in the company of such cheerless objects as the Dowbiggins. The remembrance of all the sporting prizes he had won at the Count's hands, and the sight of the Count cheering at the sports, came over his ingenuous heart and moved him to the most unselfish act of his life. "Jock Howieson," said the Sparrow, with considerable dignity, "ye may go to Woody Island if ye like, but it 'ill be the dirtiest trick ye ever played, and I'll black both yir een for ye on Monday. Have we ever had a match, cricket or football, the last four years, and the Count hesna been there? Who got up the sports and gave the prizes? Tell me that, Jock? Who stands ginger-beer at Lucky McCrum's, answer me that, Jock, ye meeserable wretch?" and then clinching every argument on "Who paid for the broken glass? I'm doon richt ashamed o' ye, Jock Howieson."

"Will ye go yourself, Spiug?" demanded Jock, rising under this torrent of reproach. "I think I see ye writin' an essay on the history o' the Romans, or sic like trash. Ye 'ill hunt us into Bulldog's class-room, and then go off yirsel to hunt rabbits; but ye 'ill no play any tricks on me, Peter McGuffie."

"I will go," said the Sparrow manfully, "though I'll no promise to write."

"Say as sure's death," said Jock, knowing the Sparrow's wiles.

"Sure as death," said the Sparrow, and



"The Count removed the white cloth."

then the school knew, not only that he would go, though he had to sit six hours instead of one, but also that every self-respecting boy in the Seminary must also put in an appearance at the Count's reception.

"Best thing you ever did, Sping," said Nestie on the way home, "since you pulled me out of the Tay, and I should say that you have a good chance of the prize. What the Count wants is originality, and I never heard a chap with so much original talk as you've got, Sping. Just you put some of it down, like what you give to the Pennies, and you'll come out first, and it'll be the first prize you ever won."

"If there was a prize for impudence, and the entries were open to all Scotland," said Sping, "ye would pass the post first and trotting."

"HOW I SPENT MY SATURDAY,"

was what the school saw on the board when the Count removed the white cloth, and then he gave a brief exposition of his desires.

"Have the goodness, if you please, to write, not what you ought, but what you want. Were you at the cricket match, you will tell me of the capture of the wickets; or you were in the country, I will hear of the woods and the beautiful pheasants" (this delicate allusion to Mr. Byles's poaching experiences was much appreciated); "or you were among the books, then you will describe what you love in them; or you were looking at a horse, I expect to hear about that horse"; and the whole school understood that this was a direct invitation to the Sparrow to give an exact picture of an Irish mare that his father had just bought. "The subject, ah!" said the Count, "that does not matter; it is the manner, the style, the *esprit*, that is what I shall value. I wish you all the good success, and I will go a walk in the meadow till you have finished."

"Do your best, laddies," said Bulldog, "for the credit of the school and to please the Count. If I see any laddie playing tricks I'll do my part to teach him sobriety, and if I see one copying from another, out he goes. Ye have one hour from this meenut, make the most o't," and the tournament was open.

Bulldog, apparently reading his morning paper, and only giving a casual glance to see that no one took advantage of the strange circumstances, was really watching his flock very closely and checking his judgment of each one by this new test. Dull, conscientious lads like the Dowbiggins began

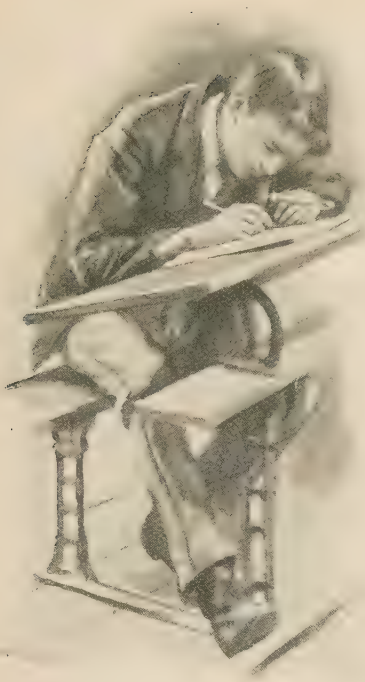
at once, in order that they might not lose a moment of time, but might put as much written stuff upon the paper as possible; yet now and again they stopped and looked round helplessly because they had no books and no tutor to assist them, and they realised for the first time how little they had in their own heads.

"Ha! ha!" said Bulldog to himself, "I kent ye were naithing but a painted show, and it'll do ye good to find that out for yerselves."

Jock Howieson and his kind regarded the whole matter as a new form of entertainment, and as he could not have put into anything approaching connected words the experiences of his last Saturday, he employed the time in cutting up his unwritten paper into squares of an inch, and making them into pellets with which he prevented the Dowbiggin mind from being too much absorbed in study. He did this once too often, and Bulldog went down to cail upon him with a cane and with plain, simple words.

"His head is an iash thick," said Bulldog, as he went back to his desk, "but there's the making of a man in Jock, though he'll never be able to write a decent letter to save his life. He would suit the Scots Greys down to the ground."

The Sparrow had given a solemn promise to Nestie, under the customary form of oath, that he would write something, and whatever he wrote he would hand in, though it was only twenty words, and Sping never went back from his oath. When Howieson caught the Dowbiggin ear with a pellet there is no doubt that a joyful light came into the Sparrow's eyes, and he struggled with strong temptation, and when old friends made facetious signs to him he hesitated more than once, but in the end assumed an air of dignified amazement, explaining, as it were, that his whole mind was devoted to literary composition, and that he did not know what they meant by this impertinent intrusion upon a student's privacy. Cosh certainly jumped once in his seat as if he had been stung by a wasp, and it is certainly true that at that moment there was a piece of elastic on the thumb and first finger of the Sparrow's left hand, but his right hand was devoted to literature. The language which Cosh allowed himself to use in the heat of the moment was so unvarnished that it came under Bulldog's attention, who told him that if he wanted to say anything like that again he must say it in Latin, and that he ought to take notice of the excellent conduct of Peter



"His right hand was devoted to literature."

McGuffie, who, Bulldog declared, was not at all unlikely to win the prize. And as the master returned to his seat his back was seen to shake, and the wink with which the Sparrow favoured the class, in a brief rest from labour, was a reward for an hour's drudgery. Bulldog knew everybody up and down, out and in—what a poor creature Cosh was, and what good stuff could be found in the Sparrow; and he also knew everything that was done—why Cosh had said what he said, and why the Sparrow at that moment was lost in study. Bulldog was not disappointed when Nestie's face lighted up at the title of the essay, and he knew why his favourite little lad did not write anything for fifteen minutes, but looked steadily out at the window and across the North Meadow, and he returned to his paper with a sense of keen satisfaction when Nestie at last settled down to work and wrote without ceasing, except when now and again he hesitated as for a word or tried a sentence upon his ear to know how it sounded. For the desire of Bulldog's heart was that Nestie should win, and if—though that, of course, was too absurd—the Sparrow by the help of the favouring gods should come in second, Bulldog would feel that he had not lived in vain.

"Ye have three meenuts to dot your i's

and stroke your t's," said Bulldog, "and the Count will tell ye how ye're to sign your names," and then the Count, who had come in from his walk, much refreshed, advanced again to the desk.

"It would be one great joy to have your autographs," said the Count, "and I would place them in a book and say, 'My friends'; but honour forbids. As I shall have the too great responsibility of judging, it is necessary that I be—ah! I have forgotten the word—yes! show the fair play. No, I must not know the names; for if I read the name of my friend the ever active, the ever brave, the ever interesting Sparrow" (at this indecent allusion the Sparrow grew purple and gave the bench in front of him to understand by well known signs that if they looked at him again he might give them something to look for outside), "I would say the Sparrow is a sportsman, he is not a *littérateur*, and I might not do my comrade the full justice. And if I read the name of the composed, the studious, the profound young gentleman who is before me" (and it was fortunate the Dowbiggins had their backs to the school), "I would know that it must be the best before I read it, and that would not be the fair play.

"No! you will write on your admirable essay a motto—what you please—and your name you will put in an envelope, so," and the Count wrote his own name in the most dashing manner, and in an awful silence, on a piece of paper, and closed the envelope with a graceful flourish; "and outside you will put your motto, so it will be all the fair play, and in the Town Hall next Saturday I shall have the felicity to declare the result. *Viola!* Has my plan your distinguished approbation?" and the Count made a respectful appeal to Bulldog. "Nothing could be fairer, you say? Then it is agreed, and I allow myself to wish you adieu for this day."

When the school assembled for conference among the Russian guns, their minds were divided between two subjects. The first was what Sping had written, on which that strenuous student would give no information, resenting the inquiry both as an insult to his abilities and an illustration of vain curiosity on the part of the school. Nestie, however, volunteered the trustworthy information that Sping had spent his whole time explaining the good which he had got from being kept in one Saturday forenoon and doing mathematical problems under the eye of

it mean of Peter to "suck up" to the master in this disgraceful fashion just for the sake of getting a prize. Peter confided to Nestie afterwards that he had really done his best to describe a close race for the Kilmarnock Cup, but that he didn't think there were six words properly spelt from beginning to end, and that if he escaped without a thrashing he would treat Nestie to half a dozen bottles of ginger-beer.

Regarding the winner—for that was the other subject—there was a unanimous and sad judgment: that Dunc Robertson might have a chance, but that Thomas John, the head of the Dowbiggins, would carry off the prize, as he had carried off all the other prizes; and that, if so, they would let him know how they all loved him at the Town Hall, and that it would be wise for him to go home with the Count's prize and all the other prizes in a cab with the windows up.

The prize-giving in the Town Hall was one of the great events in the Muirtown year, and to it the memory of a Seminary lad goes back with keen interest. All the forenoon the Provost and the bailies had been sitting in the class-room of the Seminary, holding Latin books in their hands, which they opened anywhere, and wagging their heads in solemn approval over the translation by Thomas John and other chosen worthies, while the parents wandered from place to place and identified their sons, who refused to take any notice of them unless nobody was looking. What mothers endured cannot be put into words, when they saw their darling boys (whom they had seen dressed that morning in their Sunday clothes, and sent away in perfect array, with directions that they were not to break their collars, nor soil their jackets, nor disarrange their hair the whole day, or they need not come home in the evening) turn up in a class-room before the respectable of Muirtown as if their heads had not known a brush for six months, with the Sparrow's autograph upon their white collar, a button gone from their waistcoat, and an ounce of flour in a prominent place on their once speckless jacket.

"Yes," said one matron to another, with the calmness of despair, "that is my Jimmy, I cannot deny it; but ye may well ask, for he's more like a street waifie than anything else. On a day like this, and when I see what a sight he's made of himself in two hours, I could almost wish he had been born a gill."

"Losh keep us, Mistress Chalmers, ye

maunna speak like that, for it's no chancy he might be taken away sudden, and ye would have regrets; forbye your laddie's naithing to my Archie, for the last time I saw him, as I'm a livin' woman, there wasna more than two inches of his necktie left, and he was fishing his new Balmoral bonnet out of the water-barrel in the playground. Ye needna expect peace if the Almichty give ye laddies, but I wouldna change them for lassies—no, I'll no go that length."

And the two matrons sustained themselves with the thought that if their boys were only a mere wreck of what they had been in the morning, other people's boys were no better, and some of them were worse, for one of them had inflicted such damages on his trousers that, although he was able to face the public, he had to retire as from the Royal presence; nor was it at all unlike the motherly mind to conceive a malignant dislike to the few boys who were spick and span, and to have a certain secret pride even in their boys' disorder, which at any rate showed that they were far removed from the low estate of lassies.

The great function of the day came off at two o'clock, and before the hour the hall was packed with fathers, mothers, sisters, elder brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and distant relatives of the boys, while the boys themselves, beyond all control and more dishevelled than ever, were scattered throughout the crowd. Some were sitting with their parents and enduring a rapid toilet at the hands of their mothers; others were gathered in clumps and arranging a reception for the more unpopular prize-winners; others were prowling up and down the passages, exchanging sweetmeats and responding (very coldly) to the greeting of relatives in the seats, for the black terror that hung over every Seminary lad was that he would be kissed publicly by a maiden aunt. Mr. Peter McGuffie senior came in with the general attention of the audience, and seated himself in a prominent place with the Sparrow beside him. Not that Mr. McGuffie took any special interest in prize-givings, and certainly not because the Sparrow had ever appeared in the character of a prize-winner. Mr. McGuffie's patronage was due to his respect for the Count and his high appreciation of what he considered the Count's sporting offer, and Mr. McGuffie was so anxious to sustain the interest of the proceedings that he was willing, although he admitted that he had no tip, to have a bet with anyone in his vicinity on the winning horse. He also astonished his son by offering



"Peter McGuffie senior seated himself in a prominent place with the Sparrow beside him."

to lay a sovereign on Nestie coming in first and half a length ahead, which was not so much based upon any knowledge of Nestie's literary qualifications as on the strange friendship between Nestie and his promising son. As the respectable Free Kirk elder who sat next Mr. McGuffie did not respond to this friendly offer, Mr. McGuffie put a straw in his mouth and timed the arrival of the Provost.

When that great dignitary, attended by the bailies and masters, together with the notables of Muirtown, appeared on the platform, the boys availed themselves of the licence of the day, shouting, cheering, yelling, whistling, and bombarding all and sundry with pellets of paper shot with extraordinary dexterity from little elastic catapults, till at last Bulldog, who in the helplessness of the Rector always conducted the proceedings, rose and demanded silence for the Provost, who explained, at wide intervals, that he was glad to see his young friends (howls from the boys) and also their respected parents (fresh howls, but not from the parents); that he was sure the fathers and mothers were proud of their boys to-day (climax of howls); that he had once been a boy himself (unanimous shout of "No" from the boys); that he had even fought in a snowball fight (loud expressions of horror); that he was glad the Seminary was flourishing (terrific outburst, during which the Provost's speech came to an end, and Bulldog rose to keep order).

One by one the prize-winners were called up from the side of their proud parents, and if they were liked and had won their prizes with the goodwill of their fellows, each one received an honest cheer which was heartier and braver than any other cheer of the day, and loud above it sounded the voice of the Sparrow, who, though he had never received a prize in his life, and never would, rejoiced when a decent fellow like Dunc Robertson, the bowler of the eleven and the half-back of the fifteen, showed that he had a head as well as hands. When a prig got too many prizes there was an eloquent silence in the hall, till at last a loud, accurate, and suggestive "Ma-a-a-a!" from Sping relieved the feelings of the delighted school, and the unpopular prize-winner left the platform amid the chorus of the farmyard—cows, sheep, horses, dogs, cats, and a triumphant ass all uniting to do him honour. It was their day, and Bulldog gave them their rights, provided they did not continue too long, and every boy believed that Bulldog had the same judgment as themselves.

To-day, however, the whole gathering was hungering and thirsting for the declaration of the Count's prize, because there never had been such a competition in Muirtown before, and the Count was one of our characters. When he came forward, wonderfully dressed, with a rose in his buttonhole and waving a scented handkerchief, and bowed to everybody in turn, from the Provost to Mr. McGuffie, his reception was monumental and was crowned by the stentorian approbation of the Sparrow's father. Having thanked the company for their reception, with his hand upon his heart, and having assured the charming mothers of his young friends of his (the Count's) most respectful devotion, and declared himself the slave of their sisters, and having expressed his profound reverence for the magistrates (at which several bailies tried to look as if they were only men, but failed), the Count approached the great moment of the day.

The papers, he explained, upon his honour, were all remarkable, and it had been impossible for him to sleep, because he could not tear himself away from the charming reflections of his young friends. (As the boys recognised this to be only a just compliment to their thoughtful disposition and literary genius, Bulldog had at last to arise and quell the storm.) There was one paper, however, which the Count compared to Mont Blanc, because it rose above all the others. It was "ravishing," the Count asserted, "superb"; it was, he added, the work of "genius." The river, the woods, the flowers, the hills, the beautiful young women, it was all one poem. And as the whole hall waited, refusing to breathe, the Count enjoyed a great moment. "The writer of this distinguished poem—for it is not prose, it is poetry—I will read his motto." Then the Count read, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and turning to the Provost, "I do myself the honour of asking your Excellency to open this envelope and to read the name to this distinguished audience." Before the Provost could get the piece of paper out of the envelope, the Sparrow, who was in the secret of the motto, jumped up on his seat and, turning with his face to the audience, shouted at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Molyneux." And above the great shout that went up from the throat of the Seminary could be heard, full and clear, the view-hallo of Mr. McGuffie senior, who had guessed the winner without ever seeing the paper.



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

IT was John Augustus O'Shea, perhaps best known as the *Standard* war correspondent during the Franco-German war, who in 1860, by his brilliant descriptive letters contributed to that paper, called the attention of England to that extraordinary representation, the Passion Play, which this year is again being performed at the small but picturesque village of Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Alps.

Since then the increase of visitors has been simply marvellous, and if the national crisis does not seriously interfere, it is expected that the present year's influx will outdo any of the previous ones, at least so far as Great Britain's contribution is concerned.

It is true there was in 1890 a controversy carried on in our press for some time as to whether the whole Play was not in reality a profanation of a sacred subject. I hope to be able to show that the very spirit which prompts the performance precludes any such idea. I quote the great German actor, Edward Devrient, who visited the Play just half a century ago: "One thing has become with me a settled conviction. If I have entertained a doubt as to the propriety of representing sacred subjects upon the stage, all such hesitation has vanished from this hour. Here nothing can be considered a

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER- AMMERGAU.

By A. DE BURGH.*

profanation of our ideal of the Redeemer. On the contrary, the picture which I had hitherto endeavoured to represent to my mental vision of the Son of God taking a visible form and acting His part on the theatre of the world, in the midst of His friends and opponents—this picture reappeared at Ammergau and, deprived of its drama-like vagueness, assumed all the vigour of life and reality. I beheld for the first time the God-Man as a pilgrim on the earth. In His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the multitude hailed Him with shouts of Hosanna! I read on His brow that His thoughts were turned far from the present scene of jubilation in order to contemplate the completion of His sacrifice on Calvary. Knowing that the torments and the ignominy of the Cross were a necessary part of His



THE VIRGIN MARY.

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Heavenly Father's scheme of salvation, He kept aloof from the sentiments of the excited multitude, and was no more allured by their songs of triumph than He was afterwards daunted by their persecution, abuse, and blasphemy. He knew that He must be betrayed, denied, abandoned by all, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified. It was by means of the village tragedy that I confronted these great truths of revelation. I then felt how deep is the

the actors and actresses look upon this performance as a religious service, a labour of love, and their great training-school has always been the Church, with its impressive Catholic ceremonial, its processions, its music and song. The chief manager is the village priest, and every performance begins with prayer, when the whole company may be seen kneeling behind the drop-curtain. Before the great work commences the players partake most solemnly of the Holy Communion, and prepare themselves in this wise for their difficult task.

Although the Passion Play is performed but once in ten years, the people nevertheless rehearse to a certain extent their parts during the annual festivals of their Church; thus, for instance, the procession which takes place on every Palm Sunday equals as a dramatic scene Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem when performed at the Play.

The Passion Play of Oberammergau dates as far back as 1634, having been performed ever since in consequence of a solemn vow made by the community under the following circumstances: In 1633 a terrible pestilence broke out in the district; a neighbouring village suffered so much that only two married couples were left. Although the strictest precautions were exercised, the plague was introduced into Oberammergau and spread with such fearful rapidity that eighty-four persons succumbed within a month. Then the villagers assembled and vowed that, if the pestilence would disappear, they would perform the Passion Tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year. From that time,

the legend tells us, not one more died of the plague. In 1634 the Play was performed according to the vow, and since 1680 it has been repeated with a few exceptions every tenth year.

This was the origin of the Oberammergau performance, but the Play is of a much older date, and in the neighbouring Tyrol it has been given as far back as the thirteenth century.

I have had a chance, rarely granted to



"HAIL, KING OF THE JEWS!"

wound which has been inflicted by humanity against its Ideal. The tragedy was more powerful than word or painting."

I quote Mr. Devrient so fully because I have so frequently heard words to the same effect as the outcome of the impressions received by those who have seen the Play, and I therefore take it for granted that in the judgment of the great majority the performance is in no way profane.

The people of the village who comprise

anyone outside the Church, to glance over the oldest existing text-book, dated 1662, which refers to a still older book. From this most interesting document I could see that the Play has undergone very great changes and improvements. In the olden times the Devil was

allotted an important part in the tragedy, and was ever on the stage; for instance, he used to dance about Judas, and when the betrayer hanged himself, a host of imps would rush upon the suicide. All this is now entirely banished from the Oberammergau stage.

During the last forty years the Play and its stage have been greatly improved and perfected, which is partly due to the interest the late King Ludwig II. of Bavaria took therein. The performances of 1870 were suddenly ended by the



ST. THOMAS



ST. PETER.

outbreak of the Franco-German war, when no less than forty of the men and youths of Ammergau had to join the colours, among them being several of the actors. Joseph Mayer, who had taken the part of Christ, was one of those who had to go to fulfil their military duty. Of those who marched out of the village to fight for their country six never returned, two fell in battle and four died in hospital; among the victims was Alois Lang, who had undertaken a principal part in the Passion Play. When the war was ended, a repetition of the Play was given in 1871, as the villagers' method of thanking God for victory and peace.

Originally the performance took place on Sundays and *fête* days only, and the cemetery



CHRIST'S FAREWELL BEFORE JOURNEYING TO JERUSALEM.

surrounding the church formed both the stage and auditorium. To-day there is a large stage, and this year for the first time visitors will find a covered auditorium, which has been constructed at a cost of £10,000 in order to protect the audience from the inclemency of the weather. It is a gigantic but severely simple hall, sixty feet high, and consists of six iron arches with a span of nearly one hundred and thirty feet. It will comfortably hold four thousand people.

While thus the auditorium is completely under shelter, the stage and proscenium remain, as hitherto, quite open, and valley, mountain, and sky still form the background to the solemn drama.

As regards the Play itself, it appears that the year 1850 saw the dawn of a new epoch.

week of December of the year preceding the Play. There are about two hundred and sixty parts, including minor rôles, and at some scenes nearly five hundred persons appear on the stage.

Naturally the most important part is that of Christ, and few men have the bodily strength to meet the physical requirements of the part. Joseph Mayer, who fulfilled this rôle in 1880 and 1890, is six feet in height and of splendid physique; nevertheless he often fainted when suspended on the cross. He is now fifty-two years of age, but although he is in admirable health he feels he has not strength to go through the ordeal again, much as he would love to do so.

Photographs of the players are never allowed to be taken before the performances



THE LAST SUPPER.

The village priest, the Rev. Daisenberger, a great enthusiast, undertook the important charge of educating his parishioners up to the level of their dramatic vocation (in ordinary life the inhabitants of Oberammergau are farmers and wood-carvers). He organised rehearsals, invited the actors to his house, where they had first to read their parts and then recite them, and he taught them to act. His work was crowned with success. Ever since that period the Passion Play has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity.

The selection of those who take the various parts in the Play is a task of great importance. It is carried out by a committee of forty-five householders, under the presidency of the priest. The election day is in the last

begin, but as the costumes remain always the same, we reproduce three of the principal figures of the Play of 1890—among them, Joseph Mayer, as Christ; Rosa Lang, as the Virgin Mother; Rundle, as Pilate; and others of the devout participants in former representations of the World's Tragedy, many of whom are to undertake the same rôles this year.

The progress made in the Passion Play of Oberammergau was due to a great extent to the monks of the neighbouring monastery of Ettal, who took it early under their protection. The monastery, as such, is no more, the monks have disappeared, but the church and building are among the many beautiful relics that have been handed down to us



"CHRIST OR BARABBAS?"

from the Benedictine fraternity. I found, in looking through the archives of Rothenbuch, another monastery in the neighbourhood, that Oberammergau in the seventeenth century stood under its pastoral charge, and therefore the village is doubtless indebted for the origin of the Play to the monks of the latter. My impression, founded on various indications, is that to Rothenbuch must be given the credit of having first prepared the text and introduced the religious drama

into Oberammergau, and that Ettal took, later, the guidance of any existing dramatic elements into its own hands. When in 1803 the property of the suppressed Bavarian monasteries was put up at auction, costumes used in the religious plays were sold, and the community of Oberammergau purchased from Ettal a number of dresses, some of which are still in use.

When the public theatre is taken down at the end of the great decennial season, the



THE CRUCIFIXION.

After the celebrated painting by Raphael



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

stage itself still remains, and preparations are made for a number of other dramatic subjects, partly secular, partly religious, which the villagers perform.

I cannot strongly enough contradict some statements I have met with in the press to the effect that the Passion Play is simply a money-making affair. It is utterly untrue. The villagers treasure the Play as a precious heirloom, and its performance is a labour of love. They have over and over refused the most tempting offers to perform in England, America, Germany, and Austria. The bulk of the money gained is devoted to charities and municipal expenses, and individually the actors lose in neglected work more than they are paid for their participation in the Play. Not one of the players receives more than £20 for the whole time he is acting.

I shall now endeavour to give a short sketch of the great Passion Play itself, not an easy task when considering the wide scope

and the many ingredients which make up the whole. The Play, which this year will be performed twenty-seven times—namely, May 24th and 27th, June 4th, 10th, 16th, 17th, 24th, and 29th, July 1st, 8th, 15th, 18th, 22nd, and 29th, August 5th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 25th, and 26th, and September 2nd, 8th, 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th—begins each day at 8 a.m. and lasts until 5.30 p.m., with an interval of one and a half hours for lunch.

Every day on which the Play is performed (usually Sundays and Church festival days) is announced to the thousands of visitors in the following solemn manner. Precisely at seven o'clock on the preceding evening the musicians assemble at the end of the village, and, headed by the fire brigade in uniform, they strike up a stirring march and parade the village. On the day of the Play the visitor is awakened at five in the morning by the booming of cannon, followed at seven by the band marching through the village streets.

The stage has been so frequently described that I do not intend to enter into details, more especially as the photograph which we reproduce gives a good idea of its general appearance. The manager and inventor of all the wonderful sceneries in the Munich Opera House is the architect. Where twenty years ago one saw but crude form and colour, the eye now meets with artistic outlines and tones which are in full harmony with the surroundings.

The full depth of the house is about two hundred and twenty feet, the width one hundred and twenty-five feet, the stage proper is about fifty feet deep, and the proscenium is twenty-four feet deep.

The stage is divided into five distinct places of action for the players: first, the proscenium, for the chorus, for processions and the like; second, the central stage, for the *tableaux vivants* and the usual dramatic scenes; third, the palace of Pilate; fourth,



CHRIST LEAVING THE TOMB.



ST. MARY MAGDALENE.



ST. JOHN.



ANNAS.

the palace of Annas; and fifth, the streets of Jerusalem.

Each of the eighteen acts or divisions, containing a series of dramatic scenes complete in itself, is prefaced with one or more *tableaux vivants* of prophetic Old Testament types, and an explanatory discourse in song of what is going to happen during the coming act. To my mind the *tableaux* are the gem of the performance, and I am glad to be able to give my readers three photographs representative of the best—namely: “Christ’s Farewell Before Journeying to Jerusalem,” “The Crucifixion” (after Raphael), and “Christ Leaving the Tomb.” In order more fully to understand the Play, I quote a remark made by the village priest, who was the manager in 1890. He said: “Our main object is to represent the story of Christ’s Passion, not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types and figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. . . . Many of the incidents in the lives of the ancient fathers bear a striking and obvious resemblance to various parts in the life of Christ, and set forth the sufferings, and death, and resurrection so minutely that the Evangelists continually mention some prophecy which was fulfilled.”

The chorus of the Guardian Angels

(Schutzgeister) is a simple adaptation of the corresponding part of the classic theatre to modern use. The chorus at Oberammergau consists of eighteen Genii, with a leader who is styled the Prologue or Choragus. They wear dresses of various colours, over which a white tunic and a coloured mantle are worn. They advance from the recesses on either side of the proscenium and take up their position across the whole extent of the theatre, forming a slightly concave line. The Choragus recites an opening address which introduces each act; this is taken up by the chorus, who sing till the curtain is raised and the *tableau vivant* is shown. At that moment the chorus divides and its members stand to the right and left of the central stage.

An English lady gives her memories of the chorus in the following words: “And whilst they sang our hearts were strangely touched, and our eyes wandered away from those singular peasant angels and their peasant audience up to the deep, cloudless sky; we heard the rustle of the trees and



CALATHAS.

caught glimpses of the mountains, and all seemed a strange, poetical dream."

The space at my disposal is quite inadequate to give even a brief recital of the action as it proceeds during the Play, and I will come at once to the climax. On all previous occasions the chorus have appeared clad in their many-coloured robes. In the sixteenth act, however, they have donned the garb of mourning. The Choragus addresses his verses to the spectators, accompanied by soft, sad music.

During the singing of the Chorus-Angels



PILATE.

heavy hammer blows are heard behind the scenes. The executioners are nailing Christ to the cross. Then the curtain slowly ascends. Before the awestricken audience there is revealed the scene on Calvary, the most intense and most realistic picture of the whole performance. On the ground, with the head slightly raised, is a larger cross than the two already erected on which hang the malefactors. On this Christ is nailed. A soldier takes the inscription and nails it to the cross above Christ's head, and then he



HEROD.

calls his companions, who raise the cross to an upright position. The actors in the scene take up their positions at either side of the crosses, while Christ's friends are seen in the distant background. The impression created is intensely affecting. Of course the whole story as related in the Gospel is now acted, Christ remaining in this position for quite twenty minutes. After the death-scene the earth quakes, the thunder rolls, and darkness spreads over all the stage, the conclusion being the descent from the cross.

Before taking leave of my readers I shall say a few words as to the routes by which Oberammergau may be reached. One is from Munich to Oberan by railway and hence by carriage; the other, which certainly is by far the most beautiful and picturesque

route, is from Innsbruck, the well-known capital of Tyrol, so charming and pleasant in summer and winter, so healthy and so well provided with splendid, comfortable, and reasonable hotels. For



JUDAS ISCARIOT.

many years Innsbruck has been a favourite resort of English tourists, and when looking over the books of the Hôtel Tyrol, one of the finest and best conducted hostelries in South Germany, I was not surprised to find registered the names of many people well known in

England. The tour, which can be made by carriage, on horseback or cycle, occupies not quite twelve hours, and the traveller passes through scenery unsurpassed for beauty and wildness. The way leads through Zirl, Seefeld, Mittenwald, Partenkirchen, and from there to Oberan, from which place a visit to the magnificent castles of the late King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Neu Schwanstein and Linderhof, may easily be paid. To mention but a few of the many interesting spots the traveller passes on this

route: there is the pass near the now ruined Castle of Fernstein, called the Fernpass, a favourite spot of the late Ludwig II.; and, in addition to this, one should not miss the very picturesque villages of Mittenwald and Lermos, comfortably nestling between high mountains.



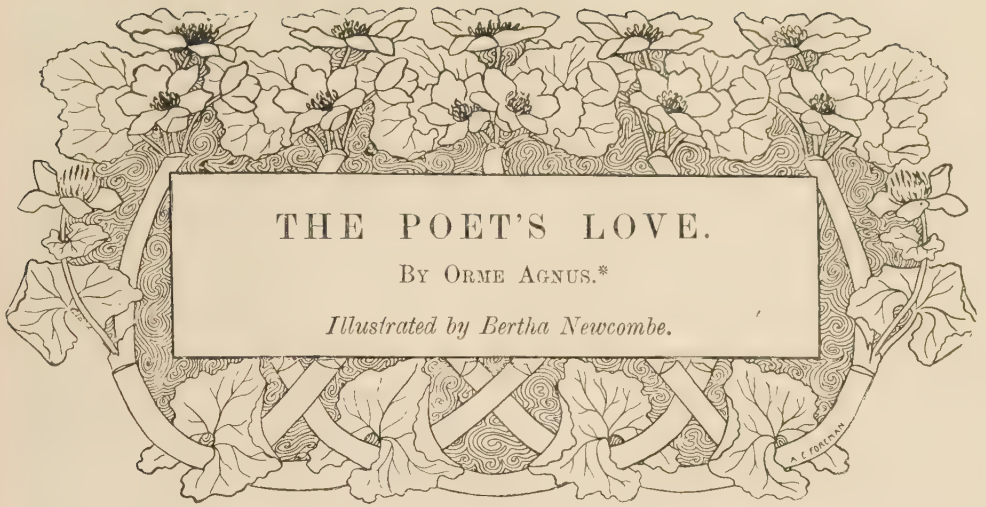
JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.



NATHANIEL.



THE ASCENSION.



JAMES TILLEY and Susan his wife looked upon their one son, Raymond Granville, as the child of their old age, sent to them as Isaac was sent to Abram and Sarai by the especial favour of Heaven. James was only forty-two and Susan a year older when the son came, but they had been married twenty years, lacking five months, and, save for a girl that came in the third year of their marriage, and lived five days, they had had no other child.

Mrs. Tilley had decided what the boy's name should be long years before he was born. She often sat, her hands upon her lap, lost in reverie, and always recovered herself with a show of cheerful vigour.

"Jim," she would say, "iv we ever do have a bwoy he shall be called Raymond Granville. They be two zo pretty names as I knows."

"Iv you'll be quick and have a bwoy," James once retorted with surprising humour, "you can call he Nebuchadnezzar Joshophat, iv you be zo minded."

Mrs. Tilley did not tell her husband that she had decided on Raymond Granville after long and critical consideration of the rival claims of Archibald Philip Blowham, Augustus Herbert Simpson, Clare Arthur, and Percy Ewart Simpson, Blowham being her own maiden name and Simpson the maiden name of her mother. When she was alone in the house she would call upstairs to her imaginary child—

"Percy Ewart, come down, my love," or "Raymond Granville, it is time to get up."

And, again, she would hold converse with an imaginary visitor—

"What a fine boy, Mrs. Tilley! what is his name?"

"Augustus Herbert Simpson, ma'am."

Or, again, she would be present at Sunday School on the prize day—

"First Prize—Archibald Philip Blowham Tilley. Come forward, Archibald."

From these practical tests Raymond Granville emerged triumphant.

It may sound intensely foolish; nevertheless Mrs. Tilley was not at all a silly woman. In the first years of her wedded life she had brooded and grieved in secret over her childlessness, at times having a morbid dread that her husband's affection might be alienated, and the consideration of a suitable name for the son it might please God to send her took her from her sorrow more than her duties or converse with her neighbours.

"It bain't voolishness," she told her husband. "Iv we did happen to get a bwoy, and no name ready, I might put meself all in a stew at choosen a prapper name. There be Mrs. Daw made herself reel-ill over namen her maid and not been in one mind two days runnen."

Her prayers were answered at last; but Raymond Granville was not a model baby, nor even up to the average of our village; and neighbours and friends could not go into ecstasies about his prettiness, or strength, or plumpness. He came into the world a puling, ailing infant, and took none of his infantile difficulties with philosophical calm and ease, and many times it seemed as though his body was too frail a tenement for a living

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spirit. But still he was the deepest joy of his parents. Daily Mrs. Tilley thanked God for him, and never repined because, as the profane writer has it, the gods never give with both hands. His moderate intelligence was magnified into abnormal cleverness by his parents' fond hearts. Mrs. Tilley was determined he should not be a farm hand, and so, poor lad, because fresh air and outdoor life were the only medicines for his delicate constitution, he was put into a grocer's shop in Dorchester. The frugal couple out of twelve shillings a week had saved twenty pounds, and hoped to save thrice as much in the next dozen years if the two sows did their duty, and it was the mother's dream to put him in a shop of his own by the time he reached his majority, and to see him a leading townsman, and perhaps mayor, before he died. Thus do mothers dream, and, thank God, they find comfort and compensation in their dreams for the sorrows of motherhood.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mrs. Tilley was concerned only with her son's advancement in wealth and honours. She knew he was a good lad. The Vicar had told her himself that Raymond always knew his Catechism perfectly when the Sunday School was examined, and he always had his Collect learnt off by heart by the middle of the week, and repeated it to her every evening. Besides that, he read a chapter of the Bible to her every day, and she assured her friends that our Vicar himself couldn't read it better. Yes, Raymond was a good lad.

"Iv the Lord," she said to the pastor one day, "was a long time in zenden en to we, zir, He was good enough to pick out one ov the best, and I thank Him vor it."

At eighteen Raymond was a tall, lanky youth, with a pale, freckled face, tired-looking eyes, shaky knees, and the beginnings of a cough. He came home every week-end as joyful as though he had been absent a twelvemonth.

Almost as soon as he entered his mother would mysteriously whisper, "Have 'ee made any mwore thease wik, my dear?" and Raymond would beam with intensest pleasure when he could, and that was nearly always, nod in assent. Mrs. Tilley shared in a wonderful secret that was not as yet even revealed to the father. *Raymond Granville Tilley wrote poetry.*

Raymond had just turned sixteen when he took his mother into his confidence. It was

her birthday, and he had composed a poem of three verses in honour of it. He copied it out in his best handwriting, placed it in an envelope, addressed it to "Mrs. Tilley, White Cottages," and placed it on the mantelpiece where she would be sure to see it directly she came down in the morning. Raymond Granville had given his mother many moments of deep joy, but never joy as profound and exquisite as that. The first verse ran—

O mother, dear, I love thee well,
I love thee more than tongue can tell;
God give thee many happy days,
And I shall always sing thy praise.

Mrs. Tilley wept, and took her boy in her arms and kissed him, and then held the poem before her at arm's length, whilst tears of joy so exquisite and pure rolled down her cheeks that the angels might have gathered them as choice jewels, meet to adorn the gates of the New Jerusalem.

"You never wrote all thease yourself, my bwoy?" she cried.

"Yes, I did, mother. I did it all in a week. I don't know myself how ever I did come to do it, except I was allus fond of potry. Now, take that first word; you might think it be spelt wrong. Now, how do you spell it?"

"O—h, I z'pose."

"Yes, you would, now, wouldn't 'ee? But, do 'ee see, in potry you allus ought to spell it like that—just letter O. If you couldn't tell by the verses and the capital letters, you could tell it be potry by that letter. And there be another thing. You do say 'thou' and 'thee' in potry, instead of 'you.' It do sound more like potry. Not that 'you' would be wrong, but it bain't as poetical."

"It be wonnerful, my darlen. I don't believe there be anybody in thease place can make potry. In fact, I be sure ov it. Passon hisself couldn't, I know," in a tone of proud conviction.

"Then you be pleased with it? I thought as you might be."

"Pleased?" cried Mrs. Tilley, and again she took her son in her arms and wept over him.

It was agreed it should be kept a secret from the father, for a time at least. There was no particular reason for it, save that to them, as to many people who lead humdrum lives, the poorest secret is a treasure, and that Mrs. Tilley was afraid her husband, who had no taste for verse, might show no great enthusiasm at being the father of a poet.

A week or two later Mrs. Tilley's joy was, if possible, intensified. Raymond allowed her to read two verses of a hymn he had partly composed. The rhyme and rhythm were halting, and Raymond's hymn will never be found in a hymn-book, but it uplifted one woman's heart to a jubilant *Magnificat*, and many hymns of faultless rhythm and more perfect phrasing have not accomplished so much.

"But you didn' write that yourself?" she cried, that she might have the luxury again of being assured that she was wrong.

"Yes, I did, mother."

"Reg'lar as a clock, mother," he replied. "It baint much of a cough."

So great was her anxiety that his conscience pricked him, and at last he confessed. "Do 'ee see, I have made a verse or two, but I didn' think you'd care for 'em. They—they baint hymns," and Raymond tried to laugh, but his face burnt so vehemently that the tears came in his eyes.

"Now, don't 'ee gwo vor to think that, my bwoy; I don't expect 'ee allus to make hymns. Let I zee 'em."

"I know you won't care for 'em, but you can read 'em if you like," and attempting



"'It be about a maid, I zee,' she said slowly, the faintest trace of hostility in her tone."

"Well, there baint a better hymn in the hymn-book. It ought to have a toon made vor it and be put in a hymn-book."

So it went on week after week, and there was always at least a verse for the mother's heart. But at last, one Saturday near Easter-tide, when he came home, he blushed and shook his head when his mother asked if he had anything for her. The next week it was the same, and it was with some difficulty he succeeded in convincing her that he was not ill.

"I hope you will get rid ov thik cough thease spring, Raymond. Do 'ee drink that stuff reg'lar I made 'ee?"

another laugh he took a gilt-edged card from his pocket-book and handed it to her.

"How pretty you have wrote it," she said as she adjusted her spectacles. "It be zo plain as print. I zee at wunst it be potry, 'cos you have got letter O there; I haven' vorgot," and to his manifest discomposure she proceeded to read it aloud.

O lovely form, with eyes so blue,
Your heart is sweet and tender and true!
To be close to you, and your lips to kiss,
Would surely be the height of bliss.

Mrs. Tilley looked up curiously. "It be about a maid, I zee," she said slowly, the faintest trace of hostility in her tone.

"Yes." Raymond Granville tried to laugh. At first he had blushed, but his emotion was now beyond blushing; his face was grey.

"Ees, I zee it be," repeated Mrs. Tilley, and resumed her reading.

No maid with Rosie can compare,
For she is of beauty rare.
Of all the girls that I have seen
Rosie of them all is queen.

Before Mrs. Tilley could make any comment Raymond broke in nervously, "They baint bad verses, I 'low. Don't 'ee think so, mother?"

"Oh, ees, it be good potry. It do come zo easy off the tongue," she said rather grudgingly. The best of mothers never hears without a pang of a possible rival in a son's affection. "But—but who be Rosie, that it be about?" she asked.

"Oh, do 'ee see, mother, when you do write potry you can put in any name you like," he said, with another burst of nervous laughter. "Just what name do strike 'ee, do 'ee see, as will be easy to rhyme. I might just so well have put Mary or Sarah or Martha, but—but that one do sound prettier, don't 'ee think?"

"It do sound pretty enough. But, serious, my bwoy, baint there zome maid you be vond ov down to Dorchester?"

Raymond at last said there was a nice, lady-like maid that came to the shop. But he wasn't courting.

"I—I do hope she be a good maid," said Mrs. Tilley with difficulty.

"Oh, she's real good, mother; that was what made I take to her. She do go to church reg'lar, and only last Tuesday when she come in for some eggs she told I about the beautiful sermon Mr. Perrett, down to St. John's, did preach last Sunday. She did know the text and a good deal of the sermon. 'Oh, he's *such* a beautiful preacher,' she did say."

Mrs. Tilley nodded approvingly. "What be her name?"

"Let I see, now! Agnes? Ada? No—oh, Annie—Annie Lesby, I believe."

"I used to know some Lesbys, Piddleham way."

"Did 'ee, now?" said Raymond. But his conscience was dominant, and rather painfully he yielded to it. "She have another name, haven't she?" he said musingly. "Oh, yes, to be sure—R. A. Lesby. Ruth or Rose the R do stand for, I think."

Mrs. Tilley restrained herself from making the obvious rejoinder, "I thought so."

Although the mother of one child, love had made her wise. "What do she do, Raymond?" she asked.

"Oh, she be the housemaid with old Mrs. Parr, mother."

"Have 'ee made it up with she, my bwoy?"

"Me? No," and then the floodgates were up and Raymond poured out the whole story. Rosie sometimes came to the shop and he had the good fortune to serve her, and latterly he had gone once a week to the house to take orders and Rosie had chatted to him quite pleasantly. But one evening when the shop was closed he was taking a walk on the Weymouth Road when he happened to meet her—quite by accident, he was careful to explain. "I said," went on Raymond, "what a nice evenen, and how fresh things did look after the rain; and we talked for a bit. She did say she was goin' to the week-night service, she did enjoy Mr. Perrett's preachen so. And I said I should like to hear him, I did so enjoy a good preacher; and she laughed a bit and said I was very welcome to go with her if I liked. Mr. Perrett preached such a nice sermon—and it was very nice, I quite enjoyed it. I—I couldn't do no less than walk with she back to the house after. And this week I went with her agen."

"But haven't 'ee told the maid you do like her?"

"No," said Raymond Granville. "Do 'ee—"

"But you do like her, my bwoy?"

"Oh, just about! She be such a nice maid, and such a good maid, too, do 'ee see, mother."

"Well, I should like to zee she," said Mrs. Tilley, determined to make the sacrifice uniggardly. "You must ask she here to tea next Zunday; I *should* like to zee her. Zay I should be glad to give her a cup ov tea if she will come, and make her welcome. . . . I hope she be a good maid."

"Oh, she be, mother, a real good maid—and pretty, too. I know you'll like her," and Raymond kissed his mother in affection and gratitude.

Raymond Granville had promised his mother with glad enthusiasm that he would ask Rose to visit her; but the following moruing when he went back to Dorchester he saw difficulties. How could he ask her when they were not engaged? He blushed hotly at the thought of it. He could not very well say, "I've told mother you're a nice, good maid, and she do want you to

come to tea next Sunday, and if she thinks you'll do, then we'll get engaged." Even supposing, which was wildly improbable, she consented without asking embarrassing questions, everybody who saw them would suppose they were engaged, and how awkward it would be if she refused him.

Raymond was occupied with the problem all day. He at last came to the conclusion that there was only one honourable and satisfactory way out of the difficulty. Before he asked her to go home with him he must propose to her and be accepted. Unfortunately, proposing was not one of the easiest things in the world, and he lay awake for an hour or two elaborating ingenious schemes for "Proposing made Easy."

He was very gloomy at breakfast next morning, but in good spirits a little later when it occurred to him that he could propose by letter. In his dinner-hour he went out and bought a sixpenny "Complete Letter Writer," and turned to the section on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." There were three model letters on "How to Propose," but Raymond was disappointed with them. After long consideration, however, he adopted the form, though not the phraseology, of the first model letter of proposal, which had for sub-title, "To a lady who you think will look favourably on your suit."

Raymond devoted nearly two hours that evening to the composition of the letter, and made it doubly secure in the envelope by a prodigal display of sealing-wax.

"DEAR MISS LESBY"—it ran—

"I hope you will not think it too bold of me to write this here letter to you, for it is not boldness but affection that makes me do it. How I feel about you I can never tell, but I will say this much, that I never seen no female that I like so well as you; in fact, if I may say so without giving offence, I do love you truly, and I should be real glad to walk out with you. I can't tell you how much I think about you all the day. I don't know if you care for me at all, but if you do, and are willing to walk out with one who is fonder of you than tongue can tell, please come to the railway-station gates to-night at seven o'clock. If you come, I shall know that it is all right; if you don't, I don't know how I shall get on. Nobody could be so fond of you as me, although I have seen you so few times.

"With best respects, I am

"Yours, very truly,

"RAYMOND GRANVILLE TILLEY."

Lover-like, he was full of doubts and fears when the letter had gone. He blushed hotly at the thought that she might laugh at it and show it to her fellow-servants. He dreaded the meeting, and wondered why he had been such a fool as not to ask for an answer by letter.

He got there at last, and almost at the same instant Rose came up, out of breath with hurrying, but with joy written in every line of her face. "Good evenen," she said.

"Good evenen," he said, quite pale now. "You did get my—my letter, then?"

"I never felt so took back in all my life," said Rose Ann. "I had to read it three times afore I'd believe it. I felt so happy I didn't know what to do with meself. 'To think that he cares for I,' I said to meself."

"Then you—you did like it?" asked Raymond, raising his eyes to her face.

"I shan't say," laughed Rose Ann; but Raymond had seen her face, and there was no need for words.

They walked on, Rose Ann talking volubly. She carefully explained that she was dusting the drawing-room when the cook came up and said there was a letter for her. "I said it couldn't be for I," went on Rose Ann; "but it was, and I sat down straight in the middle of my work and read it and read it again. I couldn't tell you how I've felt about it all day. 'To think he do care for I,' I did say."

"I do care for you, just about," said Raymond.

"My folks will be pleased—I mean my brother and his wife, and my sister Charlotte. I haven't got no father and mother."

"I be sorry for that," said Raymond sympathetically. "My—my mother will be pleased, too. I told she I'd had an eye on a maid, but I'd said nothen yet. 'Well,' she says, 'you'd better speak to she at once, for you have to bring her to tea here next Sunday.' I declared I couldn't, but she wouldn't hear of 'No' at all. It be your Sunday out, I know, and I shall wait for you, my dear, and drive you out Sunday afternoon to our place."

Rose Ann stopped and eyed him with a most severe frown. "Of all the impudence I ever did hear!" she cried. "Do you think, Mr. Tilley, I could go visiten your folks and only engaged this evenen? Don't you think it, for I couldn't on no account."

Raymond had written poems about maidens, but he had still something to learn. His face fell and he blushed at his own audacity. Rose Ann, however, was quick to

perceive that he had taken it literally, and hastened to explain. "I should be so shy, I shouldn't know how to face them," she said.

"Oh, but you could," he rejoined eagerly. "I know, my dear, that mother will take to you at once."

Rose Ann was sure that she could never do it; but there, she would go through fire and water to oblige Raymond! Raymond was sure she would say she had had a real good time, and he should be there with her.

They sat down and spoke of their likes and dislikes. Rose Ann, to Raymond's intense joy, was fond of poetry.

"I was allus one for potry," she said. "I know, I med say without boasten, hundreds of lovely verses. If ever I see any nice verses, I can't rest till I've learned 'em. 'Now, then,' father used to say to home Sunday evenens, 'now then, Rose Ann, just say we some potry,' and I did straight away."

"I—I like potry," said Raymond, his voice tremulous from sheer joy. "How queer it be that I should find you out, my dear, when we both do like the same things!"

"I took to you, my dear, from the very first," Rose responded.

"I feel very thankful we two met, my dear," said the lad, with strong feeling, and quite suddenly he kissed her passionately.

It was so unexpected that Rose Ann's face and neck flushed and tingled with sudden heat, and she shrank from him slightly. Raymond looked scared. "I hope you—you didn't mind?" he said, fearing that he had made a hopeless blunder.

"It took I by—surprise, do 'ee see," said Rose Ann, with her head bent down. "But don't think—I—I did—like it—just about."

Raymond laughed in high relief. "I thought you would," he said. "Here's another, and another, and another."

* * * * *

Rose Ann had sufficient wisdom to recognise that sweetness and goodness are not as likely to strike a stranger at first sight as a pretty face and becoming attire, and she took extraordinary pains to make a good impression. One of her chief attractions was her luxuriant brown hair, but after spending nearly an hour in dressing it, she had to call in the cook to do it for her. Her frocks gave her as much trouble, and after trying three skirts, two bodices, and three blouses, in different combinations, she came to the cook's opinion that the black merino skirt and white muslin

blouse, with two red roses on her bosom, was the most becoming. Her hat gave her even more trouble than her frock, and it was only after trying all she had, and one of the cook's, that she finally decided on the straw with the pink feathers and ribbon. And when at last she surveyed the *tout ensemble* in the mirror, and saw how painfully flushed her face was with her exertions, tears of vexation came into her eyes, and she told her reflection she "looked a perfect fright, and for two pins she wouldn't go." When Raymond called for her, however, his sincere admiration restored her to a pleasant frame of mind.

"My!" he said, "you do look real pretty, my dear; white do become you first-rate. I know mother will be taken with you, my darlen."

"I feel that nervous about it I can't tell," she said. "I feel so sure as sure your mother won't like I."

"Now, don't, my love," said Raymond, and left the horse to itself while he pressed the maiden's hands between his. "Don't you trouble, my love. I know you and mother will get on famous."

It was well that Mr. Fielder had only trusted Raymond Granville with his "courten hoss." Mr. Fielder so styled that aged and trustworthy animal because it plodded along at six or seven miles an hour, regarding neither whip nor caresses, and was startled at nothing. Neither traction-engine, locomotive whistle, nor even crackers could arouse it from its philosophic calm. "I know," Mr. Fielder would say in explanation, "what a young veller driven out a vemale be. He do want a hoss that don't need no looken avter whatsoever, 'cos when nobody be about he do want to kiss and cuddle she. I once did let a young veller have a spirited young hoss to take his gal out, and thik trap did come back with one shaft and no splashboards, and you couldn't see the young chap vor sticken-plaster. Now, 'Lovey' wouldn't shy iv you let dynermite off under her nose; and when a young veller comes I allus whispers very perlite, 'Gwain to take the young lady out?' and when he says he be, I allus gives en 'Lovey.'"

Raymond was as nervous as Rosie when he drew up at the garden-gate where Mrs. Tilley was awaiting them. He jumped down and kissed his mother and then helped Rosie to alight. "This be Rose Ann, mother," he said. Mrs. Tilley apparently had not bestowed more attention on the girl than politeness required, but her eyes were sharpened by jealous love for her son, and

Raymond knew that she had already weighed his darling in the balances. He could have shouted for joy when Mrs. Tilley smiled sweetly on the girl and, saying, "How be, my dear?" kissed her. It was all right, it was all right, and overflowing with happiness he flung his arms about his mother and kissed her again.

Mrs. Tilley conducted Rose Ann upstairs to take off her things, and, to Raymond's relief, they came down laughing and chatting together, and he could see that his beloved had been accepted with cordiality, at least. The kettle was boiling, and there was no opportunity for private talk before they sat down to tea. Rose Ann, with a woman's intuition, praised the raspberry-and-currant jam—it was well-deserved praise—inquired how it was made, and finally, with much diffidence, asked for the "receipt" for the cake, of which she had two helpings, that she might give it to her sister-in-law.

What is man's diplomacy to woman's? Rose Ann had found her way to the inner chamber of Mrs. Tilley's heart. She called her son into the kitchen.

"What I've zeen ov her she be a very nice maid," she whispered in his gratified ears.

Mother, Raymond, and Rose Ann took a walk till the hour for service, but Raymond, to his infinite content, had little part in the conversation, and lingered behind that they might talk unrestrainedly.

Mother was glad that Raymond had made so sensible a choice, though she didn't mind confessing that for a time she was the leastest bit afraid he might be deceived.

"But now I have zeen 'ee, my dear—well, I did never think I could take to anybody zo quick. I hope you both may be happy togeder."

"Thank 'ee," said Rose Ann. Her ears were not the acutest, but when Mrs. Tilley went on to speak of her son's character, she was conscious of an indefinable something in the mother's tone that made music. Poor and rustic as Mrs. Tilley's vocabulary was, at that moment she could have stood beside the mightiest wielders of the English tongue and shamed them. For she spoke with an imperial, a celestial accent, her words dyed through and through with the purest and holiest passion that can inflame the human heart—maternal love.

"What do 'ee think 'bout his potry?" asked Mrs. Tilley. "Do 'ee like it?"

"Potry? I don't know what you do mean."

"Haven' he told you, my dear?" And Mrs. Tilley entered into the details with zest.

"Verses about I?" exclaimed Rosie. "Well, there!"

Raymond's delight was exquisite when he confessed his gift of poetry to his mother, but, perhaps, the most blissful moment in his life was when, after delicious persuasion, he showed Rosie the metrical expression of his love for her. He had copied all that she had inspired in a little pocket-book which he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Poetical diamonds, they deserved a fair setting, and Raymond had spent hours in ornamenting each page with fancy scroll-work.

"I don't know whether to let you see them, my dear," he said, as he opened the book. "None of 'em be up to much."

"How can you say it, my darlen?" said Rose Ann, in the tone of one who is listening to blasphemy.

"Well, but don't say you like 'em if you don't, because I shan't mind, my dear, one little bit," and Raymond read softly that passion-laden lyric, "*O lovely form, with eyes so blue.*"

"You didn' write that about I?" asked Rose Anne in a whisper, her eyes glistering.

"I did; I wrote it that evening when I spoke to you outside the church. I went for a walk by myself and thought it all out then. It did come itself, most of it."

"*Rosie of them all is queen,*" she repeated softly, with tears in her eyes. "I—I—do 'ee see, I baint worthy—I did never think"—and she took the book from him and kissed the page passionately, then kissed Raymond. "If everybody was so happy as I, it would be like heaven," she said softly.

* * * * *

That year the winter came early, with many days of biting east wind in November, and Raymond, in spite of the thick winter flannels his mother made for him, and the big bottle of linseed tea, sweetened with Spanish liquorice, he carried from home every week, could not escape a bad cold, which settled on his chest. His cough alarmed his mother, but he laughed at her fears and declared that he might as well go to the doctor as take back every week four sorts of home-prepared medicines and a heavy load of advice. Nevertheless, he dutifully obeyed her instructions and swallowed the concoctions as regularly as he would have done had his mother's eye been upon him. It was early in December that Raymond's conscience troubled him over a lie he told his mother, although he

assured himself that for her sake he was justified. She suddenly accused him, on no other ground but that of maternal intuition, of spitting blood, and he denied it thrice. The truth was, it had occurred three times that week.

Rose Ann came to spend Christmas Day with the Tilleys, and on Boxing Day Raymond was to go with her to be introduced to her brother and his wife. He was in extraordinary good spirits on Christmas Day, but the next morning it was obvious he was too unwell to accompany Rosie, though he tried to disguise his indisposition and insisted that it was only a "bit of a headache." The truth was he had caught a fresh cold on his journey home late on Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Tilley, greatly alarmed, called in the doctor. Our doctor has been with us many years, and he calls himself the physical pastor of our village. In appearance he is a rough, burly farmer, brusque in manner and fiery in speech. He is terrible to those who do not obey his orders, and can draw from a vast reservoir of profanity. But at heart he is a Christian gentleman, who counts a patient's life more than lucre, and a mother's gratitude more than reputation. He knew Mrs. Tilley's heart was bound up in her son; he had brought him into the world and knew all his constitutional weaknesses. When Mrs. Tilley, with scared face, asked him if it was serious, he roughly told her not to be a fool—couldn't a boy have a bit of a cold without all that fuss?

"But he—he is spitten blood, doctor; I zeen it thease marnen."

"And what if he is?" asked the doctor sarcastically. "Spitting quarts of it every day, I suppose? Just go and make some mutton-broth; he'll have no blood to spit up if you neglect him this way."

He had touched her rightly, he knew, but he shook his head as he strode down the road. He met the Vicar coming out of the schools and stopped him.

"You've something before you, Monsal, I'm sorry to say," he said. "You'll have to try to comfort a mother's heart when her one lamb is taken."

"Who?" asked the Vicar.

"That poor lad of Tilley's. He's always been a weakly little beggar, but the finishing touch has come. Consumption."

"You haven't told her, Westacott?"

"I'm not an utter fool, for one thing, and, for another, I couldn't. Thank God that is not *my* province!"

Raymond sent a message to Mr. Kelway that he had caught a bad cold, and was not fit for work for a day or two. The following week he had to send a similar message, and thereupon Mr. Kelway came to see him and brought him several delicacies. Before he returned home Kelway saw Dr. Westacott, who confirmed his suspicions that Raymond would never serve in his shop again.

"I be thankful, my bwoy," said Mrs. Tilley, when with the New Year came a long spell of severe weather, "I be so thankful you bain't well enough to gwo to work thease weather. You'll be all the better vor resten now, and all the stronger when spring do come."

"Yes, I never did like cold weather," said Raymond, and turned again to the poem on "Christmas" he was composing. All the day long he was in the throes of composition, and in his poetical ardour almost forgot his ailments. That we had a poet in our village was no longer a secret, as Mrs. Tilley in her pride and joy could no longer hide it from her neighbours. When a neighbour looked in to see how the "pore bwoy be," Mrs. Tilley in a confidential whisper would ask her "not to speak loud, as Raymond was just maken a lovely verse, and talken put en off."

"Very creditable indeed," was our Vicar's verdict when he had read the verses. He lent Tennyson and Longfellow and other poets to Raymond, and pointed out their beauties to him.

"They be better poetry than mine," said Raymond to his mother, "though with practice I might do as good somewhen."

"Yours be the best by a gurt lump," said Mrs. Tilley. "Why, zome ov thease bain't poetry; it don't rhyme at all."

January was a month of frost and snow. February brought chill and drear rains, and Raymond, though his spirits never failed him, did not get stronger. But with the balmy days of spring, as his mother insisted, would come new life and strength.

"You'll be stronger than ever after thease," Mrs. Tilley prophesied daily, and Raymond cordially agreed.

"I shall fly round like a young horse," he said.

Raymond wrote to Rose Ann once a week, and every Sunday she came to see him. It was, I think, the sweetest and tenderest love story of our village. Rose Ann was in full bloom of health and radiant maidenhood, but her tenderness to her sick king, who was also poet, was beautiful to look upon.



"'You didn' write that about I?' asked Rose Ann in a whisper."

Mrs. Tilley had taken the girl to her heart as her own daughter. 'It would be altogether fatuous to speculate as to which loved the boy most, but he passed his days in an atmosphere of love and devotion. It was a privilege to see the joy and pride of Rose Ann when allowed to minister to him. Every time she came she was allowed to make a milk pudding or other delicacy for him, and he always ate every scrap of it.

He could not overcome his repugnance to cod-liver oil, and was inclined to be rebellious when the nauseating dose was placed before him. But when Rose Ann poured it out, tasted it, laughingly pronounced it good, and promised him three kisses, he swallowed it with a smile.

Sunday afternoon and evening was given up to them for "courten." They were happy, smiling lovers, building their future home and furnishing it, down to the saucepans in the kitchen. Theirs was to be an ideal home, and it was intensest pleasure to reckon up the probable cost of a nest that would satisfy such happy birds. Raymond's chiefest joy would be to sit with her in the evenings, reading to her or writing poetry. Rose Ann knew that she should be looking forward all day to his coming home. They should want no visitors, save, of course—and they both blushed and laughed softly—the visitors with tiny feet and clambering limbs, a girl first and then a boy. Foolish lovers, who saw not

the shadow of the wings of the dread angel. Yes; but where love is, and hearts as the hearts of little children, there is the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * * * *

The warm days of May came, but they brought no strength, and one day Westacott sent the Vicar with the death-warrant. Mrs. Tilley's anguish was too intolerable to

witness. When Mr. Monsal was gone she went to her bedroom and, with tears of agonising entreaty, prayed that her boy might be spared to her—her boy, who was so clever and good. “He be a real good bwoy, Thou do know, O Lord, as has tried to serve Thee faithful, and he used his gift in maken hymns. O God, spare en, vor Christ’s sake.” Then her prayer would become more rebellious, and she told her God that it was not fair to take him when he was so clever and good. “He be the only one I have, dear Lord,” she said, “and there be plenty as have too many. Let him be, O Lord.”

It was a Saturday when she knew, and she saw little of her boy that day because she could command neither her tears nor her voice. The next day Rose Ann came in good spirits, because Raymond, in his mid-week letter, had been very cheerful, and, as is common with consumptives, was sure he was mending. Mrs. Tilley could not give the girl more than a glance when she entered, and returned her greeting by a nod. She was near breaking out into a storm of tears, but by an agonising effort commanded herself. A great rush of pity filled her heart, and, putting her arm round Rose Ann’s waist, she led her into the garden.

“My dear,” she said, “it be vor the best, it be vor the best—the Lord have let I zee it be vor the best. You mustn’ vret, my dear; but he bain’t gwain to get better, do ’ee zee. You must zee it be vor the best, like I—like I do. The Lord’s will be done!”

Rose Ann looked into her face with terrified eyes, and the mother took the girl in her arms and held her to her breast and murmured words of consolation. Thank God! many a woman’s heart is saved from breaking because she has others to comfort and sustain, and in pouring balm finds an anodyne for her own gaping wound. It is divinen pity, the more lavishly poured forth the richer the giver.

“ . . . He will have—to be told, my dear. Will you tell en?”

“I can’t; I don’t know,” sobbed Rose Ann. “I don’t think I can.”

“It be a hard thing to do,” said Mrs. Tilley; “but I will let you do it becos I love ’ee, my dear. If he had—had lived you would have been his wife, and it be a wife’s place to be closest to her husband in joy and in trouble, my dear.”

“You—be his mother.”

“And yours, too, I hope, my dear. But you be his wife avore the Lord.”

Mrs. Tilley would not allow Rosie to see him till she had washed her swollen eyes and had command of her tears. “You’ll be calm, vor his sake, my dear,” said Mrs. Tilley, who felt just then beyond tears or cries, and everything but a dead hopelessness; “and you’ll show en that it be the Lord’s doens. He’ll p’raps grieve ’cos he haven’t lived to write a hull book ov potry like they other writers; but you med tell him that p’raps the Lord be taken him to write verses in heaven. It med be”—and as the thought struck her the withered, sallow face lighted up for a moment, and was as the face of one who from the mountain top has caught a glimpse of the Land of Promise—“it med be the Lord wants en there to make verses vor the angels to zing; and iv it be zo I won’t grudge him to the Lord vor an instant. P’raps when I do come vor to go, they’ll come zingen a hymn he have made.” And then her lips quivered and her eyes filled; but when she saw Rose Ann was weeping she dried her tears on the instant and begged the girl to cease. “It will upzet en zo iv he do zee we be taken it hard.”

* * * * *

It seemed to Rose as though some malign influence were compelling him to speak so that every word might inflict well-nigh intolerable anguish upon her. He dwelt with fondness on every incident in their intimacy, and passed on to speak of their future, which was to be one long dream of happiness.

“You’ll be Mrs. Tilley then, my dear, and somebody of importance, look see. We are goen to have two boys and a maid, aren’t us? Only the boys shall be stronger than me, look see, my love. Plenty of milk and fresh air and playen games be the things for maken boys strong. And the maid—what be the matter, my darlen?”

Raymond had broken off in alarm. Rose Ann’s face was death-like with suppressed agony.

She could contain herself no longer. “Oh, my dear darlen,” she cried wildly, “my pore love, it do break my heart to hear ’ee.”

“Why, what—?” and then in a flash came knowledge, and he lay back gasping. . . . “Bain’t—bain’t I goen to get better, Rosie, dear?”

She shook her head.

“Oh—h—h!” he said slowly, and then she flung her arms about him and they wept together for a long time.

Raymond was the first to speak. “Pore old Rosie,” he said softly, “pore old mother,



"The mother took the girl in her arms and held her to her breast."

pore old father! . . . Mother said nothen to I."

"She couldn', my darlen. She be——"

"It do seem strange, don't it?" he said again musingly. "Pore little darlen Rosie!"

"I can never live without 'ee," she sobbed.

"Now, don't take on, my darlen, don't. . . . I did think I should live to write a lot of poetry. . . . But it don't matter; p'r'aps I should never be strong. . . . Ask mother to come up."

The two women cried in each other's arms for some minutes before they entered the

sick-chamber. The boy looked up in his mother's face with a brave smile, and Mrs. Tilley flung herself with an agonised cry on her knees beside him.

"Pore old mother!" he said, gently patting her. "Now, don't take on so; it hurts I to see it, and I want to say something."

With an effort that almost killed her Mrs. Tilley restrained her tears and looked upon her son.

"Look see, mother," he said, "pore Rosie have got no father or mother, and soon you will have no boy. I wish you'd take her for your own."

"She be my own now. Zee, my bwoy, thease be my daughter," and going up to Rose Ann she took her in her arms and kissed her.

* * * * *

For the next fortnight Raymond got steadily weaker, and Rose Ann got leave of absence that she might always be with him. It was her supreme privilege to sit by his side with pen and paper, and write down the verses he persisted in composing. He lay sometimes for an hour thinking out a single line, and would wearily complain that his mind was lazy. He began many different poems—"To a Robin," "Description of Our Village," "Snow," and others—but they were never completed. There was one poem, however, at which he worked every day, and his joy was great when at last, a week before he died, it was finished. It was his "swan-song," and the first two verses follow—

O mother, dear, grieve not for me,
Because in the grave I soon must be;
Let not your tears be seen any more,
I'm going to a happier shore.

O darling Rosie, do not weep,
For in the grave I soon must sleep;
A happy life together we planned,
But I'm going to the Better Land.

One day, after he had been lying silent for nearly two hours, he called Rose Ann to him. "I've been thinken, my darlen," he said, "in a year or so you must find a nice feller and marry him."

"No, no, no," cried Rose Ann. "I shall never marry nobody now; I couldn'. Don't talk about it, my love; it hurts I."

"But you must, my dear. I've been thinken it over. You'd never choose a man as wasn't nice, but when a nice one wants you, you must marry him. When I can look down and see you happy with somebody, it will please I more than anythen."

Mrs. Tilley came into the room, and Raymond appealed to her. "Mother, Rosie do say she'll never marry now, but she must if a very nice young man do want her to. You'll persuade her to it, mother, for I wish it. It won't be sligheten I—it'd be selfish of I to wish anybody else. She'll never forget me, I know."

"I couldn' marry anybody now," cried Rosie in great agitation.

"You'll promise, mother?" persisted Raymond. "She be going to live with you till then, but you'll do all you can to find a nice, good young man for she?"

"I promise, my bwoy," said Mrs. Tilley. "She be my daughter and zoon will be my son's widow, and I shall treat she like a daughter."

* * * * *

Raymond died three days later, on a glorious afternoon. Rosie sat by his side, holding his hand. She thought he was asleep, but Mrs. Tilley coming in gave a strangled cry and kissed the dead lips. Mother and daughter wept together for a space, and then they knelt beside the bed and Rosie softly repeated the dead poet's swan-song.





Ordered to the Front.

By BERTIE BOESE.



BLIND GIRLS KNITTING AND LISTENING TO A BLIND READER.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

BY PHILIP GIBBS.

Illustrated from Photographs by J. A. Powell.

THERE are comparatively few people who have any definite knowledge of the condition and capabilities of the blind. The average person is apt to regard them simply as beings to be pitied, shut off from all the joys of life, utterly incapable of doing anything for themselves or anybody else. Even people with large hearts, always ready to sympathise with the sorrows of their fellow beings, are apt to think of the blind as only worthy objects of their charity, without realising that they may be educated to become useful members of

society. Fortunately, in spite of the general ignorance and indifference on this matter, there have been, and still are, a select few of ardent and unselfish spirits who have recognised that persons without sight, even from birth, may be given the privileges of higher education, and by careful training

may be taught many professions and trades by which they can support themselves and be enrolled among the world's workers.

A visit to such an institution as the school at Swiss Cottage, maintained by the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, would do much to dispel the hazy ideas that are extant with



BLIND BOYS TAUGHT BY MEANS OF CLAY MODELS.

regard to the helplessness of the blind. The first thing which astonishes a visitor, who has come with a heart full of pity, is the general happiness and even joyous air which seems to pervade the place. On a Saturday afternoon, for instance, when the students have free time, the grounds are full of merry girls skipping or running about, so that it is almost impossible for a sighted stranger to realise that they are blind. On the afternoon when the writer visited this school the girls were sitting in the grounds in horse-shoe form,



ROPE-MAKING.

knitting, sewing, playing chess or draughts, while their mistress, Miss Hay, was diverting them with sprightly gossip. A general buzz of chatter was maintained, interrupted now and again by a merry peal of laughter from the girls. By no face was there a sign of unusual sadness.

In the boys' playground the same cheerful air prevailed. A game of cricket was in progress among three or four younger boys, and they seemed to enjoy it as heartily as any English schoolboy. Truly a strange sight! How did these sightless youngsters

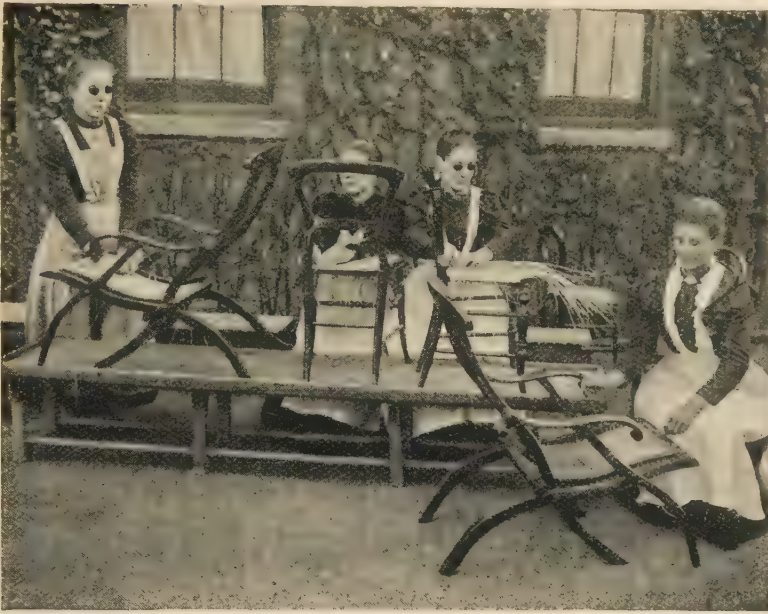
know when and where to hit or throw the ball?

It is difficult for a sighted stranger to refrain from exclamations of astonishment at many of the things he sees done by the inmates of this institution, but there is a thoughtful notice in the hall and other places which requests visitors not to speak of the pupils' blindness in their hearing. Unfortunately people do not always observe this rule. Miss Hay, the head mistress of the school, tells the story of a lady who stood in front of one of the blind girls, and, after gazing at her for a moment with mingled compassion and disgust, turned away with a shudder, and said, in a loud voice, "Poor thing! what a horrible sight!"

Still less considerate than this was the remark of another lady who evidently considered herself a philosopher of the Stoic school. She met the Sunday procession of blind boys on their way to church, and with considerable emotion exclaimed to her husband, "Good Heavens, my love! *Better shoot them at once!*" The boys heard this remark and, doubtless to the lady's surprise, burst into peals of laughter.

Not more sensible are some of the questions asked by charitable visitors. "How do the blind eat?" "Can they find their way to their mouths?" "Do the blind wash themselves?"—these are some of the queries which may be heard on visiting days.

Some questions certainly frame themselves in the mind of any intelligent visitor to this school when he finds that the students possess a good elementary education, and that many of them read and enjoy such difficult literature as that of Carlyle or Thackeray, and can write intelligently on any ordinary subject of composition. How is it, one may ask, that a child blind from birth or babyhood can obtain any truthful idea of the world around it, of complicated forms and things which it can never see, nor smell, nor even touch, as castles, bridges, hills, or trains? How is it that without ever having seen a house, a tree, a horse, or one of their fellow beings, they can yet realise and enjoy the humours of a novel by



GIRLS CANING CHAIRS.

Charles Dickens, or talk intelligently upon any ordinary subject?

Even teachers of the blind cannot answer these questions fully. They can only tell you that their pupils learn to build up ideas by a comparative system through the medium of touch. But they will tell you also that this does not account for all their ideas, and that they seem to possess a perception beyond that obtained through sensation.

Of course, a collection of models is one of the best means of giving the blind accurate ideas of the world around them. A lump of soft clay in the hands of a capable teacher can easily build up miniature hills and valleys, castles with battlements, and other objects of Nature or man's handicraft, and the

imagination of the pupils can magnify these to the required size.

At the Blind School at Swiss Cottage the boys themselves are taught clay-modelling under the able guidance of the head master, Mr. Corbett Dyer. It is really remarkable to see the ingenious and intricate models which the boys build up. One of their latest achievements is a model which they call Portsmouth Harbour. It is built in a large zinc tray half filled with water and is a

capital imitation of a harbour with ports and towers. One of the boys, whose father is a boat-builder, has constructed some excellent clay boats, which float about the "harbour" to the delight of the sightless modellers. It was unusually pretty and interesting to



BASKET-MAKING.

watch one of these boys modelling a hand from a plaster copy. He was stroking the cast with the tips of his fingers, lightly feeling the bumps and indentations, and the general contour, so that his mind should have an exact idea of the subject. Then he deftly reproduced his idea in clay, and in all respects it was an admirable and exact copy of the plaster hand.

Of course, one of the earliest steps in the education of the blind is to teach them to read. When once they can do this they possess the key to all the knowledge which the human mind can achieve without the aid of sight. Many ingenious systems have been invented to convey printed characters to the minds of sightless people. The most popular at the present day is the Braille system, which is the one in use at Swiss Cottage Blind School. Louis Braille, the inventor of the system, was born at Coupvray, near Paris, in 1809. He lost his sight at the age of three, and when he was nineteen he entered the Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles at Paris. Here he distinguished himself as a pupil and afterwards became a professor. He learnt to read every system of blind characters then invented, but he recognised that all of them were faulty. He laboured to invent a simpler system which the blind could not only read easily, but might also write in relief. This he at last accomplished by the beautiful and ingenious system which bears his name. By various combinations of



BASKETS MADE BY THE BLIND.

six dots raised upon a plain surface, all the letters of the alphabet and many combinations and contractions are represented, and an ordinarily intelligent pupil finds no difficulty in learning to read and write by this system.

At the Blind School at Swiss Cottage the boys learn to print their own books. It is exceedingly interesting to watch one of these blind printers. He has a thin sheet of brass, folded in two, which is fixed into a wooden frame. On this is placed a movable metal

guide with oblong holes large enough to allow six dots or indentations to be punched in the vacant spaces. On each of these spaces above the metal the printer punches, by means of a blunt awl and a hammer, the dots which correspond to the letter required. When the metal sheet is covered with these dots it is taken from the frame and placed in the printing press. A sheet of cartridge paper is placed over the embossed metal in the same way as it would



ARTICLES MADE BY BLIND GIRLS.

cover a stereo-plate on an ordinary printing machine. The pressure of the paper against the embossed metal causes it to be covered with a corresponding impression of dots. By means of these dots or "bumps" the blind student is provided with a perfect substitute for the letters of the ordinary sighted reader. The writing is done in the same way, except that the holes are punched in the paper without the backing of metal, and of course no printing press is required. Among the books printed by the blind scholars at this particular school



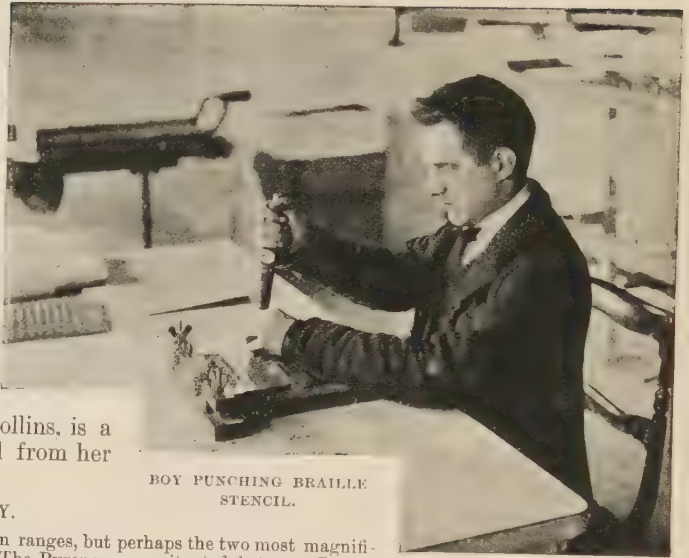
TUNING A PIANO.

are the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a History of England.



BLIND ORGANIST AND BLIND PIANIST.

At this institution is produced one of the most extraordinary magazines in the world. It is edited, written, and printed by blind boys and girls. Some of the contributions are not only remarkable, considering the difficulties under which their authors labour, but are excellent in themselves. We do not think the readers of the WINDSOR will begrudge the space occupied by the following extract from this school magazine when they reflect that the author, Miss Jessie Collins, is a young girl who has been blind from her early childhood—



BOY PUNCHING BRAILLE STENCIL.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Europe has many beautiful mountain ranges, but perhaps the two most magnificent are the Pyrenees and the Alps. The Pyrenees are situated between France and Spain and have very picturesque scenery. Their lofty peaks are covered with a cold mantle of snow, while in green contrast their sides are clothed with large forests of pine, oak, chestnut and beech. But, beautiful as these mountains are, they seem a mere nothing beside the solemn grandeur of the Alps. Great travellers have, by art and poetical language, tried to awaken in us the feelings of ecstasy and awe which they themselves experienced whilst gazing on their majestic heights.

Seen by daylight the aspect of the Alps is stern and cold, with nothing to break the dreary monotony of broad sheets of ice and snow. Far up the mountains the little Alpine primrose lives its solitary life, with no one to behold its simple beauty but its Creator.

Let us turn from this picture of solitude and view the Alps in the early morning. It is a glorious sight to see peak after peak light up with the soft colours of the rising sun, while the valleys below are wrapped in shadows. Gradually the splendour brightens, turning the glaciers into crowns of sparkling diamonds worthy to adorn the hoary heads of these mighty kings of solitude.

We cannot wonder that Europe rejoices in the pride and magnificence of the Alps, and that the great Aurora should enthrone herself on their mighty summits and clothe them in her brightest glory.

Can anyone read this pretty piece of imaginative writing without marvelling that a sightless person can gain such vivid ideas of the beauties of Nature, never having seen them except by the eyes of fancy?

Many of the pupils at this school are taught music, and they have achieved an excellent standard of proficiency. When the writer of this article visited the school, two young musicians were performing in the large concert-room, which is provided with a magnificent organ and a "Broadwood" which cost three hundred guineas. A boy was seated at the organ, making the noble instrument throb with a flood of solemn and glorious music. Then a young girl filled the room with a thousand sweet harmonies from the piano. As her fingers swept lightly over the keys a bright beam of sunshine fell upon her uplifted face and fair hair, and without sentiment it may be said that a hush of awe came upon the hearers, as they watched the look of joy upon the



TAKING IMPRESSIONS FROM BRAILLE STENCIL.

delicate features of the blind girl and listened to the cascade of silvery notes struck by her fingers.

Many of the students are taught piano-tuning, and this knowledge enables them to earn their living in after-life when they have to leave the friendly shelter of this benevolent institution.

This particular school at Swiss Cottage is more a general educational institution than one for teaching definite trades to the blind. In spite of this, however, the girls are taught sewing, knitting and crochet-work, rope-making and chair-caning. Some of their specimens of needlework are almost miracles of workmanship, considering their authors. The most intricate and beautiful patterns are produced by these afflicted girls with as much perfection as by the most competent of sighted needlewomen.

The trade specially taken up by the men is basket-making, and some of them are employed as paid craftsmen in this capacity when they are too old to remain in the school as pupils. From the accompanying photographs it will be seen that want of sight does not prevent them from making the most elaborate and complicated articles of basketwork.

Many other things are to be seen at this admirable institution, all of which go to prove that the blind may be trained to become most useful members of society, and that they can appreciate the privileges of higher education, and can learn trades and professions by which they may earn their livings creditably and happily. All honour to the men and women who have founded and who maintain such noble institutions as the Blind School at Swiss Cottage.



"WHEN THE FLOWING TIDE COMES IN."

From a photograph by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.



Day-Dreams.
By R. ANNING BELL.



BY
FLASH
LIGHT
BY
C.M. BAINES.

*Illustrated by
Adolf Thiede.*

WE were a party of four young fellows in the Quinta Bella-Vista, a lonely, rambling country-house situated in the wildest part of Portugal—the Serra da Estrella. We were office companions in the city of Oporto; our names, John Lake—that is myself—Maurice Belford, and Charles Harden—both my countrymen—and a young Portuguese who had been educated in England, Augusto Cardoso.

Had Belford, Harden, and myself been able to do so, we should probably have excluded Cardoso from our quartette, and given the preference to a compatriot; but during the first fortnight of our stay at the Quinta no incident occurred to cast any shadow on the general light-heartedness of our holiday-party. Cardoso was as companionable as one could desire; he appeared to be as keen a sportsman as any of us, and as eager as any native-born Englishman to go out and “kill something.”

As for Charlie Harden, our latest “junior” from England, he did not pretend to any love for sport, and rarely shouldered a gun. He was of a scientific bent of mind, an ardent photographer, and he had brought with him from Oporto his camera, eager to secure views of the picturesque country about us, and snapshots of the equally picturesque people who inhabited it. We—that is, Cardoso, Belford, and myself—returned to the Quinta, after a long day’s sport, with our spoils of the chase, and Charlie with

the plates he had exposed, and which he developed in the dark-room he had extemporised in a corner of the old building.

It was an ideal life for four high-spirited, healthy young fellows; but at the end of a fortnight “the little rift within the lute” began to appear. Cardoso, who had been our constant companion hitherto in our daily expeditions, commenced to find excuses for remaining at home.

If these excuses had been occasional I should not have attached any significance to them, but as they had become of nearly daily occurrence I could not avoid casually commenting on them one morning to Belford and Harden as the three of us set out, leaving Cardoso, as usual, “to write important letters,” as he had said.

“Write letters? Rot! Why, where are your eyes, Jack?” replied Maurice, with a sarcastic laugh. “Can’t you see that the ass is making eyes at old Maria’s niece, Rosita? He deserves a horsewhipping!”

“Pooh!—Rosita is going to marry Bento Dedo shortly,” I objected; “Maria Barbara told me so herself.”

“As if that matters—Rosita is as arrant a little flirt as ever breathed. I suppose she feels it to be quite a feather in her cap to have brought one of us ‘senhors’ to her pretty little feet.”

“Look here,” said I, stopping abruptly and turning on my companions with a serious face, “this is no joking matter. What I

hear now is a revelation to me. Take it from me, both of you, as one who has had some experience of the country and the people, that the less you have to do with Rosita the better for you. Bento Dedo looks to me to be the last man in the world to tolerate any interference with his rights. And, now I come to think of it, the beggar has seemed lately to be more morose than usual. No wonder—I'll speak to Cardoso."

"The amorous brute!
If he spoils our holiday

but wiry, and with a low-browed, unprepossessing face. Although we had been in constant communication with him since our arrival, we had never succeeded in breaking down the suspicious reserve in his peasant mind for the town-bred strangers. His real name was Bento da Costa, but an accident that had deprived him of the thumb of his right hand had gained him, as is usual among his countrymen, a sobriquet descriptive of his misfortune: that of Bento Dedo.

As I had determined in the morning, we returned earlier than usual to the Quinta after our sport, and I was enabled to verify what Maurice had told me.

A broad stone terrace ran along the side of the house where our bedrooms were situated. As I entered mine to put away my gun I caught side of Cardoso with his back turned to me. He was leaning well over the baluster, and I could tell from the movements of his shoulders that he was talking earnestly to someone in the garden below him.

The French window was partially open. I stepped quietly through it and in a moment was by his side.

He started up as soon as he saw me and turned scarlet. I looked over the

baluster, and there, as I had already guessed, was Rosita. She gave a little cry as she caught sight of me. She was swinging a slender gold chain in her fingers, and for a moment she stared up at me fixedly with a look of terror in her big black eyes, and her delicately tinted olive cheek paling and flushing as rapidly as her breathing. She looked like a pretty, frightened bird as she stood there. Then she suddenly recovered her-

self, and without a word of reply to my "Boa tarde" her dainty figure flitted round the terrace corner and disappeared.

"What a deuce of a start you gave me, Lake!" said Cardoso, smiling uneasily.

"Indeed? Better that I should do so than Bento—"

"Bento be hanged!"

"Agreed; but they don't hang in this country for what Bento might do, or attempt

"I looked over the baluster."

with his foolery he deserves a good hiding—and, by Jove! he'll get it, too," said Maurice angrily.

The Maria Barbara mentioned in our conversation was the wife of the *caseiro*, or steward, of the Quinta da Bella-Vista, and lived with her husband and niece in a small cottage attached to the main building. It was her duty to cook for us and to attend to our rooms. This she did, with the assistance of Bento Dedo.

Bento was a young fellow of about five-and-twenty years of age, undersized, slim,



to do, if he caught you philandering with Rosita: remember that, please."

Cardoso snapped his fingers and his eyes flashed.

"Bento! I don't care that for Bento!" said he contemptuously. "Look here, Mr. John Lake," he continued defiantly, "I'm going to marry Rosita in spite of him, and you, and anybody else; now you know it."

"Marry Rosita? Good Heavens! Has it come to that? Why, you must have taken leave of your senses, Cardoso?"

"Thanks—that's a matter of opinion, and I didn't ask for yours! Rosita is fit to be a queen. She was never meant for a stupid oaf like Bento; and he shan't have her as long as I live!"

This was too much. I stamped my feet angrily on the stones, and felt my fingers itching to take him by the shoulders and shake him soundly.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed; "I might have guessed what would happen! You Portuguese can't see a pretty face but you lose your balance directly. Now I tell you frankly, Cardoso, that Belford, Harden, and myself have no intention of remaining here to see you make an ass of yourself—or worse! Either you or we must get out of this!"

"Then I vote it's Cardoso who clears out! Hang it all, I don't see why we three should have our fun spoilt for his sake! If he doesn't know what ordinary decent behaviour is, we are not to blame, and shouldn't suffer!"

It was Maurice Belford who had spoken. He had overheard the controversy from his room, and he was now standing behind me, in his shirt-sleeves, and wiping his hands on his towel.

Cardoso turned livid with fury.

"Do you dare to criticise my conduct?" he shouted to Belford. "I'll give you a lesson!" and he advanced threateningly.

I promptly interposed between the pair.

"Steady," said I warningly, as I pushed them both apart. "Don't attempt anything silly, either of you; it won't settle anything satisfactorily to give or receive a black eye. There's the dinner-bell. Go and put on your coat, Maurice," and I gave Belford a shove in the direction of his room.

Storm was in the air literally and figuratively that day. As I closed my window, after leaving the terrace, I caught a glimpse of heavy masses of dark cloud, lit up momentarily by the flickering lightning, gathering over the brow of the distant Serra; and as I entered the dining-room

a casual glance at Maria Barbara, as she stood red-eyed and pale-faced near my chair, convinced me that there had been "ructions" in the *caseiro's* establishment. The atmosphere was too strained for me to venture upon an inquiry. I contented myself with a mental observation that undoubtedly the little sorceress Rosita was responsible for our attendant's woebegone appearance, among other things.

My surmise proved to be quite correct. We had scarcely finished our bean soup, which we had eaten in grim silence, when the dining-room door was opened and Bento entered. He marched rapidly up to the table, and with a sudden sweep of his maimed hand he dashed a glittering something into the centre of it. It was a slender gold chain, with a locket, in the shape of a heart, attached to it. Evidently it was the same chain I had seen Rosita swinging in her fingers a short time previously.

The man was pale as a corpse with suppressed passion.

"Rosita sends this back"—he pointed to the chain—"to the senhor who gave it to her; and the senhors will be good enough to understand"—here he looked a lowering challenge round the table—"that she doesn't accept such things from anyone but me."

Bento turned on his heel to leave the room after delivering himself of this pithy oration. This was too much for my equanimity. I sprang to my feet, very nearly upsetting the trembling Maria Barbara as I did so, and catching the fellow by the shoulders before he could reach the door I forced him back to the table.

"If you dare to enter this room in that manner again I'll kick you out of it," said I to him. "Here is the gentleman who gave Rosita the chain." I pointed to Cardoso. "Now apologise to me and my friends, or I'll break every bone in your carcass, you impudent scoundrel."

"Well, this is a pretty bear-garden," chimed in Maurice, as he caught the drift of the commotion. "Hang it all—Bento is in his rights. Why the dickens don't you leave the fellow and his Rosita in peace, Cardoso? You ought to be ashamed of yourself; you discredit us all."

Cardoso turned on him like a tiger.

"Shut up, you British blockhead!" he foamed out, and without a word of warning he hurled the tumbler he was holding full at Belford's head.

The heavy glass shattered into a thousand fragments on the opposite wall, and the next

moment Maurice and Cardoso were closely clinched and exchanging furious blows, while Maria Barbara was making the large room echo with *Misericordias* and shrill shrieks of terror. It was a bear-garden indeed.

I released Bento, and then, with Harden's assistance, tore the two combatants forcibly apart.

"Do you call yourselves gentlemen?" I gasped breathlessly, as I held on tightly to Maurice. "You are an edifying spectacle, the pair of you, and, to improve matters, you must let your servants hear you slang each other like a couple of *fadistas*" (street ruffians of the low quarters of the city). "Be off!" I shouted to Bento, who had been an eager spectator of the scene, and had drunk in every word he could understand.

Of course there was no more dinner for any of us that night. I got Maurice away, with some difficulty, into my bedroom, where we were presently joined by Charlie, who told me that Cardoso had left the house, destination unknown.

During my five years' close companionship with Belford I framed in my mind that half unconscious and entirely superficial estimate of his character that satisfies the majority of men in their friendships. Had I been asked off-hand for details of Maurice's disposition I should have unhesitatingly described him as a good-tempered, easy-going fellow—the sort of man that wouldn't hurt a fly. I had never scratched the surface, for now he both puzzled and angered me with his dogged, concentrated determination to "take it out of that brute Cardoso, by hook or by crook," as he expressed himself.

He appeared to be as revengeful as a Redskin. It was of no use talking to him or attempting to argue with him—he was just as receptive of what I had to say as a stone image might be, and, after the first expression of his opinion upon the matter in hand, about as talkative. He simply sat quietly on the end of my bed, nursing his cheek, where a livid mark still showed the imprint of Cardoso's fingers, and did not attempt to open his firmly compressed lips.

This was a cheerful state of things. Charlie and I gave up our one-sided disputation in sheer despair of getting even a "Yes" or "No" from Belford. We lit our pipes and then stared in gloomy silence at each other through the smoke, heartily wishing—at least, I know I did—that I had never seen the Quinta da Bella-Vista.

Presently a diversion was created in this Quakers' meeting by a tap at the door.

It was Maria Barbara to announce that Padre Alvaro had called to see us.

Padre Alvaro was the priest of the little village of Val-Moura, situated about a mile distant from the Quinta. Charlie had taken the old man's portrait in all the glory of his vestments, and had promised, through me, to show and explain to his sinner the secrets of photography whenever the Padre should call at Bella-Vista.

"He's your visitor, Charlie," said I; "go down and entertain him."

"Oh, I can't explain things to the old Johnnie!" was the irreverent reply, as he rose to his feet and pocketed his pipe. "I counted upon you doing the showman's business. You know I don't understand a tenth part of what he says."

It was true; but I was very loth to leave Maurice until I saw him safely disposed of for the night; and yet I did not wish to offend the Padre, who was a worthy old soul. I would have left Charlie and gone down alone, but then I knew as much about the mysteries of photography as the Padre himself, and this would be the last opportunity of showing the camera to him. During the last half-hour's silent self-communion I had determined that the very next morning would find Maurice, Charlie, and myself on our way back to Oporto, free of Rosita, Bento, and Cardoso.

"It's a confounded nuisance!" said I, as I got on my feet. "Don't leave the room, Maurice. I don't intend to be long. Here, take this and have a smoke." I thrust my tobacco-pouch into his hand.

He did not reply, but sat staring at the lighted candle on the table before him as if he had not heard me.

I felt that this sort of thing was decidedly unsatisfactory, but I did not like to show it, so I followed Charlie down to the big, empty drawing-room overlooking the entrance, where the portly old priest was awaiting us.

The storm that had threatened us at dinner-time, and that had been rumbling gradually onward since then in our direction, was now nearly overhead. The frequent peals of thunder shook the old house from roof to basement, and the lightning-flashes lit up the great gaunt room, making the feeble illumination of the two candles appear quite spectral by the contrast.

Charlie had brought down his precious camera under his arm, and presently, with myself acting as dragoman, was explaining to Padre Alvaro the action of the apparatus.

The simple old soul was delighted, and

his wondering eyes beamed on us alternately like twin, beneficent stars; he consumed snuff in huge pinches under the stress of his excitement, and overwhelmed us with profuse thanks and a red bandana as large as a bath-towel that he flourished in his hand, preparatory to emulating with his nose the blast of an archangel's trumpet. One thing—one little thing only, was wanting to complete his state of beatitude: could he be permitted to see one of those marvellous little pieces of glass exposed and developed?

I had to explain to him here, under Charlie's direction, that up to that moment photography did not include in its programme exposure by candlelight. The simple old man's face fell, as also did a pinch of snuff half-way to its destination. The Padre was evidently greatly disappointed.

I felt quite sorry that we couldn't gratify him, and then an idea suddenly occurred to me. I turned and fired it off at Charlie.

"I've heard that it's possible to take lightning flashes—is that so? If it is, try and bag one for the old chap; but look sharp about it, because I want to get back to Maurice."

Charlie was doubtful of results; he had never studied that branch of the science, but he would try what he could do. The camera was quickly rigged up; a window opened on the *pateo*, and, as luck would have it, a vivid flash directly in front of the lens was recorded almost immediately. It was so bright that it nearly blinded the three of us for at least half a minute, and was followed by an awful, deafening crash of thunder—the peal of the evening.

The Padre, Charlie, and myself now left for the dark-room with the slide. As we passed along the corridor I could not resist peeping into my bedroom to see Maurice, and to tell him that we had nearly disposed of our visitor.

He was gone, and my tobacco-pouch was lying on the coverlet. I instantly ran back to the other two rooms, and, striking a match in each of them, gave a searching glance around. No, he was in neither of them; could he have left the house?

"He has gone in search of Cardoso," was the thought that next passed through my brain. "If those two madmen should meet!"

I ran down the broad stone flight of steps and entered the *pateo*, with a strong presentiment quickening my pulses that some evil thing had befallen.

The storm was abating now, and a few stars were twinkling through the torn curtain

of cloud, but it was still very dark. I walked cautiously onward over the uneven pavement towards the large open gateway that gave access to the high road to Val-Moura.

I reached it, but as I was passing through it I nearly stumbled suddenly on my knees over some yielding object lying straight across the entrance. Of course I was already wound up to expect all sorts of dreadful things, but there was something in the nature of the obstacle I had encountered that sent my blood in a wave back to my heart. Sick with apprehension, I stooped to examine it. For a time I could make nothing of the dark, sack-like looking outline, but a flash of lightning from the tail of the receding storm suddenly revealed, with startling distinctness, the body of a man,



"Maurice and Cardoso were closely clinched."

with its awful face and staring eyes turned to the sky.

For a moment, I suppose, though it seemed ages, I stood glued there with horror. Then a hoarse cry burst from my lips and seemed to give me back the power to use my limbs. I rushed back to the house and up through it to the dark-room like one possessed.

"Charlie, Charlie!" I panted out of my dry throat as I beat with both hands on the locked door, "open, open at once!"

"Steady, old man—just half a tick; I've got a splendid flash, I fancy; I'm just rinsing the plate."

"Open, open!" I shrieked furiously. "D—n the plate! There's someone dead or murdered at the *pateo* gateway. Open!"

There was a quick clink of glass, the door

was flung wide back, and I saw Charlie's horror-stricken face, in strong contrast to the mildly astonished features of Padre Alvaro, who had not understood a word of what I had just said, fronting me in the dull glare of the red lamp.

"Good God! Jack," gasped Charlie, "what is it you said? Dead—murdered! Is it—is it——?" He paused, with parted lips, unable or not daring to say more.

"There is someone lying in the entrance-gate, to all appearance dead," I replied, as I leaned against the doorway and wiped the perspiration from my face. I turned to Padre Alvaro and translated what I had just told Charlie.

"Santa Maria!" ejaculated the Padre, as he threw up his hands. "But you must be mistaken, Senhor Lake," he continued. "An accident, perhaps. The man may not be dead. Come, *meus senhors*, let us go and see!"

In a few moments we were assembled round the prostrate figure. The storm had died away, and it was too dark to see distinctly. I drew a matchbox from my pocket and with a shaking hand struck a light.

As the faint, flickering gleam fell upon the upturned, distorted features over which we were stooping, an exclamation of horror burst from each of us. The dead man was Cardoso!

"*Ay de mim*—it is as you feared, Senhor Lake," said the Padre, who was now on one knee by the body. "This is murder; the knife that slew your friend is even now in his heart. Look!"

Charlie and I followed with our eyes, as if fascinated, the direction of the pointing finger and fixed upon the haft of the fatal knife planted in Cardoso's breast. Heavens! there was no mistaking the identity of the weapon, even if we had not seen the roughly cut initials in the end of the bone handle. It was Maurice's hunting-knife.

Charlie and I stared at each other across the body and read in each other's eyes the terrible words we could not speak.

Padre Alvaro rose to his feet as the expiring match dropped from my nerveless fingers.

"This is dreadful—an inexplicable event, and a sad completion of your holidays, *meus senhors*. I will return at once to Val-Moura and inform my friend, the Administrator, of what has happened." The Padre drew Cardoso's handkerchief over its owner's dead face. "The body must not be disturbed,"

he continued. "Call the *caseiro* to keep watch, and then, both of you, go back to the house; I shall not be long. *Ai, Ai*, this is *tristissimo*—*tristissimo*," he concluded, shaking his white head.

The old priest, after muttering a prayer and crossing himself, started on his way to Val-Moura. Charlie and I roused up old Bernardo, the *caseiro*, and in a few minutes Cardoso's body was surrounded by the waving lanterns of the excited labourers of the Quinta. We then retired to the house to escape the flood of interrogation loosed upon us, and not daring to wait to hear the secret that must soon be patent to everybody.

"Oh, my God! Jack, this is awful, terrible!" groaned Charlie, with white lips, as he dropped into a chair. "Can it—can it really be true? Did you see that—that knife?" He paused a moment and then whispered, "Where is Maurice?"

"I don't know; I wish I did," I replied. "He is not in the house."

Charlie dropped his head on to his hands and attempted to say no more, and there we sat in the centre of the cavernous room with the sickly gleam of a solitary candle between us, waiting in a tense silence for the arrival of the Administrator and his officials, our nerves quivering with every sound made by the group of watchers.

Our cruel state of suspense was broken at last by the shuffling of feet in the corridor outside and the whisper of orders. The door was thrown wide open and a group of bareheaded labourers, bearing Cardoso's corpse, covered by a sheet, slowly entered and deposited it upon the table. Close behind them followed the Administrator, his secretary, our friend Padre Alvaro, the doctor, and two policemen.

Charlie and I knew the authorities slightly. They bowed silently to us as they took their places at the head of the table. The secretary drew out his inkhorn and official papers to take notes of the inquiry that was now to be opened.

The interrogatory commenced with those persons connected with the house. First came old Bernardo, the *caseiro*, who knew nothing; then Maria Barbara, with drawn, white face and hysterical manner, who recapitulated, among other things, the story of the struggle between Maurice and Cardoso that afternoon, and the words that had been exchanged by the combatants after they had been separated.

I could see that this particular portion of Maria Barbara's evidence had made a deep



"Every eye was turned upon him."

impression on the listeners, which must have been further strengthened by Bento Dedo's confirmation of it, given with the most cynical indifference. The circumstantial evidence against poor Maurice seemed to be overwhelming.

The Administrator now addressed himself to Charles and me.

"To which of the senhors does this weapon belong?" he asked, as he pointed to the bloody hunting-knife lying upon the table.

"To neither of us, your Excellency," I replied; "it belongs to our companion——"

"Ah—where is he, please?"

At the very moment he concluded his question the door opened and Maurice himself appeared on the threshold. What a wild, unkempt object he looked! His hat was gone; his clothing was wet through, and gave ample evidence that its owner must have been plunging about in the *matto* or undergrowth of the heath that stretched around us.

Every eye was turned upon him as he stood in the doorway, startled and hesitating whether to advance or retreat. He looked around him inquiringly, and then as his glance caught the sinister outline of the burden on the table, his cheek blanched and he stammered forth—

"What—what is the meaning of this? What has happened? Jack, Charlie?"

"Cardoso has been murdered," I replied.

Maurice stared at me with dilated eyes.

"Murdered? Good God! When? How?" he whispered at last.

"During the storm—with this," I pointed to the knife. "Oh, Maurice, why did you leave the house?" I added bitterly.

Maurice stood silently for a moment or two and looked around him in bewilderment. Then, as he read in the hostile glances that crossed his own the true meaning of the situation, he stepped boldly forward with flushed face and an indignant sparkle in his eyes.

"And do they think that I am the assassin?" he demanded scornfully. "Is that it?"

The Administrator had listened to this colloquy in a language he did not understand, at first with surprise, and now with restlessness. He broke in and addressed Maurice authoritatively, as he signed to the *guardas* to close the door.

"Is this your knife, senhor?"

"Yes, it is; but——"

"*Bom*; we will not go into the matter here," interrupted the Administrator, with a

wave of his hand. "You must now accompany us to Val-Moura, senhor."

At my suggestion Maurice was given permission to change his clothing, but the two *guardas* were ordered to accompany him to his room and to see that no one had any communication with him.

I turned to Charlie as the trio filed from the room.

"We must go down to Val-Moura with Maurice," said I. "Come, let us go and get our hats."

As we hurried along the corridor we heard footsteps behind us. I turned to find Padre Alvaro at our heels.

"We are going to get our caps," said I, "and then we are going to Val-Moura."

"Ah, that is good," ejaculated the Padre, helping himself to a pinch of snuff. "I, also, will get my stick, which I left in the laboratory of this *cavalheiro*"—he bowed to Charlie—"when we were occupied with the photograph he was so good as to take for me. May I?"

Charlie and I got our caps and then accompanied the Padre to the dark-room. The red lamp was still burning as we had hastily left it.

The deep-coloured shade was withdrawn, and by the aid of the white light the Padre speedily recovered his long, brass-shod walking-staff.

Charlie and I then turned to leave the room, but Padre Alvaro hesitated, and I saw his spectacles turn curiously on the white porcelain dish in which Charlie had deposited the negative.

I fancied I could read what was passing in the Padre's mind.

"You would like to see the photograph, Senhor Padre?" I asked.

The Padre's face brightened at the suggestion.

"Then show it to him, Charlie," I added; "but be quick; we must go as soon as Maurice is ready. I will stand at the door and listen."

Charlie picked up the plate from the water, after hastily rinsing it, and held it up to the bright light, while the Padre adjusted his glasses and peered eagerly over his shoulder.

I stood in the doorway listening for Maurice's departure from his room, which I strove to catch above the laboured, stumbling description Charlie was giving of the various objects delineated on the plate, and the Padre's interjections of "Marvellous!" that filled every pause.

"This is the flash of lightning, Senhor Padre; these the outbuildings of the Quinta; this the wall of the *pateo*; this the entrance-gate; this—this—ah!—" and then Charlie suddenly ceased.

At this moment I heard the sound of Maurice's bedroom door opening in the corridor below, and the tramp of the *guardas*.

I turned round hastily. "Come on, Charlie," I said; "Maurice is ready to go!"

"And this, senhor, is a black face—eh, surely? and an arm, and a knife—black also," broke in Padre Alvaro eagerly. "*Meu Deus, senhor*, I deceive myself, do I not? But it is very like him, you see?"

This unexpected taking-up of the description of the plate by the Padre had startled me, a hundredfold more the bizarre words he had uttered. I stepped forward.

I was just in time. Charlie was standing holding the negative before the lamp, his face drawn and eyes starting, while Padre Alvaro, in his eager unconsciousness of the significance of what he had uttered, was

approaching his forefinger to the delicate film, which, had he touched it, he would have undoubtedly destroyed.

I seized the Padre's arm and held it forcibly back, much to the old man's astonishment. At the same moment with my other arm I reached over Charlie's shoulder and took it into my own hand.

"What is it?" I asked.

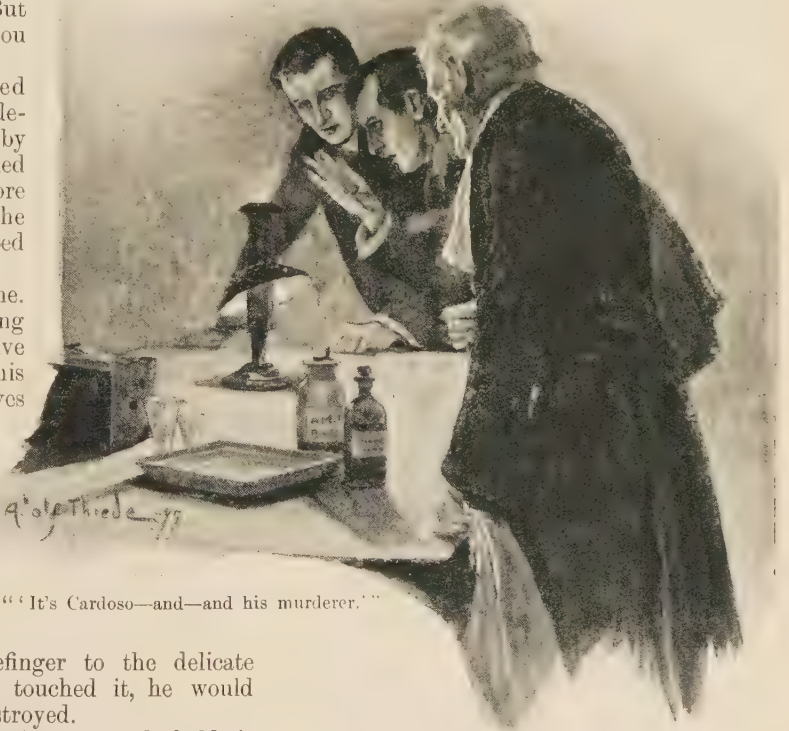
"It's Cardoso—and—and his murderer."

The discovery nearly knocked me silly for the moment. "For Heaven's sake take care of the plate, Jack!"

I bent over the negative in strong agitation. Padre Alvaro and Charlie were both right. Near the bottom of the plate could be seen Cardoso's face, in profile, and a portion of his body. At the moment of the

flash the unfortunate man had been about to enter the *pateo*, and had perceived the doom that menaced him and from which he could not escape. From behind the massy stone pillar that supported the right-hand wing of the iron entrance-gate, was projecting an arm and hand grasping a knife, apparently about to strike.

Undoubtedly that hand and arm belonged to Cardoso's assassin. How could they be identified? The negative was "sharp" and distinct enough, but small; and, as a matter of fact, the strong excitement under which



"It's Cardoso—and—and his murderer."

I was labouring seemed to blur my vision.

I looked round for a magnifying glass, but there was none. Charlie suggested the lens from his camera, and, unscrewing it, handed it to me. One glance through it sufficed.

I beckoned Padre Alvaro—I could not trust my voice—to approach and look through the lens. There was some little difficulty, that would have been comical under other circumstances, in adjusting the distance of the plate from the lens, in order to suit the old man's vision, but presently that was done.

I watched him keenly as he looked, and almost immediately his face began to work with excitement. He drew back, and, glancing with a scared expression in his eyes at Charlie and myself, he whispered—

"Oh, *meu Deus, senhors*, is this a picture of the assassination? Is it—is it sorcery—or a blessed miracle of the saints?"

"But the hand that holds the knife, *Senhor Padre*? Look again; again, please," I urged.

Once more *Padre Alvaro* approached his face cautiously to the lens.

"Surely," said he, and the words dropped one by one from his lips, like pebbles falling into a well, "surely—ah—*meus—senhors*—it—is—a—hand—that—has—no—thumb."

"Yes, the hand of *Bento Dedo, Cardoso's* murderer!" I almost shouted, as my pent-up excitement broke loose. "We must see the Administrator at once. *Maurice* is free."

For a moment or two the *Padre* and Charlie looked at me in speechless astonishment. The former found his voice first.

"Then it is a blessed miracle of the saints," said he, bowing his head reverently and crossing himself. The next moment he was taking snuff with a forty-*Padre* power, embracing Charlie and myself in Portuguese fashion, and waving his bandana furiously.

This was no suitable moment, however, for gratulation. *Padre Alvaro* returned at once to the drawing-room, from which the Administrator was just about to set forth with his prisoner for *Val-Moura*. A short explanation sufficed to bring the magistrate, his secretary, and the doctor up to the dark-room. There they were shown the plate, and given all particulars of the history of its exposure. I cannot say how far our strange story would have succeeded, unsupported, in winning the credence of these gentlemen, but the testimony of worthy *Padre Alvaro* gave us a complete victory along the line.

We returned in a body to the drawing-room, the Administrator himself bearing the precious negative gingerly between his fingers. Charlie had impressed upon him that great care was necessary for its preservation.

As soon as we were settled in our places—Charlie and myself alongside poor *Maurice*—

and the shuffling of feet had subsided, the Administrator called for *Bento*.

The wretch came reluctantly forward, this time showing considerable trepidation. He evidently felt a presentiment that something must have gone awry with his scheme. The Administrator did not keep him long in doubt, for after asking *Bento* a few questions he roundly accused him of the murder of *Cardoso*.

The excitement this announcement caused was intense among those not in the secret. *Maria Barbara* went into hysterics and was carried out, and *Maurice* looked up with a freshly awakened interest.

Bento licked his dry lips and affirmed his innocence by all the saints, but the production of the negative, which was shown and explained to him, convinced him that he had no loophole for escape. That apparently innocent-looking square of glass had trapped him into penal servitude for life. He saw the game was up, made a virtue of necessity, and confessed with the most cold-blooded frankness that jealousy had been the motive of his crime, and that his opportunity had been the quarrel between *Maurice* and *Cardoso*.

Maurice, Charlie, and I did not remain at the *Quinta* until the formalities securing *Bento's* permanent residence in *Angola* were concluded. In less than two days we had shaken the dust of it from our feet, but we left behind us, as a gift to good old *Padre Alvaro*, the camera that had done us such yeoman's service.

Cardoso's awful fate was not a subject we liked to discuss afterwards; but I gathered from *Maurice*, before the affair was finally put aside, that he had left my room on that eventful evening bent upon wreaking his passion upon his enemy if he should encounter him. The terrible manner in which he had been forestalled was a great shock to him.

As for *Rosita*, I have since seen her several times in the streets of *Oporto*. She did not long wear the willow. She married a well-to-do farmer in the *Serra da Estrella*, and is now more buxom, but as captivating as ever. To judge from her appearance, *Bento Dedo's* life-long incarceration and *Cardoso's* death lie as lightly as feather-down upon her pretty shoulders



THE lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twelfth storey of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twelfth storey window and fell out, and again should find yourself uninjured. What would you call that?" "A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now," the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twelfth storey window and fell out and struck your head on the pavement twelve storeys below and were not in the least injured. What would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit." And then the lawyer gave it up.

SON: I know why little black boys is so happy.

PARENT: Why?

SON: 'Cause their mothers can't tell when their hands isn't clean.



NOVEL APPAREL.

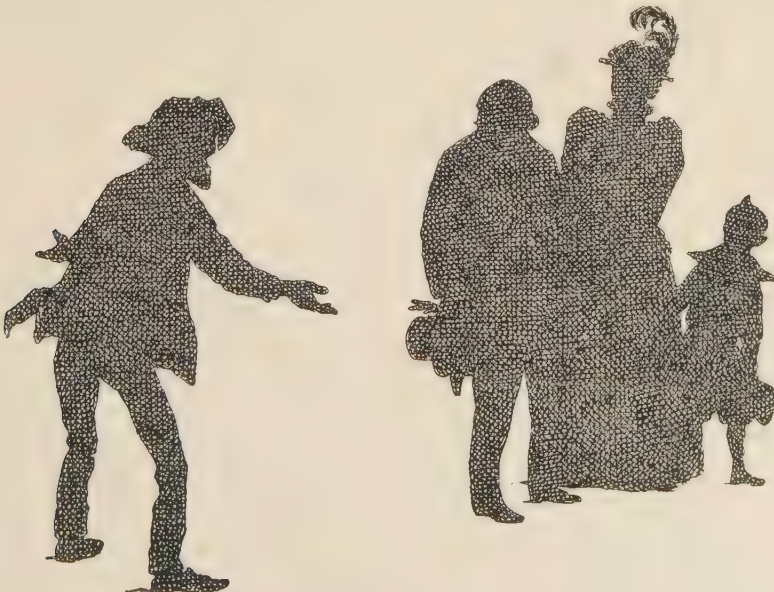
"Wanted novels, cheap; or exchange new underclothing."
—Advertisement in a Contemporary.

Whichever way this problem's viewed,
An odd exchange it surely looks;
Naturalism, highly crude,
Must sound the keynote of these books.

Or does the barterer belong
To some fad coterie, which grieves
At modern dress as wholly wrong,
And advocates a garb of leaves?

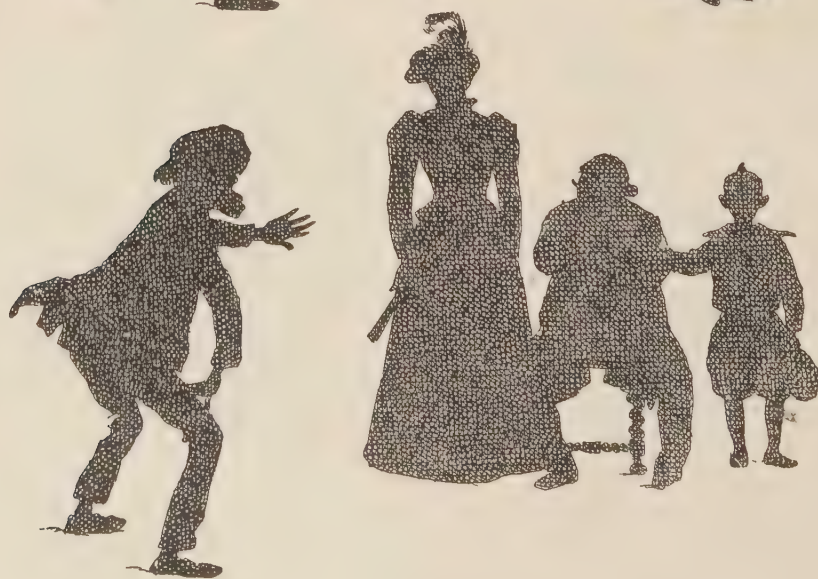
Fiction wears well, one must allow;
(A print dress is in households seen!)
But leafy costume is, I vow,
A novel "wearin' o' the green."

A. R.



JOKES WITHOUT WORDS. BY ALFRED RONNER. NO. I.—THE ITINERANT PHOTOGRAPHER.

(Continued on the next page.)

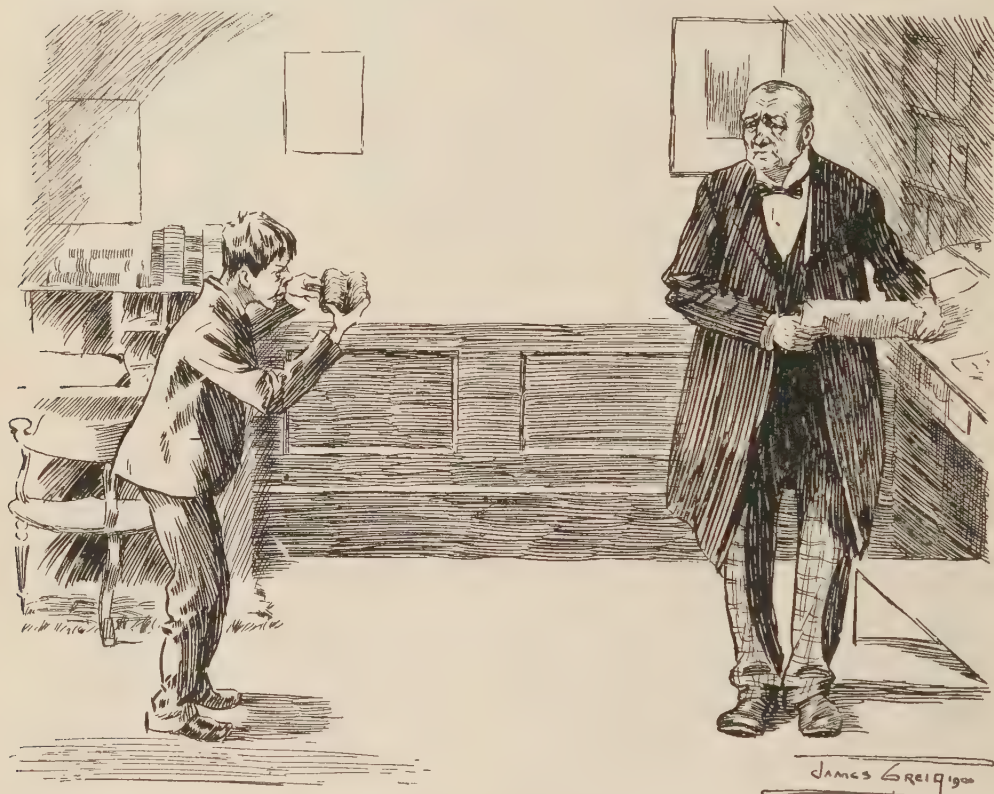


MRS. PLATITUDE: What is the use of worrying, George? It doesn't do any good to borrow trouble.

HER HUSBAND: Borrow trouble? Good Heavens! I'm not borrowing it! On the contrary, I have any amount to lend!

SIR FITZ SNUGGINS: It is too good of you to remember me after the dance at the Assembly Rooms!

MISS DE BRET: Oh, but that is because you have one of those faces which we women try in vain to forget.



EXTREMELY AWKWARD.

DOCTOR (doing up a prescription in his dispensary): Now, boy, hurry up with a piece of string.
BOY: I'm trying to, sir, but someone's bin and cut off the end!

"ALL I care to say, your honour," said the red-nosed inebriate, "is that I am not one who drinks whisky with the idea that it's food. I may be a drunkard, your honour, but I'm no dietetic crank."



"Sir, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"For Muriel's hand?"

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know; but we thought it would be more pleasing to you to have me go through with it."

"What's that? A mere formality? And may I inquire who suggested that asking my consent to my daughter's marriage was only a mere formality?"

"It was Muriel's mother, sir."

"Oh! In that case I have nothing more to say."

"I HEAR there is some talk of employing women to collect the Census returns," said the Sweet Young Thing in her smoothest tones.

"Good idea," said the Savage Bachelor, to her great astonishment.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do. If there is anything on earth a woman is fit for, it is the business of finding out about other people's affairs."



IN one of our esteemed contemporaries we noticed an article entitled, "Onions Regarded as Food." We ourselves have always regarded them in this light, and we consider it our solemn duty to give an impressive warning to all who persist in regarding them as a beverage, assuring them that they are making tracks in quite the wrong direction.



The Extra Charge.

HORTICULTURAL OLD GENTLEMAN: My good man, those plants I bought from you last week had no roots whatever.

ITINERANT FLORIST: All right, mister, yer can still 'ave the roots if yer likes ter pay fer 'em. I allus charges extry fer roots.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE SUMMER YOUTH.

By F. Klickmann.

Time was, he blazed in stripes of blue,
 Magenta, green, and red;
 Until the sight of his canoe
 Turned every tadpole's head!
 His linen was the tender tint
 Of Nankeen china jars;
 His cummerbund conveyed a hint
 Of Mandalay bazaars.

Upon his hat the florid band
 Was jaunty as his jacket;
 And when, in pensive pose, he'd stand
 And toy the tennis racquet,

His colour-scheme was so immense,
 His foes remarked, in malice,
 It spared them need of spending pence
 On fireworks at the Palace.

Time was! But now he's keen to wear
 The raw-sienna hues;
 While khaki dust sets in his hair,
 And khaki cakes his shoes!
 But though this colour he adores,
 We entertain the hope
 That, while on Afric's sunny shore,
 He won't forget—like Mr. Boer—
 The primal use of soap!



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

"A bell was always rung to warn the defenders to get under cover before the fall of the Boer shells."—Siege of Ladysmith

CAPTAIN SPINKS (invalided home from Ladysmith, and hearing the muffin man): Great Scott! Maria, jump, before the shell bursts.



In a Summer Land.
FROM THE PICTURE BY HAROLD PERCIVAL.



POWDER PLAY IN THE SÔK, TANGIER.

A PROBLEM FOR EMPIRES:

SOME NOTES ABOUT MOROCCO.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

Photographs by A. Cavilla, Tangier.

IT is very surprising that in these days of universal travelling Morocco should still remain to the great mass of Englishmen an unknown land. Some few sunshine-seekers visit Tangier, a few sportsmen seek their favourite pastime in the great forest of Argan, lying beyond Mogador; the men who travel inland to Marakesh, Mequinez, Fez, Wazzan, and the delectable district of the Sus may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. And yet the country of the Moors has a fascination that stirs the heart and fires the blood, that calls forth not a few of the adventurous Englishman's best qualities; for it lies beyond the lands of conventional civilisation, and a man lives as he lists, not without some little danger, but with a compensating joy of life that the countries of the Great Powers can hardly offer.

It seems strange to pass from the grim rock on which England guards the Mediterranean Sea and to cross in three short hours to a country that seems to have re-risen from the pages of the "Arabian Nights." It is a land of arbitrary Cadis and evil-working Bashas; of a plenty that satisfies nobody, often

succeeded by famine that lays whole districts waste; a world of fighting tribes that are equally careless of life and death; a land where the rich grind the faces of the poor, and the governors grind the rich, and the Sultan or his Grand Vizier grinds the governors. As an Empire, Morocco is even more rotten than Turkey, and seemingly nearer its end, for the corruption and cruelty pass belief, intrigue is rife in every quarter, and the reins of government, so long held by a strong man with a broken constitution, are now in the hands of an untried man. "In a very few years all England will have heard of Morocco—perhaps they will hear of it too late." So said an experienced diplomat in the course of a recent conversation; and the more I pondered his words, the more clearly I realised the gravity of the crisis that will come with a change of the balance of power in that corner of Africa.

From time to time one hears reports of the vast wealth of Morocco, and people who never set a foot in the country hasten to say it has no existence save in the imagination of story-tellers. Yet the few who have travelled through the interior tell of a



POWDER PLAY AT TANGIER.

the country to another, and consequently for one year a district may be so rich in grain that the harvest rots for lack of adequate labour to gather it, and the next year there may be starvation in the same quarter.

mineral wealth that bids fair to rival the Transvaal, undeveloped and unexploited—first, because the Moors believe it is against the will of Allah to break into the bowels of the earth; secondly, because the Sultans and their advisers have been quick to realise that with the advent of the mining industry the downfall of the native Government can no longer be delayed. The fate of Major Spilsbury's endeavour on behalf of the Globe Venture Syndicate, formed to trade with the Sus, will not be forgotten in this connection, and other attempts on a smaller scale have been made, with less *réclame*, but no better result. The restrictions that hamper this branch of industry find counterpart in other directions. Morocco is reckoned, throughout vast tracts of land, to be one of the most fertile countries of the world. It has corn-growing districts even richer than our valley of the Dee at home; for here the land must be served by the sweat of man's brow, while in Morocco it needs but to be tickled with a hoe in order to laugh with a harvest. There, again, a most pernicious system of restriction comes in. The Shereefian Government will not permit grain to be sent from one part of

There is little or no storage in any of the inland towns; for, so soon as a man shows evenslight signs of wealth, the Governor comes upon him for a heavy subsidy, and if he does not pay he is thrown into prison and left to starve. Industry is paralysed. In order to realise how such a state of things becomes possible, it should be noted that every governor of a Moroccan town pays the Sultan heavily for his post. It is clearly understood that he will get his capital back, together with a very large interest, from the unhappy people he is called upon to govern! Morocco is roughly parcelled out among certain tribes, all owing fealty to the Sultan. In some cases the fealty is merely nominal, in others the fealty might almost be said to exist on the other side, for the Sultan has to subsidise certain tribes to keep them quiet. When the late Sultan, Muley Hassan, took his woeful journey to Tafilet, a journey which brought about his death, he went with an army estimated at forty thousand men. These men ate whole districts clear of food; but on his return journey the Sultan had to bribe some of the fiercer tribes very heavily to keep his own hordes from annihilation.

Mr. Walter Harris, who has the honour of being the one Englishman who has made his way to Tafilet, says that the expedition was only saved from annihilation on the return journey by subsidies and the expedient of keeping the Sultan's death private.

I have, perhaps, said enough to give some small general idea of life in a country whose fascination is but little affected in the eyes of Europeans by the native maladministration. It is interesting to turn to the action of the Great Powers. Though the Sultan's Court is nearly always at Marakesh or Fez, the Legations are all at Tangier. France has military missions with the Court and at Rabat, on the coast, the Court doctor is French, but the military organisation is to some extent under the supervision of Kaid Harry Maclean, C.M.G., an adventurous and gallant Englishman, who has spent a quarter of a century in the Shereefian service, and lives at Marakesh with his wife and family, in high favour with the Court. In Tangier, however, the Ambassadors are all installed, Sir Arthur Nicholson representing England; M. Révoil, aided by M. de Lamartinière, France; and Sr. Don Ojeda, who will

possibly be recalled before these lines are published, Spain. The other Powers have their Embassies there, but interest centres round the Embassies of England, France, and Spain. In any question affecting the vital interests of Morocco, England must make her voice heard, for with a hostile power holding Tangier, our Mediterranean control would be seriously threatened. Ceuta, the other Moorish port opposition on the Mediterranean, belongs to Spain, and is commanded by Gibraltar, which faces it across the Strait. No small sensation was caused by a recent report that it was to be leased to Russia, a report seemingly without foundation. So far as can be seen, England is not taking steps to extend her influence in Morocco. France, on the other hand, has been showing an extraordinary activity for some years past. Algeria lies on Morocco's eastern boundary, and by means of her railway running from Oran to Tlemcen, and turned south—under past diplomatic pressure—to Figuig, commands the city of Fez, the northern capital of Morocco. The intervening country has been mapped out by French "scientific missions,"



THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CARPET THROUGH TANGIER ON ITS WAY TO MECCA.

like the one that seized the Oases of Tuat in January. Moreover, there are thousands upon thousands of Moors—I fear to quote the numbers given to me, lest they sound exaggerated—who are to all intents and purposes Frenchmen. A system of protection prevails throughout Morocco—England is the only Great Power that does not grant it freely—by which the protected Moor becomes the subject of the protecting Power. In this way he avoids the extortion and cruelty of his own rulers and is doubtless reckoned upon against the day when the Moorish Empire will come to earth with a crash that will shake half Europe. France recruits soldiers for her Algerian army and

Wazzan. This town, which is of great interest, is nearly fifty miles inland from Laraiche, the first port of size on the western coast; it is the residence of the Shereefs of Wazzan, who claim direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed, and wield no little political power. The Shereefs have all accepted French protection and will doubtless throw their influence into the French scale when the proper time arrives. The young Shereef, son of the late Shereef Sidi Haj Absolom, was educated at a French military school, and the widow of the late Shereef is living in Tangier under the protection of France and in receipt of a French pension. In Wazzan, I am told,

the slave trade flourishes unchecked. It is not French policy to alter any of the existing evils; for only when the distress and discontent reach their height will she be able to act—nominally, no doubt, in the interests of civilisation.

Spain's position in Morocco is peculiar. Well-informed opinion represents her as anxious to extend her influence in the country and to seek at her threshold, so to speak, a solace for the disappointments and disasters of her recent war. Ceuta is a position capable of exercising great influence in the Mediterranean, but it is not like Gibraltar, and could not be made in any degree equal to it without an expenditure that Spanish resources are quite unable to endure.

Further down the coast, where the Mediterranean is wider, Spain owns a very large expanse of territory, including Melilla, like Ceuta, a convict station. In the war with Morocco, now nearly two score years old, Spain seized Tetuan and only gave it up in consideration of an indemnity that was probably never paid; and it is quite reasonable that, when Spain can again look abroad, she should seek to extend her power in Morocco. What France will say remains to be seen. France is the tried friend, with money, who holds the bulk of Spanish securities and has a big voice in controlling Madrid's foreign policy; but at the same time Paris must never be obnoxious to Madrid, for some three hundred thousand men would be required to

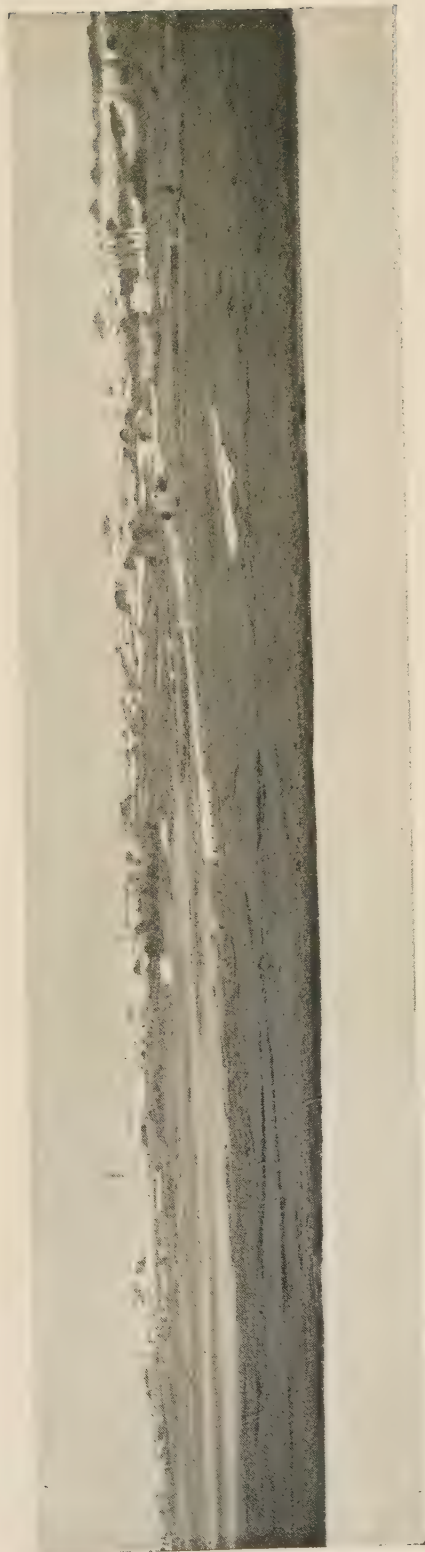


A MOORISH MEAL.

gives protection to the recruits and their families in return for one year's military service. She supplies the Shereefian army with artillerymen, and, as I have said, has two important military missions in the country, one inland, the other on the coast. These owe their creation largely to the skill and ingenuity of M. de Lamartinière, a clever diplomat who, though he is content with the nominal position of first secretary to the French Legation, exercises a very great influence in the country to which he may, sooner or later, be made Ambassador. He is a very versatile man, who has written a good book on the route to Fez, and well-informed people trace to his influence the French protection of the sacred city of



LARACHE, THE FIRST MOORISH PORT ON THE ATLANTIC.



RABAT, STATION OF THE FOREIGN MILITARY MISSIONS.

guard the Pyrenean frontier in case of a war between France and any other Great Power, unless Spain were friendly.

The other Great Powers are not active in Morocco, though they might actively resent any *coup d'état*. Russia's Embassy only came into existence eighteen months ago, at the request of France. There are no Russians in Morocco, or very few; outside the Embassy there is said to be only one Russian subject in Tangier.

Quite apart from the political problems awaiting solution, the fascination of Morocco is apparent to every man who can ride, shoot, and take care of himself. In the coast towns there is little or no danger; even in the interior it is probably less dangerous than people have said. On the coast a knowledge of Spanish will take a man anywhere; for the interior a knowledge of Arabic, most difficult of languages to speak accurately or write fluently, is imperative. The coast town natives are quite harmless, but the majority of the tribesmen from the interior, the warlike Riffians and Tuaregs, Berbers both, the Shenouahs from Abyssinia, the coal-black Soudanese from Kitchener's country, and the many other tribes of men who come through the interior with caravans bearing all kinds of merchandise, are a quarrelsome crowd.



A MOOR AT HIS PRAYERS.

There is more than a strong suspicion that human merchandise finds a big place in caravans that start from the south and never approach the coast. If the Powers were not divided against themselves, these abuses would not last six months; as things are, they will endure as long as the Moroccan Empire endures in its present form. The scenes in the great markets held in all large towns are most interesting and picturesque. One spends hours among them and never knows fatigue. Moorish *cafés* and Moorish prisons, Moorish shops and Moorish

street scenes, marriage and burial customs, actions at law, civil or criminal—of one and all a volume might be written without exhausting the possibilities of the subject. It is probable that Japan has been more influenced by Western ideas than Morocco; for even in Tangier, the town to which most English and American visitors come, the natives do not abate one jot of their ceremonial life; the scenes in the market-place alone would make the average Englishman believe he was a thousand miles away from the civilisation of the West. Caravans of camels are still the ships of the desert, and come to the Sôk with skins of



GRINDING CORN, TANGIER.



TANGIER, FROM THE BEACH.

wild animals from the land of the B'ni M'Gild, and dates from Taflet; the Arab story-teller yet finds a crowd to sit round him in a circle, heedless of the scorching sun, the vicious flies, and the cries of the sellers far and near, and listening entranced to stories of genii and princesses, of magic and enchantments, of love and war. The *muezzin* still calls the faithful from their bargain and sale, to stretch a piece of carpet upon the sand, turn towards Mecca, and pray devoutly. The Basha still administers what he is pleased to call justice by the gate of the Kasbah, and beyond the hills wild tribes meet and decide their differences with old flint-lock guns calculated to do most harm to those who stand behind them. A fair horse may be purchased for five pounds, though it may never be taken out of the country; fruit and vegetables are always cheap; a fowl may be bought for ninepence,

and native servants are readily procured; so that for a very few pounds per month a man may live in comfort amid surroundings whose charm becomes apparent so soon as the first sense of novelty has worn off. Trade is restricted and land is hard to buy. There are a few other disadvantages, but to all the coast ports trading steamers pay visits at short intervals, when the weather permits, while the service between Tangier and Gibraltar is daily, and Spain can be reached from Tangier and from Ceuta.

How soon will the great change come? That is the question asked on all sides, for troubles and intrigues have been dangerously on the increase in the last two years, and the watchers on the spot are conscious that the end is near. Upon the late Grand Vizier, "Abu Hamed," a man of extraordinary versatility and capacity for intrigue, who took the reins of government in his hands when

the late Sultan Muley Hassan died, the future of Morocco was thought to depend. "Abu Hamed" rose from the lowest position to be Chamberlain, and there were many intrigues against his influence; but he brought off a sudden *coup*, obtained the dismissal and downfall of the Grand Vizier and the Minister of War, took the first post himself, and gave the other to his brother. He has been to Morocco what the Dowager



MARKET-PLACE, TETUAN.

Empress has been to China, but, if report speaks truly, he was careful enough to accept French protection, thus keeping his life and liberty secure in the event of losing power as suddenly as he acquired it. The Sultan Muley Abdul Aziz is still little more than a boy; the Vizier kept him amused, and the Sultan was long content to show his interest in State affairs by inspecting any gifts of artillery that were made by foreign Powers. The Grand Vizier was a party to all the evils that make Morocco the scourge of its native population, but he saved the country from revolution and the sudden upheaval that might play directly into the hands of France. On this account it is, perhaps, unfortunate that "Abu Hamed" is dead, but at the time of writing it is impossible to predicate the political results of his death.

It is quite certain that in any questions relating to the ultimate disposition of the Moroccan Empire there will be many conflicting interests. With England the Mediterranean question is paramount, quite apart from the vast agricultural and mineral resources that must be opened in the near future. With Frenchmen there is the dream of pushing the Algerian occupation to the west until it stops on the borders of the Atlantic, and in this way establishing an African Empire not unworthy of comparison with our own. To this end France has been working assiduously for years, while other interested Powers have been quiescent. Spain's interest has been discussed, and of course no Mediterranean Power can be indifferent to the fate that awaits a country with such an extensive seaboard. While Sir

John Drummond Hay was our Minister to the Moroccan Court, English prestige was at its height. I have been told that he would call upon Sid Mohammed Torres, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and ask as a matter of course to see the latest despatches from the Shereefian Court. Sir Charles Euan Smith made a bold attempt to develop English prestige, but was not backed up by the Home Government, and retired into private life, a disappointed man. Sir Kirby Green's tenure of office was not productive of any great developments, and of Sir Arthur Nicholson no more can be said at present than that he is very popular and is believed to have great gifts. It is likely that he will soon have occasion to show them.

Morocco has been the subject of many interesting books. The most modern are written by Messrs. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Walter B. Harris, and Budget Meakin, and the student who wishes to learn all he can about a country that must soon loom large in European politics may be recommended to give these writers an earnest study. French writers include Pierre Loti and M. de Lamartinière, to whose book I have referred. A single magazine article cannot hope to deal adequately with any aspect of a country whose history in the present as in the past is so complicated. I have been content to write in the hope of awakening an interest against the time when everybody will be speaking about the country, and few will be acquainted with either the events that have led to the forthcoming troubles or the people and interests most concerned in them.



YOUNG BARBARIANS.

By IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. III.—MOOSSY.

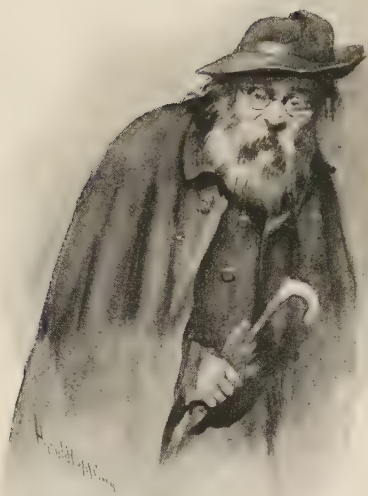


F the eyes of an old boy do not light up at the mention of "Moossy," then it is no use his pleading the years which have passed and the great affairs which have filled his life; you know at once that

he is an impostor and has never had the privilege of passing through Muirtown Seminary. Upon the genuine boy—fifty years old now, but green at heart—the word is a very talisman, for at the sound of it the worries of life and the years that have gone are forgotten, and the eyes light up and the face relaxes, and the middle-aged man lies back in his chair for the full enjoyment of the past. It was a rough life in the Seminary, with plain food and strenuous games; with well-worn and well-torn clothes; where little trouble was taken to give interest to your work, and little praise awarded when you did it well; where you were bullied by the stronger fellows without redress, and thrashed for very little reason; where there were also many coarsenesses which were sickening at the time to any lad with a sense of decency, and which he is glad, if he can, to forget; but, at least, there was one oasis in the wilderness where there was nothing but enjoyment for the boys, and that was the "Department of Modern Languages," over which Moossy was supposed to preside.

Things have changed since Moossy's day, and now there is a graduate of the University of Paris and a fearful martinet to teach young Muirtown French, and a Heidelberg man with several degrees and four sword-cuts on his face to explain to Muirtown the mysteries of the German sentence. Indignant boys, who have heard appetising tales of the days which are gone, are compelled to "swat" at Continental tongues as if they were serious languages like Latin and Greek, and are actually kept in if they have not done a French verb. They are required to write an account of their holidays in German, and are directed to enlarge their vocabulary by speaking in foreign tongues among themselves. Things have come to such a pass—but I do not believe one word of this—that the modern Sparrow, before he pulls off the modern Dowbiggin's bonnet and flings it into the lade, which still runs as it used to do, will be careful to say "*Erlauben Sie mir*," and that the modern Dowbiggin, before rescuing his bonnet, will turn and inquire with mild surprise, "*Was wollen Sie, mein Freund?*" and precocious lads will delight their parents at the breakfast-table by asking for their daily bread in the language and accent of Paris, because for the moment they have forgotten English. It is my own firm conviction, and nothing can shake it, that Muirtown lads are just as incapable of explaining their necessary wants in any speech except their own as they were in the days of our fathers, and that if a Seminary boy were landed in Calais to-day, he would get his food at the buffet by making signs with his fingers, as his father had done before him and as becomes a young barbarian. He would also take care, as his fathers did, that he would not be cheated in his change nor be put upon by any "Frenchy." Foreign graduates may do their best with Seminary lads—and their kind elsewhere—but they will not find it easy to shape their unruly tongues; for the Briton is fully persuaded in the background of his mind that he belongs to an imperial race and is born to be a ruler,

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"But Moosy was little better than an abject."

that every man will sooner or later have to speak his language, and that it is undignified to condescend to French. The Briton is pleased to know that foreign nations have some means of communication between themselves—as, indeed, the lower animals have, if you go into the matter; but since the Almighty has put an English (or Scots) tongue in his mouth, it would be flying in the face of Providence not to use it. It is, however, an excellent thing to have the graduates, and the trim class-room, and the tables of the foreign verbs upon the wall, and the conversation-classes—the Sparrow at a conversation-class!—and all the rest of it; but, oh! the days of long ago—and Moosy!

Like our only other foreigner, the Count, Moosy was a nameless man, for although it must have been printed on the board in the vestibule of the school, which had a list of masters and of classes, no one can hint at Moosy's baptismal name, nor even suggest his surname. The name of the Count had been sunk in the nobility which we conferred upon him, and which was the tribute of our respectful admiration, but "Moosy" was a term of good-humoured contempt. We were only Scots lads of a provincial town, and knew nothing of the outside world; but yet, with the instincts of a race of Chieftains and Clansmen, we distinguished in our minds between our

two foreigners and placed them far apart. No doubt the Count was womanish in his dress, and had fantastic manners, but we knew he was a gallant gentleman, who was afraid of nobody and was always ready to serve his friends; he was *débonnaire*, and counted himself the equal of anyone in Muirtown, but Moosy was little better than an abject. He was a little man, to begin with, and had made himself smaller by stooping till his head had sunk upon his chest and his shoulders had risen to his ears; his hair fell over the collar of his coat behind, and his ill-dressed beard hid any shirt he wore; his hands and face showed only the slightest acquaintance with soap and water, and although the Sparrow was not always careful in his own personal ablutions, and more than once had been sent down to the lade by Bulldog to wash himself, yet the Sparrow had a healthy contempt for a dirty master. Moosy's clothes, it was believed, had not been renewed since he came to the Seminary, and the cloak which he wore on a winter day was a scandal to the town. His feet were large and flat, and his knees touched as the one passed the other, and the Seminary was honestly ashamed at the sight of him shambling across the North Meadow. He looked so mean, so ill put together, so shabby, so dirty, that the very "Pennies" hooted at him and flung him in our faces. The Rector was also careless of his dress, and mooned along the road, but then everybody knew that he was a mighty scholar, and that if you woke him from his meditation he would answer you in Greek; but even the Sparrow understood that Moosy was not a scholar. The story drifted about through Muirtown, and filtered down to the boys, that he was a bankrupt tradesman who had fled from some little German town and landed in Muirtown, and that because he could speak a little English and a little French, as German tradesmen can, he had been appointed by an indiscriminating Town Council to teach foreign tongues at the Seminary. It is certain he had very little education and no confidence in himself, and so he was ever cringing to the bailies, which did him no injury, for these great men regarded themselves as beings bordering on the supernatural; and he was ever deferring and giving in to the boys, which was the maddest thing that any master could do, and only confirmed every boy in his judgment that Moosy was one of the most miserable of God's creatures.

His classes met in the afternoon, and were regarded as a pleasant relaxation after the

labours of the day, and to escape from the government of Bulldog to the genial freedom of Moosy's room proved, as we felt in a vague way, that Providence had a tender heart towards the wants and enjoyments of boys. It goes without saying that no work was done, for there were only half a dozen who had any desire to work, and they were not allowed, in justice to themselves and to their fellows, to waste the mercies which had been provided. Upon Bulldog's suggestion, Moosy once provided himself with a cane, but it failed in his hands the first time he tried to use it, which was not at all wonderful, as

John, sitting at the head of his form and working diligently upon a French translation, which he could do better than Moosy himself, the Sparrow would make a signal to the form, and, leading off from the foot himself, the form would give one quick, unanimous, and masterful push, and Thomas John next instant was sitting on the floor; while if, by any possibility, they could land all his books on him as he lay, and baptise him out of his own ink-bottle, the form was happy and called in their friends of other forms to rejoice with them. Moosy, at the noise of Thomas John's falling, would hurry



"The form would give one quick, unanimous, and masterful push, and —"

Jock Howieson, who did not approve of canes, and regarded them as an invention of the Evil One, had doctored Moosy's cane with a horse-hair, so that it split into two at a stroke, and one piece flying back struck Moosy on the face.

"That 'ill learn him to be meddling with canes. It's plenty that Bulldog has a cane, without yon meeserable wretch"; and that was the last effort which Moosy made to exercise discipline.

Every afternoon he made a pitiable appeal that the boys would behave and learn their verbs. For about ten minutes there was quietness, and then, at the sight of Thomas

over and inquire the cause, that a boy so exemplary and diligent should be sitting on the floor with the remains of his work around him; and as Thomas John knew that it would be worth his life to tell the reason, Moosy and he pretended to regard it as one of the unavoidable accidents of life, and after Thomas John had been restored to his place, and the ink wiped off his clothes, Moosy exhorted the form to quietness and diligence. He knew what had happened, and would have been fit for a lunatic asylum if he had not; and we knew that he knew, and we all despised him for his cowardice. Had there been enough spirit in Moosy to

go for Sparrow (just as Bulldog would have done), and thrash him there and then as he sat in his seat, brazen and unashamed, we would all have respected Moosy, and no one more than Sparrow, to whom all fresh exploits would have had a new relish. But Moosy was a broken-spirited man, in whom there was no fight, who held a post he was not fit for, and held it to get a poor living for himself and one who was dearer to him than his own life. So helpless was he, and so timid, that there were times when the boys grew weary of their teasing and disorder, and condescended to repeat a verb in order to pass the time.

When the spring was in their blood—for, like all young animals, they felt its stirring—then there were wonderful scenes in Moosy's class-room. He dared not stand in those days between two forms, with his face to the one and his back to the other, because of the elastic catapults and the sharp little paper bullets, which, in spite of his long hair, would always find out his ears; and if he turned round to face the battery, the other form promptly unmasked theirs, and between the two he was driven to the end of the room; and then, in his very presence, without a pretence of concealment, the two forms would settle their differences, while, in guttural and uncultured German, Moosy prayed for peace. Times there were, I am sorry to say, when at the sting of the bullet Moosy said bad words, and although they were in German, the boys knew that it was swearing, and Sparrow's voice would be loudest in horror.

"Mercy on us, lads! this is awful language to hear in the Seminary! If the Town Council gets word of this, there 'll be a fine strainish. For masel," Sparrow would conclude piously, "I'm perfectly ashamed." And as that accomplished young gentleman had acquired in the stables a wealth of profanity which was the amazement of the school, his protest had all the more weight. Poor Moosy would apologise for what he had said, and beseech the school neither to say it themselves nor to tell what they had heard; and for days afterwards the Sparrow would be warning Thomas John that if he, Sparrow—censor of morals—caught him cursing and swearing like Moosy, he would duck him in the lade, and afterwards bring him before the Lord Provost and magistrates.

There was no end to the devices of the Seminary for enjoying themselves and tormenting Moosy; and had it not been for Nestie, who had some reserves of taste, the fun would have been much more curious.

As it was, Moosy never knew when he might not light upon a frog, till it seemed as if the class-room for modern languages were the chosen home for the reptiles of the district. One morning, when he opened his desk a lively young Scots terrier puppy sprang up to welcome him, and nearly frightened Moosy out of such wits as he possessed. He had learned to open the door of his class-room cautiously, not knowing whether a German Dictionary might not be ingeniously poised to fall upon his head. His ink-bottle would be curiously attached to his French Grammar, so that when he lifted the book the bottle followed it and sent the spray of ink over his person, adding a new distinction of dirtiness to his coat. Boys going up to write on the blackboard, where they never wrote anything but nonsense, would work symbols with light and rapid touch upon the back of Moosy's coat as they returned; and if one after the other, adding to the work of art, could draw what was supposed to be a human face upon Moosy, the class was satisfied it had not lost the hour. There were times when Moosy felt the hand even on the looseness of that foolish coat, and turned suddenly; but there was no shaking the brazen impudence of Muirtown, and Moosy, looking into the stolid and unintelligent expression of Howieson's face, thought that he had been mistaken. If one boy was set up to do a verb, the form, reading from their books and pronouncing on a principle of their own, would do the verb with him and continue in a loud and sonorous song, till Moosy had to stop them one by one, and then they were full of indignation at being hindered in their studies of the German language.

Moosy was afraid to complain to the Rector, lest his own incompetence should be exposed and his bread be taken from him; and of this the boys, with the unerring cunning of savages, were perfectly aware, and the torture might have gone on for years had it not been for the intervention of Bulldog and a certain incident. As the French class-room was above the mathematical, any special disturbance could be heard in the quietness below; and whatever else they did, the students of foreign languages were careful not to invite the attention of Bulldog. Indeed, the one check upon the freedom of Moosy's room was the danger of Bulldog's arrival, who was engaged that hour with the little boys and had ample leisure of mind to take note of any special noise above, and for want of



"Nothing is more difficult than to catch a mouse."

occupation was itching to get at old friends like Howieson. There are times, however, when even a savage forgets himself, and one spring day the saturnalia in Moosy's room reached an historical height. It had been discovered that any dislike which Moosy may have had to a puppy in his desk, and a frog in his top-cloak pocket, was nothing to the horror with which he regarded mice. As soon as it was known that Moosy would as soon have had a tiger in the French class-room as a mouse upon the loose, it was felt that the study of foreign languages should take a new departure. One morning the boys came in with such punctuality, and settled to their work with such demure diligence, that even Moosy was suspicious and watched them anxiously. For ten minutes there was nothing heard but the drone of the class mangling German sentences, and then Howieson cried aloud in consternation, "A mouse!"

"Vat ees that you say? Ah! mices! vere?" and Moosy was much shaken.

"Yonder," said Sparrow, pointing to where a mouse was just disappearing under the desk; "and there's another at the fireplace. Dod, the place is fair swarming, and, Moosy, there's one trying to run up your leg. Take care, man, for ony sake."

"A mices," cried Moosy, "vill up my legs go; I vill the desk ascend," and with the aid of a chair Moosy scrambled on to his desk, where he entrenched himself against attack, believing that at that height he would be safe from "mices."

The Sparrow suggested that as this plague of mice had burst upon the French class-room the scholars should meet the calamity like men, and asked Moosy's permission to go out upon the chase. For once Moosy and his pupils had one mind, and the school gave itself to its heart's content, and without a thought of consequences, to a mouse hunt. Nothing is more difficult than to catch a mouse, and the difficulty is doubled when no one wishes to catch it; and so the school fell over benches, and over one another, and jumped over the desks and scrambled under them, ever pretending to have caught a mouse, and really succeeding once in smothering an unfortunate animal beneath the weight of half a dozen boys. Thomas John was early smeared with ink from top to bottom by an accident in which Howieson took a leading part, and the German Dictionary intended for a mouse happened to take Cosh on the way, which led to an encounter between that indignant youth and Bauldie, in

which mice were forgotten. The blackboard was brought down with a crash, and a form was securely planted on its ruins. High above the babel Moosy could be heard crying encouragement, and demanding whether the "mices" had been caught, but nothing would induce him to come down from his fastness. When things were at their highest, and gay spirits like Sparrow were beginning to conclude that even the big snow fight was nothing to a mouse hunt, and Howieson had been so lifted that he had mounted a desk, not to catch a mouse, but to give a cheer, and was standing there without collar or tie, dishevelled, triumphant, and raised above all the trials of life, the door opened and Bulldog entered. And it was a beautiful tribute to the personality of that excellent man, that the whole room crystallised in an instant, and everyone remained motionless, frozen, as it were, in the act.

Bulldog looked round with that calm composure which sat so well upon him, taking in Moosy perched upon his desk, Howieson on his form, Sparrow sitting with easy dignity on the top of Thomas John, and half a dozen worthies still tied together in a scrimmage, as if this were a sight to which he was accustomed every day in Muirtown Seminary.

"Foreign languages," he began, after a pause of ten seconds, "is evidently a divertin' subject of study, and I wonder that any pupil is left in the department of mathematics. I was not aware, Jock, that ye needed to stand on a form before you could do your German, and I suppose that is the French class in the corner. I'm sorry to intrude, but I'm pleased to see a class in earnest about its work.

"Mices!" remarked Bulldog in icy tones, as poor Moosy came down from his desk and began to explain. "My impression is that you are right, as far as I can judge—and I have some acquaintance with the circumstances. There are a considerable number of mices in this room, a good many more mices than were brought in somebody's pocket this morning. The mices I see were in my class-room this morning, and they were very quiet and peaceable mices, and they'll be the same in this class-room after this, or I'll know the reason why. If you'll excuse me," and Bulldog embraced the whole scene in a comprehensive farewell, "I'll leave the foreign class-room and go down and see what my laddies are doing with their writing"; and when Bulldog closed the door Howieson realised that he owed his escape to Bulldog's



"They came bravely along the lane, Sparrow pulling."

respect for another man's class-room, but that the joyful day in modern languages had come to an end. There would be no more "mices."

Next Saturday afternoon Sparrow and Nestie were out for a ramble in the country, and turning into a lane where the hedgerows were breaking into green, and the primroses nestling at the roots of the bushes, they came upon a sight which made them pause so that they could only stand and look. Down the lane a man was dragging an invalid-chair, a poor and broken thing which had seen its best days thirty years ago. In the chair a woman was sitting, or rather lying, very plainly but comfortably dressed, and carefully wrapped up, whose face showed that she had suffered much, but whose cheeks were responding to the breath of spring. As they stood, the man stopped and went to the bank and plucked a handful of primroses and gave them to the woman; and as he bent over her, holding up the primroses before her eyes, and as they talked together, even the boys saw the grateful pleasure in her eyes. He adjusted the well-worn cloak and changed her position in the chair, and then went back to drag it, a

heavy weight down the soft and yielding track; and the boys stood and stared and looked at one another, for the man who was caring so gently for this invalid, and toiling so manfully with the lumbering chair, was Moossy.

"Cut away, Sparrow," said Nestie; "he wouldn't like us to see him. I say, he ain't a bad sort—Moossy—after all. Bet you a bottle of ginger-beer that's Moossy's wife, and that's why he's so poor."

They were leaving the lane when they heard an exclamation, and going back they found that the miserable machine had slipped into the ditch and there stuck fast beyond poor Moossy's power of recovery. With many an "Ach!" and other words, too, he was bewailing the situation and hanging over his invalid, while she seemed to be cheering him and trying if she could so lie in the chair as to lessen the weight upon the lower side, while every minute the wheel sank deeper in the soft earth.

"What are you staring at, you idle, worthless vagabond?" said Nestie to the Sparrow. "Come along and give a hand to Moossy," who was so pleased to get some help in the lonely place that he forgot the revealing of

his little secret. With Sparrow in the shafts, who had the strength of a man in his compact little body, and Moosy pulling on the other side, the coach was soon upon the road again, amid a torrent of gratitude from Moosy and his wife, partly in English, but mostly in German, but all quite plain to the boys, for gratitude is always understood in any language. They came bravely along the lane, Sparrow pulling, Moosy hanging over his wife to make sure she had not been hurt, and Nestie plucking flowers to make up a nosegay in memory of the lane, while Moosy declared them to be "*Zwei herzliche Knaben*."

When they came to the main road, Sparrow would not give up his work, but brought the carriage manfully to the little cottage, hidden in a garden, where Moosy lodged. When she had been carried in—she was so light that Moosy could lift her himself—she compelled the boys to come in, too, and Moosy made fragrant coffee, and this they had with strange German cakes, which were not half bad, and to which they both did ample justice. Going home, Nestie looked at Sparrow, and Sparrow looked at Nestie, and though no words passed it was understood that the days of the troubles of Moosy in the Seminary of Muirtown were ended.

During the remaining year of Moosy's labours at the Seminary it would not be true to say that he became a good or useful master, for he had neither the knowledge nor the tact, or that the boys were always respectful and did their work, for they were very far removed from being angels; but Moosy did pluck up some spirit, and Sparrow saw that he suffered no grievous wrong. He also took care that Moosy was not left to be his own horse from day to day, but that the stronger varlets of the Seminary should take some exercise in the shafts of Moosy's coach. Howieson was a young gentleman far removed from sentiment, and he gave it carefully to be understood that he only did the thing for a joke; but there is no question that more than once Jock brought

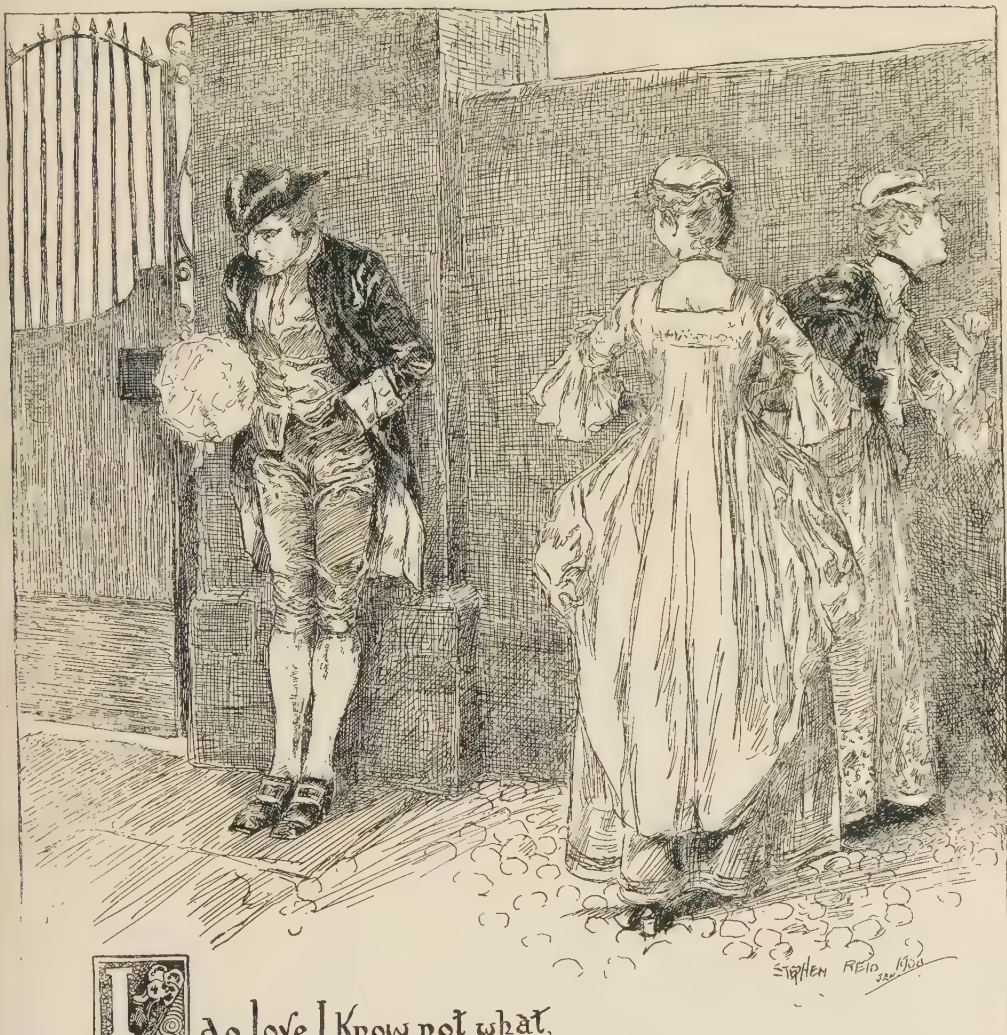
Moosy's carriage, with Moosy's wife in it, successfully along that lane and other lanes, and it is a fact that, on a certain Saturday, Sparrow came out with one of his father's traps, and Mistress Moosy, as she was called, was driven far and wide about the country around Muirtown.

"You are what the papers call a ph-philanthropist, Sparrow," said Nestie, "and I expect to hear that you are opening an orphan asylum." And Sparrow promptly replied that, if he did, the first person to be admitted would be Nestie, and that he would teach him manners.

It was a fortunate thing for Moosy that someone died in Germany and left him a little money, so that he could give up the hopeless drudgery of the Seminary and go home to live in a little house upon the banks of the Rhine. His wife, who had been improving under Dr. Manley's care, began to brisk up at once, and was quite certain of recovery when one afternoon they left Muirtown Station. Some dozen boys were there to see them off, and it was Jock and Sparrow who helped Moosy to place her comfortably in the carriage. The gang had pooled their pocket-money—selling one or two treasures to swell the sum—that Moosy and his wife might go away laden with such dainties as schoolboys love, and Nestie had a bunch of flowers to place in her hands. They still called him Moosy, as they had done before, and he looked, to tell the truth, almost as shabby and his hair was as long as ever; but he was in great spirits and much touched by the kindness of his tormentors. As the English mail pulled out of Muirtown Station with quickening speed, the boys ran along the platform beside the carriage, shaking hands with Moosy through the open windows and passing in their gifts.

"Take care o' mices!" shouted Jock, with agreeable humour, but the last sight Moosy had of Muirtown was Sparrow standing on a luggage-barrow and waving farewell.





STEPHEN REID 1860

L

do love I know not what,
Sometimes this & sometimes that;
All conditions I aim at.

T

herefore, now I'll love no more,
As I've doted heretofore;

B

ut, as luckless I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gain her whom I would get

He who must be
shall be poor.

HERRICK



THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS AT OMDUTMAN, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898. BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



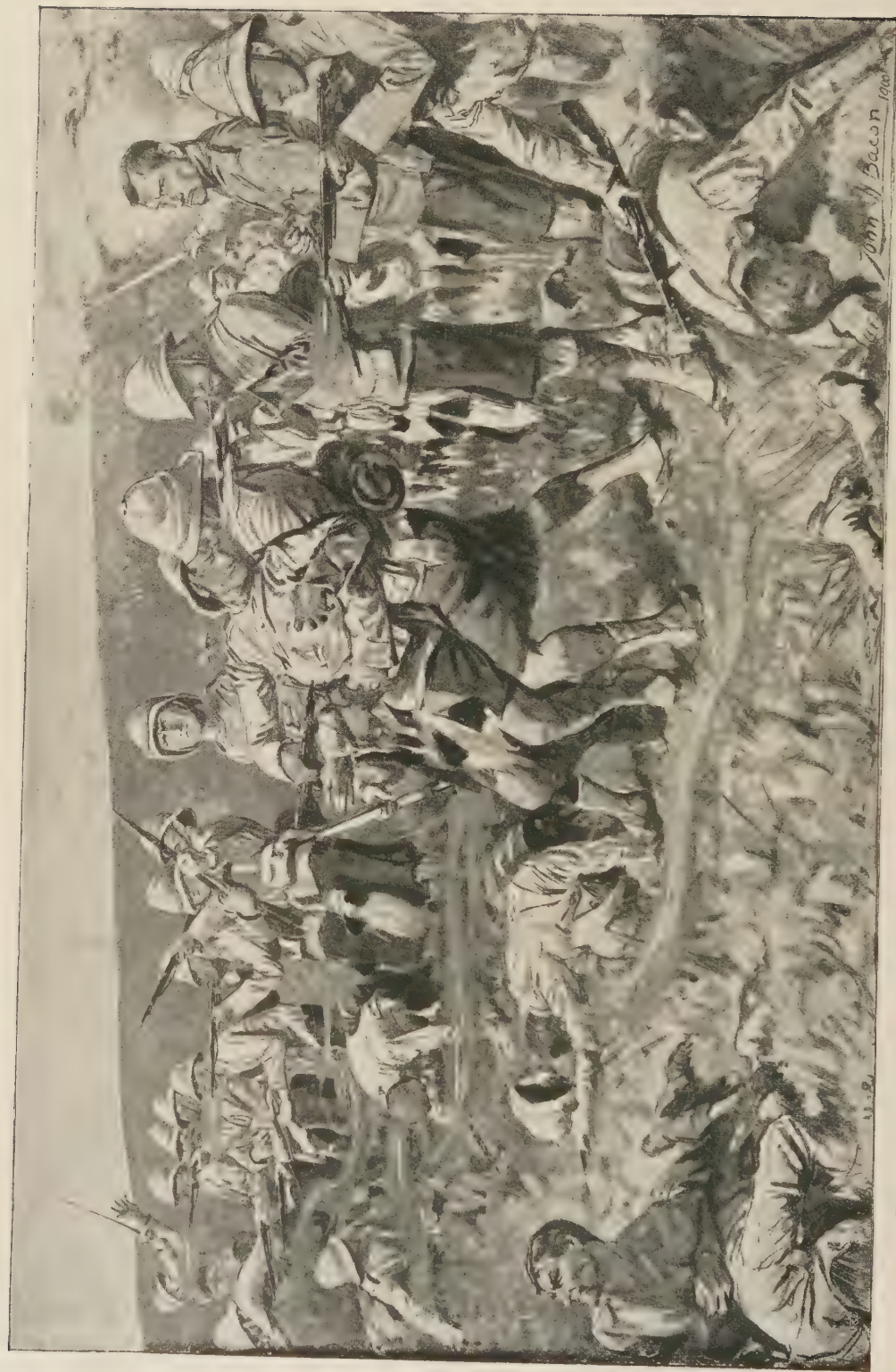
A GROUP OF BATTLE PAINTERS AND WAR ARTISTS.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

AS a nation we have not hitherto been strong in military painters, which is certainly a remarkable fact when we consider how full our history is of heroic deeds and splendid feats of arms. Even the tremendous struggle which saw the rise and fall of Napoleon did not give us any great battle-pictures, and it is not a little singular that almost the only painting of epoch-making Waterloo in our public galleries—it hangs in South Kensington—is by the French artist, Phillippoteaux. France, on the other hand, with her adoration of *La Gloire* and her devotion to the Army, has found inspiring themes for several painters of the first rank in the stories of her wars. The walls of Versailles are covered with pictures of the achievements of her generals, and every art collection abounds in military subjects. One has only to recall the names of Meissonier, Horace Vernet, Détaillé, Yvon, and De Neuville, to say nothing of others, and a host of glorious canvases, dedicated

to the soldiers of France, spring instantly into the mind's eye.

It is just possible that the indifference of British painters to battle-scenes and military subjects generally will disappear in consequence of the importunate public demand that now manifests itself on all sides for pictures dealing with the war in South Africa. Not that they have not been given their cue in such matters before. Was there ever a more popular painting than "The Roll Call," by Lady Butler? I shall probably be told that art has nothing to do with popularity, but, as the Americans say, "Is that so?" Rather, it seems to me, does the universal desire, amounting to a positive craving, for pictorial commentaries on the



THE BATTLE OF MAGERFONTEIN: THE HIGHLANDERS SURPRISED IN CLOSE ORDER. BY JOHN H. BACON.

doings of our Army in South Africa point to the existence of a genuine instinct, not wholly brutal, which our painters would do well to satisfy. A nation of shopkeepers, no doubt, we are; but the man in the street, who perhaps serves behind a counter, none the less knows and feels with pride that he belongs to a conquering race. And so he calls and clamours for the brush and pencil of the war artist to make real and vivid presentments for him of the various aspects of the conflicts in which the fighting men of that race of his have been or are engaged.

The pictorial press has never had any doubt about it. Since William Simpson

same celerity and alacrity which characterise the movements of "Our Own War Correspondent." The war artist is thoroughly well aware of the fact that his sketches will be looked for quite as eagerly as, perhaps even more so than, those of his brother of the pen, for they bring home to thousands the incidents of warfare far more directly than any mere words can do, however eloquent or forceful the writing may be. Take us on the whole—we are not a particularly imaginative people—and we like pictures, because they present us with something tangible. They show us the actual; they realise things for us.



THE HAMPSHIRE MOUNTED INFANTRY IN BURMAH: A SUDDEN ATTACK BY DACOITS.

By W. B. Wollen, R.I.

sketched in the Crimea for the *Illustrated London News* (see our former article on "War Correspondents" in the *WINDSOR* for April), the work of war artists has been one of its most conspicuous and, at the same time, most acceptable features. No matter where flows the dark tide of war, there artist-specials are immediately despatched by those who direct our illustrated papers. Mr. Seppings Wright, himself a distinguished war artist, tells us how the imperative command is issued from the "office"—"Go to the front"—and within a few hours he is on board train or steamer, as the case may be, speeding to the scene of action with the

It is hardly to be wondered at, then, if the interest in general which attaches to pictures, combined with the war in South Africa and the Imperial spirit of the time in which we live, should lead to a great development amongst us with respect to the choice of military subjects by our painters—a development which is certain of wide appreciation.

It goes without saying that a military painter must be perfectly familiar with the details of military life. It is perhaps not necessary that he should have participated in a campaign—Lady Butler is a notable proof to the contrary; but to have been present in actions, to have shared in the emotions that

attend on victory or defeat, to have taken part in the forced march and in the life of the camp, to have bivouacked in the rain or under clear, starry skies—in a word, to have seen the reality of war—must surely hold its own inspirations. Meissonier was attached to the staff of Napoleon III. in the Italian war, and was frequently under fire. His first great battle-painting, "The Battle of Solferino," which is in the Luxembourg, is reminiscent of a day of fate of which he himself was a witness. Détaillé was a soldier in the Franco-German war, and we are told that the double sympathies of the patriot

his canvas battle-scenes not actually observed with his own eyes.

The position of an artist making sketches on the field of battle must be a trying and difficult one. He has to do his work often on horseback or on camel-back, amidst a scene of confusion. He must not allow himself to be daunted or greatly disturbed. Above all, he must have a quick eye and a steady hand. He must be ready to seize points of interest as they arise and to transfer them to his paper with all possible speed, therefore coolness and great dexterity must be his. Sometimes he may have time to



AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING OF 1897: THE RELIEF OF FORT GULISTAN. THE 2ND PUNJAB INFANTRY BREASTING THE KOTAL, SUPPORTED BY GURKHAS.

By H. C. Seppings Wright.

and the artist were so strong that even on the field of battle he would drop his gun to take his pencil, and then, the sketch finished, take up his gun again. Several of our English battle painters have had experiences of war, and their art must surely gain from what they have seen.

A distinction, however, must be drawn between battle painters and war artists. Every battle painter is in a sense a war artist, but not all war artists are battle painters. For the purpose of this article I shall define the war artist as a "special," who sends us pictures of incidents at the front, the battle painter as one who puts on

finish his sketches, but we are all familiar with his work published in the rough, helped out by written notes, such as those sent by Mr. Melton Prior and others. More frequently the rough sketches are worked up in black-and-white by artists at home whose services are specially retained by the illustrated papers on account of their capacity for rendering adequately the real feeling, the veritable atmosphere, of war. Several of the pictures accompanying this article belong to this class. They are the productions of battle painters rather than of war artists. The battle painter, however, may or may not have any such notes to work from.



CURSING THE INFIDEL: AN INCIDENT IN THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING OF 1897. BY S. BEGG.

Prominent amongst our battle painters stands Mr. R. Caton Woodville, R.I., one of a band of distinguished men who made their reputation first in the pictorial press. Rather more than a score of years ago, Caton Woodville, a youth of twenty, submitted a drawing in black-and-white to the *Illustrated London News*, and his connection with that journal

has remained unbroken since. His father was an artist of distinction, whose paintings were exhibited at the Royal Academy; his mother was a Russian. After his father's death, the boy and his mother went to Petersburg, then to Germany, where, at Düsseldorf, young Woodville studied art under E. von Gebhardt, a painter who had



A COLUMN OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE ON THE MARCH TO MAEKGING THROUGH BECHUANALAND.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM": THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE RE-FORMING AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.
BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

a predilection for religious subjects. Coming to London, he continued his studies. When he was just twenty, Sir William Ingram sent him to represent the *Illustrated London News* in the Servian war of 1878, and he also acted as war artist for the same journal in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. He has thus had abundant opportunities at first hand of seeing what war really is, and so it is no wonder that his paintings are full of actuality, of life and movement.

On Mr. Woodville's return from the wars he began to paint large canvases devoted to military subjects, exhibiting in the Royal

his paintings and wash drawings is his wonderful success, his amazing skill, in expressing action. Take, for example, "The Charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman," which appears with this article. The whole scene, with its pell-mell of fighting, struggling Dervishes and Lancers, is instinct with life. The incident itself was one of the most stirring in the campaign of Kitchener against the Khalifa, and can hardly yet have faded from general recollection. The picture, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, was worked up from a sketch made by an officer of the Seaforth's. Another Egyptian



HOW LORD ROBERTS'S SON WENT OUT TO SAVE THE GUNS AT COLENZO

Drawn by Sidney Paget from a sketch by Ernest Prater.

Academy first in 1879, and fame came to him almost at once. His picture of "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," which was bought by the Corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Art Gallery, placed him at a bound in the front rank of military painters. Since then he has increased his reputation by such pictures as "Kassassin," "Kandahar," "1815" (his Waterloo picture), "The Storming of Badajoz, 1812," and "Balaklava." In addition to his paintings, Mr. Woodville has always done a large amount of black-and-white work, for the *Illustrated London News* in particular. To me, the most striking characteristic of both

picture by Mr. Woodville is given on page 271, "The Destruction of a Transport near Suakim," in which may again be observed the same vigour of movement. Two subjects derived from the war in South Africa are presented as further examples of Mr. Woodville's work. One depicts "A Column of British South African Police on the March": the other, "All that was Left of Them," a picture of mournful but heroic suggestion, which appeared in the *Spear* as a supplement, has for its theme the calling of the roll of the remnant of the Highland Brigade after the disastrous morning of Magersfontein.



A ROUGH ROAD FOR THE GUNS.

BY JOHN CHARLTON.



A GOOD SAMARITAN UNDER FIRE.

"At the battle of Willow Grange an officer of the Imperial Light Horse went into the open and rescued a badly wounded private and carried him into safety under a heavy fire."

An incident of the present Transvaal War depicted by Stanley L. Wood.

Another South African picture, a line of Highlanders under fire, is that of Mr. John H. Bacon. The original of this first appeared in *Black and White* a short time ago. Mr. Bacon has had no experience of war itself, but his work, as shown in this and other sketches, is very effective. He has studied the best French models, and readers of the *WINDSOR* will readily recall the striking illustrations by him which appeared in this magazine accompanying Mr. Guy Boothby's serial, "Pharos the Egyptian."

Mr. Wollen, an artist who has done a large amount of work for the illustrated

page 264 shows some of the 2nd Punjab Infantry breasting the Kotal as they march on to the relief of Fort Gulistan—an episode in the Indian Frontier rising of 1897. To the same time belongs Mr. S. Begg's remarkably effective "Cursing the Infidel," the central figure, that of a native *mullah* or prophet, being drawn with splendid *verve*. One of the grandest achievements of any war is portrayed by Mr. Sidney Paget (*The Sphere*) in his fine picture, "How Lord Roberts's Son Went Out to Save the Guns," an ever-memorable incident of the effort to relieve Ladysmith. Mr. John Charlton, who is well known as the painter of several



THE DESTRUCTION OF A TRANSPORT NEAR SUAKIM: AN INCIDENT OF THE SOUDAN WAR OF 1885.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

press, particularly in military subjects, is represented here by "A Review of the Scots Greys" and "A Sudden Attack." In the latter a detachment of the Hampshire Infantry are seen repelling an attack of Dacoits in Burma. Mr. Wollen has lately been in South Africa for the *Sphere*. Mr. Seppings Wright, who has successfully combined in himself the functions of war correspondent and war artist, has seen several campaigns, but not the last. One campaign is enough, he thinks, to furnish forth a war artist with all the material he needs for his battle-pictures—so he once confided to me. The wash drawing on

military pictures, such as "Ulundi" and "Tel-el-Kebir," and who painted the official picture of the Thanksgiving Service in front of St. Paul's on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, called "God Save the Queen," contributes to our article an animated presentment of artillerymen in the act of crossing a ford; it is chosen from the *Graphic*. Mr. Stanley L. Wood, who is in his element in battle painting, is represented here by his spirited study of the rescue of a wounded soldier by a comrade, originally published in *Black and White*. Personally, however, I think Mr. Wood is at his best when he draws horses; no one can beat him at that.



A REVIEW OF THE SCOTS GREYS. DRAWN BY W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

PRO PATRIA.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

THIS story is related by Captain Alfred Hilliard, a young Englishman of considerable means and good social position, who is spending some time on the Continent with his friend Fordham. At Pau, Hilliard became acquainted with a Colonel Lepeletier and promptly fell in love with his daughter. When the Lepeletiers returned to their home in Calais, Hilliard followed them; but though he had every reason to believe that Agnes Lepeletier cared for him, his offer was positively declined by her father, no reason being assigned. At their house he met a man whom he had known, when a boy, as Robert Jeffery, but who was known as Sadi Martel to the French household. Jeffery, *alias* Martel, had deteriorated with years, and was now a man given to drink and thoroughly unscrupulous. He invited Hilliard to go with him and inspect some excavations, purporting to be harbour works and coal borings, which were being carried on by the shore, and which he was superintending. Never for a moment suspecting any treachery, Hilliard accompanied him one afternoon to the scene of operations, which proved to be a tunnel in course of construction beneath the Strait of Dover. Martel then accused Hilliard of being a spy and threatened imprisonment. On his calling Hilliard a liar, the Englishman struck him down senseless in the tunnel, and escaped himself with the greatest difficulty, only to find that an alarm had been raised and a search set on foot for him.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHASSEUR RIDES FROM HAUT-BUISSON.



THE carriage came out of the shadows at a snail's pace, as the distance made it, and took shape with exasperating deliberation. I sat upon a low bank at the roadside and asked, if it were the carriage which Agnes drove, whence had it come, and whither was it going? So weary was I with running

that minutes passed before a memory of the day would serve me and recall to me, letter by letter, the words of the truth. It was the Paris road, I said at last. It could be no other. Agnes had delayed at Haut-Buisson and was returning now to Calais. Obstinate indifference to aught but fatigue kept me

there upon the bank to laugh at prudence. I had run away, as I thought, from that very path to end by stumbling upon it blindly. There was no more dangerous place for me in all France that night. Why, twenty messengers must already have patrolled that very ground in search of the fugitive. And he could calmly sit upon a bank and wait for the twenty-first messenger who certainly would come. But fatigue was the master, overpowering, numbing fatigue, which forbade even the common use of reason and chained the limbs to the ground as with fetters of lead.

A full golden moon of summer shone down upon the road and set it as a vein of silver, white and clear, even among the shimmering wheat and the darker pasture land. I could make out the phaeton, for such it appeared to be, outstanding in the clear light and coming toward me with a beggarly slowness which seemed a mock upon my sore-tried patience. Never once did my eyes leave it, from the moment it came out of the darkness by Haut-Buisson and began to cross the open country toward Calais. It was the phaeton which Agnes drove. I was sure of it now. And I knew that she must pass the place whereby I rested—knew that I must see her, must speak to her, must tell her.

A horseman rode out of the shadows and drew near the crawling phaeton. Down there upon the white road, he looked like some toy soldier playing upon a child's

* Copyright, 1900, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

field. I counted the seconds while he reined in to hail the carriage, and then, again, the minutes as he galloped on for Calais and the gate. Soon the thud of hoofs upon the road became as the distant beating of a drum; and I, who had watched him with indifference, turned in a fit of panic and scrambled down the bank to the edge of the dyke that skirted it. There had been no moment since the beginning of it when my heart beat as it beat to that music of the hoofs. He could not pass me by, I said. The lights of England shone more distantly at the thought. Lying there, I might not see the Foreland, my beacon beyond the horizon of stars. The distant road, the phaeton, the lamps of Calais—they were shut from my eyes as by a curtain; and lying close to the earth, in the foolish thought that it might shield me, I listened to the sounds as minute by minute they magnified. The man was halting then—was drawing rein. I lay closer still to the earth and waited for the end.

These instants of peril, how real they are to us when fear is tuned to their note, and all the reality has gripped our nerves, and we may not know from one beat of a pendulum to the next what our to-morrow will be! Twenty times as the horseman drew near me I believed that he had seen me, was riding to the place, was crying to me to surrender. Closer still and closer to the earth I lay, to drive the figure of my imagination from me, but it would not be moved. At last I shut my eyes, my ears, would neither think nor listen. If this were the hour, so let it be. I had done my best.

The shadow draws near, it touches us, it passes. We rise up to laugh at it and to forget why we were so afraid. This view, at least, is within my own experience. When next I looked up from my hiding-place by the dykes, the stars were shining gloriously in the unclouded heaven above. Once more the Foreland beckoned me; from the road itself there came but the muted sound of labouring wheels. How grotesque all that I had done and said seemed in that moment! Of course the trooper did not see me. He would have something else to do than to search every bank he passed or to draw rein at every bush. I had acted like some woman frightened suddenly. And now I could laugh at myself—if, indeed, there were not a graver occupation. For the phaeton had breasted the hillside by this time. I ran towards it and held up my hand.

"Mademoiselle Agnes, are you going to run me down?"

She reined the ponies back upon their haunches. I could see her pretty eyes open wide at my predicament. And little wonder. Never again upon that Paris road will she meet a man smothered in dust and grime, his boots white with the chalk of the cliffs, the mud thick upon his cape, his manner that of one who scarcely knew what he did or what he wished to do. Such a picture of myself I may not deny.

"Captain Alfred!" she cried at last, as though escaping the spell of astonishment. "But—but where is your carriage?"

I tried to answer her collectedly, but failed grotesquely in the effort.

"You must have passed it at Escalles—my man Bell is waiting for me there. I have been to the works. Your friend Martel persuaded me to go there and then tried to arrest me. I knocked him down and escaped by the beach. That's my story, Agnes."

Excitement drove the words as a torrent. I spoke in English and had not the remotest idea of what I said. She heard me with pitiful eyes and a little low cry.

"Oh, my God! it is you, then, whom they follow."

"No doubt of it. The fellow who just rode by could have thrown a biscuit at me. I suppose there will be others. What am I to do, Agnes?"

The man asking the woman for help! Judge me as you will, I seemed then to have lost all power to think or act for myself. Instinct of sympathy drew me tenderly toward this gentle girl, as though we two had been cast out by Destiny to that lonely road, there to battle for our happiness, our future, our lives. "What am I to do, Agnes?" The pity of that question wrung my very heart.

She listened in silence. I know now that the wise little head was full of a hundred plans. But the night had robbed her of her girlhood. She would never think and act again as she had thought and acted before she heard my story.

"You must go away from Calais," she said slowly; "you must go away to-night."

I laughed a little ironically even at her. Fear can make our selfishness brutal sometimes.

"That's easy enough. Tell Jacques to call a balloon and I will float to Charing Cross. Don't you see that I have no chance? They will watch every gate, every train, every steamer. How can I go away?"

She would not hear me.



"I lay closer still to the earth and waited for the end."

"We must think, think," she said quietly. "Let Jacques go back to Escalles to tell your man. They must not question him."

"Of course they must not. Let him tell Bell to wait for me at the Meurice."

"Your own hotel?"

Her quicker wisdom aroused my own.

"No," I said, for the idea came swiftly, "let him go on the road to Boulogne."

She spoke a few words, with a composure that astonished me, to Jacques, her groom, and he descended from the phaeton and began to run toward Escalles. When he was gone she drew the apron back and made a place for me beside her. I entered the carriage unprotestingly. The antidote that I sought to my own heavy fatigue was here, sent by my Destiny, upon the Paris road.

"Agnes," I exclaimed abruptly, "why do you say that I should leave Calais?"

"I say it for my father's sake. You will carry his good name to England and it will be in safe keeping. He has many enemies here. Sadi Martel is one of them. That is why he took you to the forts."

"Forts—the works at Escalles are forts, then?"

She looked up at me with wondering eyes.

"What else should I call them—the harbour-forts and the coal-mines?"

I did not answer her, but I thanked God for the words. The woman that I loved knew nothing, then.

"Let us understand it all, Agnes. Martel does not like your father, but how do I help him?"

"By going to the works. He will say that you are here, in Calais, with my father's sanction. If you did not leave to-night, they would arrest you to-morrow. You will go because I ask it of you."

"Show me a way, and I will sail by the first steamer. Don't you see that it is all impossible? They will arrest me at the first gate we pass. Of course they will. What's the good of deceiving ourselves?"

It was a despairing, pitiful confession enough, but a woman's braver heart gave me absolution. The answer was a touch upon my arm and a pretty word of the old manner.

"We shall not pass the first gate, Captain Alfred. We shall go in by the Porte de St. Omer."

"But that's on the east side."

"It was yesterday——"

"Explain, little guide, I am like a child to-night."

"The blind lead the blind round the town of Calais. There is Fort Nieulay. The *chasseur* who passed us will be waiting for you there."

"I understand that. He will wait at the Porte St. Pierre——"

"And we shall avoid the Porte St. Pierre. That is why I sent Jacques to Escalles. They cannot question him."

Her prescience amazed me. I sat back in the phaeton and wondered at the ingratitude of my unbelief. For in my heart of hearts I said that a miracle alone could save me from the soldiers of France that night.

"Oh!" I cried at last desperately, "if I could believe in anything at all but the *chasseur* at Porte St. Pierre! Of course the man will stop us. He will send to every gate in Calais and search every carriage."

Her calmness was amazing.

"Not Colonel Lepeletier's carriage," she said quietly.

"Perhaps not; but you cannot hide five-foot-eleven in the moonlight, Agnes."

"We shall not try. We shall put five-foot-eleven under the hood. I thought of it at once. The road to St. Omer is over there by the cottage. We will open the hood before we turn. When you are in Calais you must send to Mr. Fordham and he will help you. I will go to him myself, for they would be waiting for you at the hotel. To-morrow you write to me from England."

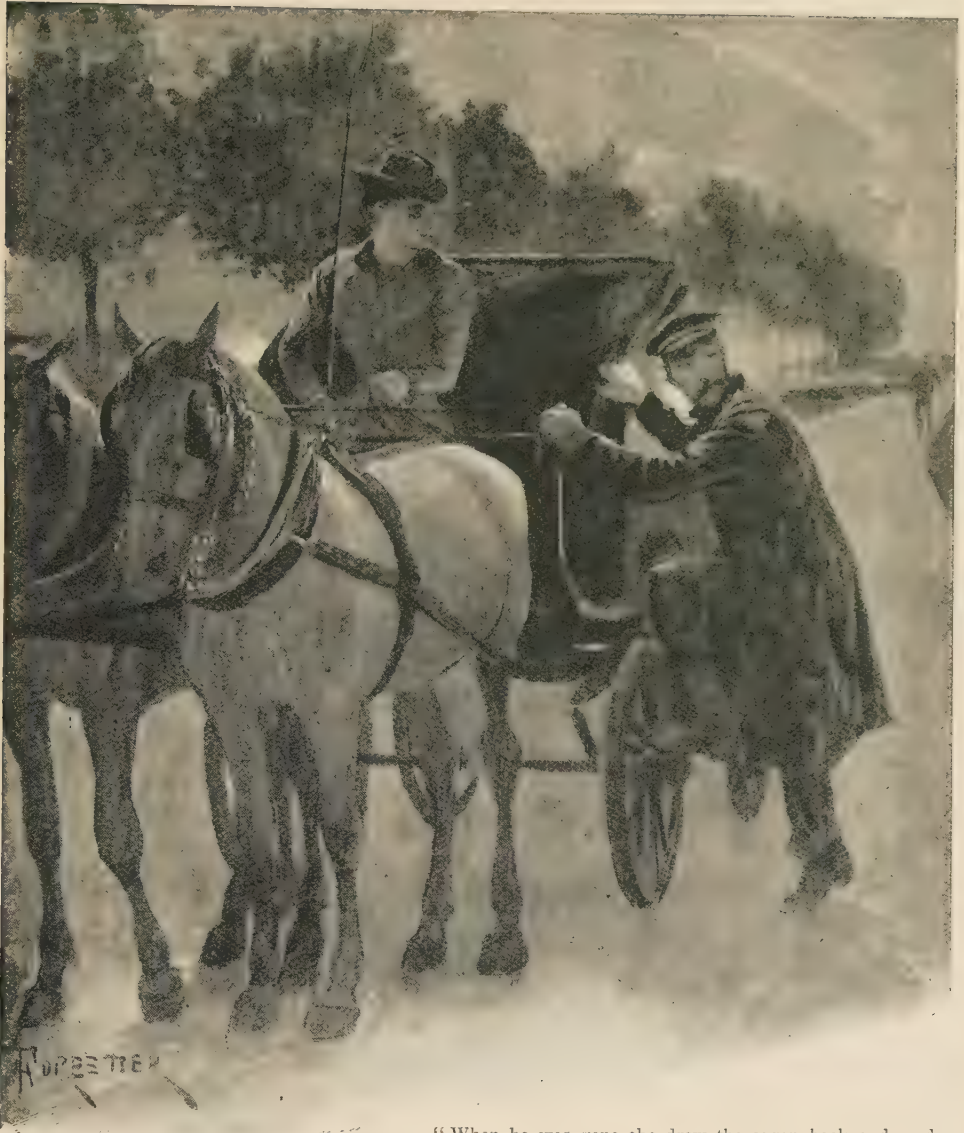
"Every day—it would not be a day if I forgot. You wish that, Agnes?"

We were at the turn of the road by this time, and she reined her ponies in. The new note we had struck troubled her. She sat very still and thoughtful.

"I wish your happiness," she said at length, as one speaking in a reverie. I read her doubt of it in the words.

Long minutes passed before we spoke again. Above all the confusion and clamour of that night her presence was as some call to courage and recollection. I could think more clearly, act more resolutely now than at any moment from the beginning of it; and I seemed to realise that she and I, the little, bright-eyed girl and the man who loved her beyond all that life could give him, were battling for their happiness there, two miles from Calais, upon the Paris road.

There is a cart-road across the fallow, a little way from Fort Nieulay, and three miles, it may be, from the western gate of the town. I had passed it many a time when my automobile rushed on to Boulogne, but thought



"When he was gone she drew the apron back and made a place for me beside her."

it no more than a farmer's drive to an old white house upstanding above the sand-dunes which are Calais's ramparts. Now, however, we turned the ponies to this track and began to follow it quickly. I judged that it would bring us round to the southern gate, and so to the Porte St. Omer and the Dunkerque road; and this conclusion was justified presently, when the lights of the ships disappeared from our view, and even the harbour beacon became but a loom of iridescence in the sky. Every yard we drove now was a new landmark of our safety. The shadows

of the unlighted road enveloped us so that any horseman riding yonder toward the fort would need a hawk's eye to discover us. And there was always the hood! I began to tell myself that my little guide had reason, after all.

"Agnes," I said at length, "I must see your father to-night."

She became very grave at the words and for a little while afterwards was silent.

"Why should you see my father?"

"To convince him of my honesty."

"Has he doubted it, Captain Alfred?"

"At least, he will hear Martel's story. I owe it to you that he shall hear mine."

"He will hear it from me. If you would help Sadi Martel, you will go to our house to-night."

"But the others will be there."

"For the news of your arrest, yes. That is why Sadi Martel went yesterday. My father believes in your honour as he believes in his

guiding the hunted man. And I said that the hour was odd beyond belief—the hour which told me that I must leave France for my country's sake at a moment when all my hope of life was there in the town of Calais. For we were approaching the St. Omer gate now. I could hear the screech of railway whistles, the deeper sirens of the packet-boats, the faint murmur of activity at the railway-stations and the docks. But the road itself was deserted. A watchdog baying in a lonely house was the only herald of our approach.

"Captain Alfred!" she exclaimed presently, "when you are in England you will remember your friends in Calais?"

"There is nothing on earth that could make me forget them."

"Then I shall know that my father's honour is in safe keeping."

I had feared this from the beginning—had feared it greatly; but the reason of my fear I did not dare to confess.

"If there is one man in France I would sooner serve than another," I said quickly, "it is Colonel Lepeletier. But I am a soldier. I must do my duty. I am going to England for that."

"I pray God that your duty will not wound my father," she answered.

It was my prayer, too; but then, in all the excitement of the night, and of what the night might mean, I would not think of it, would not ask myself the questions which to-morrow would bring. Vague

ideas, shadows of thought, half-formed resolutions raced through my brain, to leave me without purpose or decision. The gate of Calais was the one concrete fact. I must pass the gate.

We had raised the hood of the phaeton a quarter of a mile from the Porte St. Omer, and now, as we approached the barrier, the ponies lifted their feet at a touch of the whip and carried us at a fast trot to the octroi and the guards there. For my part, I did not believe it possible that any carriage might pass that gate unchallenged, and I sat, far back among the cushions, with eyes half



"*Bon soir, mademoiselle.*"

own. I shall tell him why you left Calais to-night."

"If I leave it. That depends upon Martel, does it not? There is a steamer, of course; but others are not likely to forget the fact."

She would not hear such a gloomy story.

"Mr. Fordham will help you," she said quickly. "If you wait for him by the Jardin Richelieu, I will drive myself to the hotel and send him. Is prudence so difficult a thing?"

She laid a little gloved hand upon my arm and I took it in my own. It was pretty to hear her talk of prudence, this very child

closed and nerves twitching, and all the tension of the doubt upon me. We could not pass—the notion was preposterous. I would have staked half my fortune upon the certainty of the challenge and that which must follow the challenge. When I heard a cheery “*Bon soir, mademoiselle,*” from the keeper of the barrier, it seemed as some jest to herald that discovery. The man was peering below the hood, I said. I could see his lantern, as the light of it danced from the road to the windows of his little house, or fell upon the brass of the harness, or glistened a moment on the very splash-board before us. He must know that I was there. And then—a miracle for laughter—we went on again. I heard Agnes telling me that the danger was past.

Ah, little guide, could you have looked out that night at the darker road of life before us both, with what heavy steps should we have set out upon it!

CHAPTER X.

THE LONELY STREET.

THE miracle, indeed, had happened, and, if you come to think of it, but a poor miracle, after all. When I look back to that night, the marvel is that I should have driven to the western gate with so poor a heart and such pitiful unbelief. For which of them, if it were not Martel, would have sought their man in a phaeton from the Dunkerque Road, and that phaeton driven by Colonel Lepeletier's daughter? And what servant of the barrier would have found the courage thus to insult the commander of the garrison? A child's fear! I grant it; but it was very real to me.

The barrier was behind us, in truth; the broad Rue Victor Hugo before us. Nevertheless, it needed no spur upon the memory to tell me that even here we were still at the beginning of it. How to get out of the town of Calais, now that I was in it, I knew no more than the dead. There was, I admit, still with me that perturbation of mind, that inertia of will and excitement of thought which could shut out any realisation of the more momentous truths, and leave me with but one desire, one unchanged purpose. Minute by minute, as we drove on toward the Jardin Richelieu, this idea of flight began to possess me to the exclusion of all else. No plan there was in my head, no sure determination of means, but only the will to escape the town and the shore if I

might, and to carry my momentous secret to England. I would not hear that other voice of argument which said, “Delusion, delusion! you have seen but a coal-shaft, after all.” A true instinct kept me to the path of duty.

Such arguments, such hopes, I say, carried me in silence to the shadows of the Jardin Richelieu, where, for the last time, Agnes reined her ponies back, and I knew that I must say “Good-bye” to her. Until this moment, perhaps, I was but half conscious of all that she had done for me; blind, it may be, to the unselfish courage of her girlhood, unable to see that night's work as she saw it from the first. But in the instant of parting there came a repentance as swift as it was sure. I stood there to tell myself that I might never look upon her face again, might have touched her hand for the last time, might be uttering the last word I should ever speak to her. And God knows what that minute cost me.

“Agnes,” I said, “we shall never forget to-night.”

“Never, never,” she faltered.

“It is only *au revoir*. Next week, next month, I shall come to Calais again.”

The promise did not deceive her.

“They will never let you do that.”

“Then you will come to me—to my England?”

She hid her face from me and I could hear her sobbing. The night had unnerved her. Farewell was making cowards of us both. And the moments might be precious beyond understanding.

“You will save my father's honour?” she cried, turning to me again and lifting a tear-stained face to mine.

“His name shall be as that of my own father.”

“I will ask nothing more. In England you will remember, as I shall remember in France.”

“If the year passes by and you do not see me, *mignonne*, there will be no longer an Alfred Hilliard to forget.”

She drew my face down to hers at the word, as though to forbid an omen; and, quickly remembering where we stood, she kissed my lips and so said farewell.

“God guard you always.”

“And you, little Agnes—ah, little Agnes to me until my life's end.”

The carriage was away and in the shadows again while our words still echoed in the lonely street. I knew then that I had said “Farewell” to her, and it was as though some great impulse of my being had been

carried away to the light and the voices beyond the darkness. All about me the stillness of night reigned already in that dreary town. I heard the church bells striking the hour of nine, and the notes seemed to float above the houses musically, as above some abode of sleep and rest. But I was alone by the garden, and the step of a *sergent de ville*, who patrolled the neighbouring street, fell as the rhythm of a pendulum beating, so regular, so distinct it was. Would he come to me? would he question me? could I answer him? What story should I tell if any stopped me? Was Harry Fordham at the hotel, or had he delayed at Dunkerque? I believe that I prayed for Harry's coming. Never had I known him resourceless or empty-headed as I was then. He would find a way—the readiest man I have ever known.

A quarter of an hour passed, I think, before he came, striding along the street as some strong man upon a pressing business. I had told myself, twenty times already, that he would never come, was not in Calais, might even be prevented by those who were waiting for me at the hotel. Every shadow by the gardens had been magnified until it became the figure of a spy. I imagined myself the victim of a hue and cry which a nation had raised—saw myself hemmed in on every side, described, hunted, maligned. And here was Harry, pipe in mouth, his "solemn black" as negligent as ever, his greeting as hearty, his hand's grip as sure. I could have kissed him on both cheeks for the very joy of it.

"Harry—you!"

He stared at me in bewilderment that was beautiful to see—up and down, up and down, as though his eyes would never have enough of it.

"Son of my fathers, but you're a perfect spectacle. Where, in Heaven's name, man, did you decorate yourself?"

I stopped him at the first word of it.

"In the Government works at Escalles. Jeffery asked me to see the forts. I never thought about it and followed him. He tried to arrest me as a spy and I knocked him down. That's why I'm here."

It takes a good deal to surprise Harry Fordham; but if ever he was startled in his life, I should name that as the occasion. Twice must I repeat the story before he could make head or tail of it. And understand, of the greater secret, of that which I did not dare to think or speak, he had not a word.

"Alfred, my son," he said at last, "it is plain that the air of Calais is not good for your constitution. You had better leave, my boy, by the first boat."

"Where the police will be waiting for me."

He linked his arm in mine and began to walk up and down the pavement by the garden. The pipe glowed as a furnace. It seemed to share the fire of his thoughts.

"Let me get to the bottom of it," he continued as we went. "You were trapped into the forts and saw the things which you ought not to have seen. Very well, so far you acted like a schoolgirl miss; but we will not gibbet you for that. The Frenchman, on the other hand, would like to gibbet you, and it will annoy him when he cannot. Good, twice good. I am pleased to annoy all the Frenchmen I can, not loving the family. Your friend, Lepeletier, who is a very nice Frenchman, is also a gentleman. We will not annoy him, because we like him, and the best way not to annoy him is to make ourselves scarce. *Ergo*, we leave Calais to-night by the first boat—"

"As easy as striking a match. The police on the boat count for nothing. They won't lift a hand to prevent us—of course not. It's a way they have in Calais."

He stopped a moment to light the pipe again and to permit a pedestrian to pass us. There was upon his face an amused smile, as though he would not, even yet, understand the moment of it; but I knew that this was not the case, and my own impatience appeared to jog elbows with right-down cowardice.

"If you want to show me a straight way to the lock-up, take me to the steamer," I continued savagely; "even a child would know that. What's the good of shutting our eyes? The police won't shut theirs."

He was incorrigible, Harry, that night.

"Is the first boat necessarily a steamer, my son?" he asked presently. "Have you never seen any other boats in Calais Harbour but packet-boats? And let me put another. How do you know that the police are at all interested? If the man you knocked down is better off his hurt, I admit the danger. But do you know that he is? I don't, and I will believe when I do. As for the Meurice, you will find François, the waiter, keeping a lonely vigil in the coffee-room because you are not there. We will return at once to dry up his tears. He will understand our boyish desire to cut capers at the Casino. *Allons, donc*, we will go to the



“ ‘ Harry—you ! ’ ”

Meurice. This is just a fool's rendezvous, anyway.”

He dragged me on with a strong arm, smoking the while as for his very life. To me it seemed that we were walking straight to the gates of the citadel prison ; but the courage of the man was as irresistible as his logic ; and I went with him by the Hôtel de Guise, by the theatre—to the Meurice itself, where arrest was sure.

“ Harry,” I said at the very door, “ to-morrow you will be at the Consulate demanding my release.”

He knocked the ashes from his pipe and laughed drily.

“ Bosh ! ” he said. “ To-morrow you will be on your way to Cottesbrook. Tell Lady Hilliard from me that her son has amused the Frenchmen very well, and that Harry Fordham is protesting against Popery in a

check suit and a wideawake. If the new curate continues to preach for thirty minutes, I am coming home again for the honour of the village. Now, my brother, your best leg forward—and don't mind the chalk on your boots.”

He marched straight into the hotel, head erect, eyes watchful ; and I followed him, this strong, sane man who had gauged that situation with an unerring instinct for the truth. When, in the precincts of the hall, no one stepped out of the shadows to cry, “ Halt, there ! ” it seemed to me that some personal magnetism of the man was keeping the figures in the darkness. What of the *chasseur* who had ridden to the Porte St. Pierre, of the alarm I had heard at the workings, of Jeffery lying senseless in the tunnel ? All these meant nothing, then ? Or was Harry right, after all, and had Jeffery, recovering consciousness, been unable to tell them a coherent story ? I dared to hope that this was so. The very civilities of those in the Meurice justified the assumption. Not a gesture of welcome or attention was changed. François, the butler,

stood there as though to say, “ Command me, and I will die for you, at a price.” The chambermaids raced to bring me hot water. Harry was a hundred times justified.

“ Now,” he said, when we were in his bedroom together, “ be sensible and believe. Calais is not at all interested in your movements ; she is interested only in your purse. What she may be in half an hour's time I do not pretend to say, for in half an hour's time you will be on the sea. I am going fishing, sir, fishing on the deep blue ocean. You are coming, too, my brother——”

I stared at him open-mouthed. “ Fishing ? Good Heavens, what a man ! ”

He continued in his bantering mood. “ Fishing, as I say. Your comments are not reverent, Sir Alfred. The urgency of the moment forbids a proper penance, but you

have just got to bustle. Come, now, into your dress-clothes, quick ! ”

I think that I regarded him as I should have regarded any maniac out of Bedlam who had come there to help me. He laughed at my protests and opened the door that I might cross the landing to my own bedroom.

“Five minutes,” he said ; “I give you five minutes. The police may be here in ten——”

“But if they come before ? ”

“Well, they trump our ace.”

He was playing a great game, nothing more. I said as much as I threw aside my

Five minutes he had given me in which to dress, but three of them were left yet, when he came in my room and began to show less imperturbability than he had yet done. Even he was anxious, then ! I had imagined as much.

“Well,” he said, “does the tie set straight ? ”

“As straight as it will set to-night.”

“Good ; then we will go. Your fur coat, if you please, young gentleman. It will be cold at sea.”

“Harry,” I exclaimed almost angrily, “why do you harp upon that nonsense ? ”

“I will tell you when we are outside. Meanwhile I am in command. You will obey me implicitly.”

“I am doing so, it appears—acting like a fool to amuse you.”

He ignored the petulant temper.

“Come,” he continued, laying a hand upon my arm in a kindly gesture, “is it not serious enough, old fellow ? Do not make it more so.”

“I am trying not to.”

“I hope so. Let us go down now. At the *bureau* you will ask what time the Casino closes.”

I began to understand. This clever head was playing a master hand.

“They will think that we have gone there.”

“If they are right-minded people, they will.”

“While we——”

“Are going fishing.”

He threw open the door at the words and descended the stairs as though the whole place belonged to him. At the *bureau* he stopped and waited for me to tell my story. I remember that I repeated the words as a schoolboy repeats a verse of poetry, without any right sense of phrase or meaning. “What time did the Casino close ? ” The man said, “Half-past ten, monsieur.” I thanked him and, linking my arm in Harry’s, went out toward the sea.

The night had fallen clear and calm after the rain. There were few abroad, but at the



“The very civilities of those in the *Meurice* justified the assumption.”

muddy clothes and dressed myself with trembling fingers. The police might knock upon the door at any minute. He counted upon the delay, upon the supposition that Jeffery had given no coherent account of his mishap or of me. If this failed him—well, the alternative was the prison of the citadel ; and more—for there was that of which I would not think, my own hallucination, the nightmare I had lived through in the tunnel of Escalles. When I remembered this, I could start at any sound upon the landing. The chambermaid’s knock sent my heart leaping. Where would it end ? I said it was but beginning.

corner of the Rue du Rampart a *chasseur-à-cheval* passed us at a canter. I knew that he was riding to the Meurice with news of me, and that we had escaped him by two minutes.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD BORDENAVE.

WE stood until the horseman had turned the corner of the Rue du Havre, and then went on with quickened steps towards the lighthouse and the railway. Neither of us spoke, for the story behind us needed no words. But Harry's lengthening stride betrayed him. I knew now that he feared for me as I had feared for myself in the hotel.

Through the railway gates, by the wharves, straight on to the quay of the inner harbour, we went doggedly, silently, at a walk which threatened soon to become a run. Never once did Harry pause now or look behind him; no word of explanation did he vouchsafe. Straight as a line he went to the harbour quay and the fishing fleet there, and I followed him without protest or comment. The figure of the *chasseur* loomed always in the mists behind me. I could indicate no better direction than that which carried us away from the shadows.

We crossed the quay, I say, and came to one of the long ladders by which you descend to the water and the boats. The tide had been making headway since I quitted the beach by Blanc-Nez, and now it rushed and swirled about the huddled fishing-boats which were here preparing for their long night's work. In the instant of waiting at the ladder's head I remembered that Harry had often fished with old Jules Bordenave, the owner of five good smacks in Calais, and that there was no valid reason why he should not fish once more that night. To think that I had been unable to see, as it were, a yard before my nose, where this idea was hatched! And now it appeared so simple a thing that I saw it as in a flash—I would not ask a single question.

We descended the ladder, and, crossing a couple of smacks that lay warped close to the quay, we found old Jules Bordenave's boat the third from the ladder—a trim ship, lugger-rigged, as all the Frenchmen are, and ready, it appeared, for the night's work before her. There was no living thing on deck save a mangy dog which came up and licked our hands fawningly; but Harry went straight to the cuddy aft, and diving down

the wretched companion he dragged me after him to as close and stinking a hole as ever I have put my nose in since I was born.

"*Bon soir*, Bordenave. We are here, you see."

The fat fisherman, the very relic of a man, grimy, salted, broad-faced, struggled to his feet, and cuffing a lazy, barefooted lad who sprawled upon a bench, he made room for us and said something very quickly. I could not follow all of it, but Harry interpreted.

"This is old Bordenave," he exclaimed by way of introduction. "He'd sell his soul for threepence-halfpenny. Say something about fishing. Lucky, wasn't it? He sent word round to the hotel to-day asking me to come."

I nodded my head and stammered a few words which seemed to amuse old Bordenave very much. Harry had fished with him often before. Our visit was no surprise—if my clothes were.

"Monsieur was going to the Casino, but he changed his mind," Harry rattled on boisterously. "All Englishmen like to change their minds; it pleases them. We'll show him something better than dancing, eh, Bordenave?"

Bordenave smiled like a child at the mention of the Casino.

"Ah!" he said, "that costs dear, *là-bas*, the dancing. You will not catch any big fish there, monsieur. They are all thieves—they steal the corks out of all the bottles they can see. You are right to follow the Abbé Fordham. You shall dance because you are so well to-morrow."

"And give you twenty francs to drink that same health," interposed Harry. "Well, we are quite ready, Bordenave, if you can go now."

"At your service, monsieur. We shall have the water in ten minutes. There is plenty outside. A fresh night, messieurs, with a falling breeze. Will it be for long?"

"A good sail, Bordenave. Make Dover if you can. But you can't, of course you can't. I've bet my friend twenty louis you could. A hundred francs if you do."

Old Bordenave stiffened up at the words.

"Not make Dover? Oh, we shall see, monsieur, we shall see. A hundred francs, you said?"

"And I'll give you another hundred, Bordenave," I interposed, in a jargon which was wonderful. "Not a word to any of your friends *là-haut*, if they come asking after us. It's a wager, you know."

The old fellow waited for no more, but went up the companion as though a spear-point drove him. Two hundred francs! You must catch a lot of fish to make two hundred francs. If anything saved us that night, it would be greed, I said. But we were one-and-twenty miles from safety still, and if I live a thousand years I shall never hunger for a sight of the cliffs of Dover as I hungered for them in those moments of delay. For we were alone then, Harry and I, in the stinking cabin. A dirty lamp cast a wan jet of light upon our pale faces; it seemed to mock our odd attire. Each knew of what the other thought; no question was put or answered. The *chasseur* who had ridden to the Meurice, what was his occupation? Dancing at the Casino, perhaps. Desperation of thought is akin to farce; you tell yourself any nonsense when you are really afraid.

"Harry," I said, when old Bordenave had gone up, "it's ten to one we are boarded."

He took out his pipe and began to fill it.

"The Cloth doesn't bet," he said, "or I'd lay twenty. There was once a parson at Derby who saw two dogs fighting in the aisle of his church. He was one of the old sporting kind. When he had rebuked his flock for the attention they paid to the dogs, and found they wouldn't listen to him, he said, 'Well, my brethren, if you won't have the Gospel, I'll lay two to one on the black!' The good old times are gone, my brother. I have even had a dear old soul threaten to write to my bishop because I play golf. She said that I was heard to say, 'Damme one.' What I really said was 'Dormy one.' There is a considerable difference from an ecclesiastical standpoint."

He lit his pipe and went rambling on again—stories, jests, any flippant talk to keep my thoughts from the quay above and those who might appear upon the quay presently. And just as I understood those surpassing minutes of delay, so did he understand them. To be caught there in the cabin of old Bordenave's boat would be the ultimate ignominy. If we could but get to sea, away, if it were but a mile from that cursed town of Calais, a man might dare to breathe again. But it held us as a prison. Would the smack never weigh? I asked. How Bordenave and his crew raved and ranted on the deck above! You would have thought that the railway-station was on fire, or the Hôtel de Ville. But it was nothing, nothing at all—only an argument with a neighbouring fisherman. And now the lamp began to

swing in the musty cabin. The seas, lapping upon our sides, beat the bows of the smack more heavily. We lifted to them and sank again. The cries of rage and fury were changed to the methodical words of command. I knew that we were at sea; and when Harry rose and cried, "Thank God!" the chain of my nervous tension snapped as at a blow, and the sweat poured down my face like rain.

"Thank God! We are out of the harbour, my son. Do you feel her lifting? She is making what our friends upstairs call the *chenal*. They are using the sweeps to get her out. You will be in Dover before sunrise, old fellow."

I threw off my heavy fur coat and wiped the perspiration from my face.

"It's worse than forty minutes in the Grafton county. I shall die for want of breath."

He sat down upon the bench again and struck another match.

"If the moon behaves decently, we'll go upstairs in ten minutes. My pipe's out, you observe. A man who lets his pipe out has been thinking pretty badly. Let me see you smoke and I'll begin to believe in you."

I felt in the pocket of my coat for a pipe and filled it deliberately. As bad a sailor as ever ventured upon a "pleasure" ship at Margate, the excitement of the night drove all thought of sickness from my head, and found me, for the first time in my life, able to smoke upon a ship. And Harry was talking again now. I said that he would talk all the way to Dover.

"I want to hear the story again," he exclaimed, when the pipe was going. "Let us have it from the beginning—the whole thing, and no cuts. I must get to the bottom of it—if I can."

I settled myself upon the bench and told him the whole of it this time.

"As Heaven is my witness," I said, "I believe that the French are trying to make a tunnel to England as we contemplated making one to France some years ago. You understand now why my wits are gone wandering."

He thought upon it for a little while without any of those haphazard conclusions which are my trouble. I envied his power of silent reasoning; but I knew that he would jest no more.

"Let us pan it out," he replied, with his composure unruffled. "You go to Escalles, and a man takes you down a cutting at the Government works there, and shows you a tunnel running under the sea. We, in



.. We descended the ladder, and, crossing a couple of smacks that lay warped close to the quay, we found old Jules Bordenave's boat."

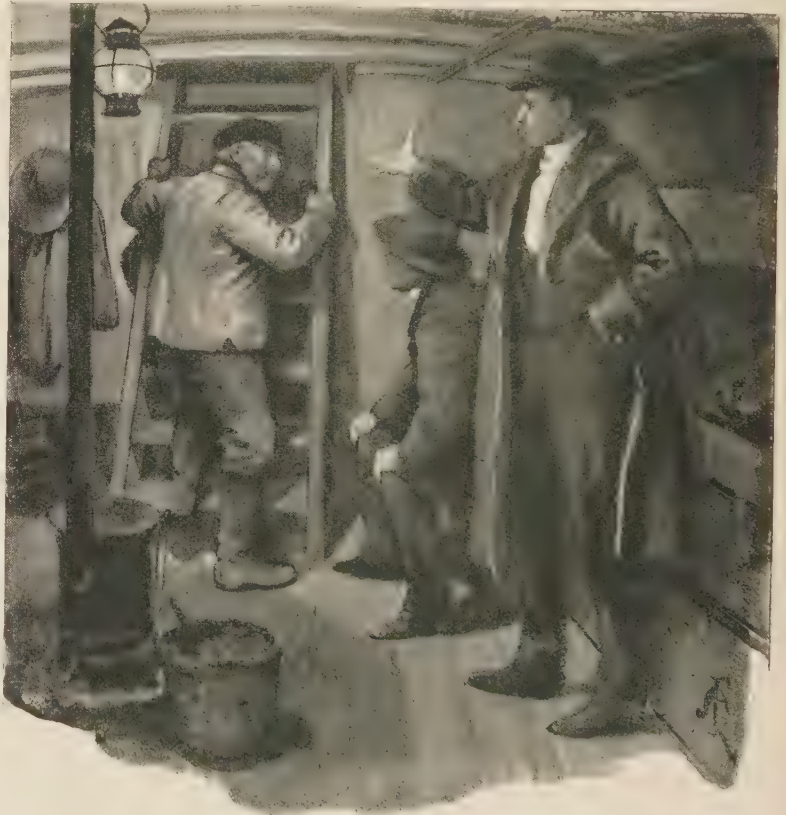
England, know that the French are undertaking great schemes on the coast, and the official explanation to our Government is that they are marine works and coal-shaftings. That accounts for the swarm of workmen, the engines, the earth, and all the rest of it. But, my dear fellow, if they had greater designs, if, as a supposition, they were making a tunnel, don't you think that one of those workmen would give it away, and that our Intelligence people would hear of it in twenty-four hours? Why, of course they would. There has never yet been a great surprise of war sprung upon one nation by another, and there never will be. What you saw was a shaft to reach the coal which French geologists believe to be under Cap Blanc-Nez. Your nerves were all wrong, and you went at your conclusions headlong, like a baby horse at its first fence. The man who was with you forced his own ideas upon you and you accepted them. He would be pleased enough to see you arrested, but not for the reasons you imagine. *Cherchez la femme*, and you understand his game. A threat to Lepeletier accounts for all that happened at the Colonel's house the other night. Jeffery named you to his superiors as a spy, and enticed you into the tunnel. I have undone the lid of the trap, and here we are a mile from Calais already. Confess that nothing remains but for you to lie by at Cottesbrook for a month or so, and for me to return to Lepeletier and to have it out with him. But I shan't mention a tunnel, because I don't believe in one."

I heard him to the end without protest, and then put my own case. His logic was unanswerable from his point of view. But I

had seen that which neither he nor any other of my countrymen will ever see. Minute by minute my mental vision became clearer. I could build up the arguments for myself now.

"Ask yourself two or three questions, Harry," I said quietly, for the very subject gripped the mind as in a vice. "In the first place, did our own engineers believe that it was impossible to build a tunnel from Dover to Calais?"

"They convinced Gladstone and Watkin, at any rate."



"The old fellow waited for no more, but went up the companion."

"There was talk, I know, about the trouble of levels and ventilation, but the scheme was supported by any amount of money, and the sanity of Parliament alone saved us from it. Very well, what we can do the French can do. That is my first point."

"Go on, my dear fellow—I admit all that."

"And, admitting it, you open the door for my second. If it is possible to build a tunnel from Calais to Dover, I don't see why a nation, which from the days of Napoleon

has invited madcap schemes for the invasion of England, should not turn to this scheme. Here is a dare-devil engineer who comes to them and says, 'You are tunnelling for coal under the sea at Escalles. Give me permission and I will carry you a shaft through to Dover.' If they listen to him, the next point is to cover their intentions. They plead before Europe their marine works, a great harbour scheme such as we are planning at Dover. That permits them, as you say, to accumulate stores, workmen, and engines. The thousands of tons of earth they bring out are not measured by English spades. They watch the works as they watch their forts, and no stranger until to-night has come within a quarter of a mile of them. An Intelligence Department given to somnolence is apt to take Government pretensions as they find them. It lightens the burden of responsibility and is a cloak for laziness. Admit that our Intelligence Department has done this, and all else follows. The scheme is daring to the point of fatality; but it is not half so wild as many a scheme of invasion to which France has listened during the last twenty years. That, at least, is my first opinion. I do not think that I shall change it to-morrow."

He listened to me with growing interest. That terrible doubt of the problem served one purpose at least, the purpose of causing us to forget where we stood and the danger which encompassed us about. I was oblivious, I think, of the very fact that we were on a ship in the outer channel of Calais Harbour. Harry, in his turn, was as serious as ever I had seen him since the day the Bishop ordained him at Ely Cathedral.

"Alfred, old fellow," he said, "I could pray God that all you tell me this night is imagination. If it's that, to-morrow will be the end of it. If not, you have a great work to do in England. For my part, my mind is in a mist, and I cannot see where your thoughts are going to. You say the pretext of a harbour covers the swarm of workmen at Escalles; but what of their tongues when they are outside the works? Why does none of them write a word to our people, offering the secret for a money payment? Is it possible to believe in the silence of a couple of thousand?"

"Always supposing that a couple of thousand are in the secret."

"Ah! I hadn't thought of that."

"But I had. The men who passed me in the tunnel were not *ouvriers* at all. I should not have called them navvies or even

mechanics. They looked to me like skilled engineers. And I ask you, what if these men are a chosen hundred to carry the secret through unknown to the mob above? It might be so, Harry."

He lit his pipe and nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, I see that; and when the work was done at Escalles, there would be Dover to consider. What are they doing at Dover, my son?"

"Heaven only knows! If ever I see Dover again I will tell you."

He stood up and went to the companion hatch. The movement itself betrayed his restlessness of thought and idea. Presently he said, "You will make Dover, anyway. The lights of Calais are a mile behind us."

I rose to follow him, but at the foot of the companion he put his hand upon my shoulder again.

"Remember," he continued, "you may have a great work to do in England, Alfred Hilliard. Few would do it better. God bless you, old fellow, whatever it may be!"

I went up after him to the fresh air and the sweetness of the night; but his words remained with me. In England, my country, I might yet find a great work to do.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHAIN OF FIRE.

THERE had been a full gale blowing from the north-east when the rainstorm burst upon Escalles some hours ago; but the wind had fallen with the night, and now it was no more than a fresh breeze, sweeping down Channel from the east and permitting the lugger to carry every sail she could set. A trim sea boat, speedy as all luggers are, she lay upon a course north by west, and met the tumbling swell with good bows that lifted her dripping decks triumphantly above the angry crests. She would make Dover in four hours, or five at the most, it appeared. Old Bordenave named four; but he loved the ship with a woman's heart. And an hour more or less, how would that help us?

"You wish to fish, Monsieur l'Abbé. No? Well, it's all the same to me. We shall have a good night, messieurs. Gris-Nez is very bright, but that is the rain. You see the Foreland in a mist and you say, '*Très bien.*' When he shines in a ring, take care. If we had been fishing to-night we should not have made our fortunes. *Très bien*, we will not fish."

I laughed when he called Harry "Monsieur l'Abbé," and I dubbed my friend so from that hour. He has been "Monsieur l'Abbé" to all Northamptonshire since that day. The cloak of the jest came as a pall upon our anxieties, and we were still laughing together when the boy at the tiller called out—

"The rocket, messieurs, look at the rocket."

A sudden hush fell upon the ship. Yonder, by Escalles, someone had fired a rocket outward above the sea, and from the citadel at Calais another rocket ascended in an orbit of gold-blue light. A second and a third signal from Escalles remained unanswered from the fort; but away towards the west, by Gris-Nez and the coast, other rockets shot up from other stations, until it seemed that the bows of flame were arched in the sky to make a great chain of fire from Calais Fort to Boulogne Harbour.

We watched the lights with a curiosity which prevailed above words. Old Bordenave alone was amused by them.

"*Regardez ça,*" he said good-humouredly. "That is how they keep themselves warm at Escalles. One, two, three, *nom de Dieu*, it is a *fête*, then! We shall want a bottle of wine to dance to that, Monsieur l'Abbé. And another from Wissant! Then some poor devil is out of the prison. There was one last week, and they shot him under the wall of the harbour works. I do not like to hear of that—I am too old. Give me law and order and the long legs, Abbé. And God send an open door for that poor devil."

In my heart I said "Amen" devoutly, and when the old man turned to me he found a ready seconder. Nevertheless he looked at me a little closer than he had done, and afterwards he stood to learn if any boat were coming out of Calais Harbour. But we were alone there. Other smacks, it is true, lay beyond us toward Dover and the open sea; but no vessel swam in the hither water between Calais Harbour and the lugger. And the wind fell to the softest of breezes. We should never make Dover in four hours, I told myself—perhaps not in ten.

"That bottle of wine, Bordenave," I exclaimed, seeking to draw him from the deck; "we were in such a hurry to go fishing with you that we forgot to dine. If you have a biscuit and a glass of wine I will say that your boat is not to be beaten between Finis-terre and Flamborough Head. Come, there is a bottle of wine aboard, ancient?"

The old man heard me affably enough. He was one of those thirsty souls who lick their lips whenever they hear a cork go pop; and at the word "wine" the sun seemed to shine upon him again.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as though he meant nothing at all by the remark, "then you came away in a hurry, monsieur?"

Harry was up in arms in a moment.

"Captain Hilliard is always in a hurry when the ladies are about, Bordenave. He thought he was going to the Casino. *À bon entendeur*. He left his dinner for *les beaux yeux*. And now he's starving. Give him a biscuit and he will show you a splendid set of teeth—all his own, too."

Bordenave looked at me again, at my dress-suit, my fur coat, perchance at my haggard face—for the hotel glass had shown me how haggard it was. But, whatever his suspicions might have been, he was either too avaricious or too benevolent to think more of them; and with a word that might have meant nothing, or might have meant a good deal, he led the way down the companion into the stinking cabin again.

"Let us go below, Abbé. Sometimes it is good to be where people cannot see you. If the Captain is hungry, we will take care of him. I am hungry myself, and I have no teeth, *vous savez*. All the better to rob the dentists—the thieves who say, 'Buy your teeth of me, and I will take your old ones away for nothing.' If they would send their fireworks up for the dentists I would say 'Bravo!' This way, messieurs, and mind the dog."

Chattering and laughing always, he made a place for us on the benches of the cabin and produced his treasures. The assortment was odd, to the point of laughter. A roll of coarse sausage, rich and abundant; some cooked fish in a piece of blue paper; a yard of delicious white bread, and butter abundantly. For the rest, onions, beetroot, an old coffee-pot, milk in a basin, and three bottles of harsh *vin du pays*, sharp, heavy, acrid, honest. I have dined under curious circumstances many times in my life, but never as I dined then. In spite of all, of the pathos, the pity, the fear of that which I had undergone, my hunger would have satisfied a *gourmand*. And the stimulating properties of the raucous wine found me grateful. They gave me a Dutch courage, which at least permitted me to forget that rockets were being fired from the heights of Blanc-Nez, and that the long night must pass before we made Dover Harbour.



"The rocket, messieurs, look at the rocket."

"Well, skipper, it will be four hours, yet, don't you think?"

"Give me a wind, monsieur, and it shall be three."

"But if the wind drops?"

"A sensible question," chimed in Harry.

"If the wind drops we shall get out and

push. What do you say, Bordenave, shall we get out and push?"

"Oh, the Abbé is master here. If he thinks that he can walk upon the sea—*très bien*. I remember a fellow who made shoes in which to walk from Gris-Nez to Folkestone. *Sapristi*! what shoes they were! He was

drowned off Wissant, and we buried him with his shoes in the cemetery there. That is the way with all those fellows. They have it all in their heads and then they try to teach the sea. The sea says 'No,' and down they go."

"As the man in the flying machine," said I. "When I was a youngster I saw one fall headlong, at Knightsbridge, in London. I could see him clawing at the air as he came down. He fell with a sickening thud which I hear now when I dream. It was just as though all his bones went snap at once."

secret. I would have staked a fortune on it.

"The sea, by all means," cried Harry, raising his glass willingly; "the sea, and the skipper of the smack *Hirondelle*. I drink to you, Bordenave. You will make Dover, after all."

The old seaman emptied a mug of wine at a draught and filled another pipe.

"The Abbé said a hundred francs——"

"And the Abbé's friend another hundred."



"The French crew watched me with an amazed silence."

"Pray for his soul," cried Bordenave, "God has not meant us to fly, monsieur. If He had, we should have found the place where the wings go on. I do not want to fly, and I am happy. The earth is good enough for me—the earth and the sea. Fill your glass, Abbé, and drink to the sea. You owe her something to-night, do you not?"

I looked up quickly at Harry and caught his warning glance. The rockets at Gris-Nez had not been fired in vain, then! This cunning old Frenchman could share their

"I thank you, messieurs; two hundred francs, then."

"And another hundred for the excellent supper we have eaten. You must permit me to pay for that, Bordenave."

"Ah, monsieur, if I should object——?"

"Then there's the wine, Bordenave—would a hundred francs——?"

"*Nom de Dieu!*—four hundred francs; and all for making Dover Harbour. You shall be there at three o'clock, messieurs. If you wish to go back again to-morrow, I will come

and call for you. Four hundred francs—but I shall grow rich.”

In this way was the compact made. I have no doubt at all that the grasping old rascal knew from that moment, at least, the plainer facts of our story, and the meaning of the rockets which Escalles had fired. An Englishman sought to escape from France and would not go by the packet-boat. He offered four hundred francs for the passage. Very good; old Bordenave was quite willing to be corrupted. He rather liked it.

“Finish your wine at your ease, messieurs. I am going upstairs to whistle for a wind. If there are any more fireworks, I will tell you. The Abbé’s friend may wish to lie down—eh, monsieur? You would not have all the people see you on deck?”

“As you please, Bordenave. But I am very tired to-night.”

“Then you shall sleep, monsieur.” I will call you when I make the quay. Four hundred francs! *Mon Dieu!* you shall certainly see Dover.”

He went away, and presently the pattering feet above our head spoke of business on deck and the changing of the sails. For my part, fatigue was telling upon me again; and that and the wine contrived an indolent state of mind wherein nothing is very real or very fearful to us. One anxiety alone troubled me. I must be sure of Harry’s friendship at Calais.

“I leave it to you, Harry, to bring Lepeletier to reason,” said I. “There is no one else I could ask or would ask. You know that?”

He smiled at my simplicity.

“Man,” he said, “is it really Lepeletier about whom you are so anxious?”

“You will tell him just what I have told you—saving that which you call my imagination.”

He was serious in an instant.

“Yes,” he said; “it would be well to say nothing about that. When you are at Dover you can write and tell me how far you are justified or I am foolish.”

And then he went on flippantly again—

“At Dublin, the Viceroy kisses all the *débutantes*, you know. I wonder if the custom holds in mere embassies. To-morrow, remember, I represent you at the Court of Lepeletier. Really, my dear fellow, it should not be difficult where Mademoiselle Agnes is concerned.”

It was my turn to be serious.

“Oh,” said I, “I have done with that.”

“Done with it? Hark to him. Done

with the prettiest thing in France. Shame on you, my son! I will bring her to Cottesbrook myself before the month is out.”

“I wish to Heaven you could, Harry.”

“Oh, but I shall. I am determined upon it. The place wants waking up, and she will do it. Does she ride, think you? Imagine the spleen of forty-two dowagers who have daughters ready for you.”

“They will be very angry, certainly.”

“And your mother. I would give much to see the day when Lady Hilliard first kisses little Agnes Lepeletier.”

“I would give half my fortune, Harry.”

He had mentioned my mother’s name, which I never hear but some picture of my childhood and of a mother’s life is conjured up thereby and set for me in a frame of the past most precious. And now a picture came again as I lay resting on the cabin bench, and the swish of the seas we breasted was a sleep song. Cottesbrook, my home, with its pastures, its old-world people, its woods, its dells, its Abbey house—how far off it seemed! One face alone I missed from the house of my dreams—the face of her who had told me an hour ago that we should never meet again, that a gulf impassable was set between us. Would Agnes ever reign at Cottesbrook? Aye, God alone could answer that question. I could not lift the veil of the future which loomed so darkly. Dreaming, I saw my home; but the sun did not shine upon it, and there was darkness in the woods.

A troubled sleep I slept in that miserable cabin, but a sleep which left me refreshed when Harry waked me and told me to go on deck with him. He was wearing oilskins then, and the lamp’s wan light showed the dull, leaden drops of water upon his cape, and the pallor of the face which looked down to mine. But I was still heavy with the dream, and did not understand him at first.

“What is it? What do you say? Have I been asleep? What a fool!”

He gave me a hand from the bench and turned towards the companion.

“Old Bordenave is curious,” he said. “A tug has followed the fishing fleet from Calais and is searching some of the ships. You’d better come on deck, for it will be our turn soon.”

I went up after him with leaden steps. It was no surprise to me. Reason had told me from the first that I must answer for the night in the citadel of Calais.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLISH VOICES.

I HAD thought that it was yet dark when Harry waked me; but when we went up to the deck the greyer lights of dawn were in the west; and eastward the sun came up above the waters as a ball of fire new kindled and mellow. All about us the lazy sea caught the morning's beams and tossed them in jewels of the spindrift. The coast of France was no longer white above our horizon. Dover herself, as a picture cut in stone, stood above the waters dominantly, in silent, unawakened majesty, the very type of a fortress town. We were not a mile from the Admiralty Pier, not a mile from safety and the shore. The new harbour works shaped clear in the breaking rays of sunlight, and beyond them I could distinguish the big hotels, the ramparts of the Castle, St. Mary's Church as a nest upon the cliff side. In fifteen minutes, I said, we should have passed the harbour gates, for the tide served. Why, then, was old Bordenave curious?

"Yonder, Captain," he cried, "yonder is the Calais tug. Look for yourself. They have just stopped *La Mouette*, and my friend Bécu. He would be two miles from here, perhaps. It will be our turn next, the Abbé says. Very well, if the Captain does not mind!"

An odd sensation came over me while he spoke. It was not altogether fear, it was not a sudden consciousness of danger. To-day I should call it excitement pure and simple—exactly the same sensation as comes to a man who waits for the start of a race in which he is a runner. Pursuit had dogged me all night as a shadow; but the morning sun brought it to the light. We played no longer in the dark.

"Are you sure of what you say, Bordenave?" I asked as quietly as I could. "Are there no steam-trawlers with your fleet?"

He put his hands deep into his pockets and puffed quickly at his pipe.

"Look here, Captain!" he exclaimed bluntly, "if you do not want to see your friends from Calais, I would say, Be off as quickly as you can."

We all laughed, in spite of ourselves, at his way of putting it, Harry louder than the rest of us.

"Where are your wings, Bordenave?" he cried now. "Give the Captain a pair and he will fly to Dover. You say there is no wind?"

"Not enough to lift a flag, Abbé. Look at the sail yonder. Does that say wind?"

"But you could row me ashore in the dinghy?" I suggested.

Bordenave turned and looked me full in the face.

"They are blind on the steamer, then, Captain?"

"You mean that they would be here before we could get ashore."

"They will be here in twenty minutes—less if you put a boat out. Do not trust them, Captain; they have good eyes."

Harry stamped his foot.

"Then, in Heaven's name, how is the man to get ashore?"

"Messieurs," replied the skipper with some difficulty, "I have done my best."

We fell to silence and to watching the distant ships. Dawn found the sea as a lake; the hour of slack water was nearly done, I imagined. Two miles away or more, towards the cliffs of France, a tug lay near a French smack, and had put out a boat to board her. I realised that in ten minutes the same boat might be hailing the *Hirondelle*.

"Harry," I said, turning to him with the sure knowledge that he could not help me, "I must get ashore somehow."

"I agree," he answered gravely.

"The longer we wait, the greater the chance for those fellows to understand."

"There is only one way, Alfred."

"I am going to take it, Harry."

He wrung my hand, but said nothing. My fur coat lay on the deck now, and my boots were quickly beside it. The French crew watched me with an amazed silence which was eloquent of their thoughts. Already the smoke from the tug's funnel drifted from the hither sea and began to shut out the view of the smack and the boat. There was no time to lose. I stood up in my vest and drawers, and rolling my lighter clothes in a bundle I tied them round my neck. Even then I could remember my sovereign-purse and the case which held my money. I should have need of them ashore.

"I must get to Dover, Harry."

"God bless you, old fellow! but it's worth trying."

"You will see Agnes to-morrow?"

"Of course I shall."

"Tell her that I remember my promise."

"Monsieur, monsieur, the tug is moving again."

Old Bordenave spoke. I did not look behind me, and without another word to them dived into the sea. There was only one idea in my mind. At any cost I must reach



"I consoled myself from the first with the assurance that the pier was not a mile away."

Dover Harbour—the shores of my own country.

I had plunged well away from the stern of the smack, and so sheltered by it that I accounted myself safe, at least, for the moment, from any observation by those upon the tug. The sea struck cold as ice upon the head, but the first vigorous strokes sent the warming blood through my veins, and turning upon my side I began to work strongly for the Admiralty Pier. I remember well that I consoled myself from the first with the assurance that the pier was not a

then, but of those behind me I would not think. All that Harry had said was said by me again and again. If I had been the victim of imagination—very well, my escapade could hurt no one. If, on the other hand, I had learned a truth so great that I feared to speak of it even to my oldest friend—why, then I was a thousand times justified of that which I did. The very doubt helped my resolution. I was not a mile from England, and in England I had a great work to do. Never did man swim in the sea for a stake so terrible or for a shore so dear.



"He lifted me as a child from the sea to his boat."

mile away, and that I had swum a mile many a time in the great lake at Cottesbrook. From the smack's deck I could distinguish the very porters waiting by the morning train for the packet-boat from Calais. Those fellows would be astonished when a half-naked man came up to their carriages, I said. And I should find myself ashore with a pair of soaked flannels and a flannel coat weighing any number of wet pounds; but it would be upon the shore of England, and to-morrow my work would begin. Subtly and calmly my mind was busy already with the great uncertainty. I could think of twenty things

The sea was calm, a great lake rolling lazily in the sun of the morning. From the smack's deck I had seen the houses of Dover as in some mighty scene of a play; but now, from the level of the water, they appeared a great way off, as though a hand had rolled them back for my despair, and set a greater gulf between the swimmer and the shore. I knew that my deceptive vision tricked me, and took no thought of it, but only of that which lay behind me, and of the tug, which I began to remember when the first energy of flight had passed. Had I been observed by the Frenchmen, or did old Bordenave's

boat still shield me? Once as I turned upon my back to breathe I beheld the still sea behind me and the smack hove to, and beyond it the squat steamer, with smoke pouring from its twin funnels and crests of foam at its bows. Doubt was possible no longer. The tug was making for the *Hirondelle*, and in ten minutes a boat from it would follow me.

I rested but an instant and then was upon my side again.

It is one thing to swim at leisure, for the love of it, knowing that you may turn to the shore or the depths at your will; it is another matter to swim for your liberty, if not for your life. I had set out from the ship thinking that I had a child's task before me; but the half of a mile taught me the lesson, and for a little while a despair, almost as of death, settled upon me. Seas which had been gentle as the touch of flowers upon the lips now began to buffet me with stinging slaps. I sank lower in the water and came up again with difficulty. The sky, grey and cold of morning, seemed far above me. I could no longer distinguish Dover, for the salt stung and burned my eyes; and all about me was the grey, green swell, pitiless, infinite, torturing. It was ordained that I must die there—die when my voice could be heard in England and her white cliffs might almost cover me with their shadows. And yet of death I thought less than of the tug steaming there in my wake, one mile, two it might be, from the place where I lay. How far was she behind me now? How my strength seemed to fail me! I must rest, must breathe—they might take me if they willed. It would be a relief, I said, to sink down, down, and to sleep in the eternal silence of the depths.

Someone halloed across the sea, and I thought that I recognised the voice of Harry, and that he warned me of the tug's approach. Once I heard a siren blasted, and then the whistle of an engine, curiously near to me. I had been swimming the breast stroke when the voice came floating over the waters, but now I sank down until my head was but a little way above the waves, and so looked backward at the ship and the men. Bordenave's boat still lay there, perhaps three-quarters of a mile from me, and the tug was near by it, apparently hailing it and sending out a boat again.

But that which brought all my courage back as upon a beam of light was the spectacle of Dover herself, so near to me, so clear in the vigour of the day, that I had but to swim a

hundred strokes to make its harbour, I thought. What tide there was appeared to help me to the great buttress of the pier. I perceived it all so plainly in the pleasing mellow glow of dawn, the lapping waves, the men upon the jetty, the white houses beyond, the waiting train, with a shimmer of steam above the engine's funnel. There was but a little river of grey, green water between us; and so gentle a river that it seemed to sport and play as a human thing waking to greet the rising sun. I said, when I beheld it, that nothing could stand now between me and my victory; and, roused at the siren's call as by a clarion note, I struck out for the shore again with a measure of strength which amazed me.

Three hundred yards to go, perhaps—three hundred yards for liberty and a prize of liberty beyond my words. How my heart beat as every stroke carried me a little way to that giant pier, where the very stones rewarded my exhausted eyes! None would pursue me now, I said, or, pursuing, must answer English voices and an English law. Odd, indeed, it was that no one observed the swimmer from the shore; but who would have looked for him in such a place and at such an hour? Alone I swam; alone I passed through those phases of hope and fear, of joy and despair, which such a scene could not fail to create for me. None followed, I said. Oh, amazing confidence! for, saying it, I heard the steamer's paddles beating the water again, and knew that she pursued me. She was coming on, then, into the very mouth of the harbour!

For one unforgettable moment I ceased to swim and listened to the echoes. Let those who have been in the water remember the throb of a steamer's paddle as it smites the seas and tumbles them backward in eddies of rushing foam. What a sound it is, mysterious as the rolling thunder from the depths, a ceaseless sound, making the waters tremble and the swell ripple even at the foot of the distant shores. And now I had the echo of it throbbing in my ears; the waves seemed to tremble as at some foreign power; I could feel by instinct that a ship was behind me, that it raced up toward me, that I might even be drawn down by its swell as in a whirlpool. The knowledge was torture—torture beyond all power of writing. I had dared so much to win so little. It would be a humiliation surpassing words to be taken here, when but two hundred yards lay between me and my liberty; and yet taken I should be unless a miracle saved me. Every moment carried the steamer nearer; every stroke of mine was

answered by a louder, more thunderous echo of her paddles. She was a hundred, fifty yards away, I thought. Those upon her deck were hailing me now. Many voices at once cried out a warning. I could not believe my ears. They were English voices.

Dazed to the point of unconsciousness, worn out as much by excitement as by fatigue, I sank lower in the sea and waited for the end. The beat of the steamer's paddles had ceased by this time, and in their place I could hear the splash of oars and a steady word of command. Again, I say, it was an English voice that spoke—the mockery of it!—an English voice upon the Calais tug. But I had no longer the strength or the will to resist the man who hailed me. He lifted me as a child from the sea to his boat; and as a

child I lay half senseless while they rowed me to the steamer.

To the steamer, indeed, to a big ship where many crowded about me, and strange faces peered into mine, and a man with a gold-laced cap brought me a glass of brandy, and others rolled me in blankets to carry me to the cabin below. With wonderstruck eyes I looked at the officer and at those who helped him. The trim jerseys, the name upon their caps, above all (and my hand well may hasten to set that down)—above all, the English faces. Great God! I asked, where was I? What did it mean? Whose ship was this?

Laugh with me you who read. I had been picked up by the morning boat from Calais, and before another hour was struck by the harbour clock I walked, a free man, in the streets of Dover.

END OF BOOK I.



THE FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

BY F. KLICKMANN.

IT is curious to notice how our whole life, from beginning to end, is dominated by quotations. As youngsters, we say our simple hymns and nursery jingles till they become part and parcel of our very existence. When we get to the school stage, we absorb "To be, or not to be," "Excelsior," "Friends, Romans, countrymen," and such-like classics (under stern compulsion, doubtless, but that is a very minor side-issue), and these add materially to our stock-in-trade. As serious-minded youths, we heavily score our favourite authors, and copy out folios of choice extracts—those almost pathetic extracts that turn up and confront us in later years, with odd, haunting memories of noble things we meant to achieve which still remain undone! But, finally, out of all the motley collection that we have gathered from the wayside and the highways and hedges of life's journey, there are usually two or three that appeal to our own individuality more than all the others put together; one may suit us in one mood, one may help us in another; but, however it may

be, they represent us ourselves, that underlying *Ego* that we are often so careful to disguise from other people.

Just as a man's favourite books will betray his personal tastes, so his favourite quotations will invariably indicate his attitude towards life or his aspirations. One feels that literary men and women must be the best equipped in the matter of quotations. They have dived into such deep and wealthy mines of book-lore, and one knows they never return empty-handed. But, on interrogating them on the matter, I found that by very reason of the wide range of their reading it was not always easy for them to name *one* extract that stood out prominently from among all others. "Ian Maclaren" (Dr. Watson) expresses this very happily. He says: "I have so many favourite quotations that I could not mention one without giving offence to all the others, and perhaps ceasing to be on speaking terms with them."

Another celebrated writer has, however, unwittingly thrown considerable light on this subject,



MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

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though he little dreamt into what direful complications his revelation might plunge the famous author of *Young Barbarians*!

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes: "A favourite quotation isn't like a wife!—we may have more than one. But just as a sailor is said to have a sweetheart in every port, so I must confess to a favourite quotation in any number of books. For working purposes, however, the following is hard to beat—

"Be pitiful, for every man is fighting a hard battle."

I wish I could say it was of my own coining, but it is from the *British Weekly*, where it appeared as my friend Ian Maclaren's Christmas Greeting."

One can only hope that all the other favourite quotations will promptly acquit Dr. Watson of any personal intent to show an undue preference on this occasion.

Miss Marie Corelli writes: "I have so many favourites—but I send the two which represent my own disposition most thoroughly—

"Call me what instrument you will, though you can 'fret' me, you cannot play upon me!"—*Hamlet*.

"Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

Be our joy three-parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

—ROBERT BROWNING."

One is not surprised that a writer of the calibre of Mr. Guy Boothby should find his favourite quotation in the works of Rudyard Kipling. He mentions a verse in *L'Envoi* at the end of *Life's Handicap*—

"One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence.
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence."

Nor is Mr. Boothby alone in singling out this particular poem. It has likewise been named by Mr. William Canton, though one could not find two men whose writings are more



Photo by]

MR. GUY BOOTHBY IN HIS STUDY.

[Thomas, Cheap's, &c.

I have so many favourite quotations that I could not mention one without giving offence to all the others, and perhaps ceasing to be onspeaking terms with them,

Yours faithfully,

John Watson

utterly dissimilar than the creator of that fascinating fiend, *Dr. Nikola*, and the author of those literary gems, *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., her Book*. Mr. Canton says: "I have quoted a stanza from what seems to me to be one of the most beautiful poems that Mr. Kipling has published, *L'Envoi to Life's Handicap*—

"Take not that vision from my ken!
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

Mr. Robert Barr sends some lines that have before to-day stirred up the courage and "grit" in the heart of many a man who was beginning to think he saw nothing but "Failure," writ large, before him—

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."—ROBERT BROWNING.

But Mr. Barr can never be serious in a letter, whatever he may be in his quotation. He has long been celebrated as one of the wittiest letter-writers of the day. However short his note may be, it is long enough to afford him an opening for some little touch of the *humouresque*. In the present instance he writes: "The above is my favourite quotation. Whenever you want something helpful, you know, look up the writings of the talented R. B.'s—Robert Burns, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, Robert Bruce, or
"Robert Barr."

Miss Beatrice Harraden likewise makes a selection from the greatest of "the talented R. B.'s." She writes: "Your question is bewildering, as one has so many favourite lines

I have so many
favourites — but I send the
two which represent my own
disposition most thoroughly
Trilphed yours

Marie Corelli

Dec 9. 1899.



MR. WILLIAM CANTON.

tumbling about which cannot be called forth to order; but I am very fond of these words from Browning's *Saul*—

“The palm wine shall staunch
Every wound of man's spirit in winter.”

“Also this, from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—

“The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage.
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones.”

One is not surprised that Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who has always been a close student of the German philosophical writers, should go to the land of great thinkers for his favourite quotation in literature. He says: “I cannot hesitate to select one which, from my earliest years when I began to read German with enthusiasm, has always been ringing in my ears—

“*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben.*”—In the Whole, the Good, the True to live resolutely.”

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne sends the spirit, if not the letter, of the couplet he most admires: “What am I to say? I have so many favourite quotations; but I suppose you only allow me one. Well, it shall be this serious pronouncement on life, from Stevenson's *Child's Garden*—

“The world is so full of a
number of things,
That we all ought to be
as happy as kings.”

Take not that vision from my Ken!
Oh, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.
Rudyard Kipling:
William Canton.

I hope I quote correctly, but if not you can call it my favourite misquotation.”

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) says: “It is difficult to choose a few lines out of a series of commonplace books in which I could count my favourite quotations by hundreds; but I send these as among random scraps garnered and appreciated—the first for its music, the second for its thought—

“Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar,
As vainly strength speaks to a broken mind.”

“Written on a scrap of paper by Coleridge in reply to Thomas Poole on his urging C. to exert himself.—1807.”

“John Strange Winter” (Mrs. Stannard) asks: “Why should one have favourite quotations? It would be



Yours Very Truly
Robert Barr

hideously inartistic to try to narrow one's supremest appreciation down to this or that line when there are thousands that rightly give equal delight. I value Longfellow most among poets, and love scores of his beautiful expressions, but I would no more attempt to pick out a favourite than I would to select the best brick from a builder's stack. But most of us have favourite proverbs or sayings which often enough are quotations. Mine is—

“ ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.’ ”

Miss Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves) quotes Kingsley's dear familiar verse—

“ Be good, sweet maid, and let
who will be clever.

Do noble things, not dream
them all day long ;
And so make Life, Death,
and that vast ‘For ever’
One grand, sweet song.”

Mr. Max Pemberton quotes from the *Rubāiyāt* of Omar Khayyām—

“ Into this Universe, and Why
not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water
willy-nilly flowing ;
And out of it, as Wind
along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-
nilly blowing.”

Mr. S. R. Crockett refers us to the greatest of his literary fellow-countrymen, though he says : “ I have no favourite quotation in the sense of one above all others. But I have always felt that Scott's dying words to his children put my own aspiration—

“ ‘For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit.’ ”

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton writes from her home in Boston, Mass., and it is curious to notice how her letter vibrates with that sense of sadness—the sadness that lingers around an autumn sunset—which is the



Photo by]

[Miss Gertrude Haraden.

Yours very truly
Gertrude Haraden

keynote to so many of her beautiful poems, more especially in her last volume, *At the Wind's Will*: “ I heartily wish I could answer your letter by giving you a list of my favourite quotations. But such a list would run into hundreds, I am afraid. So many centuries are to be counted in which so many beautiful things have been said. When I think of death—and death is the one only certainty—I find myself asking, with Hamlet, ‘ For in that sleep of death what dreams may come ? ’ and then remembering, with Henley, that ‘ Into the dark go one and all. ’ Then, perhaps, I fortify myself with Stevenson's superb *Requiem*, and try to believe that I, too, shall ‘ gladly die, ’ and ‘ lay me down with a

"Be just, and fear not

Adalsten Bayly

'Edna Lyall.'

will.' But when on this one theme of all—conquering death, countless quotations pursue each other; and there are so many themes! Forgive, then, the inadequacy of my reply."

"Edna Lyall" (Miss Bayly) sends this line—

"Be just, and fear not."

Mayne Lindsay, that brilliant young writer whose Indian stories rank second only to those of Kipling and Mrs. Steel, says: "I instinctively turned to Stevenson to find my favourite quotation, but I found it such a vain task to make an extract when I could only conscientiously transcribe him by the volume, that I turned to Matthew Arnold. By the way, I suppose they are an oddly diverse couple to be bracketed for first place in

anybody's affections. But still they are there, in mine, *vice* Browning lately deposed. But this is not giving you the quotation. It is the last lines of *Rugby Chapel*, that end—



Photo by]

[Killick & Abbot.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

"The world is so full of a number of things

That we all ought to be as happy

as Kings."

I quote I quote correctly, but if not

you can call it my favourite mis-

-quotation.

With kindest regards -

Yours sincerely

Richard Le Gallienne

"... Follow your steps as ye go. Ye fill up the gaps in our files, Strengthen the wavering line, 'Stablish, continue our march, On, to the bound of the waste, On, to the City of God!"

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who divides his life between bright America and still brighter Italy, sends a quotation in what is practically his second native language. He writes from Italy: "I find it very hard to discover what my favourite quotation is. If there is one I prefer to another, it is, perhaps—

"*Risurgi e Vinci.*"

The words are found in Dante's *Paradiso*, towards the end of the XIVth Canto."

Maxwell Gray.

"Maxwell Gray," the author of the famous *Silence of Dean Maitland*, writes:—"It seems to me that no one but a fool could have a favourite quotation, but I may be mistaken. At an age when people are expected to be fools, I wrote in grammar and dictionary leaves, '*Vinco aut Morior*,' '*Sans Peur et sans Reproche*.' Perhaps they were my favourite mottoes. Also a poem on '*Dulce*



Photo by]

[J. Thomson.

MISS HELEN MATHERS (MRS. REEVES).



Photo by]

[Mendelssohn.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

et decorum est pro patria mori." And one still extant on the motto of the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery Corps—'*Ubique Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt*'—a suitable motto for those who bear it. The only plan I can hit upon for discovering the favourite quotations of literary people is to read their works, which appears to be the last use to which writers are put in the present day. Matthew Arnold's favourite quotation seems to have been, '*Nella sua volontade è nostra pace.*' So perhaps I have one, though I don't know it."

It is a far cry to Indiana, and yet from that State there comes a quotation that appeals most aptly to the much-rained-upon Englishman! "Edwin Caskoden" (Mr. Charles Major), whose delightful romance, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, is at the present time enjoying one of those phenomenally large sales that America indulges in occasionally, bids fair to be as popular an author before long on this side of the Atlantic as he is through the length and breadth of the United States. Mr. Major writes: "I send you some verses, *Wet Weather Talk*, by our Indiana poet, James Whitcomb Riley, my very dear friend. I send you the whole poem, but the first verse is the

one I specially like, because it breathes a sweet philosophy which, if we but live up to it, will bring to us all that which we most desire—happiness.

“‘It ain’t no use to grumble and complain ;

It’s jest as cheap and easy to rejoice :
When God sorts out the weather and
sends rain,

W’y, rain’s my choice.

“‘Men giner’ly, to all intents—

Although they’re ap’ to grumble
some—

Puts most their trust in Providence,

And takes things as they come ;—

That is, the commonality
Of men that’s lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to
learn

They’re not the boss of the concern.

I have no favourite
quotation in the sense of
one above all others.

But I have always
felt that Scott’s dying words
to his children put my
own aspiration

“‘For myself, my dears,
I am unconscious of ever
having done any man an
injury, or omitted any
fair opportunity of doing
any man a benefit.”

Faithfully yours

S. R. Crockett

“‘With some, of course, it’s
different—

I’ve seed *young* men that
knowed it all,
And didn’t like the way things
went

On this terrestrial ball !

But, all the same, the rain
some way

Rained jest as hard on
picnic-day ;

Er when they raily wanted
it,

It maybe wouldn’t rain a
bit !

“‘In this existence, dry and
wet

Will overtake the best of
men—

Some little skift o’ clouds’ll
shet

The sun off now and then ;

But maybe, while you’re
wondern’ who

You’ve fool-like lent your
umbrell’ to,

And *want* it—out’ll pop the
sun,

And you’ll be glad you
ain’t got none !”

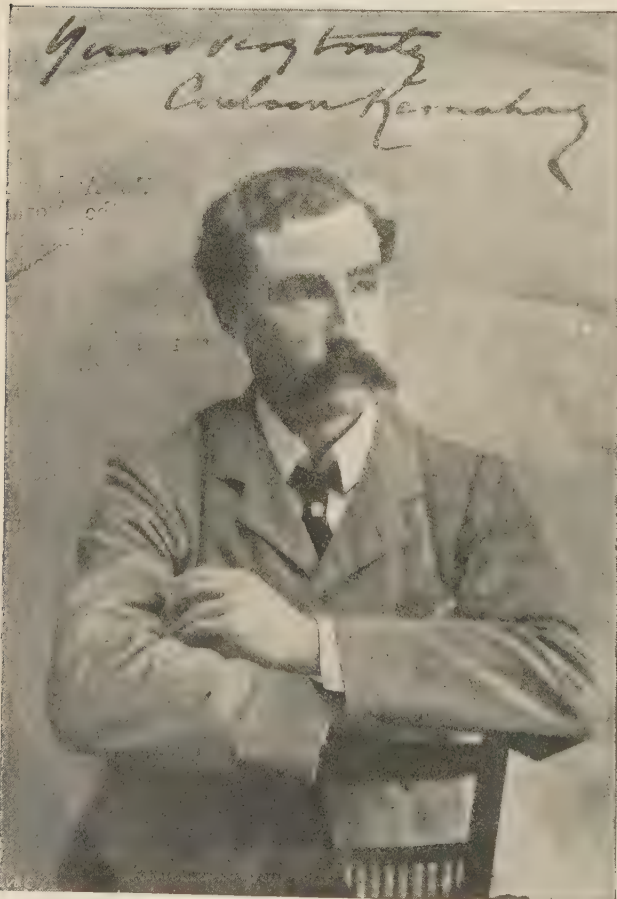


Photo by]

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

[J. N. Willis.

Mr. Edmund Gosse is of the opinion that "It must be very difficult for anyone to say what is his favourite quotation or motto; but," he adds, "when I came to this house four and twenty years ago I painted on the rafter in my book-room a line from Tibullus—

"*Pieridas pueri doctos et amate poetas,*"

and it is there still. I don't know any words which express better my aim in life."

Reuben me faithfully
Edmund Gosse



Photo by]

[Mendelssohn.

Faithfully Yours
Sarah Grand

Madame Sarah Grand writes: "There are times when I cannot say what is my favourite quotation, for no sooner have I chosen one than twenty others I like equally well occur to me; so that my favourite quotation to-day will most likely not be my favourite quotation to-morrow. The truth is, I suffer from a succession of favourite quotations. They come to me spontaneously *à propos* to something of public or private interest which happens to be going on at the moment, stay so long as they are applicable, and then depart. I can, therefore, only give you my favourite quotation for the time being. It came to me for my comfort while I was suffering from the first shock of the cruel and cowardly injustice done to Dreyfus, from the horror of those atrocious bull-fights at Boulogne, and from the chronic pain due to a too intimate knowledge of the tortures daily inflicted in our midst upon helpless animals by the callous vivisector. When I thought of these things, and of all the strength which seems to be expended in vain in efforts to relieve suffering, I should have despaired once for all of our vaunted humanity, had it not been for my (present) favourite quotation, which seems to say that progress marches on always imperceptibly in spite of all this—

"For while the tired waves dimly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far out, by creeks and inlets waking
Comes silent flooding in the main!"

Mr. Austin Dobson replied to my query: "My quotations vary with the occasion and the necessity. But I have more than once derived a melancholy consolation from the—

"*Sperate miseri, cavete felices,*"

which Goldsmith puts on the title-page of the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

Austin Dobson

I conclude with an allusion to two prominent people who for a whole generation have been the mouth-piece of many of the finest thoughts of our dramatic literature. The quotations were given to me two or three years ago, but are none the less interesting on that account. Sir Henry Irving gave as his favourite

*Into the Universe, & Why not knowing
Not Whence, like Water nelly-nelly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, nelly-nelly bearing*



Photo by]

[Potter, Indianapolis.

MR. CHARLES MAJOR ("EDWIN CASKODEN").

motto: "Perseverance keeps honour bright"; while Miss Ellen Terry's selection was as follows: "In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."—LONGFELLOW—and:—

"Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise."—SHAKESPEARE

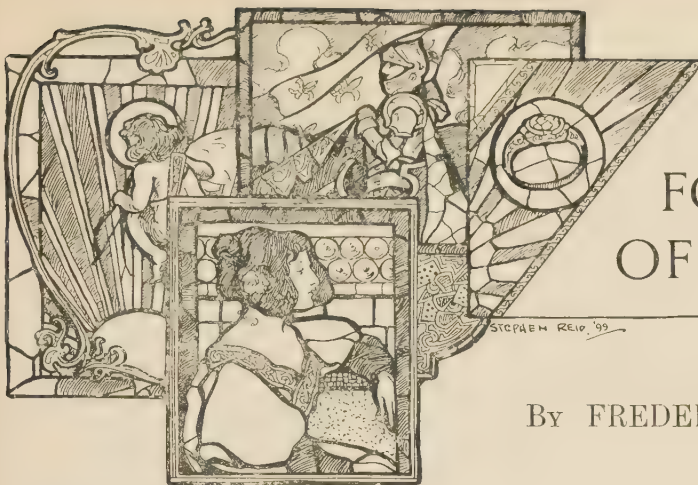
*Yours truly,
Louise Chandler Moulton*



Photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

*Yours most sincerely —
Louise Chandler Moulton.*



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CUPID.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

CUPID cannot rival the Devil as a godfather of natural scenery in our country. But love and beauty will always be found in association, and if we follow the footsteps of Cupid we shall see some of the loveliest spots of which England can boast.

The little god has shown most favour to "Lovers' Leaps," of which half a dozen or more are to be found in various picturesque districts. Our Lovers' Leaps have their classical prototype in Leucadia, one of the Ionian Islands now called Santa Maura. Sappho is said to have thrown herself into the sea from this rocky promontory when her love was rejected by Laon. To this episode, which occurred about 650 B.C., we may, perhaps, attribute the first suggestion of English Lovers' Leaps, although not one of them can be said at all to resemble the site of Sappho's rash act, inasmuch as they are all situated some way from the sea. Derbyshire can rejoice in two, Devonshire has an exceedingly pretty one on the Dart, whilst in some respects the most noteworthy of all is to be discovered on the shores of Lake Ullswater.

The Lovers' Leap in Sherwood Dell is of more modern origin. In a little inn at the adjoining village of Stoney Middleton which bears the same name you may hear the story circumstantially told. In 1760 a love-sick maiden of the name of Hannah Baddeley, driven desperate by the indifference of her beloved, climbed the loftiest rock in the dale and threw herself from it. But a tree, which broke her fall, saved her from the death she courted. Although crippled, she lived to a good old age, a warning to the countryside of Cupid's cruelty. Miss Baddeley was buried in the village

churchyard, and there are those who will even undertake to point out her grave.

There is, it is true, a rival version to that told at the Lovers' Leap Inn, which refers vaguely to some local tradition of an exciting elopement. The two runaway lovers, riding one horse, are said to have successfully taken the leap and thus baffled the pursuit of an angry father. This story sounds more romantic than the other, and for this reason may be preferred by many. But it lacks



Photo by Walmsley Bros.,

[Ambleside.

LOVERS' LEAP, AIRA-FORCE

the same circumstantial detail and can hardly survive an inspection of the actual spot, which makes it clear that if the two daring lovers did make the leap on horse-back, only a miracle could have saved their necks. Situated at the entrance of what is called the Duke's Drive, about a mile from Buxton, is another Lovers' Leap, a huge rock, on a cliff clothed at its sides by ivy and other foliage, overlooking a chasm through which the Wye stream bubbles and flows.

Sharplo Point, in the Straits or narrowest part of Dovedale, has also been called a Lovers' Leap by the inhabitants. To account for the name they relate a weird story, in which the suicide was a needlessly jealous young man; and several of the precipices

and Patterdale. It has a height of about eighty feet, the water proceeding from the top over a narrow ledge, dividing at once into streams which reunite about half-way down. Near the bottom the water dashes against a projecting rock, causing a sheet of foam and a cloud of spray which in the sunlight, glinting through the glen, give the scene its prettiest effect. On reaching the level ground the rushing water becomes a transparent stream.

There once lived at this spot, according to the story of the Lovers' Leap which Wordsworth tells, a beautiful maiden, who was wooed by—

... Barons bold, with stores of gold,
And knights of high renown.

She gave her choice to Sir Eglamore, but before many days of sweet dalliance had passed the knight was called away to the wars. They exchanged vows of fidelity. Sir Eglamore wins martial glory, but after a time the lady longs for her lover's return. Sleeping and waking she thinks only of him, and in her sleep she makes nightly pilgrimage to the spot in the glen where they parted. Sir Eglamore at length returns, and in his

impatience to behold once more his sweetheart's dwelling-place will not wait for the morn. In the darkness of the wood he beholds the maiden's figure, and for the moment wonders whether it is she herself or only her spectre—

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-Force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn tale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Aira-Force is a waterfall—"force," it should be said, is a synonym for this word in the Lake District—in Gowbarrow Park, on the shores of Ullswater, between Pooley Bridge

He touched—what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight! when on firm ground
The rescued maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful spirit flew,
His voice; beheld his speaking face,
And, dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.



Photo by J. Valentine & Sons.

GALLANTRY BOWER, CLOVELLY.

[Dundee.]



Photo by Blampney & Son,]

[Ashburton.

LOVERS' LEAP, ON THE DART, NEAR ASHBURTON.



Photo by Blampney & Son,]

[Ashburton.

GALLANTRY BOWER, NEAR TOTNES.

Sir Eglamore built himself a cell close to the waterfall, and in hermit fashion spent the rest of his life lamenting.

The visitor to Harrogate finds in his tours from that centre two Lovers' Leaps. One of these forms part of the Great Almas Cliff, overlooking the valley of the Wharfe. On the brow of the cliff are numbers of basins hollowed in the stone, and supposed to have been formed by the Druids to catch rain-water for sacerdotal purposes; a larger one, of parallelogram shape, is said to have been used for bathing children. They are believed to have given the name to the cliff, derived by those learned in such matters from two Celtic words, *al*, "a cliff," and *mias*, "an altar." One of the precipices, known as the Lovers'



Photo by R. W. Thomas,]

[Cheapside, E.C.

THE LOVERS' SEAT.

Leap, was, in 1766, the scene of the attempted suicide of a lovelorn village belle, who, unable to bear the slights of her sweetheart, cast herself from it. She escaped with only a few bruises, a strong wind, blowing at the time, having inflated her cloak. Learning wisdom, she did not again act so foolishly, but lived to a ripe old age at a village near, known as Kirkby Overblow. She must have had a considerable amount of grim humour in the selection of her place of residence—if, indeed, it was not so named in memory of her escapade.

The other Lovers' Leap of the West Riding is to be found on the curious tableland known as Brimham Rocks. Here, between the Boat Rocking Stone and the Druid's Cave is an opening in the rocks with three huge stones placed arch-wise above it. It is on the very verge of the precipice, and, perhaps, received its title from the idea that some lovelorn swain may have sought the old but cowardly means of escape from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which it offers.

Wales has a Lovers' Leap on the banks of the Wye, near Chepstow, but local tradition makes but vague attempts to explain the



Photo by F. Frith & Co., Ltd.,]

[Reigate.

WATERFALL, LOVERS' LEAP, ASHWOOD DALE, NEAR BUXTON.



Photo by W. W. Winter.]

[Derby.]

LOVERS' LEAP, THE STRAITS, DOVEDALE.

The maid, when she heard the glad tidings,
 Rushed to his bosom with glee.
 She cried, in a passionate transport,
 "Kind heaven has blessed her decree;
 The stars far above us are smiling,
 And Nature is mad with delight;
 The day of our joy is approaching,
 A dawn that will never see night."

From the Devonshire Lovers' Leap is to be enjoyed what is generally considered the finest view on the Dart. The scene, which is near the town of Ashburton, is rather similar to that in Ashwood Dale, but is of more impressive dimensions, the wooded heights rising much more boldly on either side of the narrow valley of the Dart. The Lovers' Leap is a broken cliff projecting from the wood, "hung with ivy and briar rose and crested with mountain ash." Unhappily no one is now able to say how the spot came by the name, and local invention has not apparently come to the rescue of tradition, although the beauty of the whole neighbourhood is such as should inspire romance.

Devonshire has a second Lovers' Leap, but it happens to be called Gallantry Bower,

name. More definite is latter-day knowledge of another Welsh "Leap" near to Llandrindod. Passing out of the Rock Park towards Rhydlyndu, a footpath runs along the top of the field and enters a wood. At the bottom of a sharp declivity flows the silvery Ithon, which sweeps round a projecting rock of semicircular form, called the Lovers' Leap. In connection with this there is a legend which may be gathered from the following lines by a local poet, Mr. Edward Jenkins—

On lonely, craggy headland,
 'Mid woods at twilight hushed,
 A maiden stood dejected,
 Her heart hopes rudely crushed.
 Her dazed look watched the whirlpool,
 When, lo! a face showed there,
 And from the brink retreating,
 She fell with deadly fear.

The spell quickly broken—dispelled was
 the trance,
 Her eye had the flash of the sword in its
 glance;
 In madness she pleaded, "Oh! let me
 away;
 I'm doomed to be drowned ere the breaking
 of day."

"No, my darling, hie! and listen,"
 Said a voice so sweet and bold;
 "For thy parents now have cherished
 Hopes that brighten days of old.
 Hie thee home, love's welcome waits thee,
 Sweet the greeting, sweet the song,
 For the troth which holds us captive
 Melts the sorrow, ends the wrong."



LOVERS' LEAP, LLANDRINDOD.

a name which recalls to the tourist one of the most memorable of the many beauties of Clovelly. It is on a ridge of the cliff, about a mile and a half from the quaint little village, which rises nearly four hundred feet from the sea, with face as straight and smooth as a well-planed board. There is only a vague tradition of two lovers casting themselves into the waves from this precipitous height, and pedants have objected that the name is probably a corruption of the old Kornu-Keltic, *Col-an-veor*, meaning a "great ridge." But most people, as they contemplate from the "Bower" a lovely view of sea and coast, will prefer to believe that an old-world love tragedy is associated with the spot.

Another Gallantry Bower in Devonshire can hardly be described as a Lovers' Leap, but, on the other hand, the amorous suggestion of its name cannot be explained by any mere philological expedient. It is a little clump of trees on the edge of the upland, near Totnes, which is known as Hembury Camp. The upland is covered by thick coppice, and below winds the silvery Dart—a most agreeable place, in short, for lovers' meetings. As much can be said of the

Lovers' Walk at Matlock, although it likewise lacks any legendary interest. This is a zigzag path, winding about the sloping banks of the Derwent, embowered for the most part in rich foliage. The name of Lovers' Walks throughout the country is of course legion, but probably none can eclipse that of Matlock.

The Lovers' Seat, near Hastings, is undoubtedly to Londoners the best-known of all Cupid's resorts. Few people leave the popular pleasure town without visiting Fairlight Glen, and of this excursion the Lovers' Seat is usually the most attractive feature. A rustic bench upon a ledge of rock overlooking the sea at the opening of the Glen, the Lovers' Seat is well worthy of its name. Secure from surprise, protected against the attack of inquisitive eyes, yet commanding an expansive view of the sea, it may well have been chosen by the gallant captain of a revenue cutter as the trysting-place for his stolen interviews with a Sussex heiress. According to the story, the romance ended in a happy marriage, and with this wish in their hearts hundreds of lads and lasses have since sat together on this seat of good omen, and carved their names in its stone.



PLAYING A SUBSTITUTE.

BY HORACE BLEACKLEY.

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.



BEFORE this veracious chronicle is placed on record it must be understood that Lady Kitty was neither a tom-boy nor a new woman. Most of her own sex conceded that

she was a healthy, pretty, and sporting English girl. She could swim, ride, and fence, and I daresay wrestle or run, with any average boy of her own age.

It fell upon a day in June that her noble and gouty father, old Earl Woodthorpe, betook himself to an inaccessible health resort in the Cambrian mountains, where pure air and nauseous waters work miraculous cures. Kitty, attended by her faithful Miss Minks, was the only one of the family to accompany him, for one of her brothers was at Sandhurst struggling with his Finals, and the other was at Cambridge working hard for his cricket Blue.

Though they had a charming little bungalow buried amongst the pines, it must be confessed that Kitty found the place dull. The season had hardly commenced, and few people were about, so she had to take her excursions upon her pony and bike generally alone, Minks being neither of the age nor build for such exercises.

Of course the scenery around was superb—it always is in dull places. The mountain torrent, after dashing headlong over boulders and through deep, cool gorges, splashing beneath “devil’s bridges,” and skirting shady “lovers’ walks,” suddenly emerged upon a grassy, sunlit plain, and became in the fashion of its kind a calm and sober matron instead of a wanton, frisky child. Here a beautiful reach of crystal water made most delightful bathing, and here Kitty came for her morning swim every day at eleven o’clock. For at this hour the place was consecrated to the ladies, and the comfortable boathouse contained a dressing-room for their use. It

was a secluded spot, and nowhere in the British Isles could Diana have enjoyed more privacy.

Naturally, Minks was always Kitty’s bathing attendant. With camp-stool and novel she would take up her position in some leafy retreat overlooking the stream and doze in peace, while her charge, after a leisurely toilet, would emerge from the boathouse like a young Amazon in a delicious creation of white and pink, and take a header from the highest plank.

It has been said that the eye of man was forbidden to look upon this scene, but a week after Kitty’s arrival there came a day—we blush to record it—when two bold creatures played the part of Peeping Tom. Their youth must be their excuse, but we should be the last to urge it, for they were sad young ruffians—no other than little Billy Jones and his brother Taffy, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, sons of the most notorious poacher in the county.

“Why does she wear clothes like a lad?” inquired brother Taffy.

“Cos she dunno young chaps like you’d come a-looking, I reckon,” returned the other. “My golly! she swims like a otter.”

“What’s she done wi’ her other clothes?”

“Hush’te, young booby, the old geezer’ll hear you. Look at the old gal a-nodding. How spiffin’ if she toppled off her perch!”

Poor Minks, overcome by the heat, had not been aroused by the splash of Kitty’s dive, and was slumbering thirty yards away.

“Hi! Taf, I’ve got it!” added Billy in a hoarse whisper into his brother’s ear, gripping his arm with excitement. “You’ve got your sack all right, eh?”

“Aye, it’s here,” said Taf. “Wot’s your game?”

“Sneak the young wench’s clothes!” whispered Billy. “It’ll be as easy as winking. I’ll stow ’em in t’sack in a jiffy. Mammy’ll be fair crazy. Gals like you have clothes worth a pot o’ brass. It’ll keep us all fine till dad comes out agin.”

Three minutes later the wicked pair were slinking through the undergrowth like foxes, dragging a well-filled sack between them.

Minks's slumbers were long and deep this morning. When she did awake it was with a start.

"Minks," came a clear, strong young voice from the boathouse. "Minks—I've been calling you for I don't know how long."

"Eh, my dear?—yes," answered the bewildered old lady, wrestling still with sleep. "I heard you, dear. I think I must have been wrapped up in my book."

"Minks, it's an extraordinary thing, but I can't find my clothes anywhere."

"Clothes, dear, clothes?" cried the buxom Minks, as she toddled towards the boathouse. "But have you looked for them?"

"Looked for them!" echoed Kitty with scorn, her face only visible through the open door—a beautiful face, tanned by the sun, with strong, clearly cut features and bold, fearless grey eyes. "Of course I've looked everywhere. I want to know where you've moved them to."

"Moved them? I've never moved from my chair."

"Nonsense. Clothes can't disappear like that. You must have done. Come in and have a good look."

They searched the place thoroughly for a quarter of an hour, with the inevitable result. "Well, of all the——" began Minks slowly.

"Nonsense, Minks," snapped Lady Kitty, with pardonable petulance. "I was in the water and you were asleep. Someone must have stolen or hidden them."

"I must hurry home and send Jane back with some more. Now, dear Lady Kitty, promise me to lock the door and stop inside till Jane comes. I shall be in a fit all the time."

"I'll have to put on those flannels we saw in the men's dressing-room," remarked Kitty, "or I shall catch my death of cold."

Minks could not repress a little scream of horror; but consideration for Lady Kitty overcame prudery, and she replied—

"Of course, dear. I'll fetch them for you."

The flannels included a sweater and a dark blue blazer trimmed with gold braid. They appeared brand new, and must from their size have belonged to a schoolboy.

"Why, the thieves have actually overlooked my stockings!" said Kitty, with a cry of delight as she espied the articles in a corner.

It would be impossible to imagine a prettier boy than Lady Kitty when she had assumed her novel costume. Her close, curly

hair—the result of an attack of scarlet fever during the previous autumn—suited her now to perfection. She truly looked a jolly little chap of fifteen.

"I've a good mind to run home through the wood just as I am," she cried with girlish glee. "No one would see me."

"I won't hear of it, Lady Kitty," returned Minks severely. "You must wait till Jane——"

"Yes, I dare say, Minky. I know how it will be. You always take half an hour, at least, to get home, and that lazy, slow girl will be another half hour in coming here. That's an hour. And of course I shall have to dress again at home. What time do you think it will be when we get to the cricket-ground? And the dog-cart's ordered at twelve. I did so want to be in time for the match."

If Minks had not been so horrified, it is a question whether Kitty would have been so hare-brained. And, after all, she was proposing nothing very dreadful, for they rarely met anyone between the bathing-place and their home, and the path lay through the wood the whole way.

"This cricket-cap might have been made for me," said Kitty, as she stuck it on the back of her head. "Ta-ta, Minks! make haste after me."

"No, no, listen——"

But Lady Kitty had disappeared.

"To think that she'll be eighteen next week!" murmured Minks.

Delighted at her naughty prank, and perhaps, too, a little scared, Kitty flew through the cool, silent wood like a young fawn, crashing through the undergrowth and scattering the rabbits helter-skelter as she ran. By avoiding the beaten track, and striking in a bee-line for home, she hoped to save time and avoid all risk of being seen. Never for one moment did she think that there would be any difficulty in finding the way. Not until she was quite out of breath—after a ten minutes' spurt—did she slacken speed. The tall bracken rose up to her shoulders, and huge trunks and clusters of leafy saplings prevented her from seeing more than twenty yards ahead. The British jungle is a very safe and charming place, but when it is large and you do not know it well it is very easy to get lost. So the luckless Kitty found, for at the end of half an hour she had no idea of where she was or whither she ought to go. It was an exasperating position, and Kitty grew both tired and angry. Presently, as the wood



"A couple of sturdy youths came towards her."

began to slope rather abruptly downhill, a break in the trees showed her a patch of meadow-land beneath her. Anxious above all things to escape from her present surroundings, she began to quicken her pace, and, careless of the risk of slip or tumble, she scampered eagerly down the hill.

It was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened, but the trees terminated abruptly, and as she burst through the tangled bracken she suddenly found herself on the borders of an open field. One glance showed her what it was. The smooth, mossy turf and the little rustic pavilion told that it was a cricket-ground! And, worse still, the cricketers were there, too, and one little group a few yards away at once caught sight of her. A couple of sturdy youths came towards her, and one, brown

as a berry and handsome enough to turn any girl's head, gave her a hearty slap on the shoulder, as he exclaimed—

"Glad to see you, young 'un. Off with your coat—you're just in time. We've got to field."

Before poor Kitty realised what had happened, he had taken her arm and was leading her towards the pavilion.

The chief personages in this part of Wales were young Sir Thomas Llewellyn, Baronet, and old Sir Lucas Blundle, the millionaire shipping man from Liverpool. There was one thing in common between them—a passionate devotion to the game of cricket. Sir Tom, as he was known locally, had been captain of his

'Varsity, and now played for Middlesex. Old Blundle ran the village cricket-team at a cost of a thousand a year, at least, and watched over it like a father. The old gentleman's talent for arranging interesting matches was unique, and his challenge to play any eleven of 'Varsity men that Sir Tom could bring against him was his latest achievement. Tom had taken up the gauntlet and after some difficulty the day had been fixed. Middlesex had a vacant date, so three of Tom's colleagues were available, and as Yorkshire, too, were not playing, three other famous amateurs had promised to take part. With seven such talented players Tom could afford to give the vacant places in his team to ordinary college eleven men. It must not be imagined that the young baronet was bringing down overwhelming strength, for

old Sir Lucas had his two sons, both in the Cambridge eleven, and a couple of professional bowlers, retained at huge salaries, of whom any county would have been proud, while the rest of his side were sound average youngsters who could bat, bowl and field, and as game as prizefighters.

Having a good-sized country house, Tom was able to entertain his own team without assistance, and the night before the match ten of them sat down to a convivial bachelor dinner. They had reached the coffee-and-cigar stage when a telegram arrived for the host.

"From that erratic beggar, Sparks," he explained, as he glanced over it. "Something up—can't come, of course."

"What rot!" cried the Yorkshire crack, keen as mustard always. "I suppose you can find someone else? Must be a 'Varsity man, of course, as you agreed with old Blundle."

"Well, it's deuced late," answered Tom, reflecting. "The only chap about here is Haworth, the parson's boy, who's at Oriel. He's down at present, but I don't know him."

"Well, can't we ask him?" inquired the enterprising Yorkshireman. "I'll stroll over with you to his place, if it's not far."

It happened that the Vicarage was not more than half a mile away, so, after seeing the other men settle down to a game of pool, Tom and his friend went forth on their errand. It was dark when they arrived at the clergyman's house, and they found his son enjoying a cigarette in the garden.

"I'm afraid I don't play cricket much," he answered nervously, when the visitors had explained matters. "You see, I'm a boating man. I'm rather keen on coxing our togger next year!"

"Oh! but you must play for us," said the gentleman from Sheffield. "It's for the credit of the 'Varsity, you know, and old Blundle'll give us a ripping lunch."

Thus adjured, the young freshman consented.

The next morning was favoured with perfect summer cricket weather. As it was only possible to play a one day's match, it had been arranged to start at 11.30 and draw stumps at 7. Tom lost the toss, and was just about to lead his men into the field without the "boating man," who had not turned up, when the man from Sheffield cried out—

"There he is; that's the Oriel blazer, I swear." For at that moment Kitty had suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Shouldn't know the beggar again," said Tom. "Yes, of course, that's him. He's taken a short cut through the wood." And thus they came to accost the Lady Kitty.

Then, while Kitty, helpless through fright and astonishment, was being led fraternally by good-natured Tom to the pavilion, Fate willed it that his groom should thrust a note into his hands.

"DEAR SIR THOMAS," he read out aloud, "an extraordinary thing has happened. My flannels have been mislaid. I will explain when I see you, but I can't come without them, so I cannot be on the field until half-past one. I shall be there then without fail, and hope I shall be in time."

"Yours truly, S. HAWORTH."

"Hullo, why, *you* must have sent this to me?" he cried, looking down at the bewildered Kitty. "Funny! I suppose you found your flannels afterwards?"

"Oh, it's a mistake," gasped Kitty hysterically.

"Of course it is; you seem to have got 'em on all right now," laughed the Yorkshireman.

Kitty could grasp a situation as quickly as most girls, and, bewildered though she was, she realised two things. First, of course, that she was taken for somebody else, and secondly, that this somebody else would not turn up till half-past one. The daughter of a dozen earls—sad rascals, many of them!—she had no lack of pluck and presence of mind, with a fair share of the devil-may-care leaven also. Most other girls would have fled from the scene in terror, and the story of her escapade would have been in everybody's mouth the next day.

"Now, young man, buck up. The umpires are out," called Tom to her, as he led forth his men.

She had always acted upon the principle that one might as well be hanged for a horse as a sheep. Escape without detection was impossible at present, it might be possible later on. Kitty took the risk and followed Tom on to the cricket-field.

Blundle's team played well, and, though none of them made a big score, each man got plenty of runs. The total mounted steadily, and the luncheon-hour approached. Kitty, of course, had been very nervous all the time, and the fact that she missed two or three catches, and found out that the Yorkshireman could swear, had not made her more comfortable. She was standing at mid-on, longing for the time when she could slip

away unobserved, when she suddenly became conscious that the ball was coming very hard and straight in her direction. Instinctively she put out her hands, and there it stuck like a glowing red-hot coal. It was the little stone-waller, who had gone in first wicket down, whom she had caught out, and her colleagues were loud in their applause. The next moment she had forgotten her smarting fingers as the luncheon-bell rang.

"Lovely catch!" cried the Sheffield gentleman, with the generous criticism of a bowler. "I thought I should get the little beggar to land out before long."

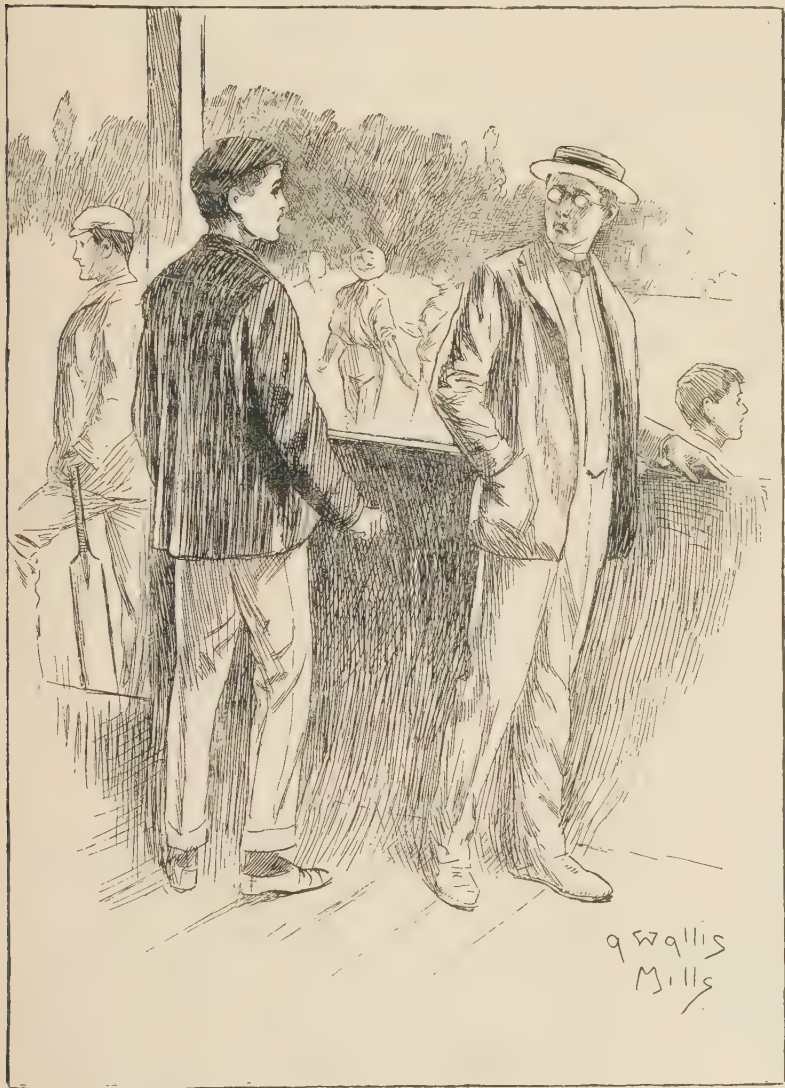
And he accompanied Kitty towards the

pavilion with his hand upon her shoulder, and expatiated at length upon the art of changing one's pace without changing one's action. When she had got rid of him, Tom came up with a few words of congratulation, and then the hospitable Sir Lucas, who was bustling about with a hot and flaming countenance, took possession of her and insisted upon escorting her and two other cricketers to the luncheon-marquee. There was no chance of escape, and she found herself sitting next to Tom at the long table. Tom began to make the talk with questions about Oriel. Being hopelessly ignorant, she had to turn the topic at once, so they got

upon the subject of hunting, about which she knew as much as he, and which lasted till the end of lunch.

Unfortunately, Tom was so interested in his new acquaintance that he did not leave her until it was time to begin again, so once more poor Kitty found herself in the field. When Blundle's men were finally disposed of, they had made 200 runs and it was nearly four o'clock.

Kitty put on her jacket and hoped at length to get an opportunity of stealing away. Presently she found herself face to face with a nervous, pale-faced, spectacled youth of about her own height. His eyes grew wide with astonishment as he looked at her, his mouth opened as if to speak, then shut with a click, and he slunk away abashed.



"She found herself face to face with a nervous, pale-faced, spectacled youth."

Instinct whispered that this was the owner of the flannels, and she longed for the earth to open and swallow her. Turning away abruptly she ran into the arms of the Yorkshireman, who took such a great fancy to her that she could not shake him off.

Tom's side forced the pace so well that by six o'clock they only required twenty-one runs to win. Then three wickets fell without any addition to the score, and only Kitty remained to bat. Tom himself, who was playing finely, was the not-out batsman.

It is probable that no cricketer or cricketeress ever walked to the wickets in such a hopeless state of nervousness as did poor Kitty. She had positively refused to wear pads, but a bat had been thrust into her hand, and after a string of suitable admonitions from the Yorkshireman she had been pushed into the arena. Tom strolled to meet her.

"I say, do keep your end up, old chap," said he earnestly. "I shall never hear the last of it from old Blundle if he licks us."

Alas for the strength of youthful woman's will when there is a man in the case! Kitty, who had come out with the fixed determination of being bowled by the first straight ball, now actually resolved to do her best. It must be remembered that she had been brought up with a couple of brothers, who had always very properly treated her as an equal and a pal, and whose cricket she had shared ever since she could walk. Even when the boys were at school, and the famous "Notts pro." came to coach them at Woodthorpe Castle during the holidays, they had insisted upon Kitty taking her turn at the nets. So she "took guard" for leg and middle, and stood up to the wicket like a man.

The bowler was a short, thick-set, red-headed youth, and his first ball seemed to come to her like a shot from a cannon. Her eyes closed involuntarily, she set her teeth and listened for "the rattle in the timber-yard." Then came a crash against her bat, an approving cry of "Well played" from Tom, and when she looked up the bowler was in the act of stopping the ball as it returned to him. The next one, though fast and straight, was an easy length. She did not shut her eyes this time, but met it with a firm, straight bat. The magic of the game had now conquered her, and though still very frightened she felt happy. The third ball and last of the over was to leg—if ever a girl has a stroke this is the one!

Kitty managed to turn in time to touch it and it glided away to the boundary.

Then Tom played a great game for his side, and kept the bowling to himself, very cleverly scoring a single most appropriately at the end of each over, and frequently knocking a two or a four at other times. So when Kitty's turn came to bat once more three runs only were required to win the match. She had to face the red-headed bowler again. He had a nasty low action, and a knack of coming back quickly from the wicket—a sort of "bowl-you-off-your-pads" trick. Poor Kitty had no pads, and she had been taught never to move her right foot unless to cut, so it is not to be wondered that she received a nasty blow on her knee. The fielders were sympathetic, as they usually are, but as they came up with kind words, or with offers to rub the wounded limb, they were waved away. Kitty bit her lip and, sick with pain, stood up to the bowling once more. She had grown weak and her head was whirling. As she played she felt the bat twist round in her fingers when it met the ball, but a second later there was a shout, for the ball had flown through the slips straight to the pavilion rails. It was a four, and the match was won!

With a delighted grin upon his face Tom marched down the wicket to where Kitty stood, and stretched forth his gloved hand for a shake of congratulation. At the same moment she reeled, and as she fell forward in a dead faint he was just in time to catch her in his arms. The old local doctor, bald-headed and benevolent, came forward as Tom bore his burden to the pavilion, and accompanied him into the visitors' dressing-room. The room was deserted, for Tom's team had come to the ground in their flannels, but a few moments later, as three or four came to make kindly inquiries, their entrance was barred by Tom, his face red and flustered.

"The doctor says you're not to come in," he said hurriedly. "The poor fellow will soon be right, but he must have air."

And when the man from Sheffield persisted in trying to come in, and Tom told him to go to the deuce, there was likely to be a row. But at that moment a diversion occurred, for a stout, hysterical lady charged down upon Tom, carried the door at the point of her umbrella, and slamming it behind her bolted every man Jack of them out.

"It's his mother, I think," exclaimed Tom, when he had recovered from his

surprise. "Now, you chaps, the drag is at the gate, and my man has all the bags. You'd better make a start, for we've got to dine at Blundle's at eight sharp."

Half an hour later, when Kitty, supported on one side by the doctor, and on the other by the gallant Minks with open umbrella, managed to limp to the doctor's trap, which had been specially ordered, the cricket-ground was deserted. Tom only, shy and abashed, stood at a respectful distance and watched her drive away. Then, just as he was getting into his own dog-cart, a small, nervous youth ran up out of breath.

"Sir Thomas, it's such a funny thing about my flannels," he gasped. "I can't imagine—I say, would you mind asking the little man in the Oriel blazer——?"

Tom did not deign to answer, but his looks were murderous, and the little freshman fled in terror.

One afternoon, ten days later, Lady Kitty was lying on the sofa, in the little drawing-room of the bungalow, for her knee still required rest. She wore a delicious light blue tea-gown, and a tiny shoe and a blue silk ankle occasionally peeped forth from its folds.

"Minks, dear," she said persuasively, "do you know, I think I could manage a short nap," and after a hasty glance at the clock she looked through the open French windows down the drive. Minks took the hint and departed. Five minutes later a dog-cart drove up to the front door, and the footman, who had heard nothing about the siesta, at once ushered the visitor into the drawing-room. It was Tom, who had never failed to put in an appearance to inquire after the invalid every day since the eventful match, and, strange to relate, he found Kitty looking

very sprightly and wide awake. They were now great friends.

"I saw little Haworth to-day," he commenced after a preliminary greeting. "He found his flannels in the cupboard in the boathouse, and he thinks some of the village boys must have played him a trick."

"Oh! I'm so afraid he will suspect——" began Kitty, blushing.

"No chance of that. He is horribly ashamed of himself for not turning up. I gave him a good wiggling, and said that unless a Varsity pal of mine—that's you—had come down unexpectedly we should have lost the match. So, you see, Miss Minks, the dear old doctor, and myself are the only people who can possibly know about——"

"Oh! please don't remind me——"

"I'm sorry; I won't mention it again if you don't like it," answered Tom humbly.

Then, after a moment's pause, he added nervously—

"But you may have to tell about it some day."

"I never shall," cried Kitty. "Papa would——"

"I don't mean *him*. But when you get married!"

Kitty was blushing furiously.

"After all," said Tom, speaking slowly, as if feeling for the words, and blushing also, "it seems a pity that anyone else should get to know!"

And as Kitty glanced up their eyes met.

The fresh air and mineral waters of the Cambrian mountains must have benefited old Lord Woodthorpe, for a few months later he was able to march up the aisle at St. George's, Hanover Square, as sprightly and dapper as any of them, to give his daughter away to Sir Thomas Llewellyn.





The First Lesson.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PERCY TARRANT.



Photo by Debenham & Co., York.

FROM time immemorial the problem of aerial navigation has exercised an immense fascination over mankind in general. Many have devoted their whole lives and expended vast fortunes in the vain hope of being able to reduce it to a formulated science. Yet, despite the centuries of toilsome research and disappointing experiments, the atmosphere still refuses to be governed in its movements by man, and all endeavours to travel contrary to the inclinations of the wind have resulted in inevitable disaster. But man is, after all, a most dogged and persevering animal. Constant, hopeless failures only serve to stimulate him to further efforts. Although no aerial vessel has yet been devised that will place the wind at defiance, and thus establish another highway for travel, one has been constructed that will at any rate float in the aerial ocean, and will follow in the course of the wind with every assurance of safety.

It was not until late in the eighteenth century—1783—that such a vessel was first launched. Two brothers named Montgolfier, paper manufacturers at Annonay, in France, constructed a large paper bag, and inflated it with hot air and smoke from a fire of straw. Directly the bag was released it flew skywards and remained poised in the atmosphere until the air with which it had been inflated cooled and condensed to such an extent that it was no lighter than the air in which it floated,

A TRAVELLER IN THE AIR:

A CHAT WITH MR. PERCIVAL
SPENCER.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

when, fulfilling the laws of gravitation, it of course dropped to the earth. It was only a primitive experiment, but it sent a thrill of excitement through the whole of the civilised world, and aerial navigation was now considered *un fait accompli*. But more was to follow. Seventeen years previous to the Montgolfiers' triumphant success Henry Cavendish discovered that hydrogen gas is 14·46 times lighter than the air we breathe. Professor Black, of Edinburgh, developed this revelation by filling a bag with hydrogen, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the inflated receptacle rise to the ceiling of his room. Other experimenters subjected Cavendish's



MR. STANLEY SPENCER, WHO ASCENDED TO 27,500
FEET WITH DR. BERSON.

Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.



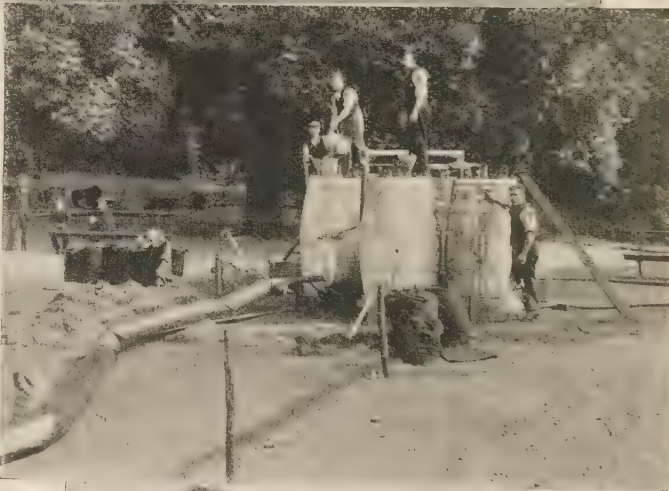
discovery to a far more exacting test. The brothers Robert and M. Charles constructed a balloon of sufficient size to carry two persons, filled it with hydrogen, ascended at Paris, travelled thirty milesthrough the air, and successfully descended without any injury befalling them.

Although more than a century has passed since these pioneers reduced the theory of aerial travelling to a possibility, the balloon of to-day differs but little from that in which they conducted their experiments. Naturally the rapid strides of science have resulted in a perfecting of the various

appliances used; but, apart from this, the balloon of to-day, like that of 1783, is simply an abject slave of the air.

The only important discovery of the nineteenth century in connection with aerostation was that of Mr. Charles Green, who found that the ordinary domestic coal gas, though twice the density of hydrogen gas, was sufficiently satisfactory for all practical purposes. It was a valuable discovery, because coal gas is much more convenient and economical than hydrogen.

Although the study of aerostation is indu-



[Photos by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

GENERATING THE HYDROGEN FOR DR. BERSON'S ASCENT.

bitably attractive, the number of aeronautical experts throughout the world may almost be counted upon the fingers of the hands. Perhaps the most eminent of these are the three brothers Spencer—Percival, Arthur, and Stanley. Their ascents in all parts of the world, from China to Peru, may be counted by thousands, and at times their experiences have been decidedly exciting. Yet, despite hairbreadth escapes, Mr. Percival Spencer has assured me that he never feels so safe as when travelling through the air in a balloon.

Percival Spencer, who is the eldest of the three brothers, may yet be counted a young man. He is most enthusiastic over his favourite pastime, and is never weary of discoursing upon aeronautics. As to the atmosphere, there is little he does not know about its peculiarities, movements, and variations. When questioned as to what induced him to devote his energies to this unusual profession, he laughingly replied—

“Well, I suppose it is what many people would term ‘hereditary instinct.’ You see, my father was an aeronaut, and my grandfather before him. The latter, in the year 1837, accompanied the veteran balloonist Mr. Charles Green on many trips through the air. I was consequently initiated into the mysteries of aerostation very early in my life, and, from my own experiences in the air, I think it would be difficult to discover a more entertaining field for scientific research.

“No,” he continued in answer to my query; “I have never met with an accident. Of course, one cannot make over a thousand ascents into the air without passing through a few exciting experiences. I remember on one occasion I was requested by the Dutch Government to conduct surveys from aloft, for military purposes, of the province of Atcheen, in Sumatra. The

hostile natives, either terrorised by such an apparently supernatural object floating through the air, or fully cognisant of our intentions, opened a warm fusillade upon us, and to save the balloon from being riddled we had to ascend to a height that placed us beyond the reach of the natives’ fire.”



DR. BERSON AND MR. STANLEY SPENCER LEAVING THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

For the purpose of scientific research in the atmosphere the balloon has rendered invaluable service, and it is difficult to conceive how our *savants* would have gleaned so much information concerning the ether had it not been for the inventive genius of the brothers Montgolfier. Several high ascents have been made for this purpose.

In 1862, Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, under the presidency of the British Association, ascended to the tremendous height of 29,000 feet at Wolverhampton. These two aeronauts also claim to have attained an altitude of 37,000 feet—about seven miles—but this statement seems open to question. Even to-day many scientists contend that the aeronauts must have made an error in their calculations. From the reports of the aeronauts themselves, it was evidently an adventurous and memorable ascent. At 29,000 feet Mr. Glaisher was rendered insensible, and when the maximum height was attained Mr. Coxwell lost the use of his hands, and was compelled to pull the valve-line with his teeth in order to descend.

At the Crystal Palace, recently, Dr. Berson,

the quantity. For instance, it requires 1,000 cubic feet of coal gas to lift about thirty-five pounds, but exactly the same measurement of hydrogen will suffice to raise seventy pounds.

"When we made our aerial trip we inflated our balloon, which was of 56,500 cubic feet capacity, with only 30,000 cubic feet of hydrogen. Then as the balloon rose and the gas naturally expanded, there was still available 26,500 cubic feet of space inside the silken bag to be filled before any hydrogen overflowed through the nozzle of the balloon."

Some idea of the costly nature of inflating a balloon with hydrogen may be gathered from the fact that Dr. Berson's ascent cost over £160. Special elaborate apparatus for generating the necessary gas had to be con-



THE TWO BALLOONS AT THE YORK GALA.

a famous meteorological scientist of the Berlin Observatory, who has projected several scientific observations from the balloon, made an ascent with Mr. Stanley Spencer. They reached a height of 27,500 feet—that is, over five miles high. This is the greatest height that has ever been registered in this country since the ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher. Dr. Berson, however, has reached a greater altitude than this, for on one occasion, in Berlin, the balloon rose to 30,000 feet.

"Our ascent," said Mr. Stanley Spencer, "was accomplished under the most favourable conditions. In this case our balloon was inflated with hydrogen. Of course, this medium is very expensive in comparison with coal gas; but then it is only about half the density, and, therefore, you need only half

veyed to the grounds from which the ascent was made. The hydrogen is generated by the decomposition of sulphuric acid by means of iron. Six tons of sulphuric acid and four tons of iron shavings were consumed on this occasion to manufacture the necessary quantity of hydrogen. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The acid is placed in a tank with a quantity of iron and water. The chemical action at once proceeds with great rapidity, and the hydrogen passes off into another chamber in a very heated and impure state, where it is purified by passing through fresh cold water and afterwards dried by being passed through a vat filled with unslaked lime, after which it is conveyed through the hose-pipe into the balloon.

"It was two o'clock when we left the

Crystal Palace," said Mr. Spencer, in reply to my request for a description of his voyage. "Owing to the delicate nature of Dr. Berson's meteorological instruments, they were slung from the network of the balloon, so that the heat radiated from our bodies might not affect their careful adjustment and correctness. We rose very rapidly and travelled in an easterly direction. This was not quite what we desired, as the wind was carrying us towards the sea, and although we were fully equipped with lifebuoys in case of an emergency, we did not anticipate an immersion in the North Sea with any degree of pleasure. Fortunately, at 10,000 feet we ascended into another current of air travelling south-west. This quite coincided with our expectations, and Dr. Berson at once commenced his experiments.

"At 20,000 feet high the hydrogen had expanded to the utmost capacity of the balloon, and ballast was discharged to continue the upward momentum. The air was extraordinarily clear, and at 23,000 feet we could discern the coast of France, a large expanse of the English Channel covered with diminutive dots, which were in reality the



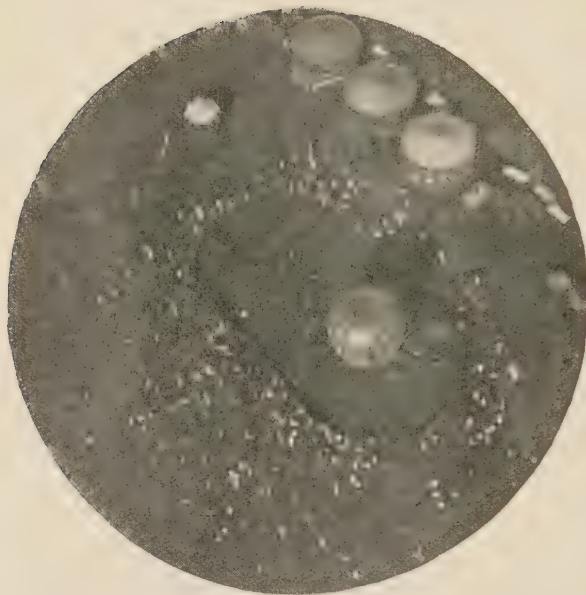
—BUT NO DAMAGE RESULTED.



AT YORK TWO BALLOONS WERE TO ASCEND. THE FIRST BALLOON, IN RISING, COLLIDED WITH THE OTHER—

numerous vessels passing up and down, and the whole stretch of the east coast from Dover to the Wash. Still we continued to ascend, but the air became intensely cold, though we were protected with heavy woollen clothing.

"We looked at our barometer. It registered 25,000 feet—a vertical distance of nearly five miles. At this point a giddy sensation overcame me, and I found it difficult to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere. Dr. Berson, who was busily immersed in his meteorological surveys, gurgled as he breathed. 'Oxygen,' he gasped, and I at once handed him the mouthpiece connected with the cylinder of compressed oxygen which we carried so as to retain our vitality in the rarefied air, while I utilised the other myself. As we inhaled the pure oxygen gas the giddiness was dispelled, but whenever I removed the tube from my mouth the same indescribable sensation of asphyxiation overcame me. The barometer registered 27,500 feet—more than five miles high, and only 1,500 feet short of the previous English record—before the balloon gained her equilibrium. I may mention in passing that at this enormous height the atmosphere is only about one-third the density it is on



THE GALA GROUNDS AT YORK AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

Observe the second balloon, nearly full, the three roundabouts, band-stand, show-tents, and the midget-like spectators all over the field.

the surface of the earth, the barometer standing at ten inches, whereas it rises to thirty inches on the ground.

"We had only four bags of ballast remaining in the car, and, as these were necessary to ensure a safe descent, I pulled the valve-line and we rapidly fell through the air—in fact, we descended at such a tremendous rate that I had to cast overboard all our ballast in order to reduce our speed. We landed safely, however, at Romford, sixteen miles from the Crystal Palace, after having remained in the air for about ninety minutes. Curiously enough, when we disembarked, there was not sufficient gas in the balloon to keep it up."

"Do you consider, from your success on this particular occasion, that a greater altitude might be safely attained in a balloon?"

"Certainly; I have not the least doubt that had we been provided with a larger balloon we might have exceeded Coxwell and Glaisher's record of 29,000 feet. The ascent proved valuable in many ways. In the first place, from our experiences it was clearly demonstrated that the claim formulated by those gentlemen of having attained an altitude of 37,000 feet is quite untenable. They were not provided with compressed oxygen to facilitate breathing. Now, there is no doubt that had we not been equipped with oxygen, we should have been rendered unconscious at 27,500 feet; and if at this height such an event occurred, what would happen at 37,000 feet? The balloon in which Coxwell and Glaisher attained their 29,000 feet was of 80,000 cubic feet capacity, but then it was only inflated with ordinary coal gas.

With a balloon of 100,000 feet. I think a still greater altitude might be safely



A HUGE CROWD WATCHING AN ASCENT AT WOLVERHAMPTON FLORAL FÊTE.

reached, provided, of course, oxygen were carried, as it would be absolutely impossible to live in the highly rarefied atmosphere of such a region."

Such a vessel as Mr. Spencer describes would cost about £500 to construct; but when it is remembered the vast fields open to aeronautical research, and the fame that awaits any valuable development, surely such a small sum should be speedily forthcoming.

Mr. Percival Spencer has made ascents in most parts of this country, and we are enabled to reproduce photographs taken by

at the minute of embarkation, Mr. Pollock nephew of the celebrated Baron Pollock—who is an enthusiastic amateur aeronaut, and who had previously crossed the Channel by balloon, walked up to Mr. Spencer and suggested that as the wind was blowing in a direction propitious for a cross-Channel voyage, they should attempt the feat.

"Although the balloon was small, being only of 36,000 cubic feet capacity, and we were in nowise equipped for such a special trip," remarked Mr. Spencer, "the wind was blowing north-west at the time; and as I was in the spirit for such an adventure, I



THE CITY OF YORK, SHOWING THE OLD WALL, BOOTHAM BAR, AND THE MINSTER, FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 500 FEET.

him from the balloon on the occasions of its ascents from York and Wolverhampton, as well as those of his Crystal Palace start. Mr. Spencer has accomplished one or two notable achievements in connection with long-distance ballooning. The longest journey he has made through the air is 150 miles, but he has often travelled over 100 miles, as, for example, on his three trips from the Crystal Palace to France. The last occasion on which he accomplished this remarkable performance was on July 29th of last year. On that day Mr. Spencer had completed arrangements to accompany two gentlemen on an aerial excursion. Almost

hurriedly postponed the voyage for my quondam passengers, and we set off.

"It was half-past two in the afternoon when we ascended from the Crystal Palace grounds. The balloon travelled at a moderate rate of speed, and from our observations of the various landmarks we moved in the ideal direction. Sevenoaks was passed over in an hour at an altitude of 2,000 feet, but we soon rose to 5,000 feet. The day was particularly warm, and the heat radiated from the sun's rays caused the gas in the balloon to expand, while the clouds below kept cool the strata of air in which they moved, and thus prevented our descent into them.

"Tunbridge Wells was duly crossed, and at half-past four the English coastline was visible through the clouds immediately in front of us. Only half an hour was left to decide whether we should descend on the English coast or should continue the voyage. The wind still blew from the north-west, the balloon maintained its altitude, and we had three hundredweight of ballast in hand—in fact, everything augured for a pleasant passage. Under the circumstances we decided

the horizon. We watched it with concentrated intensity. Should we reach it? That was the question uppermost in our minds. At seven o'clock we had dropped to 7,000 feet, but we seemed to make slow progress towards our destination. Difficulties now beset us. We had almost exhausted our supply of ballast, and the heat from the setting sun's rays was decreasing in power, so that the gas began to condense rapidly and the balloon to descend. It was imperative, however, that we should maintain our equilibrium at all costs, and we threw over the bags in which the ballast had been carried. At half-past seven we had risen to 10,000 feet, and were being borne slowly onwards towards our goal. We could distinguish a wide estuary on the low-lying French coast, which Mr. Pollock recognised as the mouth of the River Somme.

"At a quarter to eight, although we had cast all extraneous weight overboard, we sank rapidly to 8,000 feet, and *terra firma* was some ten miles distant. The question was, Should we reach the coast or should we drop into the sea? The balloon gradually sank lower and lower. There was only the heavy grapnel, a mass of seventy pounds of steel, now remaining in the car. We cast this overboard, and the balloon speedily ascended to a height of 12,000 feet, which was the greatest altitude recorded during the voyage. But we only remained poised at this height for a few moments, and then fell through the air at about 500 feet per minute. I slung the camera which I carried on the expedition up in the rigging, so that the films should not be damaged by the water, for on such adventurous voyages as this one has to be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

"We continued falling till the height was about 5,000 feet; but now our fears were all dispelled, for we were floating over the land. Preparations were now hurried forward for our descent. At eight minutes past eight in the evening we safely landed at Woincourt, midway between Dieppe and Tréport, and one and a half miles inland. It had taken about five and a half hours to accomplish the journey from the Crystal Palace, at an average speed of twenty miles an hour."



MR. PERCIVAL SPENCER AND MR. POLLOCK LEAVING THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR FRANCE.

to attempt the crossing. At 5.3 p.m. Hastings and St. Leonards were left behind, 9,000 feet below, and in a short time the English coast was blotted out from view by the clouds. Now there was nothing to guide us on our journey. The silence was oppressive. The waters of the Channel were spread out below us, and appeared dark, desolate, and untenanted.

"Mr. Pollock was the first to discern the outline of the French coast dimly visible on



THE CRYSTAL PALACE, FROM AN ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 500 FEET.

Our conversation then turned to the absorbing topic of ballooning to the North Pole, and the bold attempt made by Herr

Andrée to lift the veil surrounding that mysterious region by means of the aerial vessel.



HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS, 9,000 FEET BELOW.

"When Andrée first came to England," said Mr. Spencer, "he paid me a visit, and we had an entertaining conversation on the possibilities of reaching the Pole by balloon. Andrée was most confident of success. Certainly his theories were brilliant, but I am afraid that when reduced to actual working order would be found to be almost impracticable."

"Do you think there is no prospect of Andrée's returning?"

"I am afraid not. Nothing has been heard of him; and as three Arctic winters, with their six months' darkness, have passed by, I think Andrée and his brave companions have shared the fate that has attended so many expeditions which have attempted to explore the Polar Regions. Then, again, there were the reports that remains of the balloon and three bodies had been discovered by the Tunguses, a native tribe inhabiting the Taimur Peninsula, in Northern Siberia. So circumstantial were the descriptions contained in the telegrams from Kras Noyarsk that I had little doubt myself but that they referred to the unfortunate explorers."

"Then do you consider it is impossible to reach the Pole by balloon?" I inquired.

"By no means. In fact, I think it is the only way by which the Pole will ever be gained. But, instead of attempting the whole journey by balloon, I think the latter should be attached to an expedition which should push on as far towards the Pole as possible, establish headquarters at the most northern point for the winter, so that the crew may become acclimatised, and then set off with the first wind blowing from the south in the following spring or summer. I think the balloon should be of sufficient size to carry the weight of a complete sledging expedition—of two men, with necessary sledges, dogs, ammunition, fuel, and victuals. With this load the balloon could set forth, and the Pole would be reached in about thirty-five hours. The aeronauts would then descend at the Pole, would abandon the balloon, and the return journey to the headquarters would have to be accomplished on sledges. One important suggestion is that the gas should be carried in compressed cylinders, and not manufactured on the spot, as in the Andrée case. This would enable the balloon to be inflated at any moment in a very few hours."



THE CROWD THAT WITNESSED MR. SPENCER'S DEPARTURE FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR FRANCE, AS SEEN FROM THE BALLOON.



BY ALFRED SLADE.

Illustrated by Victor Prout.

IT was a choppy sea in the Bay of Biscay, and the good ship *Lancelot* was thumping her heart out to keep up the contract speed of ten knots an hour. She hailed from Sunderland, and was at present loaded with a cargo "miscellaneous" for Melbourne.

The captain's wife was very sea-sick. She was a Northampton lass, and at Northampton you don't get enough nautical experience to warrant you free from heartache, going from the Channel to the Bay. Of course, she hadn't thought of that when she married the skipper; but she had plenty of time for any such reflection now, as she lay in her bunk and groaned.

On the sofa at the side of the cabin was the "old man." He looked ill enough to be sea-sick, too, for sea-sickness among seamen is not so uncommon as you would think it ought to be; but he was only drunk.

Gradually into the monotony of their double breathing there came another sound, the clamour of a crowd, a single but emphatic protestation, a scuffle and the tread of many feet, and the door of the cabin was thrown violently open, and, the vessel helping with a lurch, half a dozen men came tumbling in. The skipper's wife closed her eyes again, the skipper did not move. Then the steward spoke.

"Now, then," he said; "now, as you've all pushed your way past me, say what you want

to the old man 'imself, and say it quick, before I throw you all out again."

The half a dozen had increased to fourteen; the steward had not stopped to reckon the odds.

"Talk to 'im?" said an able-bodied seaman in a blue jersey. "Might as well talk to a log of wood."

"Then, if you've got nothing to say," said the steward, who hailed from Liverpool, where they make them little, but tough, "get out of it and get for'ard, where you belong."

And, his Liverpool birth and education getting the better of him, he started supporting his advice by physical argument. He might have got through alive—he had a dog's chance that way, anyhow; but luckily for him he didn't have to take it. For the skipper's wife opened her eyes.

Then she saw the crowd. "Good afternoon," she said, as pleasantly as possible.

No one answered; but they paused in their extermination of the steward.

"Is their anything I can do for you?" she asked feebly.

"'Cause, if not," urged the steward, as impressively as partial strangulation would allow, "you'd better clear out to your own end of the ship."

Still no one answered, not even to the steward.

"I don't know what you want," said the

skipper's wife, "and I should feel it a favour if you wouldn't mind telling me."

"It's *him* we want," explained the able body in the jersey.

"Oh, do please let poor Richard alone," pleaded his wife. "He has only just come off duty and is trying to get a little sleep."

"Only just come off?" said another of the crowd. "He's been like that these three days. And we ain't a-taking any more, so there!"

"Mutiny," commented the steward—"that's the name for it; and it's six months' hard labour, according to the Act."

"Well, call it mutiny, if you like," said another. "We ain't goin' to sail under him any longer, that's what it comes to. And so we tell 'im, don't we, mates?"

The mates said they did; but they were mistaken, for the skipper did not hear a single word. He was snoring.

"We want a proper officer, we do," exclaimed the first mutineer. "Not a thing like that. He's been drunk ever since we left port, he has."

The skipper's wife turned paler still; the air was strong with rum. Then she flushed red.

"You are a liar," she said calmly. "My husband has fatigued himself too much and is ill."

"That's all very well," was the sullen reply. "While he's lying there, a bloomin' invalid, who's going to take command of the boat?"

The skipper's wife was on her feet next moment; she turned and faced the crowd. An inspiration came to her. Answering slowly, and as if the answer were quite natural—"I am," she said. "While my husband is ill I take his place. I am commander!"

For a moment the situation was critical: the steward moved up between her and the men, to be a sort of buffer when the rush should come. The woman still faced the crowd, with nostrils that quivered, but lips set firm.

A clean-shaven man, in a red shirt and a fancy pair of braces, stepped out from the others.

"So you are, lady," he said, jerking his hand and ducking his head to form a respectful salute. "So you are; and I sails under yer."

And he took up a position alongside the steward. The balance wavered.

"I'm with you, Cockney," said the "boy," a strapping young bargee, who had never steered a steamer, and so had signed on "ordinary seaman."

The balance went well over.

"And credit it does to you, mum," said a recruit from Yarmouth, grown tired of herring-fishery; "and I makes another."

A dozen of the mutineers took off their caps; the "commander" just smiled.

"Well," she said, more particularly to the man in the blue jersey, "what made you bring all these men here and upset us all like this?"

"I didn't bring 'em here," protested the person referred to, in full retreat. "I wasn't lookin' to be cap'n, anyway you put it."

"Then, who was?" asked the commander, scenting news.

He did not answer. Still, there was no need; the others did for him. "Jorgensen," explained the chorus.

"And who's Jorgensen, if you please?" was the polite rejoinder.

"The second mate," said the steward, speaking very loud—"what is now in the alley-way, trying to sneak out."

Somebody found time to intercept him, however, and to lead him in. A lanky Swede appeared, looking very uncomfortable.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Jorgensen," was his greeting. "I don't think it at all nice of you, you know, carrying on like this. Aren't you very sorry for what you've done?"

"Yes," confessed Mr. Jorgensen, and he looked as if he meant it.

"Then there's my hand," said the skipper's wife, "and we'll say no more about it."

"Now," she went on, "all of you get back to your places. I am going on the bridge."

They all went out. And the skipper's wife, in another flash of inspiration, proceeded to put on the skipper's cap and oilskins.

"Steward!" she cried.

"One moment, mum," was the answer from the alley-way. "I'm just polishing up." It seemed to be the blue jersey man he was polishing up; and he seemed to be making an exceptionally good job of it.

The skipper's wife turned to the skipper, turned and stooped and kissed him on the lips. Then with a great effort she lifted him in her arms and carried him to her bunk, laid him there as gently as if he were a child, covered him with a rug, kissed him again, and crept away.

And then she walked forward with as much dignity and grace as the rolling of the vessel would permit. In the chart-house she found the first mate—in irons.

"Good gracious!" cried the skipper's wife, "whatever have you been doing? And who are you?" she added as an afterthought.



"For a moment the situation was critical."

"I'm first mate," he answered apologetically; "name, Tom Drake. They knocked my hat off, so I can't show you the three stripes, but I'm first mate all the same."

"Yes, but those dreadful-looking things round your wrists?" asked the skipper's wife in dismay.

"Oh, yes, the bilboes," explained Tom Drake. "That was Jorgensen. When they mutinied, I got on the bridge with a belaying-pin. I downed two of the dogs, and I'd have got 'em all under, only Jorgensen—who, of course, I didn't suspect, being an officer—came up behind and collared me."

Jorgensen had come up behind again and was grinning in the doorway.

"You bad, wicked man!" cried the skipper's wife, as she turned on him. "Release Mr. Drake this minute."

So Jorgensen, who had possessed himself of all the keys, did so. The first mate went over to the cupboard in the corner and got out a revolver. He made sure it was loaded and then pointed it at Jorgensen. "Now, my man," he said, handing him the handcuffs, "just put these on yourself, before the trigger goes off and hurts you."

The skipper's wife lost all patience, stamping her little foot on the floor.

"What are you men thinking of?" she exclaimed. "Am I captain here, or am I not? Put all those horrors away and shake hands at once. I've just forgiven Mr. Jorgensen, and he's promised never to do it again."

Tom Drake stood back and gasped. He was sinking out of his depth. He made an effort to get abreast of the situation, and, feeling that it was beyond him, surrendered on the spot.

The two men shook hands as directed, with as much cordiality as if their hands had been dead fish. Tom Drake fell back again and waited further developments.

"Now I am going on the bridge," said the skipper's wife, pulling the skipper's cap well over her head.

On the bridge was the third mate, Mr. Wilson, quite a young man with a very promising moustache. As soon as he saw a lady he raised his hat, let the wheel go hang, and stepped forward to help her up the gangway. The lady waved him indignantly aside and clambered up by the handrail.

"I'm surprised at you," she said; "you're as bad as the rest."

"What?" stammered the third mate, who

thought the remark had referred to his politeness.

"Going and joining a mutiny!" went on the skipper's wife. "A nice-looking young man like you, too."

"I didn't join any mutiny," protested the third mate.

"Oh, indeed," rejoined the skipper's wife incredulously. "Then why aren't you downstairs in irons, like Mr. Drake?"

"Well, it was like this, you see," cried the third mate in his defence. "The second, Jorgensen, you know, came into my cabin while I was asleep and shoved a cold pistol under my nose. 'Give me best,' he said, 'or you're a dead man.' 'I'll be'—I mean, I said I certainly wouldn't. And I knocked the pistol out of his hand while I was saying it. I wouldn't give any man best, till he had bested me. 'Well,' he said, 'let's have a tussle for it.'"

"Well?" queried the skipper's wife, seeing the third mate hesitated.

"Well," explained the third mate, "well, he *did* best me. And so I caved in."

The first mate had taken the wheel and was whirling it round so violently and frequently that the steam quartermaster underneath, that they had just managed to mend, was puffing away like an express steam-engine. For the first mate was in great distress of mind. Thirty-seven years had he sailed the sea, and never been on a ship like this before.

"Now that I am captain," said Mrs. Proctor, "what ought I to do? What would Mr. Proctor do in my place?"

The second mate laughed, the first remained stolid, the third proceeded to enlighten her from the superiority of his recent certificate.

"You'd better take the sun first," he told her, "then fix our latitude and decide the change of course."

"Certainly," said the skipper's wife, knitting her brows under the skipper's cheese-cutter.

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted the first mate. "All that's the officers' work, mum. All *you've* got to do is to give orders, and *we* obey them and see that the crew obey them, too."

In saying which the first mate contrived to kick the third several times on the painful part of the shin. The third at last accepted the hint to be silent.

"That sounds very nice," mused the skipper's wife, "and much easier than the other. And now that the sun's coming out

so beautifully, I think I will go and dress for lunch."

The first mate saluted; the second stared; the third took off his hat and rendered assistance. But, dismissing him at the foot of the gangway, the skipper's wife went aft into her cabin; and there she sank down on her knees at her husband's side and sobbed silently.

She was only eighteen, this fair, fragile girl; and she was only just married. And she had married a drunkard. Here, alone with him, the awful discovery cut into her heart like a knife. On land the captain had his company manners, always correct and manly; now she saw him lying there, a drunken wreck, with none of the man left in him.

She did not know that since he had seen her and loved her he had battled strenuously against his vice. Long years of habit are hard to subdue, and tots of rum prove stern task-masters. All the honeymoon, for a month, he had been sober; now the relapse had come, all the more thorough for his long abstinence.

She did not know, either, how much worse it might have been, or she would have been thankful he was not delirious; but she knew, as she knelt and sobbed, that her poor young heart was breaking. Yet she loved him, even more than ever, and kissed him on the lips, and said, "Poor boy! poor boy!"

Presently came a knock at the door—it was the steward. The steward hailed from Liverpool, where they make them little and they make them tough, but sometimes make them tender-hearted. He brought a tumbler of brandy hot. "For," he said, "it'll do you good, ma'am."

"Thank you," she said, as she took it. There was a porthole open; she threw the tumbler out. The steward regretted the brandy, but understood.

"You look better, ma'am," he said, resigning himself to the loss.

"Much better, thank you, steward," she said; "quite well again." And then she burst into tears. They were both looking at the body in the bunk.

The steward was a practical man and had had experience in these cases. "I'll give him something to keep the fever off," he said.

"What?" asked the skipper's wife.

"Ammonia, if there's any in the medicine-chest," he answered; "if not, it'll have to be salts."

"I'll go and see," said the skipper's wife.

The steward was left there reflecting; his thoughts went round to the brandy hot.

"I expect she's right," he mused. "It seemed almost wicked to do it, but I expect she's right. And, seeing as she's 'old man' now, I'll do it, too."

He lifted up the lid of the settee. There were seven bottles of rum still left unemptied. He took them, one after the other, and, with seven successive sighs, heaved them through the porthole into the sea. Then he went out with a very unhappy countenance, found the ammonia for the skipper's wife, laid the table in the saloon, and rang the dinner-bell.

The skipper's wife, as became her position of commander, took the head of the table. She had left off her oilskin overcoat and looked charming in a more feminine garb. Mr. Jorgensen, who had arrived first, told her so, and then Drake came in and he had to move a seat down.

"Where is Mr. Wilson?" asked the skipper's wife.

"Someone has to be on the bridge," explained Mr. Jorgensen; "and as he's the last in rank, of course it's him."

"Let him be called at once," decided the skipper's wife.

The first mate felt he could not stand the strain of the conversation any longer. "I'll go," he said, rising.

"Certainly not, Mr. Drake," objected the skipper's wife. "What are you thinking of? But perhaps," she continued, "Mr. Jorgensen wouldn't mind telling him—and taking his place till after dinner?"

Mr. Jorgensen evidently did mind; but what else could he do but go? "All right," he murmured, and went. And the sailors on that watch had a most uncomfortable time in consequence.

Just then there appeared a gaunt individual in a new suit of serge and no collar; he wore a beard and was still glistening with recent ablutions. He sauntered in with a general nod and took his place at table on her left.

"Good morning," said the skipper's wife, in greeting, "and who are you, please?"

"I'm the chief," was the answer.

"Oh, no, you're not," denied the skipper's wife. "I'm chief here, being commander, you know."

"Chief engineer," was the answer.

"What's that?" asked the skipper's wife.

Even the chief engineer felt at a loss how to go on.

"Oh, of course," cried the skipper's wife,



"The third mate came in and diverted the conversation."

after thinking seriously. "The engines, that's what pushes it along, isn't it? And you're the man that shovels in the coal, I suppose?"

Then the third mate came in and diverted the conversation; and so elated was he that his soup stood idle before him and grew cold, as he treated the company to a brilliant display of conversational fireworks. The steward noted it with satisfaction and figured out how much saving it would mean to the victualling department; and then the third mate, seeing the others had finished and got up to go, made a spurt and upset all his calculations. And the steward, in high dudgeon, temporarily, went out with the rest, but the skipper's wife sat still and waited.

"Have some more?" she said, when he had got through his courses.

"No, thank you," he answered, and perceived they were alone.

He flushed and stuttered.

"I have something to say to you, Mrs. Proctor," he managed at last to explain.

"To me?" in the inconsequential way dear women have.

"Yes. I'm awfully fond of you. I knew we should be chummy from the start. And I want to help you."

The skipper's wife held silence, this time really perplexed.

"It's a pretty rough boat, this, and that's a fact. Especially for a lady—a lady all alone, like you are, you know. And sometimes a man'd come in handy—in the fighting line, I mean. So I thought that if you ever found anything disagreeable, which could be put right by a man of that sort—if any punching ought to be done, you know, to enforce proper respect and discipline—you've only got to drop me a hint and I'll do it. I'm an officer now, you know, and I'll take on any man in the ship, bar none, with pleasure."

And the third mate finished his harangue and looked honest.

"You're a dear, good fellow," said the skipper's wife, "and it's very kind of you to think of all that. Not that it will be necessary, of course. I should like to see anyone attempt to be rude to me. But since you offer your services, well, then this afternoon you shall show me all over the ship."

The third mate accepted the suggestion in ecstacy ; then he remembered it was his watch, and with lucky instinct went out to see Drake about it. That long-suffering mariner knew, of course, that Mrs. Proctor was in it ; so he took the watch himself and wrote a letter to his wife for her advice. As he couldn't possibly get an answer for a couple of months, it seemed that this advice would be superfluous. But it eased his mind in the meantime.

Mrs. Proctor went to her cabin. The skipper was still lying, one might think, unconscious ; but the steward, who came in with some beef tea, explained that his temperature was well down and he was getting on first rate. He took the tea from his wife and gulped it down, yet never once dared to meet her eyes, for he was ashamed.

And she—oh ! strange inconsistency of angels !—she put on a weak assumption of anger, now that he could see her, and was silent, and so chided him, and he took it for his punishment. She told him then that all was right, that he must still lie down ; and so he shrank back in his bunk, trembling and prostrated. But, departing, she looked back through the crack of the door and walked away forward with an eye that glistened.

The third mate was waiting for her, in his best clothes. The second mate was, by rights, off duty, and should have been in his cabin ; yet he seemed always to have something to do quite close to them, and when he could, without being discovered, was staring at the skipper's wife with eyes strangely bloodshot. Nobody noticed it, and the screw went round and the vessel plunged forward.

The next morning, after breakfast, the steward told her she was wanted. She stepped on to the deck and found a deputation of the sailors awaiting her, headed by the man in the blue jersey, who was supported on the left by the man in the red shirt, and pushed from the back by the promoted bargee.

Somebody nudged the blue-jerseyed one very hard, so he spoke.

"My name's Galloway," he said.

"Yes, you wicked man !" retorted the skipper's wife. "And it was you who tried to do all those dreadful things yesterday."

"My name's Galloway," he said, clinging to that indisputable fact and refusing to be led away to side issues, "and I beg pardon."

"He begs pardon, mum," was the corroboration from all assembled ; "and we do, too."

"Then I'm sure I gladly grant it," said the skipper's wife, "and I think you very sweet to come and say so."

"And, seeing as how things is, and you being in it likewise, mum," said Galloway, as mouthpiece for all, "we've been and sworn off."

"Indeed !" murmured the skipper's wife, who had not the faintest notion what he was talking about.

"We have, mum. All of us. Likewise the cook. Come one, come all, that's our motto ; treat all alike ; and we're teetotallers."

And not one of the men looked to where the captain was lying drunk, though everyone there was thinking of him.

The skipper's wife nearly kissed the speaker, but she said instead—

"What would you choose as the loveliest treat in the world ?"

"Sea-pie," the chorus rang up to the welkin.

"Then sea-pie you shall have for dinner to-day ; and, another thing, I'll make it myself."

Now, the cook used to be an artilleryman before he went to sea. No stranger had ever entered his galley, and the only one who had tried was still in the hospital. Judge, then, of his astonishment when he found the skipper's wife in command of the galley, and he following her round like a veritable galley slave.

"For," she said, "I'm going to make a sea-pie" ; and she had put on one of his aprons and tucked up her sleeves before she remembered she didn't know what a sea-pie was.

The cook took great pride in enlightening her, then trotted off after her to get the ingredients from the steward. The steward gave them the flour and meat and things, best cabin quality ; and the skipper's wife spent the rest of the morning making sea-pie. Not one, but four, for the sailors and the firemen and the engineers and aft ; and all of them three-deckers. They are classic, those sea-pies, now ; you can hear long recitatives of them in any Sailors' Home where the Union Jack is floating. And the morning was such an emotional one for the cook, that he remembered he had been human before he became artilleryman and cook ; and as soon as he reached home again he married and started an eating-house of his own, and its name is the Lady Proctor, and it stands down Wapping way.

After that dinner everyone seemed to take a holiday.

The skipper was still confined to his cabin and appeared to be sleeping, and his wife at his side was half-dozing, too. He was much better, was Richard; he would be getting up in a day or two; and both of them knew, though neither had said so, he would never lie down again in a state like that. And as the skipper's wife thought of this she smiled and nodded in her drowsiness.

Her eyes must have been closed, for she did not see the door opened; yet there was the second mate in front of her, his hand raised as if in command, his eyes still strangely bloodshot.

The skipper's wife shrank in her seat; her breath came in gasps and she could not speak.

"Do not be afraid," he said, laughing; "we are quite alone, at last. And now we can talk without fear of interruption."

"Don't speak so loudly, you will wake *him*!"

"Oh, *him*!" in a tone of ineffable contempt. "Your *husband*, you mean?"

"Yes, my husband. What then?"

"Nothing. Only it is a pity. For otherwise I might have married you myself. Now—I can only offer you my love."

"Silence, I tell you. Here, before him?"

"A log, my dear, nothing but a log we can afford to ignore."

"You coward! how dare you insult him!"

"If I insult him, he himself should resent it. Why does he not protect his wife also, instead of leaving it to me to offer—my protection?"

She did not answer. Under the bunk was a row of drawers, which her skirts concealed; she was opening one and feeling in it.

"What do you say? You lose nothing by the exchange, you must—confess. While poor hubby is thus, let us say, invalided, I will take his place. Come, kiss and be friends."

Still she said nothing; but she had found it. A tiny little silver-plated revolver, one of her husband's wedding-presents to her—a very good choice and strangely appropriate now.

The second mate drew a step nearer, with

arms outstretched to embrace her; his eye caught the glitter of the muzzle. He paused.

"Go—at once—without any noise—or, by my love for *him*, I fire and kill you!"

The second mate laughed. It was such a little toy. Then he looked again, and he did not go nearer, for the barrels were loaded, and even bullets so small as that make very ugly wounds.



"And the skipper's wife held his head to her breast."

"Are you going?" she whispered.

He looked from the pistol to her. Her eye faced him and did not flinch. He blinked and looked again. It was of steel, that eye; there was something there he could not conquer. And he dared not speak and he dared not go nearer; but his arms fell to his side and his hands hung listless, and, without knowing it, he found himself retreating and had passed through the door outside.

The steward had finished a plug with the cook and was coming aft again. As he came in the saloon alley-way he thought he heard something fall. The skipper's wife had fainted to the ground. So the steward, whose medical attainments were entirely practical, made up his mind she wanted air. Lifting her gently, he carried her to the top bridge, where the third mate made her comfortable under the storm canvas and brought up a chart of the Great Australian Bight to fan her with. And then the steward remembered he had got some smuggled Florida-water aboard and he went back to fetch it.

He found a gaunt, pale figure in the saloon, trying to open the spirit-locker; the steward had emptied that when he sacrificed the rum.

"Steward," begged the captain feebly, "I want a pick-me-up." And if he had not held on to the railing he would have fallen to the deck.

The steward remembered the captain's wife. "Can't do it, sir," he said.

"Give me something to set me up for five minutes," ordered the captain. "Do you hear?"

The steward heard, and there was something in the other's voice that compelled obedience.

He went to the medicine-chest. There was a bottle of brandy there, for emergencies. He gave it to the captain. With a tap on the bulk-head the captain had broken off the neck, then raised it to his lips and drained it dry.

"Throw the bottle overboard," he cried; "it is the last I ever touch. And now," he said, bracing himself up, "I want you to get Mr. Jorgensen down the lazarette. I shall be there, waiting for him. *Savez?*"

"The steward did, and approved, and went forward to fetch the second mate.

The lazarette is a little hold in the stern, where the steward keeps his stores. "And," said the steward, "there's a rat down there; I want you to catch him."

"I'll go," said the second mate, "for I badly want to murder something."

And he went down with a lantern, and the steward let fall the hatch after him, and locked it and sat on it, and then listened to the noise beneath.

At last there were three knocks on the other side of the hatch. The steward got up and opened.

The skipper emerged. "You had better see what you can do for him," he said, and he walked away, firm and upright and relentless.

And the propeller slowed down and the vessel anchored, and they were outside Las Palmas. And the skipper put on his cap and took command.

"Anyone ill?" said the medical officer who had come off from the shore, as the crew ranged alongside the bulwarks.

"Only the second mate," sang out the steward.

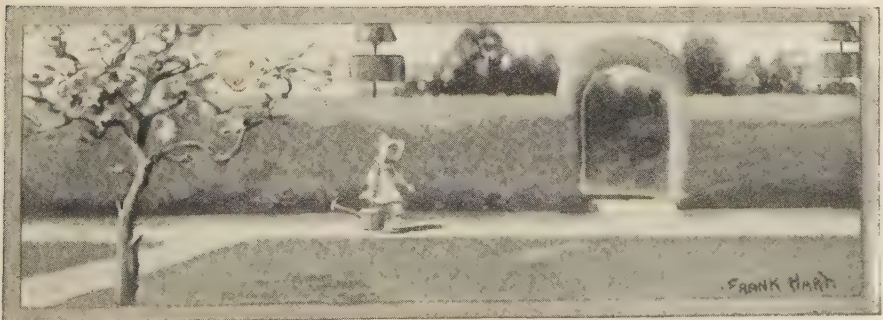
"What's he suffering from?" asked the doctor.

"Partial break-up," said the steward.

"I will see him," said the doctor, and at the second mate's own request took him ashore to the hospital.

Then they coaled and at dusk weighed anchor. And the moon came out and peeped through the skipper's porthole; and in the cabin the skipper was on his knees, and the skipper's wife held his head to her breast, and his arms were clinging round her.

And the screw went round and the ship went onward, onward to the Cape of Good Hope.



THE PRESENT POPULARITY OF POLO.

BY BASIL TOZER.

"**M**ONARCHS have succeeded monarchs," writes Mr. Dehlavi, the well-known authority upon the antiquity of the game of polo, "nations have conquered nations, the world has seen innumerable changes, but the evergreen game of polo still survives the destructive forces of Time! It thrives and promises to be co-extensive in existence with the love of sport among men. It claims superiority over other games inasmuch as it inculcates 'good temper, presence of mind, perfect horsemanship, coolness of judgment, suppleness of muscle, and unflinching nerve.' It

pastime had its origin either among the people of Persia, or among the inhabitants of Chinese Tartary, so long ago as the fifth century B.C. Then, no less an authority than Sir William Ouseley remarks, in his "Travels in the East"—a volume published in 1819—that polo was played in almost every reign of the Sassanian kings of Persia, and that it was taken up enthusiastically by the Mohammedan rulers of Persia, as it was played by their fire-worshipping predecessors. The Mohammedans, it may be remembered, conquered Persia about the year 632 A.D., and soon afterwards settled there as its



THE INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT IN INDIA: 11TH HUSSARS v. 5TH LANCERS.

claims superiority," he repeats, "for it has always been played by the proud hands of martial races, and, let us hope, it will ever continue so to be." That such actually is the case any person can ascertain who is sufficiently energetic and possesses patience enough to dive deeply into the mass of ancient manuscripts which contain references to the early game of polo and are at present securely stored among the archives of the British Museum. Indeed, the antiquity of polo is so very great that no one has as yet been able to discover by whom the game was invented, though many have attempted to do so. Certain it is, however, that the

rulers. Gradually the game came to be played in Greece, in Egypt, in Arabia, in India, in Afghanistan, and in Japan; yet, though it can hardly be doubted that polo was introduced into India early in the tenth century, and introduced then presumably by the Mohammedans, it is a remarkable fact that the first *bonâ fide* polo match played in England took place less than thirty years ago.

Ever since that time, however, polo has been slowly acquiring popularity. Army men, of course, were the first to indulge in it and to help to foster our countrymen's growing fondness for the game; and no

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT IN INDIA : QUEEN'S BAYS *v.* 18TH HUSSARS.

doubt many more Englishmen would have become keen about polo fifteen or twenty years ago but for the fact that, in those days, the average British soldier was a much less finished horseman than is the average British soldier of to-day. Indeed, anybody who will take the trouble to compare the actual horsemanship of the majority of the men who rode in the military steeplechases of about that period with the horsemanship of the majority of soldiers who ride now, can easily see for himself that what I say is but

the truth. Hence it is that polo has been coming to the front as one of our national games only during the last four or five years. This year in particular it seems to be "booming." The "boom" is, of course, to some extent due to the fact that no less than six new polo clubs have been organised in England within the last eighteen months, of which the most important are the London Polo Club at the Crystal Palace, under the management of Major F. Herbert—who some years ago was considered one of

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT IN INDIA : QUEEN'S BAYS *v.* 18TH HUSSARS.

the best polo players in Great Britain—and the Wimbledon Polo Club. Hurlingham and Ranelagh naturally hold their own at the top of the list of clubs where polo is played, and, for reasons sufficiently obvious, are likely to continue to do so for many years to come.

Yet, though Englishmen are only now becoming thoroughly alive to the fascinations of what has rightly been described as the

which comparatively few men take part, it is the lesser section of the general public that is genuinely interested in it or in seeing it played. Naturally, all Englishmen love to witness for once, at any rate, a game being played which they have not seen played before, especially if it be a game which needs skill and courage, endurance and determination on the part of the players, as is the case with polo; but this spasmodic inquisitiveness is, as a rule, soon satisfied.

It is by no means unusual to hear polo described as "a very cruel game" by persons who have never played it and who know nothing about it. The late Mr. Moray Brown, who was an excellent judge of polo as well as of polo-ponies, and an extremely accomplished writer upon the subject of polo and all appertaining thereto, used often to lash himself into a fury upon reading the ridiculous articles denouncing the game, articles which appeared in several somewhat influential newspapers a few years ago. One writer in particular, I well remember, while attempting to draw a vivid contrast between polo and the primitive game

called hockey, remarked that now, "instead of running on foot after the ball, the players are mounted, and it is the *ponies'* shins that come in for hard knocks, not their own," and so on. Another writer of the same stamp declared soon afterwards that polo was "almost as cruel a sport as steeplechasing and about upon a par in this respect with fox-hunting," and that "no man with a vestige of manhood left in him would wish

Raj Bijey Singh.

Risaldar Bhur Singh.



Capt. A. B. Mayne. H.H. Maharao Umait Singh Bahadur (founder of the Club). Maharajah Jai Singh.

THE KOTAH POLO TEAM.

Photo by Herzog & Higgins, Mhow, India.

"King of Games," the popularity of polo will never be, cannot ever be, so universal in these Islands as, let us say, the popularity of cricket or of football, for the simple reason that the majority of mankind take greater interest in, and consequently prefer to watch, games being played in which they themselves might be taking part. Such forms of pastime seem to appeal more directly to their sympathies, and as polo is a game in



MID-FIELD PLAY AT WIMBLEDON PARK.



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY TEAM AT WIMBLEDON PARK.



THE WIMBLEDON PARK TEAM.



A YOUTHFUL AMERICAN POLO PLAYER.

to see polo established in England as a national sport or anything in any way approaching it." I need not trouble to point out the absurdity of such rambling statements. Polo, indeed, far from being a cruel form of amusement, is enjoyed by the ponies almost as thoroughly as most horses that have once been hunted ever afterwards delight in the sound of the horn and the sight of hounds. That it promises to become one of the most popular, if not actually the most popular, of our up-to-date out-of-door sports, I have already pointed out, so that, according to the writer whose words I have quoted, it would seem as if very few Englishmen could boast of still possessing "a vestige of manhood."

Unfortunately, the present popularity of polo has caused the prices of well-bred, fast, and thoroughly broken or trained polo-ponies to increase enormously, so that first-class polo seems likely soon to become a game in which only millionaires will be able to indulge. Who, ten years ago, would have thought of paying £500 or £600 for a single pony? Yet now we frequently hear of polo-ponies being sold for 500 guineas, 600 guineas, and 700 guineas apiece, and only recently two polo-ponies fetched respectively 850 guineas and 900 guineas. Of

course, it would be absurd to suppose that the cleverest polo-pony ever foaled could be worth that amount of money, and polo-players have in a measure themselves to blame for raising the market price of ponies to the high level that it has now reached. Even in parts of India the pony market is undergoing a similar transformation. A few years ago a clever polo-pony would fetch in the open market between 160 rupees and 200 rupees; but now, owing to the willingness—nay, the anxiety—of certain Englishmen to pay higher figures, the average price of a tip-top pony in such places as Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras varies between 300 and 600 rupees, and the prices seem likely to creep still higher. In the provinces in England certain up-to-date farmers are en-

deavouring to neutralise entirely the deplorable effects of the agricultural depression by breeding polo-ponies, and the attempts of some of them have so far proved fairly successful. It is very doubtful, however, whether in the long run the breeding of polo-ponies will be found to be a remunerative form of "farming," except by the men who have, so to speak, a large *clientèle* of polo-players, and not players merely, but players who frequently buy fresh ponies, a thing that some of our provincial polo-players do but rarely. And even then the farmer cannot, or at any rate he should not, expect to command prices in any way approaching the figures given above; for, after all, how many farmers are there who are able to train a pony as he needs to be trained for polo? How many farmers, I ask you, have ever seen polo properly played? How many have seen it played at all? I well remember a year or two ago asking a middle-aged husbandman what he really thought the game of polo was like, for at that time he was seriously considering whether it might not be worth his while to breed a few ponies for what he termed "the polo market." After pondering for several minutes and awkwardly scratching his head, he replied that he "couldn't say, not for

certain, what polo was like," but that some of his friends had told him that it bore a striking resemblance to "this 'ere game of croak-it (croquet), only played a-horseback."

Is it likely that women will ever take to polo? The question is asked as regularly as the polo season comes round, but as yet nobody appears to have answered it satisfactorily. As a fact, women have "taken to polo"; they have taken to it more than once, but unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, polo has not taken to them. So long ago as the eleventh century, according to an ancient manuscript to be seen in the British Museum, "ladies of high birth and distinction played polo," and in the year 1887 some sporting girls in Ireland attempted to revive the custom, but failed lamentably. Captain Younghusband, in his capital book, entitled, "Polo in India," gives us rather an amusing description of a game of polo played in India by some Englishwomen. He tells us, with somewhat grim humour, that the two men, one on each side, who were appointed to guard the interests and look after the safety of the women, had rather a hard time of it. The sides were "Married Women *versus* Unmarried." After two or three minutes' play one of the fair players cried out that

she could not see the ball with her veil on. Instantly there was a halt, the veil was removed, and play went on. A few minutes later another damsel shouted out she could not play with her gloves on. Again the game was stopped, and the gloves were removed. A third one entrusted her handkerchief to her male partner, who, poor obedient thing, having no pockets in his tight breeches, found it difficult to take charge of. In the first attempt, therefore, the game did not go off well; but after a short interval for tea, which brightened up the players, the second turn proved a success, for which the captain complimented his fair friends profusely. This season a club, to be known as "The York and Cumberland Ladies' Polo Association," is being organised in the north of England. Whether it will prove a success remains to be seen. Personally, I "hae me doots," for I do not see how polo can ever be played properly either by men or by women riding in side-saddles. The promoters of the new organisation are sanguine of success, however, and we all know that when an Englishwoman makes up her mind to do a thing, she is, in the vernacular of the prize-ring, "very bad to beat."

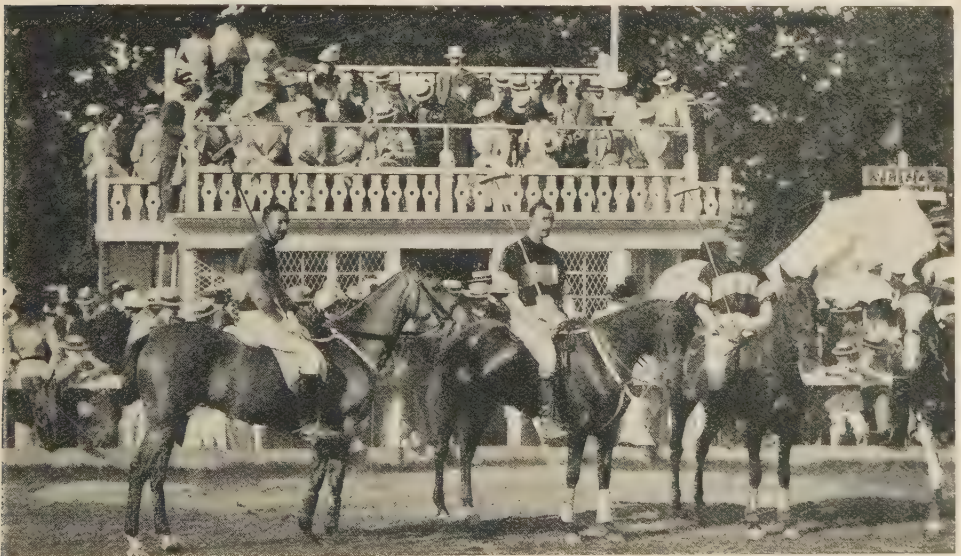


Photo by]

[F. P. D'Arcy, Dublin.

THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS POLO TEAM IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.



"Who goes there?"

By A. J. WALL.



THE COMING OF A SOLDIER.

BY ORME AGNUS.*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

WHEN Daniel Belloes came home on furlough, after two years' service in the Army, I did not know him. It was really amazing to look on the new Daniel and recall the old. I remembered him as a youth in whom no one, save perhaps his mother, saw any personal attractions. He was tall and strongly built, but he was almost as slow as our decrepit greybeards, and walked with a limping gait, due to no positive defect, but because he had got into the habit of carrying his right foot forward at right angles to his line of progression, with the knee bent. Intensifying every defect, he had the vacuous expression of the yokel at his worst. When it is added that he wore a smock, and generally walked beside his team chewing his whip, it is unnecessary to say that I have not seen a correcter specimen of Hodge as the town artist loves to draw him.

Farmer Goodyer, his employer, who was often irritated at Daniel's leisurely progress through life, used to say that he paid the youth seven shillings a week for lounging to and from his work, and nicknamed him "Dan Slow."

One memorable Saturday evening Daniel went into Suckton to see the sights, and among other things beheld a soldier home on furlough. He was walking the main street in arrogant scarlet pride, attended

by a small retinue of his acquaintances. Daniel stood gazing at the great man in envy, and when he stopped he sidled near the group and listened. He noted that the plain-coated friends listened deferentially to him, and when he saluted passing girls with terms of affection the latter did not resent his attentions. Daniel sighed again and again, and then the thought passed through his mind that such an eminent position was not beyond him, that he had only to seek out Sergeant Trelfall, in River Street, and he, Daniel Belloes, would be as the great man before him, clothed with the majesty of scarlet and adored by the maids. The very thought induced in him the semblance of a military carriage; he stiffened his back and swung his arms in military fashion, reflecting proudly that he was at least an inch taller than the soldier. Daniel did not wait for his enthusiasm to cool, but when the lordly warrior condescended to accept the invitation of his court, and turned into the River Inn, he went straight to Sergeant Trelfall, and before twenty-four hours had passed he was no longer a common civilian to be chivied by Farmer Goodyer.

I remember there was some laughter in the village when it was spread abroad that Daniel had joined the British Army. If they had taken Daniel they would take anybody, was the prevalent opinion, and Farmer Goodyer declared that he would send his pump-handle to be made into a soldier. "It have zo much zense as Dan," said he,

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"He sidled near the group and listened."

"and it do move just about zo quick. The virst thing they'll have to do iv they keeps en—which I do doubt—will be to put en through a mangle and straighten en out, vor he allus walks as iv the strings ov his joints be gwone. An insult to Her Most Gracious Majesty to charge she vor a red jacket vor he."

We soon forgot all about Dan; but now he

had come home, and it was impossible to believe that there was any connection between Slow Dan and the figure that swaggered down the village street in spotless uniform, with head thrown back, cane twirling, and a gait that was exaggeratedly military. As he smiled condescendingly upon us it seemed that he could not be Dan Belloes, but some impossibly magnificent

incarnation of the youth we knew. The thought crossed my mind that here alone the British Army was justified.

His condescension was extreme. He saluted us and asked graciously after our welfare ; he asked Widow Malpas if she still had Old Joe, the decrepit old pony, and he told Wilson he had been admiring his turnips as he passed along. As the great lord moves among his tenantry and inquires after their welfare, so did Daniel Belloes, private, condescend to take interest in our petty lives. But I know when he reached home and saw his mother he relapsed into his childhood's tongue. "I be glad to zee 'ee, just about," he said, and kissed her.

In the evening he showed himself to our youth. "Bert, me lad," he said to Albert Sowle, "still kicken in this one-horse show? Can't make out you fellers never seeing any life." In a few minutes he had gathered his little court and was most affable to all of them, though he declared every few minutes that he could not understand their want of lust for life. "'Pon my soul,' I says to meself as I come along to-day, 'fancy me beën buried alive here now.'"

They were shy in his presence, and the conversation for some time was a monologue. By degrees they managed to ask a few questions, and Dick Challey was so maladroit as to ask him if he really liked "sojering." Daniel laughed in supreme contempt. "Just look at him!" he said, pointing to the unhappy Challey. "He asks I if I like sojering!" and he drew himself up, and the rest of our youth, looking from one to the other, had their answer.

"I say, lads," he said at last, "I've talked my throat dry; let's move to the canteen for a wet. Come along, all of you; this is my shell-out."

He held his glass of beer up to the light with a look on his face which implied that he feared the worst. He sipped and all his fears were confirmed. "You pore beggars!" he said in a low voice, and he sipped again. "I apologise, lads; but if any of you should ever call and see me at our barracks you shall have a drop of real genuine stuff. Never mind, though, if you're used to it, drink it."

Many stories did Daniel pour forth that night, some of which seemed improbable, but no one questioned them. Daniel's battalion was stationed at Belfast, and Ireland to many of us is still a wild land where rebels are as common as tramps with us, and where it is wise for the soldier to sleep with his rifle by his side, and to most of his listeners Daniel

was as one who had returned from foreign lands. On the whole it seemed a glorious life, and there were some who resolved that night that, "before long," they would also become men of war.

So far his visit had seemed harmless enough, but the next day Daniel unwittingly began to make history in our village.

That afternoon I met Dan with Maggie Debbs, who is "walked out" by Tom Thatcher, and it was evident Maggie felt highly honoured. In the ordinary course Tom at that hour would have been at work in Jesty's smithy, but, as luck would have it, the smith had sent him to do a small job at the inn. He looked a little hurt as he came upon them and saw how pleased his Maggie looked, but he was more pained when the soldier, displaying to the full his air of condescension, saluted him with "Hello, Tom!" and Maggie merely nodded and turned away her head to make some laughing reply to her consort. Tom had stopped, intending to show Daniel his relations with the girl, and he felt like a fool as they passed on and left him standing there.

The Belloeses' cottage is in the lane that skirts the churchyard, and that evening, having occasion to pass, I found Daniel sitting on the garden wall, smoking his pipe, with no less than five girls round him whom he was amusing vastly, to judge from their merriment. I foresaw tragical times in store, for among the maidens I not only saw Maggie, but Sally Laney and Polly Reddout, who, in accordance with nightly custom, ought at that hour to have been walking out with their adoring swains.

Vulgar curiosity made me turn round, and I sauntered back towards the cross-roads and there I found what I expected. Dick Challey, Tom Thatcher, and Jim Hoiley were propped against the wall, looking very disconsolate. They were waiting for the fickle maids who had been fascinated by an arrogant carriage and a red jacket. Miss Laney and Miss Reddout did, I was informed, over an hour after the usual time, come down the street and were joined by Dick and Jim, but Love that evening had an irritable, sneering temper, and there was no sweetness in the communion of souls.

Next day the infection had spread still further. Between two and three that afternoon I saw Jinny Peters in her best hat and Sunday jacket saunter past the church. Now, Jinny is a hard-working girl, and I never remembered to have seen her before at that hour indulging in frivolous walks, and my

suspensions were aroused when presently she slowly returned and again went back. Presently Private Belloes came out and accidentally, as he doubtless surmised, met Jinny.

"How do, miss?" said Dan, with a military salute. "Nice day, ain't it?"

"It be beautiful, reely," said Jinny

"Where're you off, my dear, at this time o' day?"

"Oh, nowhere in particler," said Jinny.

"I thought I'd take a walk up along, as it be zo nice, and I med zee Polly Reddout or— or zomebody."

At that moment there was a diversion, for Kate Lucy Tickerton came up. Kate Lucy, to my mind, is one of the prettiest girls in our village. It is not the general opinion, however, for she happens to have a glorious head of hair of a pronounced auburn tint, and there is a prejudice against hair of that colour, and there are some who pity Kate Lucy for the defect. It was perhaps in consequence that she was keeping company with Albert Sowle. There are young men I like better than Albert.

Kate Lucy and Jinny are not intimate friends, but Kate went up to Miss Peters with the greatest cordiality. "Whatever be you doen out at this time, Jinny?" she asked. "Bain't it a vine day?"

"Very," said Jinny, not altogether pleased at Kate Lucy's advent.

"Grand day, I calls it," remarked Daniel.

"Zo grand as grand," replied Kate Lucy.

"Be you comen up along, Jinny?"

"Yes, we be comen, ain't us?" said Dan waggishly.

"Who zaid you may?" asked Jinny, and both girls laughed as Dan pulled a wry face and tried to look woebegone.

"Can't I come, too, my dears?" he inquired. "I can talk 'bout hats and dresses; I knows all the fashions. Now, come along! I walks in the middle, and if you feels frightened or lonely I'll put my arms round you both!"

They were aghast at his impudence, and laughed to exhaustion. "You hadn' better come near we, Master Imperence!" cried Jinny; and Dan, accepting the invitation, joined them and made them for an hour the proudest and happiest maids in the village. He entertained them with pictures of military life more highly coloured than those he had related in the taproom, and boasted of the prowess of his regiment among the good-looking girls of Ireland.

"However these fellers about here can

live as they do, when there's the Army, I can't understand. Pore dears, they've never seen any life! If I had me choice of leaven the Army or beén sliced into little bits, what should I say? I should say, 'Get the knives ready and begin slicen.'"

"Iv I was a man I should love to be a sojer," said Kate Lucy.

"So should I, I declare," said Jinny.

"That's the proper spirit, my dears. I pities the pore beggars what haven't the spirit to join. They don't know what life is."

They left him, delighted at the honour conferred upon them, but at the same time depressed. The corn merchant's handy man from Suckton, of whom Jinny had hopes, was now a disappointing creature, and Kate Lucy, as she formed a mental picture of Albert Sowle, said with a sigh, "I do zo like sojers. They be such jolly vellers."

And still the worship of Mr. Atkins increased, and our young men were furious. They sneered at Daniel, they recalled him as he was in the days before he had become a Queen's man, and laughed mirthlessly at his present appearance. "Iv there be anythen," said Jim Hoiley to Polly Reddout, "that do make I veel like laughen meself zilly, it be the sight ov thik Dan in his sojer's clothes. Vancy 'em putten a red jacket on to he; and he do zwagger about like a turkey-cock."

Polly retorted hotly, "He be the zmartest veller I've zeen 'bout here vor a long time, I can tell 'ee. I do zo like to zee a man look zmart."

Jim did not reply on the instant, but he was not meditating a soft answer. "You maids be all alike," he said; "but I did think you had more zense, Polly. All becos he have a red jacket and do strut about, you be mad about en. He do zwagger as if thease place all belonged to en; and what be he? His vather be only a shepherd, and he be Zlow Dan Belloes. A sojer! I wouldn' give two brass vardens vor all the sojers in 'Darset. Catch I beén a sojer," and Jim laughed derisively. His pride was wounded and he meant to sting.

Polly was not slow to follow. In fact, as she looked at her lover, and mentally compared him with Private Belloes, she was near despising him. "I know one thing," she said, with great distinctness, "that you'd have to zmarten up pretty considerable avore they'd take 'ee in the Army."

Jim was not quick at repartee, and they walked some distance while he was preparing



"He felt like a fool as they passed on and left him standing there."

his retort. "I z'pose," he said at last, with an irritating laugh, "that when the vair comes agen, we shall have to look sharp avter 'ee, or you'll be runnen away with the clown all becos he be dressed up. Iv they put a monkey in a sojer's jacket I z'pose you'd be a'most ready——"

"Everybody have told I what I should vind you to be," interrupted Polly, speaking mendaciously, and she flung herself round and left him.

"You gwo to thik monkey in red," said Jim, white with anger.

"I'll gwo to a man," Polly shouted back.

It was the first quarrel that had interrupted the delightful current of their courtship, and when Polly had gone Jim flung himself down on the grass in wrath and misery. "The zilly ways o' women!" he muttered. "She can gwo after thik zilly monkey"; but a minute later he added, "Next time I zee en I'll wring his neck vor en."

He got up at last. "Very well," he said, speaking to a calf that was looking at him over a gate, "it be vinished; iv she comes to I on her bended knees I shall tell she to gwo and talk to Dan Belloes. I did think she'd better zense."

Jim made a circuit through the fields to his home, but at the cross-roads there was standing a disconsolate group, including Albert Sowle, Tim Benns, Tom Thatcher, and Sammy Pablington. Jim felt inclined to sneak home, but they had seen him and he went up to them. To hide his wound Jim affected light raillery. "Hello, you vellers," he said, "whatever be you doen here, looken zo glum? Thee looks, Bert, as if thee'd lost a ha'penny."

An inarticulate growl answered him.

"Why bisn't walken the missis round thease evenen, Bert?" he went on.

"Why baint thee?" asked Sowle, with a sneer.

"Oh, she be ter'ble busy thease evenen, do 'ee zee," replied Jim.

"Ees, she be," retorted Sowle. "She passed we goen up along, and she be talken to Dan Belloes at thease very identical minit. Why don't 'ee 'list, Jim?"

Jim's pleasantry had recoiled on himself, and he said something profane as they laughed loudly.

"And why don't all ov 'ee?" he cried savagely. "Zims to I your maids don't think much ov 'ee nowadays, now Captain Dan Belloes be to hwome."

"No," said Tim Benns; "did anybody ever zee such vooils as the maids be?"

Their jeers ceased at Benn's question, which was received with muttered approval; each wounded heart was craving for the sympathy of others likewise suffering.

"Iv there was anythen in the veller better'n ord'nary," said Pablington, "one med understand the maids behaven in sich a way."

"But there baint," put in Albert, "there baint. Iv you put a turnip on a vork and a bit ov red vlannel round, it'd be quite zo taken as thik wooden lump."

"Mads," said Tim Benns, with the melancholy of the experienced philosopher, "maids allus be vond ov vine clothes. It be woman-natur, and I don't think they can help it altogeder, though I did think Hester baint like the rest."

"You didn't think it any mwore than I did 'bout Polly," said Jim Hoiley, with a sigh. "I thought she the zensiblest maid that ever I zee. 'Looks baint anythen,' I says to meself, 'it be zense I want.' Though she have got her looks, too."

"And didn't I think zo 'bout Kate Lucy?" asked Albert Sowle indignantly. "'You've got carroty hair,' thinks I, 'but you baint a vooil.'"

They remained moodily discussing the Eternal Feminine until nearly nine o'clock, which is a very late hour in our village, where many of us rise at four and five o'clock. They separated, hoping, as Jim Hoiley said, that the "maids 'ould come to their zenses avore they were many days wolder."

But the morrow brought no comfort. A mother here and there asked her daughter the meaning of such folly, but it was without effect; on the contrary, there were three more who joined in the pursuit of Private Belloes, and some of the maidens were very candid with each other. "I never did zee the like," said Maud Combarrow to Jinny Peters and Harriet Kells; "there be I don't know how many ov 'ee runnen avter pore Dan. It do make I veel ashamed ov my own sect to zee it."

The two girls blushed guiltily, but Harriet replied spiritedly. "And how about yourself?" she inquired shrilly; "*you* baint runnen avter en, I z'pose? Oh, no! Why, you was in Mrs. Belloes's avore ten thease marnen. You've no need to deny it, vor I zeen 'ee. You've been in and out a score ov times since Dan come hwome."

It was Miss Combarrow's turn to blush, but she answered nevertheless with dignity. "I went in thease marnen to ask Mrs. Belloes iv she could lend mother her vlat irons vor——"

"What did she want irons vor to-day?" interrupted Jinny Peters. "It baint your ironen day. You allus iron Thursdays."

"And you didn't bring 'em out, vor I zeen 'ee come back," added Harriet Kells triumphantly.

Maud blushed still more, but her reply was still dignified. "Mother—mother wanted they irons, but Mrs. Belloes wanted to use 'em. And I should like 'ee to know that it be a different thing vor I, zeen as we be relations. Mother and Abram Belloes be second cousins, and, besides, me and Dan was allus very vriendly. I heard Mrs. Pollens zayen thease very marnen that it be a disgrace to the parish to zee the way zome ov the maids be behaven becos there be a sojer about. 'A nice tale he'll carry back 'bout we,' she said."

"You can't say anythen," said Harriet Kells. "You med be twenty-virst cousins or zomethen ov the zort, but I know your mother allus looked down on they Belloeses. You'd like to zwagger about with Dan all to yourself, but he baint such a gurt stupe. Come on, Jinny," and Miss Combarrow was left to fume alone.

Nevertheless, she had given an idea to one of them, and an hour or so later Miss Peters walked into Belloes' cottage. Her mother wondered if Mrs. Belloes had a bit of pennyroyal she could let her have, as she thought a sip or two of pennyroyal tea might do her good. Mrs. Belloes thought she had, and Dan invited Jinny to go with him up the garden to look, and her strategy was rewarded with half an hour's *tête-à-tête*. Neither she nor Miss Combarrow could patent the idea, however, and in the next few days Mrs. Belloes had other callers. "I z'pose," she remarked to her neighbours, "that it be 'cos Dan be to hwome that the maids have taken to comen here: I've had dree ov em thease avternoon. They do think my Dan be a zmart bwoy, I 'low." Mrs. Belloes had always been proud of her boy, but now she declared the village had never had his equal.

The Brotherhood of the Disconsolate had recruits at the cross-roads that evening, and nine young fellows stood, hands in pockets,

in gloomy dejection. What pen could do justice to the tragic business? The description of how a third party comes between two loving hearts, and the woe that ensues, is sufficient theme for a long novel or five-act drama, but here were all the swains of a village suffering the terrible torture of those who, having tasted the wine of Love, have the cup dashed from their lips. Some who passed the cross-roads and knew the secret jeered, but the sympathetic reader who has loved will drop a tear.

If any of them had hopes that the madness of the maidens had passed, they were dispelled by George Peters, the last arrival. "Thik gurt vooil," he said, "be down near the Post-office, grinnen like a ape, and there be I don't know how many zilly maids round, laughen."

It was received in gloomy silence, save that Sam Pablington began to whistle "Sweet Belle Mahone." It sounded like a dirge.

"Iv my maid be with en agen," said Jim



"At the cross-roads there was standing a disconsolate group."

Hoiley, "I've done with she. I won't be too hard, and I'll give she thease one more chance."

"Mother said at dinner-time," said Dick Challey, "that I be gwain clean off me veed. Dang I iv the maids be worth ut, but a veller can't help veelen it."

"Just look yonder," said Benns in a tragic whisper, and they turned their heads to look. A party of seven, linked together, was coming down the road, Dan Belloes in the middle and three girls on either side. The girls' laughter made a merry chorus to Dan's facetiousness. Jim Hoiley noticed with an added pang that his Polly was next to the soldier.

Dan turned a smiling face on the suffering brotherhood. "How-de-do, boys?" he cried, with a wink intended to show what a sad dog he was. "Don't you wish you was in my shoes?"

No one answered him, but there were many muttered curses that never reached his ears. To flaunt his ascendancy in their faces in this manner was intolerable, insult added to mortal injury.

"Well," said Jim Hoiley at last, with bitter emphasis, "I've done with she vor good."

"Look zee," said Albert Sowle, who was scowling like an Adelphi ruffian, and he pulled out of his pocket a tobacco-pouch in the form of a purse, with the initials "A. S." worked on it. "You all zee thik. And look here," and from his other pocket he took a paper package which, when unrolled, revealed a satin tie of a vivid red hue, slightly soiled and frayed. "She"—by which he meant Kate Lucy—"gave I thik pouch vor a Christmas present, and thik tie on my birthday. Zome ov 'ee know I've weared thik tie reg'lar every Zunday. You'll never zee I wearen it agen. Iv she be in when I gwoes past the house I shall vling they two in the door, and I shall tell she that I've done. I vallied thik tie, but I'd rather gwo to church with nothen on than wear it agen."

"It be enough to make 'ee," said Benns, who was never in favour of violent methods; "but I shouldn' iv I was you, Bert. I should zend it in a parcel."

"I shall vling it in the house, I tell 'ee," said Bert fiercely. "I'll show she that it be dangerous to play with a man's veelens. I med have known there was no good in carroty hair."

"I've done with my ma'id, too," said Thatcher ruefully. "I saw she thease avternoon as I was gwain hwome to tea, and

you'd never believe, boys, what she said to I."

"I'd believe anythen now," said George Peters.

"I zaid to she—not speaken savage, but like I allus do—I zays, 'It be very voolish ov 'ee, my dear, to run avter thik gurt zinny all becos ov his red jacket. It do make 'ee look very voolish, my dear,' zays I. She did zay as how she should please herself, and I was only jealous ov a man that was zmarter'n I. I 'low that upzet I a goodish lump. 'He zmart?' I zays. 'I shouldn' like to be zo zmart as Zlow Dan.' And what do 'ee think?"—Tom's tone became tragical—"what do 'ee think she did zay to that?"

None of them would venture to guess.

"She did zay, and it be her very words, mark 'ee, she did zay, zo uppish as you please, 'You'd better gwo and get your hair cut a bit sharter and they zilly whiskers shaved off. I do hate to zee a man with his hair like a hayrick and zilly whiskers down his vace.' That be what she zaid to I," and Thomas was almost tearful. "It baint long ago she did zay she wished she'd got such a thick lot ov hair. It be all 'cos thik ass have got his head nearly shaved, as I told she."

"I tell 'ee what I mean to do," said Dick Challey; "I be gwain into Suckton one evenen, and I shall pick up with a maid there. There be zome very nice uns."

"Ees," said Bert Sowle, "I propose avter thease wik that we all gwo to Suckton twice a wik. We should zoon vind a nice maid apiece."

"We will," said Peters. "We'll show 'em they baint the only maids in the world."

"I zay, bwoys," said Sam Pablington, "let we gwo down the vields and play leap-vrog or zummat. Iv they zee we hangen round like thease they'll think we cared. Volks be thrown off 'bout it. Vather made vun 'bout it at tea-time, and old Vickery as he passed I tried to be very vunny."

The older men had indeed begun to jeer. They must be degenerate sort of youths, said they, for the maids to run away from them. Maids weren't like that when they were courting.

Private Belloes' head swelled when he found what a sensation he was making, and when it was hinted to him that the furious lovers might offer battle, he boasted that he feared none of them.

Mr. Sowle, even in the depths of misery, was a prudent young man, and he saw Mr.

Tickerton on his way to the allotments before, with three friends looking on, he made his dramatic protest by throwing the presents in the garden-path. Afterwards, being Saturday evening, they walked into Suckton and critically observed the unattached maids of the town.

It was next day that matters came to a head. Sunday everywhere is the great day for the communion of lovers, but that day deserves to be known as Dismal Sunday. To aggravate their burden our young men could observe Private Belloes in the church gallery exchanging nods and smiles with the maids. It was more than manly flesh and blood could stand, and after various desperate schemes had been discussed a deputation was appointed to wait on Mr. Belloes, in order to point out how wrong his conduct was, and to assure him that none of them were going to stand it any longer. With praiseworthy modesty each of them found weighty reasons why he should not be a member of the deputation, but, finally, Dick Challey and Sam Pablington that night had an interview with Dan near the churchyard.

Sam Pablington was spokesman. "We want to tell 'ee, look zee, in a vriendly way, and spoken vor all ov we"—Sam called over their names—"that we don't like your gwains-on with our maids. It have to be stopped. We 'low that p'raps you didn' know, but it bain't vair and honest. You can pick up with any maid that haven't a veller, but——"

Dan laughed derisively. "I shall walk out with any maid I want to," he said. "I pity the pore maids about here, for it be



"Her strategy was rewarded with half an hour's tête-à-tête."

evident they don't see a smart veller very offen."

"Look zee, thee'st got to stop it," interposed Dick, whose temper was up, "or thee'll be made, I can tell 'ee."

"Who by?" asked Dan.

"I, vor one," said Dick sturdily.

"Do 'ee want to fight, then?"

"Ees, iv thee likes, and I'll give 'ee a gurt thrashen."

"Oh, we'll see," said the soldier, and without more ado they fell to blows. Dick was quite Dan's match physically, but his notion of boxing was quite elementary, and in a short time both his eyes were bunged up. "Any more of you as likes to try," said Dan, "can come on, and I'll oblige 'em the same."

* * * * *

Three days later the fever was cured with almost miraculous suddenness. Private Belloes one afternoon went into Suckton to

see a cousin, and they sat drinking in the "Lion" until Dan was fuddled enough to boast of his conquests over the feminine heart. The maids in our village, he said, were terrible fond of him, but he didn't care the dust on his boots for the whole boilin' of 'em; they were the stupidest, ugliest things he had come across. Give him the Belfast girls; they was maids with looks and ways. And James Pusell, the Suckton grocer's man, who comes twice a week to our village, heard him, and as he is fond of gossip it is unnecessary to say what occurred on his next visit. News flies through the village as quickly and mysteriously as the Kaffir post, and—well—Private Daniel Belloes' reign was over.

I believe that it has been remarked before that lovers have short memories. At any rate, in less than a week the lowering clouds had given place to sunshine, and I know for a positive fact that Jinny Peters

and Maggie Debbs, to mention no others, expressed somewhat the same opinion as Polly Reddout. Said Polly to Jim Hoiley, "I don't think nothen ov sojers, and never did. I 'low they be zmartish in a way, but, law! they be that stuck-up and conceited they do make I laugh"; and Jim was not at all aghast at her audacity, but warmly acquiesced.

If my observation is not at fault, our young men did endeavour for some time after Daniel's meteoric appearance to be a little smarter, and walked with straighter backs and a livelier step. It is a pity that the stimulus did not last longer, for I have always maintained that a drill-sergeant with autocratic powers ought to be maintained in every village at the public expense.

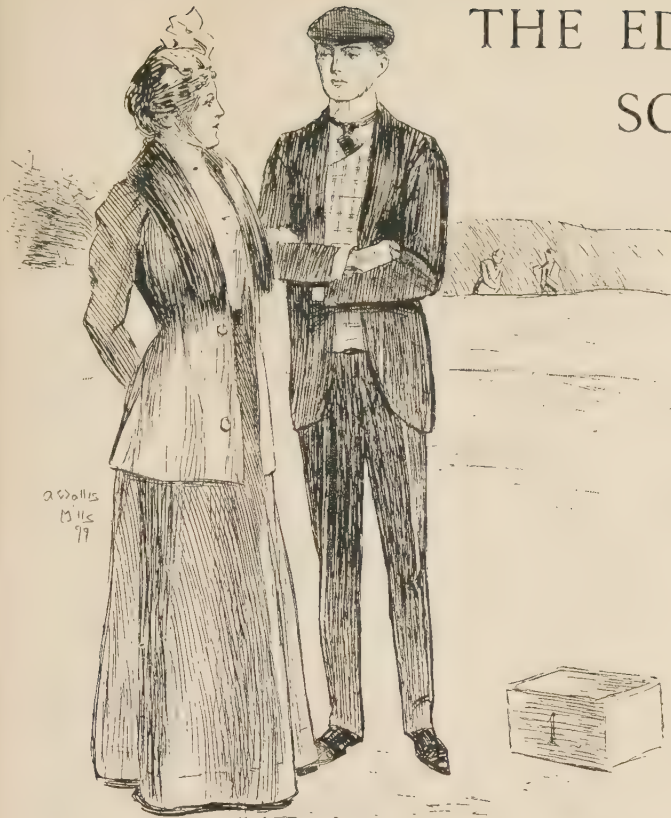
Perhaps it would be as well to mention that even before Private Belloes had left the village Albert Sowle was again wearing his red tie on Sundays.



"WHERE STREAMS FLOW SOFTLY."

From a photograph by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.



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"My horse has reasoning powers, I tell you."

"In what respect particularly?"

"Well, instead of shying at that motor-car he edged up to it and kicked it."



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Now, can any of you tell me the names of the three great feasts of the Jews?

SMALL BOY: Please, ma'am, breakfast, dinner, and tea.



BABBLES: That man Jones is telling any amount of lies about you round the town.

GRABBLES: I don't mind that, so long as he doesn't tell the truth.



CUSTOMER: What have you in the shape of oranges?

STOREKEEPER: Well, madam, we have tennis balls.



ONLY HUMAN!

VERY GROWN-UP YOUNG MAN: Don't you think your husband will be jealous if I stay talking to you so long?

PHILOSOPHIC WIFE: No. Dear old Jack! He never thinks of me when he's got his golf-coat on.

JUDGE: Have you anything to say before the Court passes sentence?

PRISONER: Well, all I got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy.



An old farmer, who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, was sampling a big restaurant on his first visit to London. The waiter gave him the menu card, and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. Accordingly the old countryman began at the top of the bill of fare, and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was too overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. He called the waiter, and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said, "Look here, I've et from thar to thar. Can I skip from that to here and eat on to the bottom?"

THE LUXURY OF LOAFING.

One time I fixed my work all up. There wa'n't no chores to do.

Says I, "I'll jes' enjoy a day of loafin' through and through."

I won't git up no picnics nor do any sech fool thing. A-botherin' with the victuals an' a-pushin' of the swing.

I won't do any readin', 'cause a book your mind will test.

An' when you're thinkin' thoughts, of course, you can't be quite at rest.

I'll have the time my dreamin' has so long and fondly prized.

An' revel in the sweetness of ambition realised!" So, both hands in my pockets, I walked an' viewed the sky.

An' then sat down a-waitin' while the lazy hours went by;

An' then I thought I'd lose all earthly cares in slumber deep.

An' that's the first time in my life I ever couldn't sleep

I grabbed an axe an' jumped right in, fur fair, a-choppin' wood.

To ease my nerves. An' nothin' ever done me so much good.

An' so I've jes' concluded, as I think it o'er anew, That there ain't much fun in loafin'—'ceptin' when there's work to do.

— Washington Star.

SCHOOLMASTER: Don't you know how to spell?

PHONETIC BOY: Oh, yes, I know how to spell right enough; but the men who wrote the dictionaries don't seem to.



AMIALE PLUTOCRAT: But riches do not bring happiness.

UNAMIALE PAUPER: But I ain't looking for happiness. I should be quite satisfied with comfort.



YOUTHFUL INQUIRER: Pa, what's a lineal descendant?

PA: He is generally someone who is trying to get through the world on a reputation somebody made before he was born.

MRS. GASSER: Then is it true that messages sent by wireless telegraphy pass right through the air we breathe?

MR. G.: Yes, that's quite correct.

MRS. G.: Then what happens if a man who has just sent off a telegram swallows his words on his way home again?



MOTHER (sternly): Just look at your clothes! It's not the slightest use to try to keep you clean!

TOMMY (eagerly): Then, aren't you going to try any more?



"MEDICINE," said the little girl, "is something that makes you be careful not to catch cold again."



ONE OF OUR CURATE'S REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

CURATE (to wife of Reservist who has gone to the front): Don't give way so, my good woman. In all probability your husband will come back safe and sound.

RESERVIST'S WIFE: Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubled for; it's them pore Boers! I know wot a terror Bill is when 'e starts!

"I SEE by the newspapers," remarked Reeder, "that the miners in the Klondike are sending out appeals for wives."

"Is that so?" ejaculated Hennypeck, in an eager whisper. "Then I'm sure they can have mine."



"You are not opaque, are you?" said the sarcastic man to another who was standing in front of him at the theatre.

"Faith, and I'm not," was the unperturbed reply. "My name is O'Brien."

WIFE: The price of the garden hose was thirty shillings, but I got a discount, so it only cost me twenty-five.

HUSBAND: But you could have got the same thing at the Stores for a guinea!

WIFE: Possibly so; but then they wouldn't have taken anything off, you know.



It is curious how Nature deals in compensations. For instance, the more a woman is ahead of her times, the more her gowns are behind them.



Too Old a Bird.

GENIAL YACHTSMAN : Hullo, Dicky ! just the man I want ! Come for a sail in my yacht ?

SCEPTICAL DICK : No, thanks, dear boy ! Awfully sorry, but haven't got my bathing suit with me.

IDEALA.

When noiseless night, with starry eyes
 And cool, clear glance, has put to rout
 The restless spectres that arise
 While busy day is yet about;
 Then through my waking fancy gleams
 A vision I will ne'er resign—
 The magic maiden of my dreams,
 The girl who never will be mine.

You smile at me and shake your head,
 You deem me "sentimental boy,"
 And hint when future years have fled
 Such fantasies will lose their joy.
 Nigh twenty years have come and gone
 Since manhood thrilled me with its sign
 Yet constantly she beckons me on—
 The girl who never will be mine.

Nay, think her not another's bride.
 This peerless princess of the night,
 And, moralising, start to chide,
 Or glibly talk of wrong and right.
 I tell you nay—mine eyes alone
 In hers have seen the love-light shine,
 There—on Imagination's throne!
 The girl who never will be mine.

All day I watch with wistful gaze
 The surging throngs that crowd the street,
 As if, expecting in the maze
 At last my dear dream-friend to meet.
 But though grim failure flout my zeal,
 No one shall desecrate the shrine,
 Or drive from me my heart's Ideal—
 The girl who never will be mine!

Arthur Rickett.



ENLIGHTENMENT.

CYCLIST: Where does this road lead to?
 RUSTIC: Ef yer go that way it leads to my 'ome, an' ef yer go t'other way it goes straight on.



His Favourite Fare.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. AYTON SYMINGTON.

DISTINGUISHED DEVOTEES OF THE CAMERA.

IN a previous issue of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, an article, entitled, "Photography as a Royal Hobby," testified by text and picture to the present-day popularity in the charmed circle of Royalty of what has been curtly termed "the camera craze." The present paper is intended to amplify this interesting subject and to set forth some further photographic exploits of well-known people.

Society has been somewhat discourteously compared with a spoilt child in the selection of its playthings—or fads, as the society journals have it; what is new one day is stale and old-fashioned the next. Hence, in discussing most aristocratic hobbies, one is constrained to be at once an opportunist and a cautious critic; the fickle wheel of pleasure moves so rapidly, yet so erratically: *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*. But in photography,

perhaps, the matter is different. This is virtually a scientific pursuit. Society has fallen deeply in love with it, of that there can be little doubt. The principal reason for this increasing affection for a fascinating pastime is not far to seek; every film or plate that is properly exposed leaves a definite and tangible result behind it, and a product, too, which is aided by art and by actual personal handicraft, and which is not represented in pounds, shillings, and pence. Amateur photography, then, from its personal, artistic, and domestic character, has become a recognised diversion or pursuit with the leisured classes. What is the more noticeable is the fact that at present no signs of a decline in popularity are apparent on the horizon: and just as a leisured man's friends regard him as "unfinished" till he has travelled at least once round the globe, so does that man consider himself inadequately equipped for the journey if his "traps" do not include a camera.

It is really a matter for amazement how the craze for taking one's own pictures has grown. And not only taking them in the sense of simply exposing the sensitised film to the deft agency of light, but in the far more practical and irksome business of developing,



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT CANNES.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux.

printing, and toning, after you have pressed the button. When "snapshotting" first entered the field, society was loth to soil its hands in a dark-room with "beastly chemicals"; all it did was to "take" the photo and then despatch the plate to a professional finisher, rejoicing in its own prowess when the print came back spick and span from the toning bath. But that was only a temporary passion. An insatiable desire to find out how the wheels went round took possession of the more scientifically inclined

Dr. Cantuar:
April 1895

minds; and now, what do we find? Artificial, self-imposed honour? Certainly not. Every real enthusiast revels in a dark-room and all the approved stock-in-trade and paraphernalia of a recognised artist.

Lady Gertrude Molyneux, the daughter of the fourth Earl of Sefton, has taken some

really excellent pictures, which, since they include an interesting portrait of H. R. H. the Duchess of York, are here given the place of honour. They might well, as our illustrations show, vie with any of the best stereoscopic work produced by London experts. Lady Gertrude, who has a commodious workshop in the lower regions of Hans House, Hans Street, is a past-mistress in artistic effect. A practical adept as well as a keen enthusiast, she has handled a camera since 1882; and from that time till the

present she has put together a portfolio of portraits and views exceedingly interesting to



TYNINGHAME, PRESTONKIRK : LORD HADDINGTON'S SEAT.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux.



LORD WANTAGE, V.C.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux



A SURREY PASTURE SCENE.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux.

inspect. Not only does she print and develop her own photographs, but she makes her own enlargements—a complicated process usually relegated by the amateur to the skilled professional.

The studies of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and of Lord Wantage, V.C., are perhaps her best efforts in full-length portraiture. Both are admirable likenesses—especially the former, which was taken in April, 1895, during the last visit but one in which Dr. Benson paid to the charming Florentine residence of Lady Crawford, the Villa Palmieri, near Florence. The Archbishop described the Villa as “most fresh

and beautiful, with its glorious views and brilliant flowers, hyacinths, tulips, magnolia, Judas trees, etc., but for greenness scarcely so forward as Lambeth Garden.” Here it was

that the late Primate found a haven of peace where he might recoup his fallen energies after months of anxious toil: and from here it was that, accompanied by Mrs. Benson, he

would set out to visit, not once, but often, the many beautiful and historic churches and pictures of which he was so fond. Lady Gertrude Molyneux, a valued friend, is mentioned in the Archbishop's diary; it was with her that he visited for the second time the Laurentian Library, remarking that it impressed him with its beauty and magnificence. In Dr. Benson's own words we get a luminous description of some



THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWER LODGE, ABBEYSTEAD.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Molyneux.

of its treasures: “Bowed before the Pantheons, and adored the Codex Amiatinus again. If everything else were buried, *this* is enough to shake us into some understanding

of what Anglo-Saxons were. Made love to the Sophocles and Aeschylus, the Virgil, the Tacitus, Petrarch's, Benvenuto Cellini's autographs. Held our breath over the choir books and other great sights. We were most kindly accompanied by the Prefetto himself, *Barone Podesta*—a handsome Huxley to see to." While at Florence for the last time, that is, a year later—he died at Hawarden six months after—Dr. Benson divided his time between revising and correcting the proof-sheets of his "Cyprian"



THE ERECHTHEUM AT ATHENS.
From a photograph by Lord Battersea.

and revisiting the unsurpassable beauties of the Italian Riviera. In Florence it was that the Archbishop revised and re-wrote his famous letter to Lord Halifax regarding the Corporate Reunion of the English Church with that of Rome, concerning which his Grace had, a few days before, talked

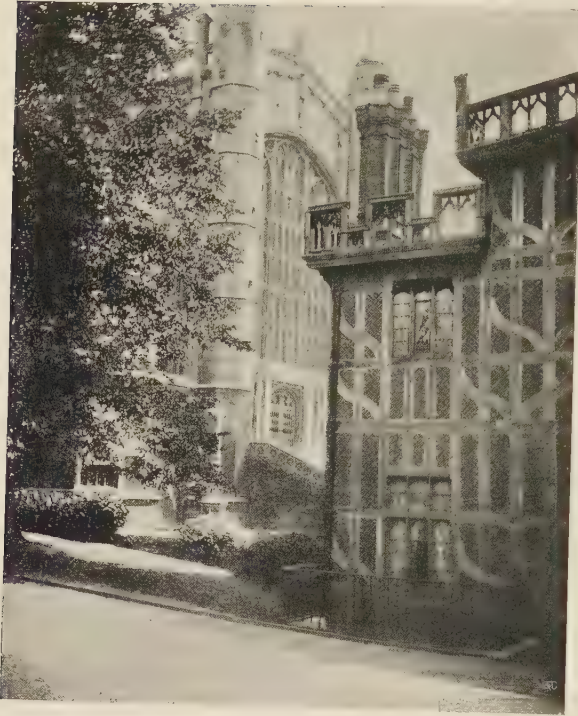
with Lord Halifax at the Villa Palmieri. It is interesting to notice that his hostess, Lady Crawford, was inclined strongly to favour Lord Halifax, though she admitted that he minimised the difficulties



A CARTHAGINIAN SOLDIER.
From a photograph by Lord Battersea



A MESSENGER FROM THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO.
From a photograph by Lord Battersea.



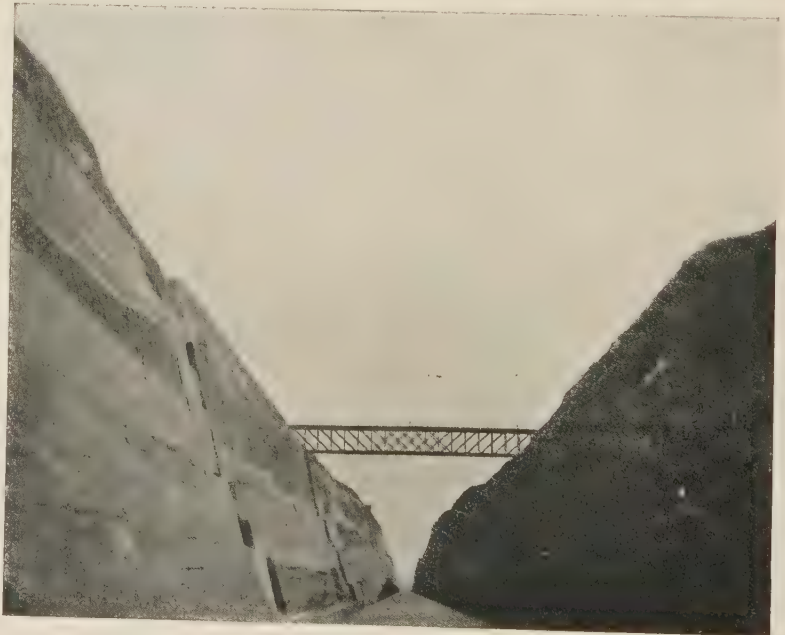
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.
From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth.

on his own side towards the suggested union.

The full-length portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, taken at Cannes eight years ago, recalls the pathetic event of the death of the Duke of Clarence, to whom Princess May had been so lately affianced. It will be seen that the Duchess is in mourning for the late Prince. Lady Gertrude Molyneux is a *persona grata* at Court, and she has repeatedly had the honour of photographing, in many of the European capitals, royal groups and royal individuals. The same artist's

very distinct photograph on page 365 represents the country seat of the Earl of Haddington, Tynninghame, Prestonkirk; and that pretty little picture which Lady Gertrude has quaintly termed "The Children of the Tower Lodge" depicts the two winsome daughters of the lodge-keeper attached to Abbeystead, Lord Sefton's beautiful domain at Lancaster. The handsome features of Lord Wantage, given to the camera in 1896 in the drawing-room of his own house at Wantage, Berks, recall the most famous of the many interesting facts connected with this veteran soldier's career—his valour in the Crimean campaign, crowned by the presentation of the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry at Alma and Inkermann; his untiring zeal in promoting the welfare of recruits in the Army; and his humane and indefatigable work as chairman of the English Red Cross Society.

If photography be her most absorbing hobby, Lady Gertrude Molyneux has several others. She is an avid antiquarian, and possesses a by no means insignificant collection of Florentine sculptures and old Biblical studies—in her photographic collection, by the way,



CORINTH CANAL.
From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth

is a first-class copy of the fly-leaf of the Bible belonging to Charles I. Lady Gertrude is, moreover, an adept ivory-turner; at Hans House, a workshop, replete with lathe and every modern tool, and adorned with many and various fruits of labour, tells of delicate turning in ivory, wood, and brass. She has recently turned her attention to the fascinating study of the Röntgen Rays, and I was privileged to see several excellent reproductions by X Rays.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth.

To find Lord

Battersea an expert at photography is not likely to provoke surprise, for he is proficient

in so many branches of science and is a lover of art in all its forms. The once



A CORSICAN BRIDGE.

From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth.



THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE.

From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth.

Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., who had the enviable reputation of being the handsomest man in the House of Commons, who married a Rothschild, and who is one of the most popular Liberal peers of the day, has travelled seldom of late without a kodak. His collection of snapshots, enlargements of some of which have won him prizes and diplomas in London and Vienna, is one of the best I had the pleasure of examining. Lord Battersea, who, by the way, won the House of Commons' Steeplechase in 1889, is an art connoisseur of considerable fame. At his splendid house opposite the Marble Arch he possesses many valuable paintings, including the "Annunciation," of Burne-Jones, an original "Madonna and Child," by Botticelli, and several noted masterpieces in portraiture by

Rubens, Moroni, Whistler, and Morretti. He is a keen devotee of yachting, hunting, botany, and gardening, and has "done" Europe as have few other men of his age.

He succeeded, when at Athens, in taking an excellent photo of the famous Erechtheum, the ancient Ionic temple which faces the still larger Parthenon. In ancient times part of the Erechtheum was the temple of Pallas Athene, which contained

the wooden image of the goddess and formed the centre of her worship; but this suffered from fire in the Persian war. It was reserved for Pericles to commence the restoration of so sacred a building, which in its present form consists of a huge cellar extending from east to west, in which, tradition says,



THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE.

From a photograph by the Earl of Dartmouth



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S SIAMESE CAT, "GOBLIN."

Carthaginian soldier and was taken at Carthage in a very high wind. Lord Battersea, when taking this photograph, was facing the well-known college founded by Cardinal Langerie. That wonderful Grecian chasm, the Vale of Tempe, Thessaly, has received very effective pictorial treatment at the hands of Lord Battersea. This place is one of

AN AMERICAN BISON
AT WOBURN ABBEY.

Eretheus was buried. Lord Battersea's photograph was shown in an enlarged form at the great International Exhibition at the New Gallery and obtained a first prize. His other efforts which appear in this article depict types of Eastern soldiers—the one in the doorway was taken in Greece and shows a messenger from the Prince of Montenegro to Lord Battersea; the other represents a



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S KIANG, OR WILD ASS OF THIBET.

Three photographs by the Duchess of Bedford

the rural delights of the traveller. It possesses nearly four and a half miles of luxuriant vegetation with wooded glades, at intervals opening out at the foot of the cliffs. A broad, winding river adds its effect to the picture, and towards the middle of the pass, where the rocks are highest, the precipices in the direction of Olympus fall so steeply as to bar the passage on that side, while the rocks on the Ossan side rise in many places 1,500 feet from the valley. The ruins of a number of castles are visible. These were doubtless built by the Greeks to defend the vale from invasion. It was by this route that Julius Cæsar arrived before the battle of Pharsalia.

Another versatile photographer is the Earl of Dartmouth. A glance at the titles of his specimens will show their here - there - and - every - where *locale*. The beautiful picture Lord Dartmouth took in Corsica, of the Ponte Leula, is one of many picturesque landscapes reminiscent of



SIR JAMES PENDER, BART., ON BOARD HIS YACHT "FLORINDA," AT KIEL, JUNE 23, 1899.

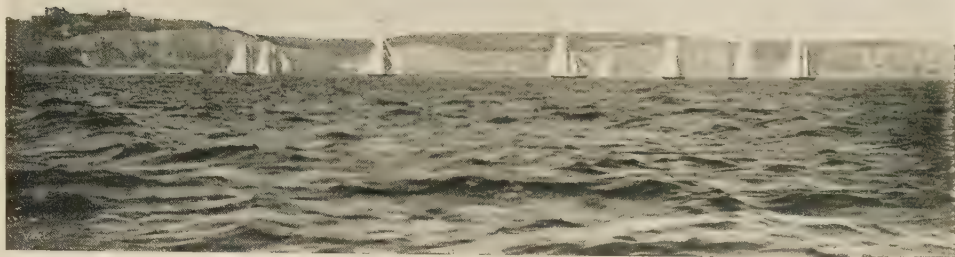
From a photograph by Lady Pender.

travel in foreign climes. We also get a very distinct view of the eastern end of St. George's Chapel at Royal Windsor, in which so many memorable services have been held; a corner of the Bishop of Lichfield's garden, showing the central tower (280 feet high) and the two western towers (each 103 feet in height) of Lichfield Cathedral, which was probably constructed on the site of the old Norman church, at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and two well-defined snapshots taken in Venice and reproducing the famous Piazza S. Marco, flagged with marble and bounded on three sides by the arcaded palaces of the Procurators. Lord Dartmouth is a staunch admirer of watery Venice, with its vaporous seasmists, its horizon of waves and the distant Euganean hills, its marble churches and palaces glorified by the genius of Pisano, Sansovino, Titian, and Veronese. Again, it was left



LADY PENDER ON THE "FLORINDA," AT KIEL, JUNE 23, 1899.

From a photograph by Sir James Pender, Bart.



THE RACE FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP: YACHTS STARTING FROM DOVER FOR HELIGOLAND, JUNE 19, 1899.

for the sometime Conservative Whip in the House of Commons, and the owner of nearly 20,000 acres, to secure the only photograph of Corinth Canal taken within the steep walls which form it. Corinth Canal has had a remarkable history. It was projected by Alexander the Great, re-



TOWING THE "THISTLE" TO THE LINE, KIEL.

solved on by Julius Caesar, and commenced by Nero, the traces of whose unfinished work still remain a few hundred yards from the Corinthian Gulf. Four miles long, costing about one and a half millions, and eventually carried through in 1882, the



YACHTS IN KIEL HARBOUR.

Three photographs by Sir James Pender, Bart.



CAPT. MULLINS, OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," AND PILOT ON "FLORINDA,"
RACING OFF KIEL.

From a photograph by Sir James Pender, Bart.

Canal offers a valuable short cut between several of the ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The magnitude of the engineering operations may be grasped when it is stated that the central portion traverses a cutting in rock of which the maximum depth is 285 feet.

Zoology is the favourite subject upon which the Duchess of Bedford expends her photographic zeal. Her Grace's ruling hobby is the study and care of animals; and when she took to photography, with such excellent results as are depicted in these pages, it was little wonder that her albums included pictures of all sorts and conditions of four-footed beasts and domestic pets, taken in all parts of the world. But it is at Woburn Abbey, where the Duchess has a zoological collection, the envy of many and the source of never-failing interest to her numerous guests, that dumb "sitters" find the readiest welcome. Every

member of the Duchess of Bedford's private menagerie has, at one time or another, had the honour of being photographed by its devoted owner, who also extends to her sitters the favour of "copyrighting" every print that the negative produces. "Goblin," the famous Siamese cat, which presents such an immaculate appearance on its cushioned pedestal that one is forgiven for assuming that it had been asked to "look pleasant," is a great favourite in the Woburn household—as, indeed, are all things connected with the East. It is only a few years since the Duchess, then the gifted and versatile daughter of Archdeacon Tribe, of Lahore, spent six years in India, prosecuting her studies in natural history and zoology, while at the same time she became an expert horsewoman, a deft angler, and a daring shot. It

was only natural, then, that on her marriage with a great landowner who was also devoted



THE "FLORINDA" ENTERING TERSCHELLING IN A WESTERLY GALE

From a photograph by Sir James Pender, Bart.

to animals she should improvise at her country seat a private wild-beast show, where many of the animals she had known personally in their far-away homes should find still more comfortable quarters. With her own hands the Duchess frequently tends to the wants of her various charges, and with her own camera her Grace obtains instantaneous portraits—which are usually enlarged to 7 in. by 5 in.—to perpetuate their memories when death or decay has



THE THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.



THE PRIVATE YACHT OF PRINCESS DE POIX.

From a photograph taken by Her Royal Highness

removed them. Fearless and trained in the useful methods of approaching semi-wild animals, the Duchess of Bedford will venture nearer than anyone on her vast estate to the members of her three hundred. The admirable picture she has secured of the American bison, which looks for all the world as if it were soliloquising on its native heath, was taken scarcely ten yards from the subject.

We now turn to the pictorial work accomplished by Sir James Pender, M.P., the distinguished son of a worthy father. Loving the sea, and a yachtsman of well-known ability and recognised position, Sir James has "snapped" chiefly on water. The result is instructive as well as entertaining. Most of his snapshots produced in these pages were taken by Sir James Pender in the June of last year, when, accompanied by Lady Pender, he took his beautiful and fast-running *Florinda* to Kiel. Here Sir James secured many excellent photos, including several realistic views of the race for the Emperor's Cup from Dover to Heligoland. Kiel, the most important naval harbour of



THE SUSPENSION FERRY AT BIZERTA.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.

Germany, and the station of the German Baltic Fleet, is the recognised centre of German yachting; all the keenest English yachtsmen go there for the season, which loses nothing by offering fine sea-bathing and very picturesque scenery. Its charms may be said to be manifold; one might well spend a whole day inspecting (at a distance) the strong fortifications by which the harbour at Kiel is guarded, or at the Imperial dockyards, where increased activity is now the order of the day.

Last, but by no means least in this series, comes Sir Thomas Bazley, who may be said to be the *doyen* of them all. Sir Thomas is at once an artist who understands each subject he portrays, and a traveller possessed of a comprehensive knowledge of its history and its associations. Probably no man—and certainly no woman—has accomplished in his lifetime so much as this enthusiastic veteran in the fields of amateur Continental photography; and he can consequently speak with weight and authority on this matter. Here is what Sir Thomas courteously wrote me from his house at Bournemouth West: "Cautions have often been given, and disregarded, against unauthorised photography in foreign countries. Trans-



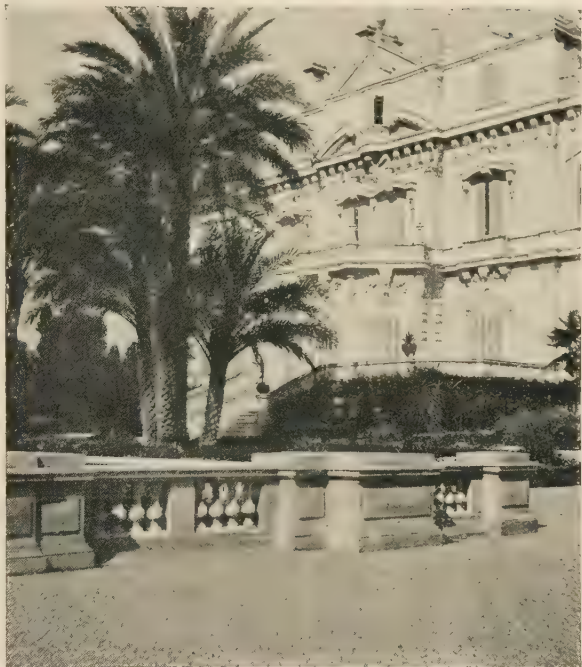
THE RUINS OF EPIPOLÆ, NEAR SYRACUSE.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.

gression is so tempting, and so easy, and the regulations in different places are so unequal. In many, as Cannes, Naples, Messina, Malta, etc., the camera may be used with impunity, except in the vicinity of actual fortifications; and the same in Algiers itself; but in other parts of that French colony the pursuit is hazardous. At Philippeville, one of my party, innocently taking snapshots, was followed by a detective, and finally apprehended, only escaping serious inconvenience by an appeal to the British Consul."

Very entertaining is this baronet's photographic scrap-book. All his specimens are first-class reproductions, and each is a reminder of some interesting event in history, commercial progress, or the lives of the illustrious dead.

In Cannes, two years ago, Sir Thomas Bazley secured the two picturesque local photos reproduced. It was then a Cannes with the harbour



CHÂTEAU THORENC, LORD RENDEL'S VILLA AT CANNES, WHERE MR. GLADSTONE STAYED JUST BEFORE HIS LAST ILLNESS.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.



STATUE OF LORD BROUGHAM AT CANNES.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.

singularly empty at a fashionable time of the year—a fact which was probably due to the "war scare" arising from the Fashoda incident, which somewhat foolishly prevented many tourists, both by land and sea, from visiting the Riviera. The statue of Lord Brougham, the discoverer of Cannes as a winter resort, is well placed and provides a satisfactory picture. So does the Château Thorenc, Lord Rendel's villa, where Mr. Gladstone so frequently stayed. Its architecture is imposing, and the position and surrounding gardens magnificent; its masonry, though by no means of recent erection, is as bright and as clean as when freshly tooled.

From Cannes let us go to Syracuse. Coasting above Sicily, one may enjoy a fine view of snow-capped Etna in favourable weather, at too great a distance, however, for successful photography. Syracuse is deeply

interesting, with its Fountain of Arethusa, ancient temples, narrow streets, and quaint shops, the Ear of Dionysius, and the ruins of a Greek theatre and Roman amphitheatre. The ruins of Epipolæ are a few miles distant, and include the fortress of Euryalus, with its deep steps and rock-hewn passages. On the summit, where some of the party stand, a magnificent panorama is obtained, including snowy Etna and a long range of plain to the north, where many an ancient battle was fought, besides the great harbour and Syracuse itself.

A unique picture is that which depicts the famous suspension ferry at Bizerta. Half a day's sail from Tunis, Bizerta is a Moorish and Arab settlement, whose chief feature is an inland lake, in which it is said all the warships of the world could find anchorage simultaneously. A wide canal forms the entrance from the Mediterranean, and is spanned by a suspension ferry which was erected at great cost. The horizontal girders

are high enough to permit the most stately ship to pass beneath them; but the steam engine which at that great elevation propels the traversing car is deficient in power, and in strong winds is often unable to complete the transit. The inhabitants, by the way, who are both black and dusky, decidedly object to being photographed. Probably they suspect the camera lens to be an impersonation of "the evil eye."

A. WALLIS MYERS.



THE "SANTA CECILIA" AT CANNES.

From a photograph by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.



BEFORE THE START FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP, DOVER, JUNE, 1899.

From a photograph by Sir James Pender, Bart.

YOUNG BARBARIANS.

By IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. IV.—A LAST RESORT.



HAT the Rector should be ill and absent from his classes from time to time was quite in the order of things, be-

cause he was a scholar and absent-minded to a degree—going to bed in the morning, and being got out of bed in rather less than time for his work; eating when it occurred to him, but preferring, on the whole, not to eat at all; wearing very much the same clothes summer and winter, and if he added a heavy top-coat, more likely putting it on in the height of summer and going without it when there were ten degrees of frost. It was not for his scholarship, but for his peculiarities, that the school loved him; not because he edited a “Caesar” and compiled a set of Latin exercises, for which perfectly unnecessary and disgusting labours the school hated him, but because he used to arrive at ten minutes past nine, and his form was able to jeer at Bulldog’s boys as they hastened into their class-room with much discretion at one minute before the hour. Because he used to be so much taken up with a happy phrase in Horace that he would forget the presence of his class, and walk up and down before the fireplace, chortling aloud; and because sometimes he was so hoarse that he could only communicate with the class by signs, which they unanimously misunderstood. Because he would sometimes be absent for a whole week, and his form was thrown in with another, with the result of much enjoyable friction and an almost perfect neglect of work. He was respected and never was annoyed, not even by ruffians

like Howieson, because everyone knew that the Rector was an honourable gentleman, with all his eccentric ways, and the *Muirtown Advertiser* had a leader every spring on the achievements of his scholars. Edinburgh professors who came to examine the school used to fill up their speeches on the prize-day with graceful compliments to the Rector, supported by classical quotations, during which the boys cheered rapturously and the Rector looked as if he were going to be hung. He was one of the recognised glories of Muirtown, and was freely referred to at municipal banquets by bailies whose hearts had grown merry within them drinking the Queen’s health, and was associated in the peroration to the toast of “the Fair City” with the North Meadow and the Fair Maid, and the River Tay and the County Gaol.

Bulldog was of another breed. Whatever may have been his negligences of dress and occupation in private life—and on this subject Nestie and Sping told fearful lies—he exhibited the most exasperating regularity in public, from his copper-plate handwriting to his speckless dress, but especially by an inhuman and absolutely sinful punctuality. No one with a heart within him and some regard to the comfort of his fellow creatures, especially boys, had any right to observe times and seasons with such exactness. During all our time, except on the one great occasion I wish to record, he was never known to be ill, not even with a cold; and it was said that he never had been for a day off duty, even in the generation before us. His erect, spare frame, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, seemed impervious to disease, and there was a feeling in the background of our minds that for any illness to have attacked Bulldog would have been an act of impertinence which he would have known how to deal with. It was firmly believed that for the last fifty years—and some said eighty, but that was poetry—Bulldog had entered his class-room every morning, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, at 8.50, and was ready to begin

* Copyright, 1900, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

work at the stroke of nine. There was a pleasant story that in the days of our fathers there had been such a fall of snow and so fierce a wind that the bridge had been drifted up, and no one could cross that morning from the other side. The boys from the south side of the town had brought news of the drift to the school, and the earlier arrivals, who had come in hope of a snow-fight, were so mightily taken with the news that they hurried to the Muirtown end of the bridge to look at the drift, and danced with joy at the thought that on the other

of it they opened the door of the mathematical class-room, merely to see how it looked when Bulldog was not there, and found that estimable teacher at his desk, waiting to receive them with bland courtesy. Some said that he had stayed in Muirtown all night, anticipating that drift, others that he had climbed over it in the early morning, before Muirtown was awake; but it was found out afterwards that he had induced old Duncan Rorison, the salmon fisher, to ferry him across the flooded river, that it took them an hour to reach the Muirtown



"A dozen stories were afloat by afternoon."

side Bulldog was standing, for once helpless and dismayed. Spiug's father, true ancestor of such a son, had shouted across the drift invitations for Bulldog to come over, secure in the fact that he could not be seen across its height, and in the hope that Bulldog would not know his voice. When they were weary celebrating the event, and after a pleasant encounter with a hastily organised regiment of message boys, the eager scholars sauntered along to the school, skirmishing as they went, just to be ready for the midday fight with the "Pennies." For the pure joy

side, and—that they had both been nearly drowned in the adventure.

"Come in, my boys," was all that he said. "Ye're a little late, but the roads are heavy this morning. Come to the fire and warm yir hands before ye begin yir work. It's a fine day for mathematics," and Mr. McGuffie senior used to tell his son with much relish that their hands were warmed. The school was profoundly convinced that if necessary Bulldog would be prepared to swim the river rather than miss a day in the mathematical class-room.

It was a pleasant spring morning, and the "marble" season had just begun, when Howieson, after a vicious and well-directed stroke which won him three "brownies," inquired casually whether anybody had seen Bulldog go in; for, notwithstanding the years which came and went, his passing in was always an occasion. Everyone then recollected that he had not been seen, but no one for a moment suggested that he had not arrived; and even when the school trooped into the class-room and found Bulldog's desk empty, there was no exhilaration and no tendency to take advantage of the circumstances. No one knew where he might be lying in wait, and from what quarter he might suddenly appear; and it was wonderful with what docility the boys began to work under the mild and beneficent reign of Mr. Byles, who had not at that time joined with the Dowbiggins in the unlawful pursuit of game. As the forenoon wore on there was certainly some curiosity, and Nestie was questioned as to Bulldog's whereabouts; but it was understood to be a point of honour with Nestie, as a member of his household, to give no information about Bulldog's movements, and so the school were none the wiser. There was some wild talk during the hour, and a dozen stories were afloat by afternoon. Next morning it was boldly said that Bulldog was ill, and some, who did not know what truth was, asserted that he was in bed, and challenged Nestie to deny the slander. That ingenuous young gentleman replied vaguely but politely, and veiled the whole situation in such a mist of irrelevant detail that the school went in for the second day to the class-room rejoicing with trembling, and not at all sure whether Bulldog might not arrive in a carriage and pair, possibly with a large comforter round his throat, but otherwise full of spirits and perfectly fit for duty. It was only after the twelve o'clock break and a searching cross-examination of Nestie that the school could believe in the goodness of Providence, and felt like the Children of Israel on the other bank of the Red Sea. Some were for celebrating their independence in the North Meadow and treating Mr. Byles with absolute contempt; but there were others who judged with some acuteness that they could have the North Meadow any day, but they might never again have a full hour in the mathematical class-room without Bulldog. There seemed a certain fitness in holding the celebration amid the scenes of labour and discipline, and the mathe-

matical class went in to wait on Mr. Byles's instruction in high spirits and without one missing. It is true that the Dowbiggins showed for the first time some reluctance in attending to their studies, but it was pointed out to them in a very firm and persuasive way by Sparrow that it would be disgraceful for them to be absent when Bulldog was ill, and that the class could not allow such an act of treachery. Sparrow was so full of honest feeling that he saw Thomas John safely within the door, and, since he threatened an unreasonable delay, assisted him across the threshold from behind. There is no perfectly full and accurate account extant of what took place between twelve and one that day in the mathematical class-room, but what may be called contributions to history oozed out and were gratefully welcomed by the school. It was told how Bauldie, being summoned by Mr. Byles to work a problem on the board, instead of a triangle drew a fetching likeness of Mr. Byles himself, and being much encouraged by the applause of the class, and having an artist's love of his work, thrust a pipe into Mr. Byles's mouth (pictorially), and blacked one of Mr. Byles's eyes (also pictorially), and then went to his seat with a sense of modest worth. That Mr. Byles, through a want of artistic appreciation, resented this Bohemian likeness of himself, and, moved by a Philistine spirit, would have wiped it from the board; but the senior members of the class would on no account allow any work by a young but promising master to be lost, and succeeded in the struggle in wiping Mr. Byles's own face with the chalky cloth. That Mr. Byles, instead of entering into the spirit of the day, lost his temper and went to Bulldog's closet for a cane; whereupon Sparrow, seizing the opportunity so pleasantly afforded, locked Mr. Byles in that place of retirement, and so kept him out of any further mischief for the rest of the hour. That as Mr. Byles had been deposed from office on account of his incapacity, and the place of mathematical master was left vacant, Sparrow was unanimously elected to the position, and gave an address, from Bulldog's desk, replete with popular humour. That as Thomas John did not seem to be giving such attention to his studies as might have been expected, Spiug ordered that he be brought up for punishment, which was promptly done by Bauldie and Howieson. That after a long review of Thomas John's iniquitous career, Spiug gave him the tawse with much faithfulness, Bauldie seeing that Thomas



"We gathered hopefully round the Russian guns."

John held out his hand in a becoming fashion; then that unhappy young gentleman was sent to his seat with a warning from Sparrow that this must never occur again. That Nestie, having stealthily left the room, gave such an accurate imitation of Bulldog's voice in the passage—"Pack of little fiddlers taking advantage of my absence; but I'll warm them"—that there was an instantaneous rush for the seats; and when the door opened and Nestie appeared, the mathematical class-room was as quiet as pussy, and Spiug was ostentatiously working at a mathematical problem. There are men living who look back on that day with modest, thankful hearts, finding in its remembrance a solace in old age for the cares of life; and the scene on which they dwell most fondly is Nestie, whose face had been whitenened for his abominable trick, standing on the top of Bulldog's desk, and singing a

school song with the manner of the Count and the accent of Moosy, while Spiug with a cane in his hand compelled Dowbiggin to join in the chorus, and Byles could be heard bleating from the closet. Ah, me! how soon we are spoiled by this sinful world, and lose the sweet innocence of our first years! how poor are the rewards of ambition compared to the simple pleasures of childhood!

It could not be expected that we should ever have another day as good again, but everyone had a firm confidence in the originality of Sparrow when it was a question of mischief. We gathered hopefully round the Russian guns next morning—for, as I have said, the guns were our forum and place of public address—and, while affecting an attitude

of studied indifference, we waited with desire to hear the plan of campaign from our leader's lips. But Sparrow, like all great generals, was full of surprises, and that morning he was silent and unapproachable. Various suggestions were made for brightening the mathematical labours and cheering up Mr. Byles, till at last Howieson, weary of their futility, proposed that the whole class should go up to the top of the North Meadow and bathe in the river, and then Sparrow broke silence.

"Ye may go to bathe if ye like, Jock, and Cosh may go with ye, and if he's drowned it'll be no loss, nor, for that matter, if the half of ye are carried down the river. For myself, I'm going to the mathematical class, and if onybody meddles wi' Byles I'll fight him in the back yard in the dinner-hour for half a dozen stone-gingers."

"Is there onything wrang with your head,

Sping?" For the thought of Peter busy with a triangle under the care and pastoral oversight of Mr. Byles could only be explained in one way.

"No," replied Sping savagely, "nor with my fists, either. The fact is——" And then Sping hesitated, realising amid his many excellences a certain deficiency of speech for a delicate situation. "Nestie, what are ye glowering at? Get up on the gun and tell them about—what ye told me this meenut." And the school gathered in amazement round our pulpit, on which Nestie stood quite unconcerned.

"It was very good fun-n yesterday, boys, but it won't do to-t-to-day. Bully's very ill, and Doctor Manley is afraid that he may—d-die, and it would be beastly bad form-m to be having larks when Bulldog is—may be——" And Nestie came down hurriedly from the gun and went behind the crowd, while Sparrow covered his retreat in an aggressive manner, all the more aggressive that he did not seem himself to be quite indifferent.

Manley said it. Then every boy knew it must be going hard with Bulldog; for there was not in broad Scotland a cleverer, pluckier, cheerier soul in his great profession than John Manley, M.D. of Edinburgh, with half a dozen honours of Scotland, England, and France. He had an insight into cases that was almost supernatural, he gave prescriptions which nobody but his own chemist could make up, he had expedients of

treatment that never occurred to any other man, and then he had a way with him that used to bring people up from the gates of death and fill despairing relatives with hope. His arrival in the sick-room, a little man, with brusque, sharp, straightforward manner, seemed in itself to change the whole face of things and beat back the tides of disease. He would not hear that any disease was serious, but he treated it as if it were; he would not allow a gloomy face in a sick-room, and his language to women who began to whimper, when he got them outside the room, was such as tom-cats would be ashamed of; and he regarded the idea of any person below eighty dying on his hands as a piece of incredible impertinence. All over Perthshire



“ ‘ Dinna kill Bulldog, God!’ ”

country doctors in their hours of anxiety and perplexity sent for Manley; and when two men like William McClure and John Manley took a job in hand together, Death might as well leave and go to another case, for he would not have a look in with those champions in the doorway. English sportsmen in lonely shooting-boxes sent for the Muirtown crack in hours of sudden distress, and then would go up to London and swear in the clubs that there was a man down there in a country town of Scotland who was cleverer than all the West End swell doctors put together. He would not allow big names of diseases to be used in his hearing, believing that the shadow killed more people than the reality, and fighting with all his might against the melancholy delight that Scots people have in serious sickness and other dreary dispensations. When Manley returned one autumn from a week's holiday and found the people of the North Free Kirk mourning in the streets over their minister, because he was dying of diphtheria, and his young wife asking grace to give her husband up if it were the will of God, Manley went to the house in a whirlwind of indignation, declaring that to call a sore throat diphtheria was a tempting of Providence, and that it was a mere mercy that they hadn't got the real disease "just for a judgment." It happened, however, that his treatment was exactly the same as that for diphtheria, and although he declared that he didn't know whether it was necessary for him to come back again for such an ordinary case, he did drop in by a series of accidents twice a day for more than a week; and although no one dared to whisper it in his presence, there are people who think to this day that the minister had diphtheria. As Manley, however, insisted that it was nothing but a sore throat, the minister felt bound to get better, and the whole congregation would have thanked Manley in a body had it not been that he would have laughed aloud. Many a boy remembered the day when he had been ill and sweating with terror lest he should die—although he wouldn't have said that to any living creature—and Manley had come in like a breeze of fresh air, and declared that he was nothing but a "skulking young dog," with nothing wrong about him, except the desire to escape for three days from Bulldog.

"Well, Jimmie, ye don't deserve it, for you're the most mischievous little rascal, except Peter McGuffie, in the whole of Muirtown; but I'll give you three days in bed, and your mother will let you have something nice to

eat, and then out you go and back to the Seminary," and going out of the door Manley would turn round and shake his fist at the bed, "just a trick, nothing else." It might be three weeks before the boy was out of bed, but he was never afraid again, and had some heart to fight his disease.

Boys are not fools, and the Seminary knew that, if Manley had allowed death to be even mentioned in connection with Bulldog, it was more than likely that they would never see the master of the mathematical department again. And boys are a perfect absurdity, for—as sure as death—they were not glad. Bulldog had thrashed them all, or almost all, with faithfulness and perseverance, and some of them he had thrashed many times; he had never petted any of them, and never more than six times, perhaps, said a kind word to them. But that morning, as they stood, silent, awkward and angry, round the guns, there is no doubt about it, the Seminary knew that it loved Bulldog. Never to see his erect figure and stern face come across the North Meadow, never to hear him say again from the desk, "Attention to your work, you little fidlers"; never to watch him promenading down between the benches, overseeing each boy's task and stimulating the negligent on some tender part of their bodies; never to be thrashed by him again! At the thought of this calamity each boy felt bad in his clothes, and Sparrow, resenting what he judged the impertinent spying of Cosh, threatened to punch his head, and "learn Cosh to be watching him." As everybody knows, boys have no sentiment and no feeling, so the collapse of that morning must be set down to pure cussedness; but the school was so low that Byles ruled over them without resistance, and might have thrashed them if he had so pleased and had not ventured to use Bulldog's cane.

Had they not been boys, they would have called at Bulldog's to learn how he was. Being boys, they avoided his name and pretended they were indifferent; but when they met Manley on the bridge that afternoon, and judged he had come from Bulldog's, they studied his face with the skill of wild animals and concluded each one for himself that things were going badly with the master. They picked up every scrap of information from their fathers in the evening, although they fiercely resented the suggestion of their mothers that they would be concerned about "Mr. MacKinnon's illness"—as if they cared whether a master



"Peter laid a grimy paw open upon the bedclothes."

were ill or well, as if it were not better for them that he should be ill, especially such an old brute as Bulldog. And the average mother was very much disappointed by this lack of feeling, and said to her husband at night that she had expected better things from Archibald; but if she had gone suddenly into Bauldie's room—for that was his real name, Archibald being only the thing given in baptism—she would have found that truculent worthy sobbing aloud and covering his head with the blankets, lest his elder brother, who slept in the same room, should hear him. You have no reason to believe me, and his mother would not have believed me, but—as sure as death—Bauldie was crying because Bulldog was sick unto death.

Next morning Spiug and a couple of friends happened by the merest accident to be loitering at Bailie MacFarlane's shop window, and examining with interest the ancient furniture exposed, at the very time when that worthy magistrate came out and questioned Dr. Manley "How things were going up-bye wi' the maister?"

"Not well, Bailie, not well at all. I don't like the case; it looks bad, very bad indeed, and I'm not a croaker. Disease is gone, and he's a strong man, not a stronger in Muirtown than MacKinnon; but he has lost interest in things, and isn't making an effort to get better; just lying quiet and looking at you—says he's taking a rest, and if we don't get him waked up, I tell you, Bailie, it will be a long one."

"Michty," said the Bailie, overcome with astonishment at the thought of Bulldog dying, as it were, of gentleness.

"Yes, yes," said Manley; "but that's just the way with those strong, healthy men, who have never known a day's sickness till they are old; they break up suddenly. And he'll be missed. Bailie, Bulldog didn't thrash you and me, else we would have been better men; but he has attended to our boys."

"He has been verra conscientious," and the Bailie shook his head, sadly mourning over a man who had laid down his life in discharge of discipline. But the boys departed without remark, and Spiug loosened the strap of Bauldie's books, so that they fell in a heap upon the street, whereat there was a brisk interchange of ideas, and then the company went on its way rejoicing. So callous is a boy.

Nestie was not at school that day, and perhaps that was the reason that Sparrow grew sulky and ill-tempered, taking offence if anyone looked at him, and picking quarrels

in the corridors, and finally disappearing during the dinner-hour. It was supposed that he had broken bounds and gone to Woody Island, that forbidden Paradise of the Seminary, and that while the class was wasting its time with Byles, Peter was playing the Red Indian. He did not deny the charge next day, and took an hour's detention in the afternoon with great equanimity, but at the time he was supposed to be stalking Indians behind the trees, and shooting them as they floated down the river on a log, he was lying among the hay in his father's stable, hidden from sight, and—as sure as death—the Sparrow was trying to pray for Bulldog.

The virtues of Mr. McGuffie senior were those of the natural man, and Mr. McGuffie junior had never been present at any form of family prayers, nor had he attended a Sunday-school, nor had he sat under any minister in particular. He had had no training in devotional exercises, although he had enjoyed an elaborate education in profanity under his father and the grooms, and so his form of prayer was entirely his own.

"God, I dinna ken how to call You, but they say Ye hear onybody. I'm Peter McGuffie, but mebbe Ye will ken me better by Spiug. I'm no a good laddie like Nestie, and I'm aye gettin' the tawse, but I'm awful fond of Bulldog. Dinna kill Bulldog, God; dinna kill Bulldog! If Ye let him off this time I'll never say any bad words again—as sure as death—and I'll never play truant, and I'll never slap Dowbiggin's face, and I'll never steal birds' eggs, and I'll never set the terrier on the cats. I'll wash my face, and—my hands, too, and I'll go to the Sabbath-schule, and I'll do onything Ye ask me if Ye'll let off Bulldog. For ony sake, dinna kill Bulldog."

When Dr. Manley came out from the master's garden door that evening he stumbled upon Spiug, who was looking very miserable, but began to whistle violently the moment he was detected, and denied that he had come to ask for news.

"Ye did, you young limmer, and you needn't tell me lies, for I know you, Sparrow, and your father before you. I wish I'd good news to give you, but I haven't. I fear you've had your last thrashing from Bulldog."

For a moment Sparrow kicked at a stone on the road and thrust his hands deep into his pockets; then the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and turning round he hid his face upon the wall, while his tough little

body that had stood many a fight shook all over. Doctor Manley was the first person that had seen Sparrow cry, and he stood over him to protect him from the gaze of any wandering message boys who might come along the lane. By and by Sparrow began to speak between his sobs.

"It was a lee, Doctor, for I did come up to ask, but I didna like to let on. . . . I heard ye say that ye couldna rouse Bulldog to take an interest in onything, and I thought o' something."

"What was it, Sparrow?" and the doctor laid his hands on the boy's shoulder and encouraged him to proceed. "I'll never tell, ye may trust me."

"Naething pleased Bulldog sae weel as givin' us a lickin'; if he juist had a cane in his hands and a laddie afore him, Bulldog would sune be himsel' again, and—there's no a laddie in schule he's licked as often as me. And I cam up——" and Spiug stuck.

"To offer yourself for a thrashing, you mean. You've mentioned the medicine; 'pon my word, I believe it's just the very thing that will do the trick. Confound you, Sparrow! if ye haven't found out what I was seeking after, and I've been doctoring those Muirtown sinners for more than thirty years. Come along, laddie; we've had our consultation, and we'll go to the patient." And Manley hurried Spiug through the garden and into the house. "Wait a minute here," said the doctor, "and I'll come back to you." And in a little while Nestie came downstairs and found his friend in the lobby, confused and frightened for the first time in his life, and Nestie saw the marks of distress upon his face. "Doctor M-Manley told me Spiug, and" (putting an arm round his neck) "you're the g-goodest chap in Muirtown. It's awfully d-decent of you, and it 'ill p-please Bully tremendous." And then Sparrow went up as consulting physician to visit Bulldog. Nestie brought him forward to the bedside, and at last he had courage to look, and it took him all his time to play the man when he saw Bulldog so thin, so quiet, so gentle, with his face almost as white as the pillow, and his hands upon the bedclothes wasted like to the hands of a skeleton. The master smiled faintly, and seemed to be glad to see the worst of all his scholars, but he did not say anything. Dr. Manley kept in the background and

allowed the boys to manage their own business, being the wisest of men as well as the kindest. Although Nestie made signs to Spiug and gave him every encouragement, Peter could not find a word, but stood helpless, biting his lip and looking the very picture of abject misery.

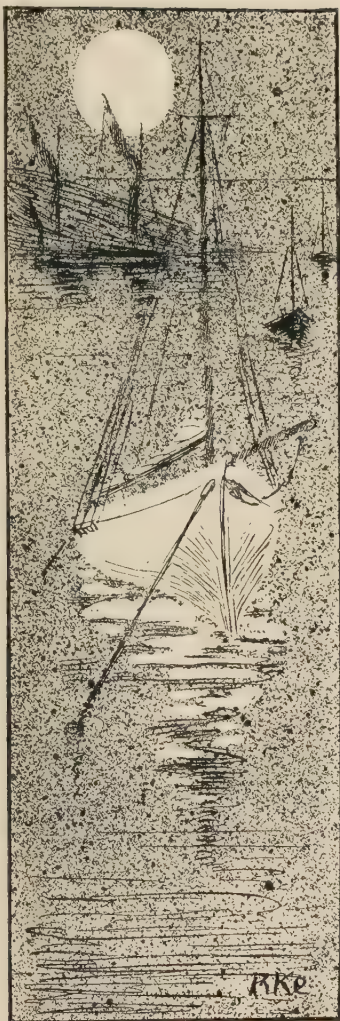
"Peter has come, sir," said Nestie, "to ask for you. He is very sorry that you are ill, and so are all the boys. Peter thought you might be wearying to—to use the c-cane, and Peter is wearying, too. Just a little one, Bully, to p-please Sparrow," and Nestie laid an old cane he had hunted up, a cane retired from service, upon the bed within reach of Bulldog's hand. A twinkle of amusement came into the master's eye, the first expression of interest he had shown during his illness. He turned his head and looked at Peter, the figure of chastened mischief. The remembrance of the past—the mathematical classroom, the blackboard with its figures, the tricks of the boys, the scratching of the pens, came up to him, and his soul was stirred within him. His hand closed again upon the sceptre of authority, and Peter laid a grimy paw open upon the bedclothes. The master gave it one little stroke with all the strength he had. "The fidders," he said softly, "the little fidders can't do without me, after all." A tear gathered in his eye and overflowed and rolled down Bulldog's cheek. Manley hurried the boys out of the room, who went into the garden, and, being joined by the master's dog, the three together played every monkey trick they knew, while upstairs in the sick-room Manley declared that Bulldog had turned the corner and would soon be back again among his "fidlers."

The doctor insisted upon driving Peter home to his native stable-yard, for this was only proper courtesy to a consulting physician. He called him "Doctor" and "Sir Peter" and such like names all the way, whereat Peter was so abashed that friends seeing him sitting in Manley's phaeton, with such an expression on his face, spread abroad the tale that the doctor was bringing him home with two broken legs as the result of riding a strange horse. The doctor bade him good-bye in the presence of his father, tipping him ten shillings to treat the school on the news of Bulldog's convalescence, and next day stone-ginger was flowing like water down the throats of the Seminary.



Moonrise on the Moor.

BY GEORGE RANKIN.



THE ICE-BREAKER "ERMACK":

A SHIP THAT MAY YET NAVIGATE TO
THE POLE.

BY EARL MAYO.*

"I BELIEVE that the future of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, including the discovery of the Poles, will depend mainly upon the use of powerful ice-breaking vessels."

This opinion was uttered by Vice-Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy, as we sat together in the cabin of the only vessel of this sort in existence to-day—a ship that has penetrated already a distance of 200 miles into the eternal ice of the Arctic. Admiral Makaroff spoke as a practical man, giving utterance to a statement that he has proved by observation and experience. He has done more than navigate the Polar ice. For thirty-five years he has been in active service as an officer of the Russian Navy, and he has written important scientific books. When such a man suggests a new plan of Polar exploration, he is likely to have excellent reasons for so doing. I expressed a desire to hear the reasons.

"It is very simple," said Admiral Makaroff, who is a true Russian as to the patriarchal length of his beard and in his excellent command of English. "Dr. Nansen proved the utility of building a ship strong enough to resist the ice, and of permitting it to be carried along by the drifting ice current. My suggestion looks merely to the adoption of offensive tactics in place of this defensive plan. Instead of a ship which can only withstand the ice, I would attack the Polar waste with a vessel strong enough to cut her way through any ice in existence."

"But is it possible to construct such a ship?"

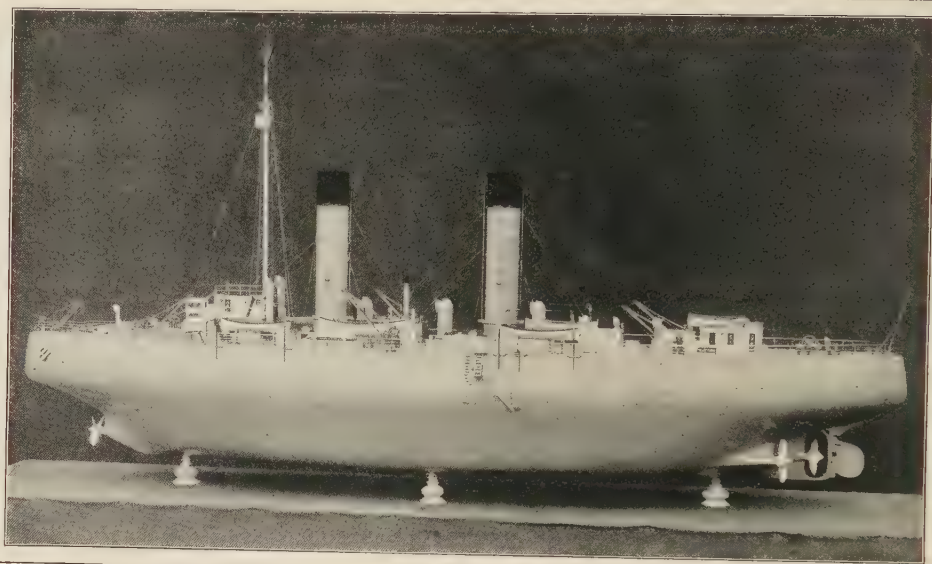
The Admiral smiled. "You are now on board such a ship," he said. "At least, you are on board a ship that has gone through ice as thick, I believe, as any that lies between us and the North Pole. The *Ermack* has cut her way through the thickest ice of the Spitzbergen Region, ice that may have been frozen long before you and I were born. She is by all odds the strongest ship in existence." As he said this the Admiral approached a small model of the *Ermack* that stood beneath a glass case at one end of his cabin, and raised it by placing his forefingers beneath bow and stern. "What would you say of a ship that could be lifted thus without breaking in the middle?" he queried.

"Marvellous!"

"It might be done with the *Ermack*. No other ship could endure such a strain. What would you say of propellers that could be brought up short against the most formidable obstruction without breaking, although the full power of the engines were urging them on?"

"Impossible!"

"It has been done with the *Ermack*. I tell you this simply to show you that the ship that would navigate the regions of perpetual cold must be not only strong, but symmetrically strong—unbreakable in every part. It is impossible to make a ship too strong to deal with the ice. Even the *Ermack* is not so strong as I should wish her



A MODEL OF THE "ERMACK," SHOWING HER PECULIAR LINES AND THE FORWARD PROPELLER.
From a photograph furnished by the Armstrong Whitworth Co.

to be, although she can charge anything less formidable than an iceberg—ahead or astern, without injury to herself."

Then the Admiral went on to explain point after point and detail after detail of this Hercules among sea-going ships. She is intended to carry neither cargo nor passengers nor guns. The single aim of her builders was to make her as strong as possible. Therefore she differs in many respects from the ordinary steamship. To begin with, she has a double skin throughout, instead of merely a double bottom. The epidermis is a layer of steel plates an inch and a quarter in thickness, extending from the keel to the deck level, forty feet above. Within this is another steel surface half as thick. The two walls are firmly braced by steel supports, and the space between them is divided into watertight compartments from three to ten feet in diameter, extending entirely around the vessel. She has a double deck, a double set of cabin skylights, and an extra wooden partition around the outside of the cabin within the second steel skin. The latter provision is not so much for safety as for warmth. Heat from the ship's boilers is applied through a series of steam pipes that run between the two inner walls; and with the help of the outer air-chamber to prevent this heat from escaping, the interior of the *Ermack's* cabins is kept at a comfortable

temperature, even in the highest latitudes. She is divided by an unusual number of watertight bulkheads—forty-eight in all—and most of these extend to the deck level. After the boilers and machinery were all in place, these various compartments were filled with water to their full height. Not only did the walls endure the strain, but the *Ermack* floated as serenely as before. No ordinary accident could send her to the bottom.

The provision of so many watertight compartments reduces the amount of room in the interior of the ship very considerably. Of the remaining space, a large part is occupied by the propelling machinery, which is located amidships and extends both forward and abaft. There are four propellers, three located at the stern and one at the bow. They are connected with separate engines, in order that any one of them may be operated independently, if this is desired. Each of the engines develops 2,500 horsepower, so that the total driving strength of the ship is 10,000 horse-power. The fore propeller is an American device, and was first employed in the ice-breaking vessels of the Great Lakes. Its effect in action is to suck the water from beneath the ice, thus greatly reducing the resisting power of the ice and causing it to break more easily. This propeller is useful in another way, when the

ship's progress is retarded by accumulations of ice below the surface and before her bow. By reversing the motion of the screw, the blocks of ice thus crowded together are driven forward out of the ship's path. The remainder of the interior is given up to cabins, scientific laboratories, the quarters of officers and crew, and the bunkers, in which are carried 3,000 tons of coal. In spite of her great strength, the *Ermack* is not a large ship, as we reckon size to-day, and with bunkers filled her displacement is only 8,000 tons.

In external appearance, as in interior arrangement, the *Ermack* is unusual. Her bow, stern, and sides are all cut away sharply. Instead of meeting the surface of the water at right angles, they project above it. The slant of the bow is seventy degrees, of the stern sixty-five, and of the sides twenty. Consequently the ship looks top-heavy, as though sitting entirely on the surface, although, as a matter of fact, she draws twenty-five feet. She has, too, a blunt look, on account of her great beam of seventy-one

feet, fully twice what it would be for an ocean liner of her length—305 feet. But the *Ermack* was not built for beauty or for speed. In clear water she can make only fifteen knots, the pace of a heavy battleship. At first glance one would be likely to imagine her some new-fangled warship. Her black sides and heavy look suggest this. And, in fact, though not a naval vessel, she is a fighting-ship in the truest sense of the term, and her foe is one worthy of any steel that can be sent against it.

How does the *Ermack* break the ice? Where water freezes to a thickness nearly three times the height of a man, its resisting strength is enormous. It may be better imagined than described. What is the ice-breaker's plan of attack when facing an opponent of such power? The natural inference of one who knows nothing of the subject is that the ship charges the ice barrier like a battering-ram; but this method would be as futile as attempting to fell a redwood giant with a paper-cutter. In exact terms, the *Ermack* is an ice-crusher. That



THE "ERMACK" TAKING AN ARCTIC ICE-PACK.

In the foreground is an Arctic lake—a lake not of salt water, but of melted ice and snow.

accounts for her peculiar lines. When she steams against the ice, her bow does not encounter it horizontally—in the line of greatest resistance. Instead, it rises upon the surface. As the engines urge the ship forward, more and more of her weight is thrown upon the ice, until it breaks beneath the strain. This is not, however, a new idea. It was adopted in an ice-breaker constructed by a Russian, M. Britneff, twenty-five years ago, and it is followed to-day in the ice-breakers on the River Volga, in the North Sea, and on the Great Lakes.

For work amid the ice a ship must possess unusual agility. This is imparted to the *Ermack* in various ways—by her four powerful nickel-steel propellers, which enable her to manœuvre in the narrowest quarters, and by a great rolling chamber which occupies the whole lower portion of the vessel in the space formed by the double bottom. This space is divided into four compartments, one occupying each quarter of the vessel, and each large enough to contain the 200 tons of water that she carries as ballast. A big salvage pump located amidships is able to send this entire weight of water from one side to another, from fore to aft, or *vice versâ*, as may be necessary. Suppose the *Ermack's* bow to be run upon ice thick enough to stand under the 900 tons pressure thus imposed : to this, within the space of twenty minutes, the great pump can add 200 tons more in the

effort to break down the barrier ; or it can send the 200 tons charging to the other end of the vessel, in order to get her out of a dangerous situation.

The vessel is equipped for every imaginable contingency. Even though her machinery were disabled and she lay helpless in the grip of the ice, she would suffer no serious inconvenience. The enormous and steadily increasing pressure would crumple in the steel sides of an ordinary ship, or at best would rack her so that she would certainly spring a leak. But the sloping walls of the *Ermack* are fifteen times as strong as the sides of the ordinary vessel ; moreover, by reason of their slope, as the ice presses harder and harder upon them, the ship simply rises, as does a glass ball if you compress it between thumb and finger, until at length she rests secure upon the surface of the ice.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the scene of many inventions, from Stephenson's first locomotive to Parson's recent *Turbinia*, was the birth-place of the mighty ice-breaker. Here, in the great shipbuilding establishment of which Lord Armstrong is the head, she was gradually wrought out, and when given to the waves received the name of *Ermack* after the Cossack warrior who conquered Siberia, and whose feat she was intended to repeat in a more peaceful manner by sea. For it must not be supposed that the study and skill and money that have been expended to make the *Ermack* what she is were intended primarily to aid the cause of Arctic exploration. If she succeeds in reaching the North Pole, that achievement will be merely an aside to a career of purely commercial usefulness.

Russia has the longest coast-line of any country in the world. But the greater part of this coast lies along the Arctic Ocean, and there is only one month in the year when ships can have a reasonable assurance of reaching the northern ports, a number of which are of the first importance. For the other eleven-twelfths of the year they are closed by the ice, which attains a thickness of from eight to ten feet, and is sometimes heaped into hummocks twenty feet in height. Even in the Baltic, the port that is the commercial gateway to the capital is closed for five months of every year by the intense cold. It converts the surface of the Gulf of Finland and a good portion of the larger sea into an expanse of solid ice that sometimes extends 200 miles from land. If a ship is caught in this ice, it means either a delay



ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.



THE "ERMACK" MAKING HER WAY THROUGH A FIELD OF HUMMOCKY ICE IN THE BALTIC.

that destroys her profits for the season, or, more probably, her destruction.

When the Russian Government began to give serious attention to the enlargement of Russian commerce, it deputed Admiral Makaroff to make a careful study of the subject and plan an ice-breaker capable of opening the way to the Kara Sea, which receives the important Siberian rivers Obi and Yenisei, and which is closed by ice during eleven months of the year. Admiral Makaroff, in the course of his investigation, visited America and went up the Straits of Mackinac, and there studied carefully the ice-breakers that have been in use in the Great Lakes for the past twelve years. The *Ermack*

is the result of this investigation ; and she is constructed on the same general principle as the American ice-breakers.

The *Ermack* was completed in February of last year. She at once set out for Kronstadt at a season when it would have been ridiculous for any other boat to attempt to approach the frozen Baltic port. The ice was encountered at a distance of 160 miles from Kronstadt. At first the *Ermack* went through it readily enough. Her fore propeller sucked the water from beneath the ice, which broke as soon as her bow began to rise upon it, and she was able to maintain a speed of from four to six knots an hour. But as the more shallow and fresher portions



A FLEET OF ICE-BOUND VESSELS BEING CONDUCTED INTO KRONSTADT BY THE "ERMACK."

The snow, which lay about a foot deep on the ice, retarded the progress of the ship more than did the ice itself.

The picture shows into what fine pieces the "Ermack" breaks the ice.

of the Gulf of Finland were approached, the task became more difficult. Here the ice, being packed to a thickness of several feet, offered a very great resistance. The *Ermack* did not fail to break this ice also, but her progress was slow. Sometimes, when she charged the field at full speed, she would advance no more than half a length before she was brought to a standstill, and then it was necessary to go back and charge again. In other places the wind had broken the ice earlier in the season, and piled it in huge windrows, sometimes extending six feet above the surface of the water and twenty-seven feet below. These ice-banks consisted of separate blocks from two to three feet thick, frozen together into one mass. Against them the *Ermack* charged with every engine at full pressure. Usually they gave way at the first onslaught, and with a tremendous crunching and grinding and groaning the stout ship ploughed through walls almost as high as her own sides, leaving behind her an agitated wake of bobbing pieces broken to dimensions of a foot or less by her powerful screws.

At Kronstadt it had been rumoured that a great ship was approaching, crushing the ice beneath her. But the inhabitants shook their heads. Such a thing was unheard of—impossible. They had come to look upon the ice as an impassable barrier. Nevertheless, one day the smoke from the *Ermack's*

funnels proclaimed undeniably that she was approaching, and the entire population of Kronstadt turned out to welcome their mid-winter visitor with cheers and jubilation. The *Ermack* steamed up to the landing, her propellers crushing and crunching the ice. She turned to port and then to starboard, moved backward as well as forward, treading out a path for herself in every direction.

At that time a number of steamers were imprisoned in the Baltic, and the *Ermack* proceeded to their rescue. She went first to Revel, and from there conducted thirteen ice-bound steamers to port. One of these was leaking badly at the time of the rescue. But her bow was run into the stern of the *Ermack*, which is cut away for the special purpose of allowing this to be done, and the disabled vessel was thus conducted safely to port. Altogether the *Ermack* helped forty-one steamers through the ice during the brief remainder of the winter season. She had saved to commerce already more than the cost of her construction, and had demonstrated beyond any doubt her commercial utility.

But in the judgment of her commander there was still another world for the *Ermack* to conquer. She had broken ice of one season's freezing in the Baltic; could she force her way through the ice that had been freezing for years in the farther North? This was the point that Admiral Makaroff set

out to settle at the beginning of August, 1899. The *Ermack* carried on this occasion a number of scientists—a geologist, a botanist, and a chemist—as well as an artist, who was to reproduce on canvas, as accurately as possible, the glories of the Polar Zone. On board was also a photographer with a full equipment of cinematograph apparatus, his office being to portray the ship in the actual operation of breaking her way through the heavy ice of the North. The expedition was also fully equipped for a scientific study of ice in all its forms.

Although the expedition was undertaken, not for the purpose of reaching a high latitude, but to test the ship under the severest conditions, the story of the voyage, as narrated to me by Admiral Makaroff, with the aid of the ship's log, is highly interesting. The first thing discovered was that the forward screw, which had done such excellent service in the Baltic, was a positive hindrance when the enormous thickness of the Arctic ice was encountered. Accordingly, the ice-breaker returned to port and un-

shipped this propeller before proceeding on her journey. She re-entered the ice to the north-west of Spitzbergen on August 6th, and in eight hours she travelled thirty miles to the northward along a zigzag course, through ice of constantly increasing thickness. Then she was halted for three days, while a minute inspection was made to learn whether she had sustained any injury from the encounter. It was found that her sides had acquired a brilliant polish from constant contact with the ice. A few bent plates gave evidence of the need of local strengthening to resist the enormous pressure of the ice-field, but the ship had come through the ordeal practically unharmed. Her screws were now set in motion again, and in eleven hours she advanced thirty miles farther. At this point it was found that the ice was frozen solidly to a thickness of fourteen feet. In spite of its tremendous resisting power, the *Ermack* was still able to make her way forward. The progress was very slow, as it was necessary to charge the ice repeatedly before it would give way. At one time four hours were



THE "ERMACK" MAKING A CHARGE.

The ship's bow is here raised, by the pressure of the ice, nine feet above the usual water-line.

consumed in making an advance of two miles. The greatest bar to progress was not the depth of the ice, although the strength of a solid stratum of fourteen feet is, of course, enormous. A greater difficulty was the pressure of the moving ice-field, which increased with every mile of the advance. The *Ermack* stood up staunchly under this pressure, but Admiral Makaroff decided that progress would be easier at a point farther east. Accordingly, turning to the south, he cut his way slowly out of the encircling field and skirted its southern boundary to a point near the Seven Islands, where he again turned northward. During this part of the journey the *Ermack* encountered ice-hummocks piled up by the action of the wind to a height of thirty feet or more, but in every case they gave way and scattered before her charges.

In the region to which the expedition now advanced, it found ice of a different character, in the form of vast floes. Some of these floes were many miles in extent, made up of ice of great thickness and lined with hummocks of such height that the look-out stationed in the crow's-nest could hardly see over their summits. At the first impact the ship's speed did not slacken perceptibly, but it was noticeable that the bow began to rise slowly into the air as though she were being lifted from below by a giant hand. The ice showed no sign of yielding, and the ship moved on, going more and more slowly, until perhaps nine feet of the glistening surface usually below the water-line was exposed to view. At length she seemed to stand still. Her engines had not ceased their efforts; the screws were whirling at their highest speed and churning the water at her stern; but progress had decreased until it could hardly be observed by the eye. She was pressing upon the ice with a weight of 900 tons, and it was still firm. She even slipped back a few inches. It seemed as if she were going to fail. Then, suddenly, a crack which, beginning below the surface, had not before revealed itself, appeared in a long, irregular line extending from the ship's side. Sharp reports like the barking of quick-firing guns were heard. The whole field trembled as though moved by an earthquake shock. A great strip of it, a mile across and weighing in the aggregate thousands of tons, detached itself from the principal mass and moved slowly off. After remaining poised motionless for some minutes, the *Ermack* now darted forward swiftly, like a

living thing. Giant ice boulders, detached by the shock, plunged into the water, while others rising from great depths sprang into the air, looking as green as emeralds and as clear. They fell back into the water, and were crushed by the flying screws as in the jaws of a monster. Proceeding in this manner, the *Ermack* made her way through ice-ridges that sometimes rose to a height of eighteen feet above the surface of the water and extended to a depth of nine fathoms below.

By this unparalleled achievement the *Ermack* seems to have demonstrated that vessels of her kind are an entirely practicable means of reaching points in the frozen regions that have thus far proved utterly unattainable. Of this Admiral Makaroff himself is thoroughly convinced. "The thing required of a ship for Arctic navigation," said he, "is not tremendous engine power, but the greatest possible strength of frame. The *Ermack* has been strengthened once, and now she is being strengthened again, to make her more effective in this direction. The ice of the Baltic or the American Lakes offers a greater skin resistance than ordinary Arctic ice. What is needed to break it is engine power. But neither in the Baltic nor elsewhere below the Arctic Circle does one encounter the tremendous local pressure imposed upon a vessel by the great Polar ice-packs. This is the principal lesson of our experiences thus far."

In another year it is possible that a companion ship equal in strength to the *Ermack* may be completed. Then, if Admiral Makaroff obtains the consent of the Russian Government, he may endeavour to see how far north he can go in his ice-breakers. It is his opinion that two such vessels could work together to great advantage in Polar exploration. In anticipation of this, the stern of the *Ermack* was shaped especially to receive the bow of another vessel of the same kind. By thus joining two together, an engine of attack would be devised against which, it is believed, no conceivable thickness of ice could stand.

Admiral Makaroff has all the caution of the scientific man and all the modesty of the sailor. His final words as we parted on the deck of the *Ermack* were: "Mind you, I do not prophesy that I shall ever reach the Poles with an ice-breaker. But nothing can change my opinion that the future exploration of the Arctic and the Antarctic ought to be with the aid of ice-breaking ships."

PRO PATRIA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

BOOK II.—THE PATRIOT.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

THE story is related by Captain Alfred Hilliard, a young Englishman of considerable means and good social position. While on the Continent with his friend Fordham, Hilliard became acquainted with a Colonel Lepeletier, of Calais, and promptly fell in love with his daughter. But though he had every reason to believe that Agnes Lepeletier cared for him, his offer was positively declined by her father, no reason being assigned. At their house he met a man whom he had known, when a boy, as Robert Jeffery, but who was known as Sadi Martel to the French household. Jeffery, *alias* Martel, had deteriorated with years, and was now thoroughly unscrupulous. He invited Hilliard to go with him and inspect some excavations, purporting to be harbour works and coal borings, which were being carried on by the sea-shore near Calais, and which he was superintending. Never for a moment suspecting any treachery, Hilliard accompanied him one afternoon to the scene of operations, which proved to be a tunnel in course of construction beneath the Strait of Dover. Martel then accused Hilliard of being a spy, and threatened imprisonment. On his calling Hilliard a liar, the Englishman struck him down senseless in the tunnel, and escaped himself and ultimately reached England again, only with the greatest difficulty.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH I HAVE A LETTER FROM THE
ABBÉ FORDHAM.



HAVE heard it said by one who has studied the whole art of living and still accounts himself a pupil, that of all the hours to be named for excellence

and the simpler satisfactions of life, the breakfast hour in a country house is to be surpassed by none. An institution, admittedly (for such tradition made it long ago), it is, in its way, as sacred as *The Times* or *Punch*, or any other hallowed necessity of the English day. Nor do I know any other hour in the twenty-four which seems to teach so quickly the mere joy of existence, both intimate to us and universal in the greater world of Nature. There is no rose that smells as sweet as the first rose we pluck when the gong is calling "Breakfast." There is no sunshine, no air so invigorating as the light and the breeze to which we open our windows when morning wakes us. The very

leaves drip then with the dewy draughts of life, the air shimmers in the radiating freshness of the day. A thousand notes of Nature's music are attuned in the woods and gardens of the house. The perfume of the blossoms rises up as the breath of living flowers. There is laughter in the very voices which wake the thickets from their sleep.

At Cottesbrook, my home, I am ever early to be abroad and about the purlieus of the house, for Nature has a thousand charms of these busy hours for me; and in retreat with her it is good to look out upon the press of life we have left, the gas-lit arena of the heated city, the confines of intrigue and pettiness—even, it may be, at the follies from which we rest and the follies from which we flee. In the woods and the gardens, with our horses in the stables, among our roses on the terrace we find a solitude which no other path may reach, no other scene make so welcome. For every bud we touch is a subject of our dominion, every living thing that comes out to greet us gladly owns our sovereignty. The very stones are full of stories—the stories, perchance, of those who walked as we are walking in the shadow of their homes, of those who lived and wrought that all this might be ours, whose voices are still, yet speak to us from every battlement and every tower—the voice of the fathers whose spirits watch and wait for the sons they have left. And to these shall we answer in the Judgment, to these who said, "Serve as we have served, in honour and fidelity."

The morning hour was my hour, indeed, at Cottesbrook, and come winter, come summer,

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the habit of it knew no change. Early from my bed, a gallop across the park sent the blood singing through the veins as though a man were new-born in energy and health. There were dogs to leap to my shoulder, horses to whinny when they heard my step, roses of spring or roses of autumn ready to my hand ; above all, my mother's greeting, that dulcet, musical voice whose note shall never be forgotten nor rest uncalled-for in my memory.

Whatever the number of our guests, friends or strangers, young or old, the day was rare when I did not find myself alone for a moment looking upon that beloved face or listening to those unforgotten words before the less intimate life of day began, and all the superficialities must turn us to others. Ever, I remember, she would cross the lawn to me with my letters in her hand, and the love of childhood in her anxious eyes, and the sunshine upon her silvered hair for glory of her motherhood. No need to tell her if I were well or ailing. She read me as an open book, whose page had been blotted by many a tear, whose lines were sacred because the hand of him she loved had written them. And I, in my place, could find but one word of morning for her—"Mother." She asked no other.

Many of these golden hours, some of sorrow, but more, aye, many more, of joy, I recall as this picture of my home comes back to me ; and for a little while I forget why I speak of it, and why time may mist it for my eyes. Twenty summers could I name where no word or deed had come between those players of the garden to mute the lips of one and to light anxieties in the eyes of the other. Yet such a day was known, and to it this record now must turn. I had been six weeks out of France, six weary weeks of doubt and waiting, of idle conjecture and childish resolution. Every morning my mother would cross the lawn to me, my letters in her trembling hand ; and every day her unspoken question was unanswered. "I was unwell ?" "No." "There was some anxiety about Harry ?" "Not in the least ; the Abbé Fordham was still in Switzerland." "It could not be that money troubled me ?" "Oh, my dear mother, are we not rich enough ?" "Then I needed a change—my accident must not be forgotten." I promised not to forget it. I might even join Harry in Switzerland, I said—and content with that we would go into the house together, my mother and I, hand in hand.

I would join Harry in Switzerland ! God knows how glad I had been if that were possible ; but a hand of instinct held me to my country as to a duty which none other might fulfil. Six weeks had I been in England, and six times had those chosen friends who heard me laughed at the story which I came to tell. At the War Office in Pall Mall, at the commanding officer's house in Dover, with my oldest friend in the privacy of clubs, the same incredulity met me. I had been frightened at Escalles, men said, and had conjured up the phantom for myself. Engineers shook their heads and protested, "Such a scheme could only be possible with the consent of our authorities at Dover." Generals argued at length that the Intelligence Department would know of such a plot four-and-twenty hours after it was hatched. More practical people asked, "Well, why not go to Dover, and see if there is any evidence that such a thing is possible ?" I admitted to them that I had been and had seen nothing ; and they would hear no more. Behind my back I knew that they pointed the finger and said, "There is the man." Nor to this hour can I tell you why my own conviction remained unshaken, nor how it was that I said, "I believe ; time will justify me." Before the world I am justified to-day ; but the world will never know what the justification cost me.

In silence I carried my secret, then, as some precious possession which others might not share. Harry, it is true, wrote to me every week a long letter of jest and hope and consolation ; but not a word of Agnes since he had quitted Calais, exactly a month ago. I remember well the morning when my mother carried to me the note in which he told me finally that his mission was fruitless, and that time alone could consummate my wishes. "Frankly," he had said, "I cannot understand Lepeletier. He has changed beyond recognition. There seems to have been a latent hostility to England and Englishmen, which has been aroused now in his old age, and burns with an ardour which is astounding. I have risen to Ciceronian heights, my dear Alfred, but in vain. He will neither see you nor hear of you. There is in his head the perverse notion that you have played with his honour and have tarnished it. Laughter, argument, reason—he will have none of them, neither from myself, nor from a better advocate, whose name is spelled with an A, and whose fidelity to a certain young officer of Hussars



"She would cross the lawn to me with my letters in her hand."

is beyond reproach. Patience, *mon camarade*. What says the scoundrel Boethius? '*Major lex amor est sibi.*' Time alone is our friend. We will pass Time until he shall please to hold out his hand and to tuck away that old scythe where it cannot cut us. I am going to Switzerland to-day. But in a month I pass through Calais again—'and then!' as the villain says in the melodrama. So keep up your heart, old fellow, and forget all about your great secret, for I am as sure of the wrong-headedness of it as I am of the sunshine."

I read the letter through and put it away in my case, as some deed of my destiny which, perchance, I might look upon with clearer eyes when time had worn it as a parchment and all the faded story proved but a forgotten history. To my mother I said nothing, save that Harry was well and in Switzerland, and that he sent me poor news of my friends in Calais. If she guessed

what lay behind, if a woman's intuition made no secret of that which I would tell to none, my love for Agnes Lepeletier, she judged in her wisdom not to speak of it, but by other means to divert the brooding trouble of my thoughts. During the month that followed upon the letter, Cottesbrook opened its darkened rooms and waked its halls and galleries to fresh young voices and all the busy idleness of summer. Brother officers, buoyant with a hope of South Africa, friends of Meg, my boisterous little sister, relations whose chief merit was their chatter, anyone who, to use my mother's words, "was bright," came to Northamptonshire in that month of July and helped the picnic there. Tennis-parties, the solemn pursuit of the golf ball, *al fresco* delights of the woods, masques, comedies—the cure was terrifying in its magnitude. And it left me with my malady untamed. The forced inaction, the very attempt at self-assurance, the burden of the doubt became nigh intolerable. There were days when I could say that I would return to Calais and demand an interview of Lepeletier; other days when all the story which Agnes and I had told seemed far off, as a vision of my youth, distant and soon to be absorbed

in a newer activity of life. And then in an hour the truth stood out again as in a forbidding image I might not pass. For Harry wrote that he was coming home again and that he had news for me. The sun never shone so bright on Cottesbrook as it shone that day.

My mother carried the letter through the gardens, and, finding me in an arbour by the orangery, she sat a moment to watch me read it and to wait again, as often she had waited vainly for the untold story of my secret. From the distant house there came the echo of girlish laughter and the deeper notes of men's voices. We sat in a glade of the old trees and beyond them could look out upon the golden corn-lands of my home, and all those ripe, green pastures, those sleeping woods my father's feet had trod. I know not what it was of the hour or the scene that touched some responsive chord of my heart, and seemed to release my tongue and to

nerve my voice, so that there, as a child which sought the gentler hand, I told my mother of Agnes, and spoke of all that I had lost and nevermore might win. Alone there, she and I, with the distant voices in our ears, and the beauty of our home all set about us as in a shimmer of the golden day, she heard me and answered, mother to son, in gladness of her knowledge. And from that hour she carried my burden with me, in the strong arms of her love, so that I forgot almost that I had ever worn it so heavily or made complaint of it.

unselfish gladness for a son's sake ; and if we two sat long there in the arbour on that sunny morning, make sure that something of my mother's hope and joy had been shared by me to lift the looming curtain of my future and to give me courage of it. All, indeed, I might not tell her, but who could be sure that to-morrow the right would not be mine—the right even to return to Calais, and to laugh at my phantoms and to say to Agnes, "My mother is waiting for you at Cottesbrook"? For Harry was coming home and had news for me. He would



"Alone there, she heard me and answered, mother to son, in gladness of her knowledge."

"You will bring her to Cottesbrook? You will bring her soon, Alfred?"

"If that may be, mother."

"It shall be ; I will pray for it. She will be worthy of my boy. And I shall see her. She is very beautiful, Alfred?"

"There is none beautiful except my mother."

"Ah ! you say so, my dearest. But she will come to Cottesbrook ; I shall see her soon—this week, this month. She will love me, Alfred, as I shall love my dear son's wife."

"She will love you as I, mother."

"I ask nothing more of God than that I may see her soon."

There is no gladness such as this, the

be at the station that very afternoon. I should see him, hear him, know the best and the worst. There was no lighter-hearted man in all Northamptonshire that day than he who drove to meet the "Abbé Fordham" upon the road to Harborough.

For Harry had been in Calais town and but yesterday had seen Agnes Lepeletier. Thrice happy man who knew so little of his happiness!

CHAPTER XV.

A LESSON IN DREAMS.

I MADE out from Harry's letter that he would pass the night in London, and come

on to Market Harborough by the dismal afternoon train from Kettering, which never but once was punctual, they say, and then at the cost of a station-master's reason. Impatience sent my horses at a canter to a rendezvous so well desired. It were as though Harry could bridge in a moment the intolerable weeks of waiting I had spent at Cottesbrook. With him I might go back to that unforgotten day when I leaped from the deck of the *Hirondelle*, and the packet boat brought me to Dover Pier.

A thousand things I must hear from Harry's lips, must ask him a thousand questions. Do you wonder that I paced the deserted platform as a prisoner awaiting liberty? Would that cursed train never be signalled? Should I never hear the message that Agnes had sent? It was a delay intolerable, not to be suffered, beyond the malignity even of a railway company.

He came at last, boisterous, bronzed, the laughing, active Harry of old; and for an instant we exchanged a hand-grip as of men who meet gladly in some good crisis of their lives, but will not speak of it yet awhile. For my part, the excitement of that moment sent me hither and thither, now after his trunks, now gathering up his rugs, now hurrying the grooms, as one all impatient to drag him from the press and to have him with me in the carriage, where no trunk-hunters might hear us, nor gaping rustics listen. Yesterday he had seen Agnes, and here at Market Harborough could begin to speak of other subjects. Well, it was the old Harry, after all.

I captured my prize and took him with me to the mail-phaeton, and so to the dusty, deserted high-road by which you come to Cottesbrook. He wore a round felt hat now, and had tucked his old Scotch cap in the pocket of his cape. His face was so scarred and bronzed by the suns of Switzerland that he might have come from Africa.

But the old Harry spoke, the old Harry who seemed to change the very scene about us, to lift the clouds from it and bring the light again.

"There's no going home to-night, Harry—your dine and sleep at the Abbey. That's decided."

He leant back in the phaeton and clasped his hands.

"Behold," he said, "the parson of Cottesbrook, who is asked to the loaves and fishes, and who disgraces the Cloth by unnatural hesitation."

"But Meg wishes it. She won't forgive me."

His face softened as it always did at the mention of my sister's name.

"Who am I, to say 'No' to your sister Meg, Sir Alfred?"

"Agreed. We've a full house and a supply of bores to people Pretoria. Do you remember old Arthur Grosvenor, the little General who was recently in command at Canterbury?"

"The man with whiskers and a story of his mother's aunt who was carried to a harem at Teheran! Say not that he still lives."

"He does. We've been treated to the excellent lady three times since Sunday. What is to be done to a man with one story?"

"Tell him another."

"He doesn't listen."

"Then present him with a standard work on harems and pay his passage to Teheran."

"A good notion; but I shall have something else to think of now. Why don't you gratify my curiosity. You know what I am thinking of."

I did not look at him, but my hand faltered on the reins while I waited for his answer, and the horses swerved badly.

"I know what you are thinking of, old chap, but I have nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell—you?"

"At least, it's told in a word. Lepeletier had closed his house at Calais and gone away."

"Gone away! Where's he gone to?"

"Ah, read me the riddle aright. The story in Calais is that he has gone to Chalons. I followed and found it was a lie. He has never been in Chalons. *Verbum sap.* They don't wish us to know where he is."

I was silent for a little while. The dusty road now appeared suddenly to be enveloped by the twilight. The friend at my side had nothing more to say.

"And Agnes," I exclaimed presently, "she is with her father?"

"The liars of Calais say so. I imagine that they tell the truth because it serves as well as the other thing. Obviously, the man who cannot find the father cannot find the daughter. They sent me to Chalons on a fool's errand, and were indignant because I would not go to Dijon on a second. The empty house, moreover, has no secrets. There is only a dog in it."

I laughed in spite of my chagrin; but he began to question me as though to turn my thoughts.

"Has Agnes written to you since your return?"

"Not a line."

"Her father?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"So! A silent man and a mystery. Well, you cannot argue with a fellow who says nothing. Did you write to him yourself?"

"A letter as long as a sermon."

"Frank, of course?"

"Brutally frank. I said that I had seen things at Escalles which he could explain with a word. He has not condescended to explain them."

"Not being at Calais, he might well avoid the question. You have forgiven my incredulity, I hope?"

"I never blamed it. I am incredulous myself—a man who does not wish to believe what his eyes showed him. If anyone listened to me, I should be the most astonished man in Europe."

"But you have found listeners. You said in one letter that you had seen the War Office people."

"Quite true. I told them the whole story without a jot or tittle of ornament or addition. They were polite, but impossible. The man who showed me out said, 'There goes a lunatic,' as plainly as you can say a thing without words. Kent, at Dover, the colonel in command, laughed like a clown; he insisted on walking to Folkestone with me to cure the delusion. We saw nothing, of course."

"You wouldn't. I tramped those seven miles yesterday and was rewarded with two tunnels, a coastguard station, old Watkins's rubbish heap, and a pair of chalky boots."

"Do you mean to say that you are really sufficiently interested to walk seven miles?"

I turned to look at him as I asked the question, and the expression on his face astonished me. It had become in an instant the face of a man who wrestled with some mental trouble. His eyes were wide open and strangely serious. One of his hands gripped my forearm in an iron grip. All the fascination of my own fear had found another victim.

"Interested, Alfred? Great God! how many nights have I dreamed of it all since we parted! Your woebegone self by the Jardin Richelieu, those minutes in the hotel, the morning on the smack! Do you know that I nearly fell in a faint when the steamer picked you up? We shall never see a race like that again, my son. The Frenchmen would have taken you in another hundred yards. I began to breathe when I saw the others haul you up. And I think that I began to believe in the same moment."

"Why so?"

"Common sense. If there had been nothing to see at Escalles, why did the heathen rage furiously because you had seen it? You were evidently a prize worth catching. I put two and two together and made it four—three Frenchmen in a boat and an Englishman in the water. When I returned to Calais the police were impertinent enough to search my luggage, and Lepeletier was distant. Mademoiselle Agnes, I believe, went to Paris the next day; I never saw her again. But to the police I said, 'We, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury——' and they listened."

"While you went on to Switzerland."

"Exactly; to dream of things I haven't the courage to speak of. Oh, my dear chap, just think of it. If the hundredth chance were true, and those fellows, those burrowing animals were this very hour creeping, creeping under the sea to Dover, while England says nothing but 'Holidays,' and you and I are driving along a dusty road to Cottesbrook! I say, 'If it were true.' Do you know, my son, that I wake in the night as cold as a dead man because you have taught me how to dream?"

"As we must teach each other how to wake, Harry."

"A thousand times agreed. Show me how to break your own bonds and I will begin to live again. Frankly, I cannot burst them. No amount of argument convinces me that the people of Calais would have done as they did just to punish a man who had seen a coal-shaft. What the truth is, God knows."

"And will help us to discover."

For a little while he sat in silence, as though, in truth, he saw again the thing that I had seen a hundred times since I came home to Cottesbrook and sought to forget in my mother's house.

"Whatever the truth is, I will know it," I said presently, "even if I spend a half of my fortune. Yesterday I resigned my commission in the Eighteenth. I shall spend next month at Dover—for the mere satisfaction of being there."

He did not protest, but heard me with new interest.

"You will need a chaplain, of course?"

"If that chaplain is the vicar of my parish."

"Well—there are my people——"

"And there is Meg, Harry."

In truth, I heard my sister's girlish laugh as we turned into the Abbey drive; but that



"I beheld a man's face staring up at me so savagely, from a bush upon my right hand."

and the question I had put to Harry were forgotten an instant later, when, in the very thickets about the lawn of the house, I beheld a man's face staring up at me so

savagely, from a bush upon my right hand, that I reined the horses back upon their haunches and sat for a minute unable to say a word to anyone.



"I opened the door of the fly and helped her down to the dusty road."

"That fellow there, in the copse—who is he? where did he come from?"

The groom sprang to the ground and rushed into the copse, trampling the bushes and breaking the boughs. When he came back he shook his head doubtfully.

"There's no one in there, sir. I've been right through."

"But I saw the man for myself."

"Shall I look again, sir?"

"Let the men come out and search the grounds, every yard of them. There was someone lurking about there when I spoke. He must be found."

I let the horses go and drove on to the house. Harry asked no questions. I did not tell him, until he came into my bedroom late that night, that the face I had seen in the thicket was the face of one of the engineers who passed me in the tunnel at Escalles.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF PISTOLS AND A PERSIAN.

MY mother was full of anxieties when she came down to breakfast next morning, for

the grooms had been gossiping to the maids, and the maids to the men; and so the story of a stranger was sent the round until it came to the breakfast-table, and was a fine subject for little General Grosvenor, and a terror to certain young ladies, who expressed a wholesome fear of an early death if the unknown man should be daring enough to walk off with the spoons. But I, in the first hour of morning, had already quieted my mother's fears, pooh-poohing my own fancies and declaring that if anyone lurked yesterday in the grounds, he was but a tramp from Harborough, and to-day would be in the casual ward at Kettering. She accepted the story reluctantly; but elsewhere it was a feast for our guests, who had divers remedies for burglars, and were agreed upon the daring courses they would shape if a strange man passed the doors of Cottesbrook. To me so much, to them so little, the incident meant. I seemed to be the unwilling spectator in a jest-house, a man full of serious thoughts, who, nevertheless, must listen to the boastful quips of idlers and all the meaningless chatter of a common day. But I knew that one there with me shared the burden, and my courage had grown since Harry came home.

He was late at the table, and his freckled, healthy face lacked something of its colouring, of that honest pink and white which bore witness to the *mens sana*, and was as natural to him as the blush to a rose. It was good to see my sister Meg's pretentious indifference when Harry said "Good-morning" to her, for she did not so much as raise her eyes to look at him; and yet I knew that there was no man in all England she would so soon have welcomed to her side, none I myself would have seen there with greater thankfulness. Whatever else of content that life may give us, surely an honest man's love for the sister we have guarded is of gifts most blessed. Here was a love-story of childhood's birth; it would go on, I said, as some kindly stream through the fair country of home and children to the distant sea of the eternal rest, and, as I believed, of the eternal happiness. How different from my own case! What future could I foresee, if it were not the enduring longing for the days I had lived in France? Whereto was the stream of my life carrying me, if not to hours of darkness and of the mind's distress? Six months ago they had spoken of me as a man fortunate beyond my fellows. I could laugh ironically at such an estimate now. There is no mistress so perverse as Destiny, none so merciless as we find her in the moods of her hostility.

Harry had exchanged a quick glance with me when we sat at table, and taking up his letters, which a groom had carried from the Rectory, he asked me to ride over with him after breakfast. Meg looked up reproachfully at the request and was betrayed into her avowal.

"Don't say there's a funeral, Mr. Fordham. All Cambridge men tell that old story. Alf was as bad as the rest. I really thought at last we ought to bury someone for the sake of being honest. How many times did your aunt die, Alf, when you were at Jesus?"

"Six or seven, Meg. I was like the man in the book, and used to keep my grandmother for Derby Day. She always died on the eve of the great race."

"A common loss in my regiment," said the little General, fixing his eyeglass and looking ridiculously fierce. "There is nothing new under the sun, sir, in religion, in law, in medicine, or in the arts of mendacity. Here has man been trying for a thousand years to fudge up a decent excuse for a dereliction of duty, and has got no farther than the death of his aunt. Astounding! Lamentable! Now, when my poor sister was persuaded to marry, at the age of forty-nine,

a rascally Persian in Teheran, they had the impertinence to tell me she was dead. Dead, sir—a woman who comes of a family which lives to ninety and has married at sixty-four."

Meg whispered to me that the Persian was properly punished, but Harry went on to chaff the General.

"It is astonishing," he exclaimed, "how little kindness the world shows to aunts. An aunt is always a jocular subject. If a man fozzles at golf, he does not say, 'Oh, my cousin, my brother, or my grandfather!' He says, 'Oh, my aunt!' Possibly, General, the Persian is equally deficient in the maternal instinct. He did not take your aunt seriously——"

"Oh," said Meg, "but he took her to his harem, didn't he, General? Wasn't that serious enough?"

The little General refused to laugh.

"She married a Persian, sir, a yellow fellow who wore black trousers and a fez. When he is tired of her he will take three more wives. They are always hanging over her head—I have told her so."

"Poor thing! Is she not very much shocked?"

"She is properly punished, young lady. The West does not touch the East and come away with clean fingers. Remember that—never marry a Persian. You may be an aunt some day, and will be more kind to the species."

"Horrible thought!" cried Meg, "to be an aunt and to be buried to make a Cambridge holiday."

My mother interposed with her more serious word.

"Must you really go to-day, Vicar?" she said. "Can't the parish wait a little while?"

Harry turned to me as though in explanation.

"Master Alfred rides with me," he answered quickly. "A man who has left his business for five weeks always protests ruin if you suggest that he should leave it for six. Here is my curate indiscreet enough to go and get engaged. If I do not go back and release him, he will be taking strange texts: 'By the waters of Cottesbrook we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Jane.' I must really try the Vicarage bed to-night, Lady Hilliard——"

"And miss the burglar," interposed Meg audaciously. "Now, really, do you think there was a man?"

"Bosh!" said the little General contemptuously. "An umbrella's the thing for

him, sir. I went through the Ashantee war with a duck suit and a gingham umbrella, and there wasn't a black who stood up to me. Don't talk to me about pistols——"

"No one mentioned them, I think," said Harry.

"But you were going to, sir——"

"I beg your pardon, nothing of the sort."

"But you had them in your mind, sir."

"Not at all. If I met a burglar, I should recite the verses of a minor poet to him, in a major key. 'Silver and gold have I none,' and he would pass the plate. In that aspect we are men of the same persuasion. I imagine his objection to buttons would not be less than my own."

The little General, who was never so happy as in the first words of a heated argument, resented Harry's refusal to oblige him with a measure of temper, and fell upon a dish of strawberries ravenously. It was always a "go-as-you-please" at Cottesbrook, especially at breakfast-time; and the rest of us, fearing, perhaps, that there would be a resurrection of the indispensable aunt, strolled off to the stables and the gardens—Meg to cut a rose for Harry's coat, my mother to the housekeeper's room, I to the horse-boxes where my hunters stood. My impatience to be away and off with Harry prevailed above any interest I could affect for everyday affairs. I admitted to myself, as a natural thing, that the old order of the life at home was unstable and changing. It could not be otherwise. No association, however potent, might recall that spirit of a boyhood which was lost to me when Agnes Lepeletier met me on the Calais road. I was as one who realised in a single hour the emptiness of life, who spanned the years and, looking for the first time onward to the eternal goal, could see the end and say, "The way is short." A mood, perchance a passing malady of the mind which time and change would cure; but while I suffered it I thought that it must endure to the end of my days.

It was ever Harry's task to recall me from these gloomy paths, to share with me those bountiful spirits which neither doubt nor difficulty could abate. And he did not fail me upon that sunny morning, when we mounted our cobs and cantered away across the fields, over hedges and ditches as they came, to the Vicarage in the hollow and the warm welcome which awaited us there. Meg, it is true, argued at great length with him before we set out, upon so private a matter that they must needs go into the

orangery to discuss it; but as soon as we were by the gates he fell to talk of the affair of yesterday and of the anxieties it had left to him. To me the opportunity of saying that which for many weeks I had thought in silence was as a tonic for the mind. The half of my responsibilities, and more, seemed, as at Calais, shifted to shoulders which could bear them better than my own. I knew that a strong man counselled me, a strong man and a brave man, and one to whom duty was the first and the last aim of life.

"Harry," I said, when at last we were alone, "don't you think it odd there is no news of the man we saw last night?"

"Odd? Why so? Did you suppose he would wait to ask after the family? Blessed simplicity! He is in France by this time. While your fellows were beating the bushes, I can hear him crying, '*A bas les Anglais!*' on the other side of the hedge. Remember, he was not twenty paces from the high road. And I pay you the compliment of supposing that you have forgotten the fable of the wolf. He was a flesh-and-blood man, you say? I am ready to believe you."

"Flattering, but unnecessary. I am as sure of it as of this old cob. There was a man in the copse, and I have seen him before—at Escalles, when I left Jeffery on the line. It remains to ask what he is doing at Cottesbrook and who sent him?"

"Supererogatory questions, my son. There are twenty reasons. For my part, commend me to the less hysterical, but keep a staff in my hand. Really, I think you would do well to be careful, old fellow. All this tells me, at least, that you have seen something at Calais which France does not wish us to understand. I think it is your duty to take care that a man in a bush does not make understanding impossible. Here is a case where you must return good for evil, and see you lay it on well. I don't think, if I were you, that I would be out on the road much after dark. It isn't good for the respiratory organs. What is more, when you go to Dover, don't proclaim it from the housetops. You might even suggest—a *suggestio falsi*, from which I here absolve you—that your destination was Calais. If like cures like, then lies are a hundred times justified in this case. In short, I think very seriously of the whole business."

I knew that he did, had known it at Calais, and yesterday at Cottesbrook. It was a relief now to be able to speak freely and with none of those rigmaroles which I had been compelled to employ when explaining



“‘Alfred,’ she said slowly, as one speaking a weighty decree, ‘you must not go to my father.’”

myself to others. View it as we might, hallucination or truth, the greatest plot one nation ever contrived against another, or the mere vision of a dreamer, this fact stood impregnable—that two men upon a dusty Midland road believed that day in the work they were called to do for England, and resolved to do it with all the intellect which God had given them.

“I am glad you think seriously of it, Harry,” I said, when we had gone a little way silently. “After all, if I am telling but a fairy tale, why do the people at Calais trouble to send a man to spy me out here? Is not the very fact a new link in the chain we make? Would they trouble their heads if I had seen a common fort or a coal-shaft? What the man wants, Heaven

knows, unless it is to be sure that I am still at Cottesbrook and not at Dover. Mind you, I don't suppose for a minute that this is a question of to-morrow or the day after. If a tube be pushed under the Channel, they may rest content to leave it half a mile from Dover and to wait their own time for the final stroke which will bring them out upon our shores. Looking at the thing from an outsider's point of view, I don't understand, even now, where their chance of opening up such a tunnel lies. They cannot suppose that we are going to allow Frenchmen to begin to dig a hole on the Dover foreshore. The thing is not to be considered. If there is a clever way of doing it, I am not clever enough to understand it. But I mean to let our people know what is going on, and I shall not rest until I have the truth."

"You will not rest, and you will not leave a good, thick stick at home—excellent resolutions. And I agree with you entirely as to the air of Dover. A couple of months there would do no man any harm. There's golf on the Downs, decent bathing, and plenty of fair roads for a stink-pot. You'll get the East Kent foxhounds, too, later on."

"And the best of parsons to preach to me on Sundays."

Harry shook his head.

"Flying visits, my son. Look at the parish yonder. It is my kingdom. If I can bring a little joy, even to one poor soul there, how can I justify myself if I lay down the sceptre? But I'll come when I can, and I'll be with you always in heart. Yours is the work, old friend. We must leave the field of it to God. And the cost we must not think of—it is a debt we owe to our country. Even yet that work may reward us beyond our hopes."

He put his horse to a canter, as though he had no wish to pursue that new phase of the subject, and I followed him in consenting silence to the village and the Rectory house. For I knew that he spoke of Agnes, of his own fruitless embassy, and of the hope he had abandoned when he went to Calais town. Nevermore, he would have said, must such a hope come into my own life or be the impulse of it. The price of loss was a price to be paid without complaint for the honour of my country, and, it might be—who could say?—for her very salvation. Nevertheless, from all the changing problems of the hour that mystery was not to be shut out. Consent as I might to the sacrifice, the face of the woman I loved looked out at me from that mirror of the past, and held me, a prisoner

of the will, before her picture. In vain I said that it was ended and forgotten, that the glass of the past was shattered, that the future had nothing for me of all her store of love and content and the harvest of a life. Hope unconquered tempted me still. It might be—my right to say that remained a precious possession. I would say it though all the world forbade.

I was not born a pessimist, in truth, and no pessimist rode away from the Vicarage that afternoon, when, leaving Harry at the church door, I turned my horse's head and struck upon the high road to Harborough and my home. Desire of the future, unaltered desire born of a woman's sympathy, went with me upon my way, and, wonder working always, brought me face to face with her I would have gone a thousand miles to see—Agnes herself, driving in a carriage to the Abbey gates.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGNES COMES TO COTTESBROOK.

OUR greatest surprises are not always of the unexpected things, but rather of those we have looked for but have not dared to believe in. So often had I, in the idle pleasure of imagination, depicted that very scene—my own home and the little French girl driving to its gates—that now, when the dream came true and imagination was justified of the day, I could have laughed aloud for very irony of the circumstances. Twenty possibilities of the mystery I would have promised at the hazard; but Agnes, herself, in the shadow of the Abbey—Agnes, herself, going to my mother as I had wished it, aye, countless nights since they hunted me from Calais town—what book would have dared such a turn of fortune as that? No tale that I could think of surpassed the wonders of that day. She was there at the gates of my house! She had come from France to see me—the very last messenger I had looked for in a hundred years.

I saw her first at the junction of the roads, by the spinney which is the outer rampart of the Abbey; and coming upon the carriage suddenly, and observing it carelessly, I should have passed it ~~at~~ a trot but for a little startled cry and the sound of a voice which quickened my heart and sent me back in the saddle as though a pit yawned at my very feet. Astonished in his turn, the flyman (for it was but a hired fly from Kettering) cried "Whoa!" to his old horse,

who needed no reining ; and there we sat, the three of us—two travel-stained, weary passengers, the third as astonished a man as ever rode a patient cob.

"Agnes ? It can't be !"

She was very tired ; the dust had soiled her pretty French dress and powdered the feathers of her dainty hat, but she raised a smiling face to mine and answered me bravely.

"Is it impossible, then, Captain Alfred ?"

"It is astonishing to the last point of wonder. You were going to the Abbey, of course ?"

She answered me as frankly.

"Yes, I was going to the Abbey to see Lady Hilliard, if I could."

"The greater surprise !"

"Lady Hilliard, if I could ; if not, then to ask for you."

I was silent a moment to think of it. She had come to see my mother. Why, why, why ? There must be the gravest reason.

"Well," said I, "here is a fellow has the good or the bad fortune to spoil your plans. Will you walk up to the house with me ? I will take you to my mother, Agnes."

She did not respond, but obeyed without protest when I opened the door of the fly and helped her down to the dusty road. The man went on to the stables readily. He knew the Abbey kitchens.

"Have something to eat and then go back," I said to him, and asked, "You are from Kettering, are you not ?"

"I thank you, Captain, from John Cobb's."

"We shall not want you again to-day. Go back when your horse is rested. It's a long drive, remember."

He assented at once, but his little passenger protested.

"Oh, no, no, you do not understand ; my friends expect me in London to-night. I dare not disappoint them."

"Then we shall drive you to the station ourselves. It will be something for a couple of lazy men to do. Let us talk about it as we go."

I drew the reins across my arm and opened the spinney gate. There was a bridle-path there leading to the orangery and the Italian gardens. The cob followed us as we went up, like a dog, patiently, but welcoming our many halting-places and the grass he found there. For my part, the surprise of it all was still almost paralysing. I knew not what to say or think. The hour seemed to carry me back magically to Calais and the Jardin Richelieu.

Agnes had come to me from the ends of the earth, I said.

"I can't believe it—can't believe that it's true," I cried again and again, as I took her hand in mine and set out for the house with slow steps. "There are some days so good that they find us incredulous. To-day is one of them. Is it really you, Agnes, or am I dreaming it all ?"

She did not withdraw her hand from mine, but told me all her story, simply and without ornament, as was her wont.

"I came to you, Alfred, because I could not trust anyone else to come. When you left us in Calais I did not believe that I should ever see you again ; but a woman's pride is not strong enough to conquer a woman's fear, and so I came. My father is at Escalles now, in the works there, but I have been living in Paris with my Uncle Jules. A week ago one of the engineers, a friend at Calais, wrote a letter which brought me to London yesterday. I came to warn you that you have enemies in England. Oh, it is true, believe me ; they have never forgiven you for what you saw that night ; they never will. I know them so well. They think that you have become the enemy of France, and they will not rest until you are powerless to harm them. That is why I am in England to-day, to save my father's honour and your life. You were our guest, our friend ; there is so much that we owe to you. Is it not terrible to think that one day may change lives unalterably, eternally perhaps, for who can say ? I have lost all that I lived for since those old days in Calais. I believe, sometimes, that I have even lost my faith."

I heard her without surprise, for I had guessed much of this ; and now, drawing her closer to me, I answered her gratefully.

"You will never lose your faith, little one. You are too good for that. If man—who is a beast—allows much to a woman's heart, be sure that Providence allows more. Let us think it all over and see if we cannot find a way. As for my friends at Calais, who want to see the last of me, well, don't trouble about them at all. I shall keep my eyes open and see nothing but their backs, believe me. The really serious thing is your father's distrust. Have you ever reflected how many troubles in life come to us for the lack of two minutes' plain talk with a man who misunderstands us ? We might go arm in arm with him to the end of our days if we could but say, 'It was so and so.' But the opportunity is denied us, and then when the man dies we say, 'There is a poor fellow who makes one enemy

the less in the world.' Why should that opportunity be denied to me in your father's case? He knows that I entered the forts by mistake. He knows that Jeffery took me there to pay off an old score. Why should I not go to him and say, 'It is all a misunderstanding; you have really nothing to charge against me. Let us forget it all and begin again'? Does not common sense point that road? I'm sure that it does. I feel already that we are coming out into the light."

She listened patiently while I spoke, and then, drawing me back, she stopped to answer me, leaving a new picture of her in my mind, a picture set in a frame of silver birches and ash and laburnum, carpeted with the rich brown loam of summer, breathing an atmosphere of tremulous leaves and woodland solitude, and casting up to me a little, white face with two dark blue eyes and such a look of love and fear and pity, that all my impulse was to take her in my arms and say, "Let us blot the page for ever; let the dead past bury its dead; here in the garden of England let us live and rest, as though yesterday had never been." But I knew that she would not hear that voice of persuasion which appeals to the imagination and not to the reason. Her relentless logic had always baffled, nay, sometimes angered me; for how should such a fragile thing remain so obstinate?

"Alfred," she said slowly, as one speaking a weighty decree, "you must not go to my father——"

"Must not go?"

"I say it as you have said it. Is there no honour, no duty left in the world? Do you owe nothing to your country?"

I was silent as one who had been struck a blow upon the mouth.

A great gulf seemed to open between us as we stood. Her face, so near to mine an instant ago, was now as a face afar off. What had she said? what had she told me?

"No," she continued quietly, "you must not see my father, and I must see you no more. If honour keeps you in England, it sends me to France to-morrow. Oh, think, think, what children of circumstance we are—wishing so much, hoping so much, meeting a few short months ago when we might so easily have passed each other by, that we come to this, to choose between those we love and those we serve, our affections or our countries. I try to tell myself that it is not so, but I know that the truth must be. The light that is coming into your life will be darkness for me—it is written so, a woman's tears will never wash out a page of Fate, for

Fate has no heart. Let us accept it as those who love; let us at least be true to ourselves."

"And, being true, shall we say that an accident costing your country nothing, and of no concern to mine, is to merit this great penalty?"

She turned questioning eyes upon me. I am sure that she read the words in all their deeper meaning.

"Would you tempt my honour?" she asked almost in anger. "Are not my lips sealed. If there is a debt for you, is there not one for me also? You know that there is, you know that you have no right to question me."

I flinched at the words, for every one of them was a new light, a new meaning upon her confession. The woman I loved was ignorant no longer. I did not dare to ask how far her knowledge went.

"I am wrong to ask, Agnes," was my response. "I will never ask you again. But I would give half the years of my life not to have heard the things you tell me."

"As I would give all my life if another could bear my father's burdens."

"At least you tell me that it is no choice of his."

"A choice and yet no choice. He was not consulted, all was not told him. I ask nothing for his sake. At Calais I did not know, or I would have asked nothing then. How can he love the English, who killed his brother in Canada? He will hate the nation always, but not the man. Once I think you made him forget—it was at Pau, when we were happy together. But happiness is a taskmaster, always asking payment of the memory. We tell ourselves so often that we were happy ten years ago. It is all of the past. Each day we live to mourn yesterday."

"We may live for to-morrow, too—you cannot forbid me do that, Agnes. Even yet, out of the unknown we may find a friend. Will not you take that thought back to France with you?"

She was silent a little while; I saw the tears glistening in her pretty eyes; but her courage was unchanged.

"It would be madness," she said, "madness to deceive ourselves. I shall return to France to-morrow; you will forget in your home. One could be content in such a home as this, I think. England seems to me to be one great garden. You have no horizons, no distances, but you have the flowers, and the trees, and the hedges. It is so difficult for a stranger to believe that England is not a little country. There is nothing in the



"Those dear to me were heart to heart in the love which is not born of knowledge or of the years."

world like an English cottage. I know that France is very beautiful. I love my own land; but if I were an Englishwoman I should say that France has not the beauty

I have seen in my journey to-day. I have thought of nothing else all the way from London. You will be happy in England, Alfred."

"As happy as you will be in France, *mignonne*. Why should we talk of the hopeless things? Cannot we begin again from the beginning, honestly, without disguise? cannot we give all our hearts and minds to the endeavour? and if we do, who will say that we may not succeed? I shall believe, in spite of you; I am believing even now, when all this is as unreal to me as any scene upon the stage. Do you wonder if I ask if you really are at Cottesbrook? Oh, I mean to laugh at difficulties. Is a man to love the less because of fate and circumstances? There is no power that can make him do so, no philosophy or creed which preaches that. I shall count every day as one day nearer my goal. You are powerless to prevent me; you would not wish to prevent me. Yonder is my mother's house, Agnes. Some day you will be its mistress. I am as sure of it as of the sunshine which is upon us now. Let us go up there and see if my mother cannot find a better argument. We are but children, after all."

She would have refused me, but we had emerged from the spinney now; and all the gardens of the house, glorious at the zenith of the summer, were unrolled before her wondering eyes. Never have I known such a pride of home as came to me in that hour, when, pointing to the chapel and the towers, and the windows of the Abbey flashing crimson in the golden beams, I took Agnes by the hand and led her across the deserted lawn. For I had espied my mother, seated in the arbour by the orangery, and almost dragging my little girl after me I went up to the arbour and said "Mother," and rising she came out to us, and those dear to me were heart to heart in the love which is not of knowledge or of the years, but inborn and foreordained, the love surpassing understanding.

And so Agnes came to Cottesbrook, and she, who had met me bravely, sank into my mother's arms, weeping.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I THINK OF DOVER AGAIN.

THERE is a train at 5.45 from Market Harborough to St. Pancras, and by this Agnes would return to town, despite my mother's earnest entreaties and my own protests. Her people there, she said, were expecting her, and would meet her at the station. I knew that one of her uncles was at the French Embassy in town, and could

find no argument to gainsay her. She had kept both her destination and the purpose of her visit from these friends, and to delay would be to defeat her own desires. And so it befell that, as she had come, from an unknown place unexpectedly, a wonder figure upon the dusty road to Cottesbrook, so would she go again from my country. She had carried her message from France, and to France would she return. A thousand arguments could not shake that unchangeable resolution.

"At least you will write to me? prudence cannot forbid that," I protested, as we drove to the station in my own phaeton. "There can be no possible reason why you should not write."

She answered me evasively.

"Are letters so precious, then? Does any one write a letter except from selfish motives? We tell all the untruths we can think of, and then sign ourselves, 'Yours truly.' Only very clever people write great letters, Alfred."

"That is so; but ordinary people may read the great letters. At least let me have the opportunity. The paper from you which says, 'I remember, I am well,' will not find me incredulous. Have I not deserved as much?"

She thought upon it a little while, as one troubled, and then she said—

"I am not clever, Alfred. What could I say to you except that which I have already said? You have enemies in England. At least you owe me the compliment of acting prudently."

"I will go with the circumspection of a judge to his sherry. If I cannot believe much in these enemies, I am none the less grateful to you. Look at it seriously, Agnes. You cannot tell me that the French Government would deliberately plot against my life! They have been frightening you—your friends at Calais. If anyone were sent over here, it is just to see what I am doing. The fellow has gone back again by this time, to say that I have settled down to squiresdom; the others will all give thanks and forget all about me. We shall forget all about them in our turn and let them go on with their work."

I put it so meaningly, for I had a great desire now to prove her knowledge; but her answer told me nothing. It was possible to believe, after all, that I had misjudged her.

"They will never forget," she said quietly. "Sadi Martel will compel them to remember."

"You believe that he is the man, then?"

"I am sure of it; he almost told me so in Paris last week. A woman can learn anything from a man who professes to love her. Do you blame me if I have used my opportunities?"

"I don't blame you at all; but I should like to hear that there were no opportunities. The fellow has been persecuting you. You admit that?"

My chagrin amused her. She smiled for the first time that day, I think.

"Persecutions are flattering for women—sometimes. Sadi Martel is very amusing. And, of course, he is clever."

"They are all clever. It is the last apology a woman makes for a brute. You can say as much for most scoundrels. Are you bound to see this Martel?"

"Until his work is done."

"His work against my country."

"And for mine."

"Dishonourable work, none the less. That is why I find fault with your father. He is a soldier and gentleman. Why does he stoop to the level of such a rogue as Martel? Why does he not remember the traditions of the French Army, and not seek other, newer traditions less honourable? That is the *crux* of the whole difficulty—not his hostility, but the method of it. I quarrel with that, Agnes; it is that I will do my best to defeat. God made him a Frenchman. He made me an Englishman; there is no logic which forbids us to be friends unless it is the logic of dishonour. Why nation hates nation may be a thesis for the philosophers; it is not for us. Tell me that Colonel Lepeletier is doing his duty as a French officer, and I will never complain against him. But show me a fine old soldier dragged at the heels of a drunken engineer to a crafty and despicable plot against my own country, and I will never rest until I have exposed and defeated it. That is all my story, all that I would have you say in France of me. Am I wrong to believe that you will tell it sympathetically?"

I had spoken very frankly to her, deeming the moment opportune; and she heard me with serious eyes and a little tremor of the lips which betrayed her deeper thoughts. Odd, indeed, that a few weeks could so change that impulsive, laughing nature and show me in its place one grown old in wisdom suddenly, a woman and yet a child. Nevertheless, I confess, there was no prettier thing in all the world than Agnes serious, Agnes the wise-head, Agnes the matron of counsel and prudence. And I knew now that the secret had been kept from her.

"I shall speak sympathetically always, even though I may not understand," she said quietly. "My father's work at Escalles is no dishonour. It is because another is our friend that you and I must speak like this to-night. Sometimes I think that he has the power to ruin my father and would use it if he could. His secret against your country is his own—it may be yours, too. I will not ask. I know that you will do your duty, Alfred, as I know that we shall never meet again."

A word of ill-omen indeed, yet one she reiterated as we drove on to the station, and the moment of separation was at hand. Nor could I answer it as I would have wished. The greater truth weighed upon me and seemed to forbid that closer understanding which fate denied to us for so many fateful days. She knew, I said, and yet she did not. Her clever little head could argue as I had argued upon the hidden works at Escalles and those who laboured therein. Some great secret she understood of it, but the nature of that secret had been hidden from her. And over all was the sense of destiny, that birthright of ours, which asked of her love for France, as it asked of me love for England. Who shall wonder if all the logic of our careless lives could not wrestle with a problem so complex? But yesterday she was a little girl in short skirts, counting her tennis balls and complaining bitterly that her bicycle was broken. What irony asked of her this courage of foreboding, this brave surrender to the sacrifice her love demanded? For she was schooled to sacrifice now. She said "Good-bye" to me as one who knew that this was the end.

Harry was in the billiard-room when I returned to the Abbey, and he followed me to my own den to hear the news. Excited as I was by the surprises of the day, I could yet tell him a coherent story and explain a resolution to which I had come as I drove my horses furiously upon the station road. I would go to Dover. The quiet of my home was not good for me. Delusion or no delusion, the victim of hallucination or of truth, I must find work to do.

"Harry," I said, "you must concoct a story for my mother. I am going to Dover to-morrow."

"Nice work for the Church, my son. The parson lying for the parish. Instruct him in the art, and he will do his best. Is there no story of your regiment that will serve?"

"My colonel refuses to accept my papers.

A decorative border of stylized leaves and flowers frames the top and sides of the page. The border is symmetrical and ornate, with leaves pointing upwards and outwards.

DEAD MEN'S HOLIDAY

after SHIPKA

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

"EVERY ONE KEPT HOLIDAY EXCEPT THE DEAD" VERESTCHAGIN

Who dares to say the dead men were not glad,
When all the banners flaunted triumph there
And soldiers tossed their caps into the air,
And cheered, and cheered as they with joy were mad?

Proudly the General galloped down the line,
And shouted thanks and praise to all his men,
And the free echoes tossed it back again,
And the keen air stung all their lips like wine.

And there, in front, the dead lay silently—
They who had given their lives the fight to win—
Were their ears deaf, think you, to all the din,
And their eyes blinded that they could not see?

I tell you, no! They heard, and hearing knew
How brief a thing this triumph of a day,
From which men journey on, the same old way,
The same old snares and pitfalls struggle through.

Theirs the true triumph, for their fight was done;
And with low laughter called they, each to each—
"We are at rest, where foemen cannot reach,
And better this than fighting in the sun."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Company.)



Butterflies.

By SPENCER PRYSE.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

BY GEORGE A. WADE.

THERE are few Englishmen who, were they asked which is the oldest body of soldiers now existing in the armies of the civilised world, could give a satisfactory reply. Yet the corps that may be so designated is in our own land, and is well-known, by name at all events, to most people, who may be surprised to learn that the proud distinction of being able to claim that honour belongs to the "Yeomen of the Guard."

They are men with a history, and an interesting one in every sense, these sturdy

There are to-day one hundred of these gallant fellows doing duty in some capacity in the famous corps of the Royal bodyguard known as the "Yeomen of the Guard." There was not always this number, for there has been much variation since the founding of the "regiment." At first it numbered fifty men, forty of whom are mentioned in the State records in the original warrants. This was under Henry VII. By Henry VIII.'s time it had risen to six hundred, so that it is not without reason that we speak of it as a



Photo by]

A GROUP OF YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

[Ball, Regent Street, W.

veterans whom one sees on duty at Buckingham Palace or St. James's, whenever Royalty holds a Drawing Room or a *Levé*, or when some State ball or concert takes place. Most of them have seen stirring times and deeds on the field of battle, about which they could tell many tales, for no retired soldiers can be admitted into the privileged ranks of the "Yeomen of the Guard" at all unless they "have held commissioned, warrant, or sergeant's rank in the Army, and have also been decorated for service in the field,"

"regiment." Edward VI. had two hundred Yeomen, whilst Mary, his sister, thought four hundred none too many. James I. reduced the number again to two hundred, and Charles II. at the Restoration made it one hundred, at which figure it has remained ever since. During the times of the Tudors it also contained some mounted men, as seen from the accompanying photograph of an engraving, but these afterwards disappeared.

There can be little doubt that the first constitution of the King's bodyguard was in



AN EARLY YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.

From an old print.

1485, when Henry VII., fresh from his great victory at Bosworth, appointed several of his most trusted men to act permanently as his special guard, under the title and style of "The Yeomen of the King's Guard." This title was almost immediately shortened by the populace into the familiar one we know to-day, which has practically never changed. And it is curious and interesting to learn from documents now in possession of the corps that these first Yeomen were mostly Welshmen, such names as Ap Jones, Kaye, Griffiths, etc., being the most frequent. This fact is doubtless due to the circumstance that Welshmen formed the chief part of the King's retinue in his exile, and flocked so largely to his standard on his landing at Milford Haven. An interesting portrait of an early Yeoman of the Guard is here reproduced.

It has been suggested by some authorities that Canute had, five hundred years before that date, possessed a similar body of soldiers to guard his person, and that this regiment was continued by later kings, under different titles, until under Edward III. it became the "Yeomen of the Crown." But this suggestion does not prove that this regiment became ultimately the one we know at present, for in fact these separate bodyguards of the sovereigns remained in existence until the

eighteenth century. They have often been confused with the "Yeomen of the Guard," but they were not military bodies at all, and at the death of each monarch under whom they served they were disbanded, and a new guard, often of totally fresh men and with different dress and accoutrements, was formed. The history of these various bodyguards would form a volume in itself.

Nothing to-day about the Yeomen of the Guard is more striking and picturesque than their mediæval dress, which is ever such a wonder and pleasure to the country cousin who first sees it at the Tower of London. And it has altered very little, comparatively speaking, from that of the period when it was first appointed for them.

The costume is extremely interesting, with its bright scarlet tunic bearing the Tudor rose, embroidered in crimson and gold beneath the Royal Crown; the white ruffles at the neck—sure evidence of Good Queen Bess—the scarlet, close-fitting hose, and the flat-topped black velvet hat, with its wide brim. All through the centuries the Royal scarlet, the gold lace, and the velvet have remained constant in this arrangement. What alterations have taken place have been chiefly in the shape and style of the sleeves and cap. Several prints still in existence



A MOUNTED YEOMAN.

From an old print.

show that the Yeomen used to wear fuller sleeves, and that occasionally the skirts of the tunics have been either longer or shorter. Elizabeth, it is almost needless to remark, added the ruffles, now so conspicuous in the costume. The hats were, in the Stuart days, changed from the low, round hat, now so familiar, to higher headgear, adorned with plumes, and lace took the place of the ruff. But the Hanoverian dynasty did away with these innovations and restored the former cap and ruff to their old places.

The duties of the Yeomen of the Guard, as originally defined by warrant, were to protect the person of the Sovereign on State occasions and in private; to form part of the Royal train in order to increase its splendour; and to fight for and with their monarch in battle. Henry VII. was not long in bringing his favourites into useful work, for the newly-formed bodyguard took a prominent part in the procession to St. Paul's which the King organised in order to give thanks for the victory at Bosworth; and within a month it was again much in evidence at his coronation in Westminster Abbey. Henry VIII. took six hundred of the Yeomen with him to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, as his special guard; and the Yeomen were also present with William III. at the battle of the Boyne, two centuries ago.

It was Elizabeth who used to have the Yeomen waiting at table during her grandest feasts, and it is doubtless from this that the Yeomen of the Guard became looked upon as being the proper persons to perform Court duties at State functions, which are their principal services to-day.

The conditions which are requisite for a Yeoman have been already stated—*viz.*, certain rank and past services in the Regular Army, and an unblemished character for at least eighteen years previous to his application for appointment. Hence the reason why the famous hundred veterans are regarded with such pride by the whole English Army, for they are the representatives of all that is best and bravest amongst the various arms of the Service.

As to the constitution of the celebrated hundred, it is as follows. At the head of the corps is a captain, who is the sole person in the Guard who is not compelled to have seen active military service. His office is generally political, as a new captain is appointed with each change of Government. The captain must, according to all recent precedent, be a "Peer of the Realm," and the present holder of the post is Earl Waldegrave, who is



Photo by]

[Ball, Regent Street, W.

A TYPICAL YEOMAN OF THE GUARD: MR. ALFRED WHITE, FORMERLY REGIMENTAL CORPORAL-MAJOR, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS; SERVICE ABROAD; MISSION TO LOBENGULA AND MATABELELAND.

extremely popular with both officers and men serving under him.

Then comes a lieutenant, who must previously have been a colonel in the Regular Army. This office is now filled by Sir Horatio Vance, who used to command the 38th Regiment. Below him comes an ensign, who must have been a colonel in former days,



ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING GEORGE III., AUGUST 2, 1786.

From an old print.

and so also must have been the "Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant." This latter officer gets his title from the fact that in olden times he used to have to keep the "checker," the roll of Royal servants. Four other officers are termed "exons," which curious title is supposed to have been derived from the French word *exempt*—that is, free from certain duties, the word "exempt" being sounded as if it were written "exomt," and hence corrupted into "exon." Even till last century there were similar "exons" in the Household Cavalry.

Besides these there are non-commissioned officers who do duty in the Yeomen of the Guard as messengers, sergeant-majors, Yeomen bed-goers, Yeomen bed-hangers, etc. What the precise work of these would be to-day it is difficult to determine, but the names show how

the Yeomen served as active and regular body-servants to the sovereigns of the sixteenth century.

A word or two as to the pay of the various ranks may be interesting. The privates get £50 annually, besides their pension money for former services. The "messengers" and similar ranks get £75 a year, and the lowest officer gets no less than £100.

As to their quaint and strange arms and adornments, these are also the survivals of olden times. The Yeomen used to carry during the Tudor period the weapons

then in use, and they have practically continued to keep those same arms. That is why we see them with pikes and halberts on ceremonial occasions. These are known to be purely ornamental, since they would not be the least good against the weapons



MARGARET NICHOLSON ATTEMPTING TO STAB HIS MAJESTY ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1786.

From an old print.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING GEORGE III., OCTOBER 29, 1795

From an old print.

of modern times. A conclusive proof was given of this in the last affair of any moment in which the corps took part actively as "Soldiers of the Queen." The authorities took away the obsolete weapons and armed the men with muskets and bayonets. We shall recur to this again shortly. And as regards the badges of the Yeomen, many minor changes have taken place in the course of centuries. For at least two hundred and fifty years after the formation of the corps their emblem remained the English Crown with the red rose of Lancaster below it, and also the initials of the reigning monarch

Those cynical folks who regard the corps as being purely a decorative body for the Sovereign, a corps which never sees actual service nor is even called upon to-day really to defend the person of the monarch, are mistaken. At Bosworth the Yeomen gathered round the person of Henry; at the siege of Tournai, when all other troops had deserted the King, this corps stood firm, and it was mainly owing to their help that he was eventually successful. Four hundred of them were left in Tournai to guard it, and so pleased was Henry with their work that he gave them all an extra payment of 4*d.* a



Photo by]

Captain French. Col. Sir Horatio
Col. Hennell, D.S.O.

Vance.

Col. Lord Waldegrave Major Elliott,
(Captain of the Corps).

[Ball, Regent Street, W.

Col. Ellison.

CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, 1899.

with the Royal motto, "*Dieu et mon droit*," between them. The thistle was added when England and Scotland were united legislatively under Queen Anne in 1709, and just as naturally, when Ireland came into the Union in 1801, George III. followed the example of Queen Anne and added the shamrock. All these changes are excellently shown on the photograph, taken in the adjutant's room, of the line of pikes and emblems representing the various alterations during each reign in the insignia of the Yeomen of the Guard.

day, which was a large sum in those times. The Yeomen went with Henry VIII. to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, quite expecting to have to fight later on. It was the Yeomen who searched the Houses of Parliament when Guy Fawkes was discovered—a proceeding they have since carried out every succeeding year before Parliament assembles. They went, as stated, with William III. to the Battle of the Boyne and fought well there.

It was a Yeoman of the Guard who prevented his Majesty King George III.



KING HENRY VIII. IN THE DISGUISE OF A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, VISITING A COBBLER.

being stabbed by the lunatic Margaret Nicholson, and so undoubtedly saved the monarch's life. And as late as 1848 it was the Yeomen of the Guard who were called out to defend St. James's Palace against an anticipated London mob during that period of revolutions when France was in a tumult and there was no telling what would happen next in England. This was the time when the Government handed out muskets and bayonets to the corps, as being likely to be more effective than the ancient halberts and pikes.

Of late years a particular interest has been attracted to the Yeomen of the Guard in the mind of the populace, owing to the wonderful success of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera of that name. But, strange to say, the opera perpetuates what is a very common mistake, for, dealing with the Warders of the Tower, it calls them by the name of the "Yeomen of the Guard," which they are not. The true "Yeomen of the Guard" recognise the antiquity of their *confrères*, the Tower Warders; they pay them tribute for excellent service in many ways; but they do not allow to them the proud title of which they themselves boast; for they point out, and with perfect truth, that the Beefeaters are quite a separate corps, though often attached to the Yeomen of the Guard; that their uniform is minus the well-known shoulder-belt; that they never did act either as the King's bodyguard, or on the field of battle; that even in Edward VI.'s time they were evidently considered to be quite a distinct body, seeing that the King then appointed fifteen Tower Warders

for meritorious services to be "Yeomen Extraordinary of the Bedchamber"; and that, lastly, whilst the Tower Warders are all appointed by the Constable of the Tower, the Yeomen of the Guard are only appointed by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The review of the Yeomen of the Guard last year by the Duke of Connaught was a very striking ceremony, as will be seen from the picture here shown. No less than ninety-six of the hundred veterans appeared upon parade. Every soldier wore the medals he had won in active service, with the usual rosettes, and the lines made a gallant show. There were *dozens* of the Army there that had fought, forty-five years before, in the cold Crimea: men who had marched with Havelock and Outram over the burning plains of India in that famous Mutiny; gallant fellows who had trudged beside "Bobs" in the great march to Cabul; and soldiers who had climbed heights in face of the enemy in Burmah and China.

There stood the renowned veteran, Sergeant-Major Holmes, who is one of the two "messengers," happy and smiling as ever. There stood the officers, tried and trusty, as in bygone days when bullets rained round them on the field of battle—there



Photo by]

[Ball, Regent Street, W.

ARTHUR RULE, FORMERLY SERGT.-MAJOR 20TH FOOT, AND MAJOR IN 24TH MIDDLESEX V.R.C. (POST OFFICE), THE OLDEST YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.



Photo by]

[Ball, Regent Street, W.

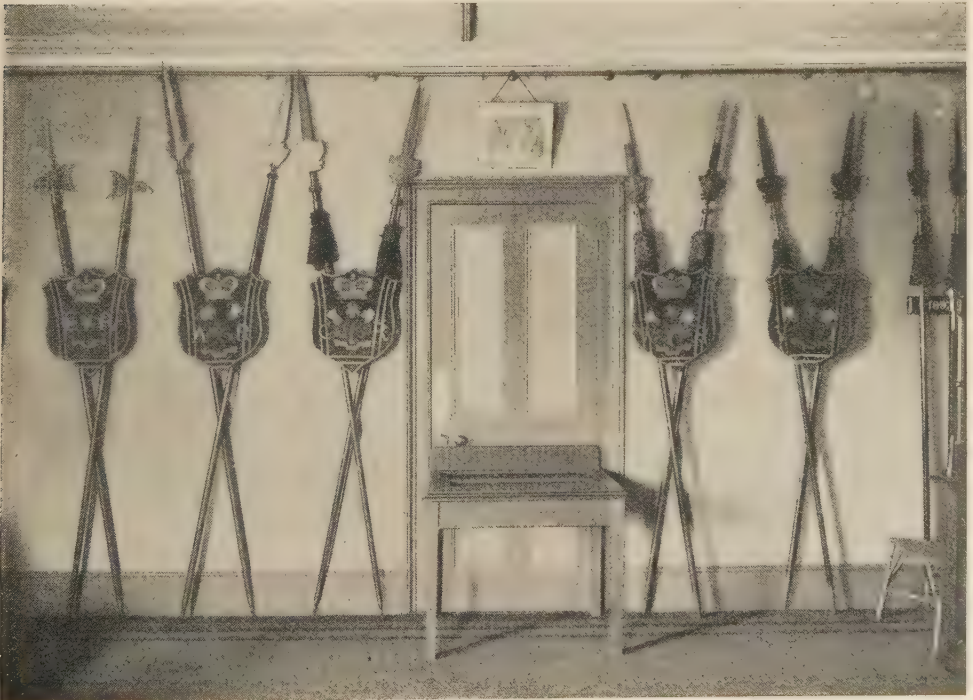
INSPECTION OF YEOMEN OF THE GUARD BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, JUNE 20, 1899.

they stood on parade, with swallow-tailed coats and epaulettes, with gold-laced trousers, and with cocked-hats whose plumes waved in the breeze. This uniform, it may be remarked, was the one of a general officer during the time of the Peninsular war; before that the officers of the Yeomen of the Guard wore the same uniform as their men do now.

But the *doyen* of *doyens* on that parade day was gallant old Sergeant-Major Rule, whose breast was literally covered with his

medals and clasps, and who wore his unique distinction—he is the only “Yeoman” who possesses it—of the “Cross of the Legion of Honour” of France. It was the brave Rule’s thirty-fourth inspection as a member of the famous corps.

By kind permission of Earl Waldegrave, the captain, and the officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, special access has been given, for the purpose of this article, to the records of the corps, now in their possession and not before published.



THE PIKES AND INSIGNIA OF THE “YEOMEN” DURING VARIOUS REIGNS.



Too Hot: A Lesson in Patience.

BY FANNIE MOODY.

HOW LANDOWNERS ARE MADE.

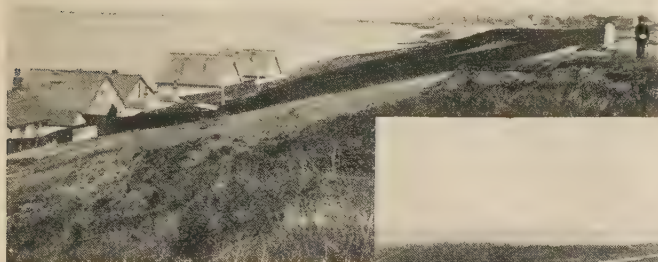
BY ARTHUR GOODRICH.

Illustrated from Photographs by C. Pilkington.

THERE can be no doubt that the success which has attended us as a nation is largely due to our cities, despite the fact that many people maintain that the only thing which can reconcile a man to a residence in town is the blessed hope of getting out of it. That cities have their evils no one will deny. The life they compel us to lead is artificial and often unhealthy. Nature presents us with luxuriant woodlands, open moorlands, lofty hills and deep verdant valleys ; breezes which stir the

became congested, a further exodus had to be made. Then came the problem, Where were they to go to next ? At the opportune moment Mr. F. F. Ramuz, Mayor of Southend-on-Sea, conceived the idea of purchasing some of the Essex land which agricultural depression had driven out of cultivation, cutting it up into plots and selling them on reasonable terms to the public.

The Essex landowners, being wise in their generation, so approved of the scheme that the man of enterprise was soon in a position to say, "Come to me, all you lovers of Nature, doomed by circumstances to see the sun set from January to December behind a chimney-pot instead



BUNGALOWS LEAD THE WAY.

hedges and set the trees a-waving, redden the skin and expand the frame. The vitiated air of big cities, with their close streets and stuffy rooms, impoverishes the blood and undermines the constitution.

Every year has so swollen the population of the cities, and so increased their size, that the country, despite the talk about the locomotive conquering space, has gradually become more and more remote. This is true of all our cities, but more particularly of the Metropolis.

Small wonder, then, that thousands of fresh-air-loving Londoners, finding their tether becoming gradually more and more narrowed, look eagerly about for some means of freeing themselves from the bondage of the big city. The suburbs for a time provided an asylum, but when these in their turn



ROSEBERRY AVENUE AND SALISBURY DRIVE.

of a purple hill. Come to me, and I will provide you with a resting-place, out of sight and yet within easy journey of the great city, where you can plant your household gods amid groves and glades, hills and dales ; where those you love can watch the sunshine painting the meadows with delight, giving splendour to the flowers and beauty to the trees."

But confidence being a plant of slow growth, the public were loth to respond.

It was in vain that the voice of the pioneer announced that the plots would be sold absolutely without reserve; that payments would be extended over four years; that conveyances would not only be free, but that there would be absolutely no law costs; that tithes would be redeemed whenever practicable, and possession of the land immediately given.

It was all very well to talk about immediate possession, but what about roads and drains? Who would defray the cost of these?

"I will," said the vendor.

"There must be something wrong about the scheme if you do. You must have an axe of your own to grind. You offer us land on better terms than one can purchase a piano! It's bound to be a swindle!"

So the very people who should have canonised Mr. Ramuz denounced him as a trickster, and even when the enthusiastic Mayor, in order to dispose of the land he had purchased, offered to take them by special train and cheap tickets to the sale, they still held aloof.

"Well, free luncheon as well," cried the now desperate pioneer. And the lunch did it.

There was something suspicious about the plots. Terms and prices were too reasonable, or at least they looked so. But a thirty-mile railway journey and back with a champagne luncheon for two shillings; there could be no mistake about that. So they went, and as the road to the Englishman's heart lies through his stomach, they found the luncheon so good that they stayed to the sale, and, feeling at peace with the world just then, planked down their money with great cheerfulness.

They part with their money more readily now, but not so cheerfully. Deep down in the human heart, sociologists tell us, dwells an innate desire to own land. At land sales the instinct reveals itself in bidding that borders on the acrimonious, especially when plots directly facing the sea are put up.

Sales during the season are held three and even four times a week, and although 50,000 landowners have already been created, the special trains are always packed. Mr. Ramuz, the originator of the movement, notwithstanding his duties as Mayor of Southend-on-Sea—which, as far as I can judge, largely consist in feasting the juvenile population—still finds time to attend some of the sales, though the enterprise has evolved into what is known as "The Land Company," with Mr. George Ramuz, a son

of the Mayor, as auctioneer. So estates have been bought and cut into plots at Southend, Leigh-on-Sea, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Prittlewell, Maldon, Norton Park, Shoeburyness, Wakering, Tilbury Docks, Laindon Hills, Pitsea, Vange, Basildon, Chingford, Rochford, Rayleigh, Herne Bay, Westminster-on-Sea, Bishopstone Glen, Hilborough-on-Sea, Ropley, Ilford, etc., etc. But more are wanted, and prices must be low enough to bring the land within the reach of all.

At Laindon—breezy Laindon, as they call it—the Mayor sells plots to the working class, 100 feet by 20 feet wide, outright for £5, and spreads the payments over four years, which means that anyone can become a landowner for 6*d.* a week.

During the summer months the specials, fare nominal with luncheon thrown in, are simply packed. A tradesman will tell you on the platform that after forty years behind the counter he thinks sleeping in the air of the country will do him good.

And such a mixed gathering, too! May-fair may not send its contingent, but all other sections are well represented. Half-pay officers, on whose slender resources the rents of town press heavily, clerks, professional men, well-to-do mechanics, young couples, some starting in matrimony, others waiting till they have got the home, young men, old men, speculators of the sort who buy a lot with the object of selling it at a profit, and others who have come to buy for friends, a pushing, eager crowd, whose indifference to China, Transvaal, and other brimming questions is evidenced in the absence of newspapers and the abundance of plans of the estate. Ah, those plans! how they are conned over!

"You see that plot," said a gentleman to me recently in a land sale train, bursting to take someone into his confidence. "If I don't get that plot, I won't have any."

"Has it any particular advantages?" I asked.

"I should think it has," was the reply. "There's a running brook on this estate, and if I buy this plot I shall be able to divert the stream through my garden into some reservoirs I shall build. As it will be years before the water company comes along, I shall be able to supply the neighbours with water for some years on my own terms, which will be a halfpenny the pail."

Community of object making short work of insular reserve, conversation in land trains is delightfully general. Everyone laughs at the simple folk who make no effort to free



ONLY KIOSKS AND
BAND-STANDS WILL
BE ALLOWED ON
THE ESPLANADE.

themselves from the miseries of town life, and is confident that the real secret of long life and happiness lies in purchasing a small piece of land outside London and building on it a house after a design of one's own.



THE SITE
OF THE
FUTURE
TOWN.

On the train's arrival at its destination, the company with great precipitation rush from the station and, headed by the auctioneer, make straight for their future homes. To-day's sale is at Herne Bay, and as Herne Bay is close, quite close, to the German Ocean—which, as we all know, is remarkable for the quality of its ozone—everyone sniffs. This causes the auctioneer to declare that "Herne Bay is not only the garden of England, but quite the healthiest place in the world," which is, of course, saying a good deal.

It is a beautiful day, and everyone looks supremely happy save the land speculators. When the weather is bad attendances are small, and lots are knocked down cheap. The place we are bound for is the West Cliff, Herne Bay.

A smart walk of twenty minutes so

sharpens our appetites that the moment the marquee is seen all insensibly hurry forward. But the time for luncheon is not yet.

Messrs. Ramuz insist that their clients shall know what they are bidding for, so, escorted by the auctioneer, they are introduced to their future homes. A few take up their quarters in preference outside the luncheon-tent, to rest maybe, or possibly to have the pick of the seats—who knows? But the majority, plan in hand, follow the auctioneer.

"We are now, ladies and gentlemen, in Rosebery Avenue." You look round; you are in a field dotted all over with little pegs, and, just where you are standing, kerbstones and a sprinkling of gravel indicate the site of the thoroughfare yet to come. To-day it is no more Rosebery Avenue than Cornhill is Cornhill, but it will

be before long; of that no one doubts.

"Which is Sea Street?" says a lady, who, having made a small fortune out of a lodging-house at Southend-on-Sea, is going to build another of her own to accommodate four-



EN ROUTE TO
KLONDYKE.



FUTURE LANDOWNERS CONTEMPLATING SEA STREET.

teen guests, and do without "wretched landlords," as she calls them. Sea Street having been indicated, and a grocer from the south of London having been assured that no shops save those shown on the plans would be allowed on the estate, the genteel section of the crowd are taken to Alexandra Drive and Salisbury ditto.



SOME UNHAPPY LAND SPECULATORS—
PRICES RATE HIGH ON A FINE DAY.

New communities are always aspiring, and those who owe their existence to the Mayor of Southend and his friends believe in high-sounding, not to say full-flavoured, names. At land sales it is so common a thing to hear the auctioneer exclaim, "We will now take the plot in Gracechurch Street or the Strand," that no one betrays the slightest astonishment. Besides, imposing and stately names add to the dignity of towns in the bud.

The people who rent moors and deer forests don't dislike their shooting-boxes any the more for their being called castles. Why, then, should we sneer at lesser mortals who find Sir Walter Raleigh Drive, Ann Boleyn Avenue, Ravenscourt Chase, etc., more attractive than Robert Street, Borough Road, and the like?

The tradesman who would refuse credit to

anyone living in Rothschild Avenue must have a very poor opinion of his species.

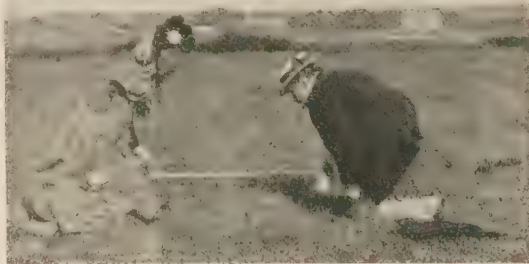
The company having been assured by the auctioneer that no houses will be allowed in front of the Spa and the Grand Esplanade, nothing except kiosks and band-stands, a bell is heard, whereupon everyone rushes with positively frantic haste to the marquee. The German Ocean has done its work, and for the moment plots are forgotten.

Land sale luncheons are above criticism. People will put up with anything when they pay for it. Give it them for nothing and they become critical at once. But the viands are first class—so excellent, indeed, as quite to neutralise the impression which, under less happy auspices, might have been conveyed by the itinerant orchestra in attendance outside.

There is nothing novel in the spectacle of several hundred people feasting in a tent, but this crowd is worth studying. Deadheads



"BLESS THE MAN! DO
YOU MEAN TO SAY
YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR
PLOT?"



FREQUENT MEASURING PREVENTS SHRINKAGE.

are, of course, present. They talk glibly about land, study their plans with apparently absorbing interest, and occasionally bid, but they never buy. So, this being

noticed, and their address obtained by an official on the pretext of sending them a catalogue of the next sale, they one morning receive a letter politely requesting them not to patronise the sales any more.

Luncheon over, the tables removed and a rostrum erected, the auctioneer clears his

throat, calls for silence, and proceeds to describe the property he is about to sell. There is nothing automatic about this auctioneer. In fact, his eloquence grows quite seductive when he assures his audience that the place is not one of those delightful spots only to be reached after a long and agonising sea voyage, or an interminable journey by train, being actually within an hour and a half of London.

"Westward Ho! ladies and gentlemen, is a veritable Paradise at London's gate. Fish is scarce off the Dogger Bank, but not here; and as to shrimps——"

"Never mind the shrimps, man," says an austere lady with an eye like

"I'VE PLOTS EVERYWHERE."



satisfactory as to outfalls, drain-pipes, water-borings, lighting, etc., he has a distinctly bad time of it. Sometimes when closely pressed he will flood the meeting with eloquence, saying —

"Gaze around you, ladies and gentlemen. Here the sunshine glorifies sea and earth alike, ripening the crops and covering the dimpled surface of the ocean with splashes of molten gold. Think what the attractions of this enchanting spot will be like if the railway company redeem the promise they have made to build a rail-

way station. When that time comes, you will be brought within one and a half hours of the great Metropolis, where from clammy dawn to foggy eve stand interminable lines of houses, with every brick alike, myriads of chimney-pots, and lamp-posts by the thousand."

But what is the use of badgered land auctioneers taking refuge in such verbal gorgeous-



DURING LUNCHEON LAND IS QUITE FORGOTTEN.

Mars to threaten and command; "tell us something about the drains."

"Are the town council of Herne Bay to be relied on?" says another.

"What is the attitude of the Local Government Board towards Westward Ho?" cries a third.

"Unfriendly, you bet," says a stout man. "Whitehall don't care about us landowners."

Then a heated debate ensues. There was a time when people bought plots without reference to sanitary conditions, but all that is changed now. The auctioneer has to undergo a searching examination, and if his answers are not



THE COMPANY NOW SETTLE DOWN TO BUSINESS.

ness when a lady sternly interrupts him, saying, "There are mothers present, and in their name I ask you, sir, to say plainly whether

the authorities at Herne Bay will look after the sanitary wants of Westward Ho ! ”

One admirable feature characterises these sales. There are so many lots for disposal that anything in the shape of a knock-out is difficult. It has been tried, with results disastrous to the ring.

It is whilst the bidding is in progress that you learn what a varied thing humanity is. An extremely genial old lady buys several lots. You ask who she is. It transpires that she keeps a sweetstuff shop somewhere in London. The neighbourhood is so poor that she declares that only on two occasions has she ever sold, in twenty years, as much as a pennyworth at a time. Yet she has saved out of ha'porths and farthingworths enough to invest £400 in land.

But her investments are greatly exceeded by those of another lady, who, as far as the number of her estates and plots is concerned, is the largest landed proprietor in the world.

“ I could not really tell you how many plots I possess,” she said, in answer to a question of mine. “ All I know is that it's everywhere.”

Judging by the sweep she gave her arm when she said this, I took everywhere to mean all over the world.

The public evidently believe in the future Westward Ho ! of Herne Bay. Shop plots, always a sure test of the calculated development of local prosperity, fetch high prices. The bidding is characterised by a sublime disregard for the schemes of those reformers who would nationalise the land.

I have alluded to the landowning desire as an instinct. This applies only to the gentlemen. With lady bidders it becomes a passion, revealing itself in the most curious and unexpected manner.

I watched one lady bidding unsuccessfully for plot after plot. Presently she secured one. “ My boy is a landowner at last,” she cried, and the tears rushed into her eyes. I looked at the infant she carried in her arms. Being only two months old, he did not, of course, realise the enormous change the last few moments had wrought in his *status*.

Another thing noticeable in the crowd which attends land sales is their lack of humour. That they are hopeful admits of no doubt. They bid as if the lots were in Klondyke instead of Kent or Essex, but they won't joke.

When the auctioneer playfully recommends

a lot on the ground that there is more ozone in Lot 45 than there is in Lot 46, which he has just sold, someone is sure to remark, “ There won't be any at all if you allow any more buildings in front of it.”

They are also peculiar in other respects. When an Englishman determines on transferring his goods and chattels to some other clime, choice is regulated, as a rule, by the advantages offered. At land sales it is different. People from the south of London will buy in Kent, but not in Essex, and *vice versa*.

By 5 p.m. the last lot is disposed of, and the newly made landowners stream into the open to sample the land of which they are now the proprietors. Some glare at their purchases with a stern intentness, as if they suspected the plot had an intention of absconding ; others gaze rapturously at the site on which the home is to be built, and debate the position of the kitchen and how much will be left for the garden.

I noticed one landowner regarding his investment with such evident distrust that I asked him if he was afraid of its running away.

“ There's worse dangers than that,” he replied severely. “ Three years ago I bought a lot at Rochford. Last year I ran down just to have a look round, when I found that someone had built on it by mistake. I *was* pleased.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because I got good compensation. Run away ! That's why I like land, because it does not run away.”

Nevertheless, owners at first frequently behave as if they thought such a contingency not impossible. To pay a weekly visit to your plot after it has passed into your possession, “ just to see that it is all right,” is quite a common thing.

It is quite a sentimental scene, with the landowners all round one surveying their purchases ; but the lengthening shadows warn us at last that the day is ageing fast.

“ Train goes at 7.15,” cries the auctioneer.

Still none of the magnates stir. True, the land on which they stand is their own, but have they laid out their money to advantage ? Of course they have. Is not the air laden with health and exhilaration ? Why, of course ! And are not the payments spread over four years ? Nothing like leather ? “ Nothing like land ! ” says the Britisher.

THE MIRACULOUS INSPIRATION OF MR. JESTY.

BY ORME AGNUS.*

Illustrated by Gunning King.



T first sight it would not seem inspiring to relate an episode in the life of Mr. John Jesty, a young man whom our village looked upon as the dullest youth within its

borders. He was "a bit ov a zaft-head," in the judgment of even tolerant critics, and while irreverent youngsters delighted in tormenting him, there always seemed to me a shade of mockery or banter in the tone of all who had speech with him—the "Marnen, Jock; how goes it?" was generally accompanied by a half-mocking laugh, as though it were absurd to imagine that he could give a sensible opinion on the weather or his own state of health.

Mr. Jesty, the village smith, is one of our most substantial men, and his house is the most picturesque in the village. The smithy yard has some title to be considered our village forum. Some evenings you may find ten or a dozen lounging about, for the smith always works after tea for an hour at least, though, except in the busiest times, he will not allow his sons to do so. Boys, he sensibly says, work better for a bit of play.

Mr. Jesty, by natural right, is chief of our village fathers, who seek his society that they may be fortified against subtle attacks from the enemies of "Things as They Are," and particularly against the attacks of that arch-enemy of the social fabric—Robert Dulpin. Mr. Jesty, as becomes a man of substance and a churchwarden, is a mighty defender of Church and State, and, in our opinion, has done as much as any man to protect the great institutions of the country from those who would lay impious hands on them. "Mark my words," Pigsticker Sam has said

solemnly more than once, on leaving the smithy—"Mark my words: Hez Jesty baint gwain to live vor ever, 'zno, and when he be gone, I wouldn' gie a brass varden vor Church and State in thease parts. God help Queen Victorier and Wold England iv Hez do gwo!"

Mr. Robert Dulpin, against whose pernicious doctrines Hezekiah Jesty wages ruthless warfare, is the village cobbler. His is almost the solitary voice clamant in the wilderness of our village; for, though we do not all don the colours of one party, Mr. Dulpin's opinions are too extreme for all but one or two.

Except when under the demonic influence of drink, he is to be found at the smithy in the evening, "tryen to knock a grain of zense into Jesty and t'others," but, according to his own account, finding it impossible to succeed against immovable ignorance. He never has any intention of going near old Jesty and the gaping owls who foregather in the smithy yard, he declares, and, being a man of originality, he has no less than three reasons for going to the smithy. One is an inquiry concerning the carrier, another is to ask if they have heard what pigs were fetching at Dorchester the previous Saturday, a third is to mention that if they want any cobbling done to send their boots at once, as leather is going up.

One evening in August an uncommon Robert Dulpin approached the smithy. He had no excuse to offer for his presence, and having made a remark about the weather in a supercilious tone, he stood with a smile on his face and whistled softly.

The audience settled themselves comfortably to listen to the resumption of the debate, but instead Bobbie laughed to himself, winked at the company, and asked the smith, "Where be Jock to?"

"Jock?" said Jesty, "my Jock? Did 'ee want en?"

"No," said Bobbie, with a chuckling laugh, "no, I don't want Jock—he! he! Want en? No," and he laughed again.

"He be gone to Tunney's to play draughts, I 'low," said the smith.

"Draughts! draughts! he be playen

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draughts, be he?" rejoined Dulpin, with another irritating laugh. "Vine draughts, I 'low. Up at Tunney's! Why, smithee, he be avter the petticoats, be Jock. I met en up in the vields just now. Draughts!"

There was nothing very defamatory to Jock's character in this, but it came from Robert Dulpin, and that was enough.

"Don't 'ee gwo vor to accuse the bwoy, Bob Dulpin," said the smith, with great irritation. "Thee let Jock alone; he have never done 'ee any harm. He be at Tunney's, and I can tell 'ee he have never gi'en a thought to maids yet."

"Draughts! Tunney's! You be wrong, smithee. It be Lucy Thatcher up to the Hall he be nosen round," and the Radical broke into a peal of triumphant and sarcastic laughter.

"Then," said Jesty, rolling down his sleeves, "we all goes to Tunney's, and I'll show the company how much thee canst be believed, Bob Dulpin. That be just the way with you Radicals; you be allus vinden vault with zomethen or zomebody, and taken away honest volk's characters. And, look zee, iv he be there, as I know he be, thee pays vor half a gallon; iv I be wrong, I pays vor a gallon."

"Right, Hez, right; it be a bargain," said the five listeners, and under the leadership of the grim-mouthed smith they set off for Tunney's.

As it happened, Mrs. Tunney, who is of a very nervous and excitable temperament, was sitting in the dusk alone, awaiting her husband. Greatly startled by the forceful knocking, she jumped up hurriedly and with beating heart opened the door to a group of sober-faced men. That was enough; nothing but the worst could have happened. Before the smith could get out half of his innocent query, "Be my Jock here?" she flung up her hands, and shrieking, "Tom's drowned dead! Why couldn't 'ee save en?" fell down in a swoon, or, rather, would have fallen if Jesty had not caught her.

Never did seven lusty men feel more helpless or awkward. "What shall us do?" whispered Jesty.

Pigsticker Sam was the man for the emergency. "Run, one ov 'ee, vor Mrs. Minchen, and one ov 'ee get a bucket of watter, quick," and he knelt down, loosened her dress, and clapped her hands.

Two of them ran for Mrs. Minchen, who was a neighbour, and Jesty and Dulpin fetched the water. In his excitement—it has since been brought forward in the

smithy yard as an illustration supporting the proposition that a Trumpet of Sedition cannot be trusted in matters of everyday life—the Radical threw the whole bucketful on her, unmindful that Sam was bending over her. The pigsticker received a goodly portion of it, which, strange to say, did not cool, but heated him. "You gurt, clumsy, wooden-head vooil!" he cried, prefacing the adjective with another that was highly improper; "do 'ee think thease be the time to play the zilly nanny-goat?"

But Dulpin was out of hearing. With praiseworthy zeal, as soon as he had emptied the bucket, he ran to the well and filled it again. But another application was unnecessary. The first douche had revived her—and soaked her bodice through and through.

"There, there, poor dear!" said Sam soothingly. "You'll veel better in a minit."

"Have they got his body out?" she asked faintly.

"Who do 'ee mean?" asked Sam.

"Pore dear Tom," she cried with a sob.

"I knowed he'd——"

"There baint nothen wrong with Tommy, as we knows on, Missus Tunney. Do 'ee zee, we——"

That roused the good lady more effectually than the cold douche. "Then why did all you vellers come vrightenen I like thease?"

But at that moment, to the relief of the men, up came Mrs. Minchen, her arms going like windmills in efforts to gain her breath.

"What be the matter, Zairey, my dear?" she gasped.

"It be thease vellers, do 'ee zee; about ten ov 'em did come altogeder, and did zay as how Tunney be drowned——"

"Nay, nay," cried the smith, "we zaid nothen. Do 'ee zee——"

"You be a pack ov vooils," interrupted Mrs. Minchen, "to go a-vrightenen a woman. Get away with 'ee and send Tunney hwome."

Mrs. Minchen's features were expressive of fiercest scorn, and without a word they slunk off. In silence they walked together, and by a marvellous instinct turned with one accord into the inn-parlour.

A full minute of absolute silence was broken by Dulpin chuckling. "You orders a gallon, smithee."

"Ees, ees, you lost, Jesty," said the others, roused into cheerfulness. "You pays, ov course. Jock warn't there."

The smith, recalled to the object of the disastrous expedition, frowned grimly upon them, apparently lost in thought. "He

warn't there," he said at last. "Well, look zee, then, I pays," and calling loudly for the ale he threw half-a-crown with a lordly air on the table, muttering that all the same he did not believe his boy was "petticoaten."

Jock Jesty was indeed in love, and in pursuit of a maid, as Dulpin had said, though the cobbler had merely guessed it. He had met Lucy Thatcher in the fields on her way to the Hall, and in the next field had met Jock. Knowing Jock well, he did not really believe that love had touched him; but to

"Hairy Jock." But although it was easy to see he was Jesty's son, he lacked the alertness and humour of his father. Nevertheless, he was a thoroughly good lad; he stopped at home, and was his father's right-hand man, and never betrayed a double dose of original sin by expressing a longing to be a sailor; he understood the business of the smithy as well as his father, and had a more enlightened mind as regards new-fangled appliances and labour-saving devices.

The smith reached home on that eventful



"Don't 'ee gwo vor to accuse the bwoy, Bob Dulpin."

assert it, he thought, would be a good way in which "to take a rise out of wold Jesty."

Jock was a sober, phlegmatic young fellow, and of good, though slow intelligence. But, unfortunately, what is perhaps Heaven's choicest gift had been denied him—he had not a particle of humour, and his open and somewhat vacuous countenance caused people who did not really know more of him than was on the surface to look upon him as a fool.

Physically he was cast in the same mould as his father—a stalwart, broad-shouldered youth, with well-cut features. He had a fine moustache at eighteen, and a beard at twenty, and our village youngsters dubbed him

night still sore from the evening's defeats. He flung his hat on the sofa and dropped heavily on a chair, growling, "What the world's comen to I don't know! They tell I right and left our Jock be coorten—a bwoy only just breeched."

"And why shouldn' he be, iv he do want?" retorted Mrs. Jesty, her wings outspread in an instant in defence of her best-beloved. "He be wold enough, I 'low, and he be good enough vor any maid in Dorset. We was married nearly at his age."

"Oh, I've nothen to zay agen it, look zee," said the smith, hastily taking warning by his wife's staccato. Mighty defender of

Old England as he was, and ever ready to do battle with the enemy without or within her gates, he had learnt the deeper wisdom some men seem incapable of learning, that if a woman have a will of her own, a man's will, in all but matters of vital moment, should coincide with it.

"Who be she?" asked Mrs. Jesty.

"One ov they maids at the Hall, I've been told," the smith replied.

"Oh, it be Zarah Guest, then," explained Mrs. Jesty, her tone suggestive of infinite satisfaction. "He couldn' have vound a better maid anywhere, I *will* zay. Trust Jock vor gotten the best."

"That baint her name, mother. It be the other maid, they do zay. I can't mind her name now—Lucy zomethen."

"Oh, Lucy Thatcher. I made sure it'd be she when you spoke. Zarah be a good maid, but Lucy have good looks, too, I 'low. Well, well, to think he should gwo and pick out the maid I had my eye on vor en!"

"The bwoy might have told we, I did think."

"Oh, he baint one vor tellen everythen, and I don't blame en. We'll ask she here to tea. She knowed a good thing when she let our Jock make up to her, I 'low."

Jock, when he came in a few minutes later, could not understand what he had done to deserve his mother's warm welcome.

"A sly un, be our Jock, baint he, vather?" she said.

"What be the matter?" asked Jock.

"Oh, we knows. You be coorten Lucy Thatcher. You might have told I. Did 'ee think, my dear, your wold mother," kissing him again, "would have zaid anythen agen it?"

The effect astonished her. Instead of a happy, smiling blush, he turned pale, and for a few seconds stood paralysed, as though accused of some monstrous crime. When he found his voice it was to cry in gasps—

"I baint coorten! I baint coorten! It be a lie! I baint coorten!"

"Now, don't 'ee take on 'bout it," said Mrs. Jesty soothingly.

"It be a lie, I tell 'ee!" cried Jock wildly. "I have been a walk by meself. Me avter maids! It be a lie."

"There, never mind, my bwoy," said Mrs. Jesty. "But don't 'ee think we should mind. I should be glad to zee 'ee pick up a nice, good-looken maid like she. You can bring any maid here to tea whenever you be minded."

"I baint coorten; I never spoke to she thease evenen. It be a lie."

Jock's agitation was increasing with every attempt to soothe him; he kept repeating that it was a lie, and he was not courting, with the irresponsibility of a man partially intoxicated.

Dick came in at this stage, and Jock eagerly appealed to him against the monstrous charge.

"They do zay I be coorten," he said, "that I have been walken maids about. Didn' 'ee zee I up-along by meself?"

"If thee baint coorten, my bwoy," said Dick in a paternal tone, "thee be never too wold to begin, 'zno. Iv thee wants any help with a maid, Jock, I'll give 'ee a hand and charge nothen. Shall I gwo and catch one vor 'ee?"

Jock had worked himself into a fury. "Didn' 'ee zee I?" he shouted.

"Oh, ees, that be right enough; don't 'ee get excited," said the irreverent Dick.

"Iv I ever zee 'ee with a maid, look zee, I shall be skeert. But don't 'ee be avraid, my zon. Iv any maid comes avter 'ee thee doesn't want, just tell I, and I'll talk to she. Maids shan't vrighten the pore bwoy iv I can help it. The pore bwoy do look as iv a maid had been skeeren en to death, don't he, mother?"

"Be quiet," commanded Mrs. Jesty.

"Just let I show Jock how to deal with a maid," was Dick's reply. "Come, me zon, z'pose you was a maid I was vond ov, and I was coorten 'ee. I should take holt of thee dear ickle hand vor a start like this, and——"

"Dick, drop it," cried the smith, who saw a storm brewing; and Dick, muttering that he got no thanks for trying to help the poor boy, began his supper. When his father commanded in that tone it was well to obey.

"It be a lie; Dick zeen I by meself," Jock said again, and, taking his candle, went off to bed.

The problem of how a maid was singled out and approached, and the compact sealed, had often presented itself to Mr. Jock Jesty's mind, but purely in an impersonal way, until a few months before Dulpin's awful accusation.

One bright, hot morning he was at work in the smithy alone, his father and Dick having gone to execute some repairs at the Vicarage. He was beating out a horseshoe, and hissing—he rarely whistled—the tune of Luther's Hymn in time with his strokes, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and, ere he had time to look up, a voice said—



"'A beautiful mournen, Mr. Jesty.'"

"Good mournen ; a beautiful mournen, Mr. Jesty."

Jock dropped the red-hot horseshoe on his boot and stood stupidly staring. It was Lucy Thatcher.

"A beautiful mournen," said Lucy again, smiling at his discomposure.

"Marnen—marnen—miss," Jock said at last.

"Is your father at home, Mr. Jesty?"

"No, miss, he—that is to zay—he baint."

"Well"—Lucy laughed her sentences rather than spoke them—"you'll do instead, I expects. He is to come to the Hall as soon as

ever he can, to see to the kitchen boiler; it have gone wrong. I was comen to the post-office, and cook asked me if I would mind callen, as it would save Gills a journey."

Jock stared at her all the time with a solemnity that, in spite of her amusement, almost alarmed her, although by reputation Jock was no stranger to her. Her friend, Miss Widge, was greatly interested in her future, and several times had enumerated the eligible young men of the village, giving thumb-nail character-sketches of each, and subsequently had arranged them in order of desirability. Jock Jesty, the reader may be surprised to learn, stood among the first half-dozen. "Then there is Jock Jesty," ran Miss Widge's sketch, "you know he by sight, I 'low. He be tall and strong, but he do look rather stoopid, and do never walk out with a maid or talk to them. I will

say he do look rather ridic'ulous till you know him better ; but there ! the business will go to him when old Jesty do die, and they do own six houses and some land, and have heaps and heaps of money in the bank. If you feel you could love better where money is, Jock's the man, my dear ; but as for I, he be a bit too slow, though it be principally looks as be agen him."

"It must be very hot, worken in there such weather," said Lucy, still lingering. She never forewent the opportunity of speaking to a young fellow, even though he were stupid.

Jock only answered her questions by nods, and, greatly as he longed to converse with her with a little of the ease his brother Dick would have displayed, he found himself almost dumb and helpless before her. She was turning away in amusement and disgust at his stupidity, when, suddenly, as if a spirit not his own had taken possession of him, he was inspired and became another being, and spoke as a man to a maid.

"Do 'ee like apples, gurt vine apples?" he asked, laughing outright.

Lucy was amazed at the transformation, but she managed to simper that she doted on apples.

"Come thease way, then, do 'ee. Gurt vine uns," and taking hold of her hand he led her at headlong pace round the smithy into the garden—that garden that was the envy of the village—crying all the while, "Gurt vine apples they be, just about."

He seized a bough and plucked the ripest and reddest fruit in frantic haste, Lucy all the while with a giggle protesting that she had enough.

"Plums?" cried Jock again, and taking hold of her sleeve, he led her to the north wall and plucked off the ripe fruit as if for a wager. Lucy now protested in earnest.

"Not another single one of anythen, Mr. Jesty, please. You are so good, I don't know how to thank you," and she smiled sweetly upon him.

For the first time since they had entered the garden his eyes met her smiling face. The result was disastrous. Suddenly, as though her smile had withered it, his inspiration vanished, and without a word he turned hastily round and hurried with downcast head back to the smithy, leaving Lucy to find her way out of the garden alone. As she passed the smithy and cried, "Good-mournen, Mr. Jesty," he dared not look up nor make response.

He went in to dinner filled with alarm lest his mother or sister should have seen him in the garden; but nothing was said, and at last he summoned up courage to tell his father about the boiler at the Hall.

On the first opportunity Lucy came into the village to see Miss Widge, and confided the whole story to her.

"Now what do 'ee think ov it, my dear?" asked Lucy anxiously. "Do 'ee think he did mean anythen by it? He be zo vunny, I don't know what to make of it. Not that if he did mean——"

"Mean anythen?" interrupted Miss Widge. "If Jock Jesty did that much, he

showed he have an attachment to you, my dear, so plain as plain."

"Then you think, my dear, I med listen to him if he do mention—that is to say, iv he do mean anythen."

Miss Widge was quite confident she might.

"You have taken a weight off my mind, you don't know," said Lucy. "There be Tom Belfield, in the stables, as you know, my dear, have been anxious to walk-out with I; but I can swear I never did encourage he one single minit when he did come walken along with I. Good-night, and thank 'ee, my dear."

If a weight had been taken off Lucy's shoulders, a heavy burden rested on Jock's. As soon as work was over he hastened out and smoked his pipe against the church wall, and almost every evening he was rewarded by a sight of the maid. If anyone was near as she passed, he feigned not to see her; but if no one was in sight, he nodded, or even ventured to say, "Good evenen," or "Vine evenen." Once, when thus encouraged, Lucy stopped in order to have a chat with him. But she never repeated it. Jock's dismay was ludicrous. Casting fearful glances round, he shrank from her as though she carried contagion, and muttering that he was in a hurry he at last made off through the churchyard, leaving Lucy with tears of vexation in her eyes. Nevertheless, when she returned to the Hall, Jock followed her, although he always kept at least one or two hundred yards in the rear.

Although Jock never imagined it, Lucy was not so witless that she was unaware that she was followed, and at first congratulated herself upon it; but when it was repeated time after time with no lessening of the distance between them, although she walked at a funereal pace and often stopped to admire the scenery, she became despondent and carried her troubles to her confidante.

"I neyer seen such a maid for looken on the dark side as you, my dear," Miss Widge retorted. "You know how he be. And though you haven't said so, I can see you be real taken with him, my dear."

Lucy blushed and laughed a little. "Oh, well, as for that——" and Miss Widge rightly interpreted the ellipsis to mean that it could be understood she was the least bit fond of him.

Miss Widge had often discussed Lucy's affair of heart with Mr. Yetman, and that evening when William James "came coorten" she had a bright idea. "Now,



"He seized a bough and plucked the ripest and reddest fruit in frantic haste."

my dear," she said, "when you see Jock, just put in a word to show him he need only to ask to have. You can easily do it, my dear. I feel real sorry for Lucy."

William James did not seem to think it

easy, but he promised, and the next time he saw Jock he was demonstratively friendly.

"Hello, Jock, my bwoy," he began.

"Been taken a stroll round?"

"Ees," said Jock, "just a bit ov un, 'zno."

"Grand weather vor strolen round, baint it? Taties and everythen be looken tip-top, don't 'ee think? But, look zee, my bwoy, a young feller like thee oughtn' to be strolen round alone. Why don't 'ee take a maid out, now? There be plenty ov 'em 'bout here 'ould only be too willen iv thee would."

Jock was flattered, but he shook his head in denial.

"Thee'st no need to deny it, my bwoy, vor it be true. I ha' thought once or twice when I zeen 'ee walken thease way zo often, that thee medst be avter a maid."

"I baint avter no maids, I baint," cried Jock with rising inflection.

"Then thee ought to be, at thy time ov life, and zo I tell 'ee," was Mr. Yetman's retort, delivered in a tone of some severity. "A man zo wold as thee, Jock, oughtn' to gie thee mother the trouble ov looken avter 'ee. Why"—and William James has ever since been proud of his skill in improvised argument—"why, no pore woman hardly 'ould live to zeventy, iv she had dree or your gurt grown-up zons to look to. Our mothers, 'zno, do look to we to marry and let a younger one take the trouble, zame as they did when they was maids. It baint vair, do 'ee zee, to mother to stay to hwome, instead ov taken a maid to do vor 'ee. Now, honest, haven't 'ee no maid in thee mind, my bwoy? There be plenty ov maids have got thee in their eye, I 'low."

"I—I—I zeen a maid."

"That be it, my bwoy, that be it," said William James, with a hearty grip of Jock's shoulder. "Zeen a maid! That be dree parts ov it! All thee'st to do now be to show she thee knows she be liven. I baint gwain to ask who she be, but next time thee do zee she, just zay, 'Good-evenen—how be? nice evenen,' and easy things ov thik zort, and walk beside she, and the rest'll be easy, you'll vind. Thee'st no need to be veared she'll zay 'No' to 'ee, my bwoy; thee'st only need to look at a maid, and she'll come to 'ee quick mach. I wish it had been the zame with I," and Yetman affected to sigh over his march through the parched and stony wilderness.

Jock said nothing, though even his eyes betrayed his interest.

"Now, iv I was thee, Jock, I should settle it virst go. When I was walken along and nobody about I should take holt of she suddent round the waist and kiss she. It be the easiest to do it suddent; it be like haven a tooth out; iv you do keep

thinken and tryen to make up your mind, zims you never can, but iv you does it suddent, it be over avore you knows it. And maids do like a masterful veller like that. Now just try it, and ask I to the wedden, mind. I'll lay 'ee a shillen thee'll be married avore I."

For the first time Jock laughed—a very solemn laugh, but distinctly a laugh. "I'll take 'ee," he said, and they shook hands on the bargain.

* * * * *

Firstly, "Be bold"; secondly, "Be bold"; thirdly, "Be not too bold," is sagest advice; and Jock, stiffened by Mr. Yetman to face the fiery ordeal, had unwittingly taken that for his motto. He stood behind a tree in the churchyard, and as soon as he saw Lucy enter the village he set off through the fields, turned up the highway, and stationed himself at a gate where the road bent at right angles, a spot about a mile and a half from the Hall. It was a strategic position; seated on the gate, he commanded the road as far as the lodge gates in one direction, and in the other had full view of the road for some distance, as well as two fields through which he had come. It would be very easy to retreat if anything untoward occurred.

Lucy came at last, depressed and irritable at the thought that Jock apparently was tired even of his very distant attentions. She walked with head bent down, prodding viciously at the roadside turf with the ferrule of her umbrella, thinking bitter thoughts of the stronger sex. She raised her eyes and started with genuine surprise. In an instant the knit brows relaxed, the mouth sweetened, a smile irradiated her whole countenance. "Good evenen, Mr. Jesty. How you startled I, to be sure!"

"Good evenen," said Jock. "Cloudy."

"Very, to be sure. I do hope it won't thunder. Do you think it will, Mr. Jesty?"

"Can't say it will," said Jock in the tone of a man who feels he is in the company of a bore and is not afraid to show it. In reality his nerves were all a-quivering, as with sinking heart he felt another burst of inspiration was not coming to his aid.

Lucy's heart sank again, the frown returned, and the corners of her mouth fell. "Well, I must be gotten on," she said, with a pitiable assumption of cheerfulness.

Even to that Jock had nothing to say; the divine afflatus comes, no man knows how, to poets and lovers alike. It cannot be

taken with violence ; prayers and striving are both in vain.

Lucy was really irritated now. "You gurt booby!" she muttered to herself, and with a toss of her head turned away, not intending to give him the courtesy of "Good-night."

But even as she turned it came. With a sudden, desperate movement he caught hold of her arm, so firmly that he hurt her a little. In proof that it was genuine inspiration it is only necessary to mention that he did not even look up and down the road to make sure there were no spectators.

"Oh, Mr. Jesty!" cried Lucy, with a catch in her breath. "Oh, you quite startled I!"

"Apples!" cried Jock, and he was laughing now. "Dree gurt vine apples," and he pulled the ruddy-cheeked fruit from his pocket and pressed them upon her.

"Vor I? Oh, thank you, Mr. Jesty. You are good."

Ah, thank heaven! it was a burst of inspiration worth waiting for. Jock, still laughing, was walking by her side, or, rather, Lucy was walking by his, for, still holding her, he strode along with great strides, so that she had almost to run to keep up with him.

"I did enjoy they apples you gave I before, Mr. Jesty."

"Gurt vine apples thease be," cried Jock. "I picked out the bestest."

"Did you reely, Mr. Jesty? You are good. It—it zims to I"—let it be said here, in defence of modesty, Lucy's face was all aflame while she said it, and it needed a strong effort of will to get out the words—"it zims you must be vond ov I, then," and in her joy and excitement Lucy relapsed into the fulness of her native Dorset.

Jock looked up at the heavens, and Lucy, trembling, had to wait some moments for his answer. "Zo—I—be, just about," was his momentous declaration. And then he laughed aloud; truly inspiration had come in full flood.

"Do 'ee mean it, Mister—Jock? Oh, I be zo glad!" cried Lucy, the glories of the scarlet poppies in the wheat-field close at hand reflected in her face. "I—I like you, do 'ee zee," and she took his hand.

Hand in hand and in silence, save for Jock's fits of laughter, they walked on for some distance, and then Lucy explained further.

"I've liked 'ee ever zo long, my dear; but, do 'ee zee, I was avraid you didn' like I, as you never said nothen. I be zo glad as never was."

"I do like 'ee, just about," repeated Jock. Oh, what a simple business it was to ask a maid, after all!

By this time they were near the park gates, and Lucy, with two or three heavy sighs, stopped. "I shall have to leave 'ee, my dear. I had to be in at eight, and it be quite half-past."

She did not go, however, but stood facing him, waiting. "Don't 'ee know," she said, when he made no sign, "I be waiten vor 'ee to kiss I 'Good-bye,' my dear?" and she held her face up.

Jock's lips met hers, but it was she who really gave the kiss. It proved a most unlucky one, for with it the inspiration went, and instead of the bold, happy lover, was left the old Jock, aghast at his own temerity. With a muttered "Good-night," he turned and hurried away, once or twice looking round fearfully, as though he feared pursuit.

Every night Jock was to be found waiting at the gate, and even if Lucy told him she would not be passing he took up his post all the same, but he never acknowledged her in the village with more than a nod. Now and again he had those wonderful bursts of inspiration, and he was the pleasing lover; but he had not yet had inspiration potent enough to induce him to accompany her into the village, although she had tried all her powers of persuasion. Yet he surprised the more frivolously-minded girl at times by his deeper views on the mysteries of wedded love. "I ha' noticed," he said one evening, "as they men who do pretend to make a gurt ado about a maid be the zort that do treat she bad avter—reel bad zome-times. I baint one ov thik zort. Volks ought to get vonder ov one another, I 'low, when they are wed." He had even gone so far as to ask her what sort of furniture she preferred, and whether she thought a glass case containing a stuffed bird—"one ov they gurt white birds"—or a case of wax flowers would look best in their parlour. "You can have just which you like," he said. "Do 'ee zee, I've got eighty-seven pound ov my own in the bank at Suckton to start with, and vather, he'll do a lot for we." But all this did not prevent him from leaving her side with precipitous haste if a stray passer-by happened to come in sight. When Lucy inquired when he was going to take her to introduce her to his mother and family, he had one answer, "To-morrer evenen, p'haps."

But Nemesis, in shape of his brother Dick,

was hard in pursuit. More than once since the night when Jock had so vehemently denied that he was "avter petticoats," it had occurred to Dick that, though improbable, it was possible "pore Jock might be tryen his hand," and the very thought of it stirred him to riotous mirth. One evening a heavy shower spoiled cricket practice, and Dick, having nothing better to do, stealthily followed his brother, and concealed behind the hedges saw enough to send him home roaring with laughter.

The next evening he spied again, and saw more tender passages, and then, with his plan of campaign settled, went home. Jock came in about nine, but Master Dick restrained himself until supper was nearly over. Then, looking across the table at Jock, and examining him critically, he said, "Zims to I, mother, our Jock be coorten, avter all. Zims he have the look about en ov a bwoy who be after a maid. Don't he now?"

"Do 'ee be quiet," began Mrs. Jesty; but Jock, flushing painfully, lost his self-control again. "I baint coorten, I baint," he cried. "Don't 'ee tell no lies, I baint coorten. Thee be quiet, or I'll make 'ee."

"Don't 'ee mind en, Jock, my bwoy," said Mrs. Jesty soothingly, eyeing her second son with stern disapproval.

"I must be mistaken, then; but it don't matter," said Dick demurely. "But, do 'ee zee, mother, why I mentioned it, I thought it must be time vor pore Jock to begin, as I have picked up with a maid. Coorten be vine vun when she be a pretty maid. She kisses I, and I kisses she, and I don't know which be nicest."

The smith, in spite of himself, laughed aloud, and a glimmer passed over Mrs. Jesty's features.

"Thee?" she said scornfully. "Don't let I hear any mwore such nonsense vrom a child like thee, or I'll smack 'ee. What be the world comen to? Iv I zee 'ee with a maid, I'll box the ears ov both ov 'ee, I can tell 'ee, my gentleman."

"Oh, but," went on Dick, eyeing his brother out of the corner of his eye, "she be a clever and a pretty maid, too, mother—a reel good zort. Iv I didn' gwo coorten she, now, zomebody else 'ould pick up with her. She be zo vond of I, you wouldn' believe. Jock'll never get a maid like mine. Can I bring her hwome to tea Zunday?"

"You just dare to bring a maid here, and I'll let 'ee know. Who be it?"

"Now, don't 'ee get angry, mother. I be

gwain to tell 'ee. It be thik maid up at the Hall, Lucy Thatcher. Baint Lucy a pretty——?"

It was because Dick had been keeping an eye on his brother that he escaped. In a mad burst of fury, and with an inarticulate cry, Jock sprang up, knocking his milk-bowl and plate on the floor, and aimed a terrific blow at his brother, who only just managed to duck in time. "I'll kill 'ee," he cried, and he sprang towards Dick, who slipped nimbly to the door, but was restrained by his mother, who clung tightly to him. Mrs. Jesty was thoroughly alarmed, though she could see no adequate cause for the outbreak.

"My dear," she cried, "whatever be the matter?"

"What have I done?" asked the innocent Dick, who was enjoying himself far better than he had expected. "I zaid nothen to thee."

"She baint his maid, she baint, she baint," cried Jock, almost sobbing in his passion, "she baint his maid. I'll kill en, I will. She baint."

"Well, what do it matter to thee?" asked Dick. "Can't a veller gwo coorten without——"

"He be a liar; she baint his maid. She have promised to marry I. She be mine. You ask she," and Jock flopped on a chair and burst into tears.

"Well, ov all I ever did hear," said Dick, in a very shocked tone. "Why, he zaid a minute ago as he baint coorten, and then he zays he have got a maid. It be reel naughty to tell fibs, baint it, mother?"

Mrs. Jesty began to see a little daylight at last. "There, my bwoy, tell thee poor mother all about it," she said, putting her arm round Jock's neck. The smith, with a gesture, intimated to Dick that he had better leave the room. He obeyed with alacrity, and in the garden laughed his mirth out to the stars.

Jock, by dint of much coaxing, was at last prevailed upon to tell the story. "I shall ask she here to tea, Zunday," said Mrs. Jesty, and Jock only faintly demurred. "But thee should have told pore wold mother, my bwoy, vor I shall make she very welcome."

Lucy came, and, supported by his father and mother, Jock accompanied her through the village.

Some months ago Jock paid over the sum of one shilling to William James Thomas Yetman.

THE *L. S. D.* OF LITERARY SHRINES.

BY HARRY GOLDING.*

AN audited balance-sheet is commonly supposed to give a man as clear an insight into the state of his affairs as it is possible to have. Yet some of his most valuable assets are of necessity excluded, because they simply cannot be expressed in terms of *£ s. d.* No one with any experience of affairs doubts that luck counts for much in this world, though some of us prefer to call it by other names; yet how is luck to be valued? Education, experience, influence, health, are all of vital importance in a man's career, yet at what time of his life can he

to give us a nineteenth century set of *Canterbury Tales*, he would not tell of a motley crowd collecting in the courtyard of the Tabard Inn in Southwark; or of knight and lady, cleric and mechanic, setting merrily forth for the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, beguiling each other by the way with songs and jests and racy stories. Instead of "mine host" we should have a threatening cabby, or a perspiring porter with palm extended; the picturesque Tabard would give place to the majestic outlines of a modern terminus; the three or four days'



Photo by D. McNeillie,

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

[Stratford-upon-Avon.]

say exactly how much his share of each is worth to him?

This mild moralising is evoked by an attempt recently made—not very successfully—to get at the actual value of literary associations to a place. That the sentimental value is considerable cannot be denied, and few people will dispute that there is also a monetary value, but the facts are not easily reduced to plain figures.

Were a new Chaucer to arise in our midst

journey would be a matter of about half that number of hours; and the pilgrims, instead of entertaining one another, would be buried behind newspapers, or glancing with ill-concealed distrust at the other occupants of the carriage. But, thanks to the German Emperor, amongst others, pilgrimages, however changed in character, are as prominent a feature of our own day as of the fourteenth century, and the modern Chaucer would not lack material. We have in this country no Jerusalem, or Lourdes, or Mecca, but we have a Stratford, an Abbotsford, a land of Hardy and a land of

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"Lorna Doone," and the pilgrims thither may be counted by their tens of thousands. If we no longer worship dead men's bones, we have an immense respect for them; and it is open to question whether a popular author cannot serve the place of his adoption far better by dying for it than by living in it or writing of it. We have too few front rank novelists just now, and their wholesale extinction, even if voluntary, would be a national misfortune, but there would undoubtedly be local compensations. Patriotic geniuses will perhaps think the matter over.

Shakespeare makes Mark Antony say—

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;

but the poet himself supplies a contradiction.

where in the winter months the curfew still "tolls the knell of parting day." But, as Washington Irving has said, "the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare . . . the whole place seems but as his mausoleum." Pigs and corn and cattle are sold on market days just as if the spot were not hallowed ground; but Stratford does not live on its agricultural transactions. A "Mop Fair" is held annually in October, and excursionists come in their thousands, but Stratford would be badly off if it depended wholly upon that event. Brutally speaking, Stratford-upon-Avon lives in the main on William Shakespeare, *obit* in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and sixteen. That this is so is by no



[Photo by D. McNeill.]

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

[Stratford-upon-Avon.]

The evil that he did—was it poaching, or the trouble with Ann Hathaway?—emphatically does *not* live after him, and much of the good does. "Shakespeare," said a too candid newspaper writer recently, "is a thoroughly good asset, and Stratford runs him for all he is worth." Now, it may seem a most undignified proceeding, and we tremble at the seeming impertinence, but curiosity prompts us to ask—what is the cash value of Shakespeare to the charming Warwickshire town which contains at once his birthplace and his tomb? Stratford is interesting in itself as a quaint old market town, where the crier may yet be heard, and

means to be deplored either by Stratfordians or their visitors, for the circumstance affords highly satisfactory evidence of the existence, both in this country and abroad, of large numbers of people who are warmly interested in the life and work of our great national poet. As is well known, the principal places in and around Stratford associated with Shakespeare are in the hands of a public-spirited body known as the Birthplace Trustees. But for their exertions, and the work of a long line of predecessors—notably David Garrick—Stratford might to-day have possessed no vestige at all of Shakespeare. It will be remembered that some years ago

a syndicate of too enthusiastic Americans almost succeeded in purchasing the Birthplace, with the intention of transporting it bodily to the States! It is doubtful whether even Shakespeare's bones would have been suffered to remain but for the famous inscription—

Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And evrst be he yt moves my bones."

From a recent report of the Trustees we gather some curious, interesting, and suggestive facts. It appears that in twelve months the total number of visitors to the Birthplace was 26,510. An admission fee of sixpence a head is charged, which yields the respectable sum of £662 15s. But this fee only entitles one to see the room in which Shakespeare was born, almost every inch of which is now scrawled over with the signatures of more or less famous men—mostly less; to inspect the room at the back, where a portrait of the poet is religiously screened; and to pass through the quaint old kitchen, with its open fireplace, where the poet may or may not have baked his chestnuts in the days of youth. To see the adjoining museum, with



Photo by D. McNeillie,]

[Stratford-upon-Avon.

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

its many interesting curios, another sixpence has to be paid, and we find that about two-thirds of those visiting the Birthplace, or, to be exact, 16,539, also visited the museum. This gives us an additional £413 9s. 6d. An analysis of the signatures in the visitors' book shows how world-wide is the interest in Shakespeare. Upwards of 7,000 persons naughtily dodged the ordeal of signing their names; but of the rest no less than 4,516



Photo by F. Frith & Co.,]

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

[Rugby.

hailed from America, England and Wales sent 12,979, Scotland 349, and Ireland only a paltry 194. Scottish pilgrims evidently reserve their energy for Ayr and Abbotsford, and one would be glad to think that Irishmen give to Thomas Moore the devotion that otherwise would have been expended on Shakespeare, but we have the best of reasons for knowing that they do not. Of pilgrims from other parts Africa sent 97, Australia 186, Austria 10, Armenia 8, Bavaria 3, Belgium 12, Canada 206, Ceylon 13, Channel Islands 41, China 1, Denmark 11, Egypt 2, France 77, Finland 3, Germany 113, Hanover 7, Hawaii 3, Holland 9, Hungary 2, India 49, Italy 12, Jamaica 5, Japan 3, Madagascar 2,

of the church; but reckoning only the admission fees at sixpence a head we get the sum of £575. Within sight of the church, and also on the banks of the Avon, stands the Shakespeare Memorial, a building which has been much criticised on account of its apparent incongruity, but for which all lovers of Shakespeare have cause to be devoutly thankful. It was in great part the gift of the late Mr. Charles E. Flower, who contributed no less than £25,000 to its cost. Here is a most valuable Shakespearian library, readily accessible to students, and a gallery of pictures collected from all quarters of the globe, and including works by such artists as Lawrence, Romney, and Millais.



Photo by Valentine & Sons.

"ELLEN'S ISLE," LOCH KATRINE.

[Dundee.]

New Zealand 64, Newfoundland 7, Norway 7, Poland 3, Portugal 3, Prussia 7, Russia 10, St. Helena 2, Saxony 1, Spain 11, Sweden 6, Switzerland 16, Tasmania 5, Turkey in Europe 4, West Indies 12.

Next in importance to the Birthplace is the beautifully situated church of the Holy Trinity, beneath the chancel of which Shakespeare is buried. The church is, of course, under the care of the Vicar, an enthusiastic Shakespearian, and the figures are not included in the Trustees' report. But a reliable estimate gives the number of annual visitors, apart from ordinary worshippers, as 23,000. A great number of these no doubt respond to the Vicar's appeal for help in the restoration and beautification

Another part of the building is used as a theatre, where important performances of Shakespeare's plays are given from time to time—notably at the annual fortnight's festival every April, which the artistic enthusiasm of Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known Shakespearian actor, has made a landmark in the playgoers' year. Now, it is somewhat curious to notice that of the 26,000 odd persons visiting the Birthplace only 13,085, or less than half, took the trouble to visit the Memorial. The fact is to be regretted, though it hardly concerns us here. 13,085 at sixpence brings us in another £327 2s. 6d. The house, New Place, to which Shakespeare retired when fortune had smiled upon him, was razed to the ground in 1759 by the

Rev. Francis Gastrell, because he considered the assessment on it excessive, and to-day only the carefully preserved foundations can be seen. This probably accounts for the fact that not more than 474 persons paid for admission, though the fee of sixpence includes admission to the adjoining museum, Nash's House, where a number of curios illustrating the customs and manners of the seventeenth century are to be seen. New Place, therefore, contributes only the insignificant sum of £11 17s. Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, where the poet went a-wooing, is about a mile from the town, and is reached by a pleasant footpath. The cottage was recently purchased by the Birthplace Trustees for £3,000, and their report gives the number of visitors as 10,489, which at sixpence each yields £262 4s. 6d.

Totalling the amounts, we arrive at the following result, the admission fee in each case being sixpence—

Birthplace, 26,510	£662	15	0
" Museum, 16,539	413	9	6
Trinity Church, 23,000	575	0	0
Memorial, 13,085	327	2	6
Ann Hathaway's Cottage, 10,489	262	4	6
New Place, 474	11	17	0
	£2,262	8	6

Stratford, therefore, derives an annual income from admission fees alone of considerably more than £2,000. It will at once



Photo by Valentine & Sons,]

[Dundee.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE, GRASMERE.

be pointed out that from this sum custodians have to be paid, fabrics maintained and repaired, and that the disposal of surplus funds is, in the case of the Birthplace Trustees, strictly regulated by the Act of Parliament of 1891. This is perfectly true, and I should be sorry to be numbered with those who complain of paying a paltry half-crown or three shillings for the privilege of seeing so many priceless relics. The point, however, is that this amount of money is left in Stratford every year by visitors. But in this case, as in others mentioned in this article, admission fees, being ascertainable, are taken merely as affording a clue to larger sums which are not ascertainable and can

only be roughly guessed at. Apart from the financial aspect of the question, such figures have also a distinct value as showing the relative interest taken by succeeding generations in the departed leaders of literature. At Stratford we are only at the commencement of the calculation. Fees paid for admission form a very small proportion of the pilgrim's expenses. There is the question of living. The majority of visitors, it is true, do not stay in Stratford more than a night or two—many are day trippers and do not stay at all. But from the circumstance that at least half a dozen first class hotels and a large number of boarding-houses manage to flourish in what, after all, is but a small country town, it may be



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[Dundee.

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.



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BYRON'S OAK.

[Dundee.

concluded that a goodly sum can be allowed under this head. Then there is the important item of souvenirs. What of a "rubbing from the tomb of Shakespeare" for a shilling? Or a copy of the records of the poet's birth and baptism in return for a subscription to the church restoration fund? I am not aware how many of these precious productions are disposed of, but the majority of visitors from the States certainly invest. Then there are busts of Shakespeare *ad lib.*, at prices ranging from sixpence to half-a-guinea. Photographs also sell largely, and popular subjects such as Ann Hathaway's cottage are disposed of in hundreds. One firm alone sends out 2,000 prints of this view yearly, mounted and unmounted, though of course many are sold at places other than Stratford. Guide books, at prices from a penny to seven shillings and sixpence, find a ready sale, judging by the constant additions to their number. Altogether we are probably within the mark in estimating the sum spent by pilgrims to the shrine of Shakespeare, including the largely attended April celebrations, at something like £10,000 a year, exclusive of railway fares. It should be remembered, too, that Stratford is indebted to its connection with Shakespeare for many princely gifts, notably the Memorial, the Child's Fountain, and the American window in Trinity Church.

We have pursued the inquiry as to Stratford somewhat exhaustively so that one example may serve for many others. Stratford is by no means the only place, even in Warwickshire, which owes its prosperity to its literary associations. Less than a dozen

miles away stands the hoary ruin of Kenilworth Castle, which I have discovered to my surprise to be visited by even more people than the birthplace of Shakespeare. From information kindly supplied by the Earl of Clarendon's solicitors it appears that 30,000 persons annually pay the necessary sixpence for the privilege of inspecting this noble ruin, hallowed for ever by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, though it deserves to be remembered also for its connection with the heroic Simon de Montfort, to whom we are so largely indebted for representative government. It is a shame to spoil a good story, especially when told by the magic pen of the "Wizard of the North," but it has been proved indisputably

that Amy Robsart had been dead nearly fifteen years when the famous Kenilworth festivities in Elizabeth's honour took place. That fact, however, detracts but little from the interest of the Castle. To the £750 expended in admission fees must be added payments for refreshment, photographs and souvenirs, and in many cases carriage hire. The straggling town of Kenilworth is by no means pretensions, but its hotels would do credit to a stylish seaside resort, so that the crumbling Castle would seem to be an asset of no slight value.

What has happened at Kenilworth has happened in far greater degree in the Highlands of Scotland. That delightful region of mountain and moorland could not have failed, sooner or later, to become a great popular playground; but it was the author of "Waverley" and "The Lady of the Lake" who first breathed over it the spirit of romance and poetry and dowered it with charms to lure the moneyed traveller thither. But for Scott it is possible that we might, until a quite recent period, have viewed the mountains with awe and described them as "horrid and inhospitable," like those eighteenth-century travellers referred to by Macaulay. "In the south of our island," says the eloquent historian, "scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland, and what was known excited no feeling but one of contempt and loathing. The Trossachs wound, as now, between gigantic walls of rock tapestried with broom and wild roses; Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness:

and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalps of Ben Cruachan rose, as they still rise, over the willowy islets of Loch Awe; and yet none of these sights had power till a recent period to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions." It is manifestly impossible to set down in plain figures how much Scott is worth to the Highlands, but what would not the gallant Principality, or even the Emerald Isle, give to possess another like him?

But, apart from the Highlands, there is what is known as the "land of Scott"—Abbotsford, Dryburgh, and the many scenes associated rather with the novelist himself than with his works. Visitors to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried, vary greatly in number, and I have been unable to obtain definite information; but the numbers are, without doubt, considerable. The owner has recently given notice that the charge for admission is in future to be one shilling each person, instead of sixpence. Whether that fact indicates that the business has hitherto been conducted at a loss, or that the British tourist is considered capable of a little more squeezing, one would rather not say.

The "land of Burns" is in its way as remarkable an instance of the value of literary associations as Stratford-upon-Avon. As a tourist resort pure and simple it is to be feared that Ayrshire would fare somewhat badly. Yet in summer, Ayr, Mancline, Tarbolton, and other places connected with the poet, are crowded with visitors. It cannot be doubted that the hotel proprietors, railway companies, and others, derive no inconsiderable quantity of "siller" directly or indirectly from the Burns cult. The "Scots wha hae for Burns been bled" must be a far greater host than ever suffered with Wallace. In 1881 the Burns Cottage and about seven acres were purchased by the Monument Trustees for £4,000. A charge of 2*d.* is made for admission. In the year ending September, 1898, the number of visitors was 36,500, only some 1,700 short of the number in 1896, the centenary

of the poet's death. The numbers visiting the monument at Alloway were even greater, amounting to 49,589. For years past the annual total has always been well above 40,000. In July, 1898, there were no less than 2,558 in one day! The figures are themselves so eloquent that comment would be superfluous.

The English Lake District presents in many respects a case analogous to that of the Highlands. Gray, of "Elegy" fame, was probably the first to make widely known the tender beauties of Westmorland and Cumberland; and though to-day the attractions of the Lake District to the ordinary tourist are mainly scenic, it cannot be doubted that many people are lured thither by those "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" which Canon Rawnsley has so ably



Photo by Valentine & Sons.]

[Dundee.

THE CLOISTERS, NEWSTEAD.



Photo by Valentine & Sons.]

[Dundee.

BYRON'S BEDROOM.

described in his well-known volumes. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, "Christopher North," De Quincey, and later, Mrs. Hemans, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Arnold, and John Ruskin, each and all contributed to give the Lake District a twofold interest in the eyes of cultured sightseers. Few people find themselves near Grasmere without being magnetically drawn to the quiet churchyard where Wordsworth sleeps. It

large parties are admitted at times for an inclusive sum, and thus all the members are not counted. Perhaps, too, there is some justice in Mr. Clement Shorter's recent complaint that the Cottage has been robbed of much of its primitive simplicity.

The mention of Mr. Shorter's name recalls the fact that in the adjoining county of Yorkshire is a humble parish chiefly known to fame on account of its association with Charlotte Brontë and her talented sisters. A Brontë Museum was recently established at Haworth and is visited by about 5,000 persons annually. The charge for admission is threepence only, so that the sum raised can hardly suffice to pay for the services of the curator. Readers will remember the scene in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "David Grieve," when young David finds himself at Haworth—

"Does foak coom for t'summer?" asked David, lifting his eyebrows a little and looking round on the bleak and straggling village.

"Noa, they coom to see the church. Lor' bless ye! 'taint becos the church is anything much to look at! 'Taint nowt out o' t'common that I knows on. Noa—but they coom along o' t'monument, an' Miss Brontë."

There was no light of understanding in David's face, but his eyes seemed to invite her to go on.

"You niver heerd on our Miss Brontë?" said the woman mildly. "Well, I s'pose not. She was just a bit quiet body. Nobboddy hereabouts saw mich in her. But she wrote bukes—tales, yo know—tales about t'foak roun' here; an' they do say, them as has read 'em, 'at the're terrible good. She's terrible famous is Miss Brontë, now—an' her sisters, too, pore young women. Yo should see t'visitors' book in the church. Aw t'grand foak as iver wor. They cooms

fro' Lunnon a-purpose, soom on 'em, an' they just takes a look roun' t'place, an' writes their names, an' goes away."

One of the most popular showplaces in the Midlands is Lord Byron's ancestral home near Nottingham. Here may be seen the poet's bed, his library, an oak tree he planted, and the curious monument beneath which his faithful dog "Boatswain" is buried. Newstead Abbey is shown to the public twice a week, but no account of numbers is kept. As regards Hucknall Torkard Church, which contains the tomb of Byron, the Vicar estimates the number of visitors at about forty a week in summer, and perhaps half that number in winter. This would give from 1,500 to 2,000 a year.

The question as to the actual situation of



Photo by

OARE CHURCH.

Curver Doone fired through the middle window.

[E. Combes.]

will be remembered that he has himself described the church—

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built:
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed.

No account is kept of the numbers who visit the church; but Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's home at Grasmere from 1799 to 1808—and subsequently De Quincey's—is under the care of a committee, a charge of sixpence being made for admission. By the courtesy of Professor Armstrong, I have learnt that for the year from May, 1896, to May, 1897, the visitors numbered about 2,000, and for the corresponding period in 1897-8, 2,500. One would have expected the numbers to be greater; but it must be borne in mind that

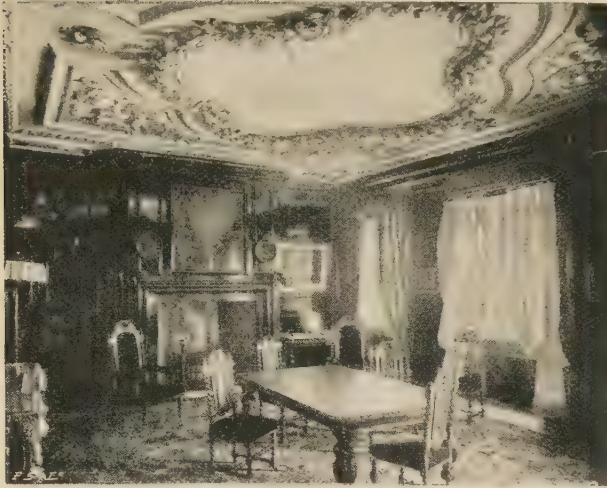


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[Dundee.

KINGSLEY'S ROOM AT ROYAL HOTEL, BIDEFORD.

Bleak House has been hotly debated by lovers of Dickens. The energetic and far-sighted Rector of Broadstairs has treated the matter as admitting of no doubt, and by the Dickens Fêtes held so successfully during the last year or two has drawn all eyes to the curiously shuttered, happily-placed mansion which dominates the sea-front of that delightful resort. In these days of competition amongst watering-places, advertisement is as breath to their nostrils, if the figure may be used in connection with such highly sanitary, clean-swabbed abodes of mankind. Now, there can be no doubt that the Dickens Fêtes have been a huge advertisement for Broadstairs—indeed, people are beginning to complain that it will soon be as overrun as its popular neighbours, Margate and Ramsgate. At the 1897 Fête there were no less than 5,000 visitors in the three days, and in addition to the admission fee most people patronised some of the “side shows,” and purchased refreshments and various articles of what Mr. Wemmick would call “portable property.” The “washing competition,” entrance fee sixpence, seems to have attracted a good number, though Englishmen are notoriously not good at this kind of thing; and the “Room of Mediæval Tortures” found many admirers at twopence, though few seem to have availed themselves of the invitation to “personally

try the tortures for the modest sum of five shillings,” in spite of the fact that specially reduced terms for mothers-in-law were offered to harassed husbands. The 1898 celebration was not nearly so successful, on account of unpropitious weather. It is clear, however, that Broadstairs has every reason to regard Bleak House as a valuable asset. How many visitors, too, are lured to Rochester from its connection with Dickens?

North Devon is another conspicuous instance of the value of literary associations. The “Combes of the West” would never have lacked admirers, but it can safely be said that the halo of romance thrown over the district by Kingsley’s “Westward Ho!” Blackmore’s “Lorna Doone,” Whyte-Melville’s “Katerfelto,” and more recently by Marie Corelli’s “Mighty Atom,” has immensely augmented its popularity amongst holiday-makers. Bideford is the centre of the “Westward Ho!” country, and the proprietor of the Royal Hotel points with justifiable pride to the fine oak room, with its handsome scroll-work ceiling, in which the novelist-divine wrote much of his book. “Kingsley’s Room,” as it is called, is visited by several thousand persons in the course of a year. It is estimated that the number of visitors staying at Bideford and Westward Ho! is about 20,000 each season. Between nine and ten thousand persons go to Clovelly



Photo by Valentine & Sons,]

[Dundee.

BLEAK HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS.

from Bideford by brakes and coaches, and there are two or three steamers daily to the same spot from Ilfracombe, each with a load of five or six hundred. The neighbouring land of "Lorna Doone" has not hitherto been visited to quite the same extent; but now that the railway has penetrated to Lynton, we may confidently expect a large increase in the number of visitors to the somewhat disappointing Doone Glen and the other spots made famous by one of the most delightful romances of the century. Of Whyte-Melville's "Katerfelto," with its breezy description of a stag-hunt on Exmoor, many thousands have been sold, and the publishers have recently brought out an entirely new edition, with illustrations by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.

Two facts of interest relating to London were elicited in the course of our inquiries—one that the total number of visitors to Carlyle's House, Chelsea, with its "sublime garret," has been little more than 10,000 since its establishment as a museum in July,

1895; the other that the number visiting St. Giles', Cripplegate, where Milton was buried, is about 90 per day.

This inquiry could be extended indefinitely, and numberless instances given of places which have been to a great extent "made" by the pen. One might speak of the greatly increased popularity of the district of Galloway—a hitherto neglected touring ground—since the publication of Mr. Crockett's novels. Reference could be made to Elstow, in Bedfordshire, where the "divine tinker" wrote and laboured; to Olney, the quiet retreat of Cowper; to Arbury, Nuneaton, and the George Eliot country; to Thomas Hardy's "Wessex"; to Hall Caine's "little Manx Island," familiarised to readers of the *WINDSOR* by the opening chapters of "The Christian" and other works; to Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where Tennyson was born, and to Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where he lived so long; but this article has already exceeded its proper limits.





Bad News.

By FLORENCE M. GILL.

THE AMBASSADOR'S DILEMMA.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*

Illustrated by J. Finnemore.



The Ambassador looked at me and I looked at the Ambassador. It was not by any means the first pause in an exceedingly awkward conversation.

"You see," he remarked suavely, "you also are concerned in this affair. I am glad to observe

that you contrive to retain your cheerfulness, but I am bound to point out the fact that—diplomatically, at any rate—you are in a parlous state."

I assumed as lugubrious an expression as possible and ventured to contest his point of view.

"I don't exactly see ——" I began, but he stopped me.

"Perhaps not. I will explain. If I am—what shall we say?—removed, my First Secretary will certainly go with me. He is supposed to be equally to blame when anything goes wrong; he shares the reward when a small triumph is gained. Now, you are my First Secretary, Hamblin, and we are in no end of a mess; in your own interests I should recommend you to bestir yourself."

I drew a little breath. If I had not been in a way attached to my chief, I should certainly have used it for a different purpose. As Sir George had remarked, we were certainly in no end of a mess, but it was he himself and alone who had landed us there.

"If you could suggest any way, sir, in which I could be of the slightest use," I remarked deprecatingly, "nothing would give me more pleasure. Unfortunately, we seem

to be sitting down before a great wall: it's too high to climb, and there's no way round."

"A very charming simile," Sir George said dryly. "Nevertheless, if you don't get over, yourself, or help me to, you won't marry my daughter."

I came to the conclusion promptly that Sir George was an unreasonable and disagreeable old man; but I kept my conviction to myself.

"I hope you will reconsider that, sir," I said most respectfully. "I am very fond of Clara, and I think she cares a little for me."

"Work for her, then," was the prompt answer. "Here's your chance. Get us out of this wretched muddle, and you shall have her—as soon as she likes!"

I pondered. I was very fond of Clara. I began to wish that the situation were not so hopeless. Sir George took up his penholder and marked time with it.

"The affair," he said, "lies in a nutshell; it is as simple as A B C."

"Oh, it's simple enough," I assented—"painfully simple!"

"England," the Ambassador continued, ignoring my interruption, "is at war with the Transvaal Republic. Last week there appeared in an issue of a foreign newspaper what purports to be an interview between the monarch of this country and the European representative of the Transvaal Republic. The interview—or, let us say, purported interview—you have read yourself. It is sufficient to remark that, if it was authentic, it was tantamount to a declaration of war against England. Now, you know what an artful old beggar Highbury is! He sends me across by Queen's messenger two sealed despatches for the Emperor, addressed to him privately. One is marked 'A,' the other 'B.' Now, if the interview had been genuine, I was to have dealt the first blow by presenting 'B,' which is tantamount to an ultimatum couched in most formal and warlike language. If, on the other hand, its authenticity is denied, I present 'A,' which is a friendly little note assuring his Majesty

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that no notice was taken in England of what was obviously a ridiculous *canard*. You know, of course, what has happened."

"The Emperor has denied the whole story contemptuously from beginning to end," I remarked. "The Transvaal representative was never even accorded an interview."

Sir George flourished the penholder with new vigour.

"Precisely. I accordingly left at the Palace the letter marked 'A,' and, returning here, proceeded to open and destroy letter 'B.' I read it first, and to my horror found that its contents were as per specification of letter 'A,' and that consequently the lettering must have been wrong, and the ultimatum left at the Palace."

"I don't quite see where we are to blame, you know," I interposed.

"Perhaps not," my chief remarked dryly. "You see, you are very young. But there is an axiom in diplomacy which you will do well to lay to heart. If anything goes wrong at your charge, no matter who is to blame, you are responsible. Those letters have been changed by spies, most likely, and I think I know who is at the bottom of it."

It was probably done while they were in the possession of the Queen's messenger—he admits that he took no extra precautions. That is of no consequence. It is upon us that the blame will fall. There awaits for the Emperor a letter which will either plunge us into a ruinous, unnecessary, and unpopular war, or else will mean Highbury's resignation, our retirement to a Colony, and a most awful climb-down."

"The Emperor," I remarked, "is still at Meritzburg—manœuvring?"

"Yes. He returns to-morrow. To-morrow night that letter will be handed to him."

"You're sure it hasn't been sent on to him?"

"Certain. I happen to know that his commands were most absolute. Nothing was to be forwarded. Von Butz has the letter, and knows its contents."

"Sure of that?" I ventured.

Sir George tossed an evening paper over to me.

"You see what the beast is doing," he said. "Strange rumours at the barracks, all-night work at the arsenals, mysterious



"He groaned as he read it out."

notices to the railway companies. It all means one thing—mobilisation.”

“Von Butz has read the letter by fair means or foul. The Emperor will receive it in person to-morrow night. The letter awaits him at Von Butz’s house,” I remarked thoughtfully.

“Marvellous !” Sir George remarked with sarcasm. “You have the insight of a Mazarin.”

One must put up with sarcasm from one’s prospective father-in-law, especially when he is in as tight a place as Sir George undoubtedly was. I had sufficient magnanimity to ignore it.

“Have you made any effort to regain possession of the letter ?” I asked.

Sir George shook his head.

“I might as well try to fly,” he said, “as attempt to regain possession of it by fair means. Von Butz is our enemy and the enemy of our country. All the ill-feeling and friction of the last few years has been his making and his alone. This letter is the summit of his desires. In the light of the Emperor’s frank and downright statement, it is nothing more nor less than a brutal

insult. I cannot imagine any apologies which could possibly be offered sufficient to atone for it. It will mean war for England and the Colonies for us.”

“If the Emperor reads it,” I remarked softly.

“If the Emperor reads it,” Sir George repeated, looking over at me.

I buried my face in my hands and tried to think. There came a knock at the door and a telegraphic despatch. Sir George fetched out the code-book with shaking fingers. He groaned as he read it out.

“Understand mobilisation secretly commenced. Panic on Stock Exchange owing to rumours from Badenbergr. Presume you only delivered letter ‘A.’ What does it mean ? Have you blundered ? Reply.

“HIGHBURY.”

“We haven’t much time, have we ?” I remarked. “Let us make the most of it.”

“How ?”

I took up my pen and the code-book, and wrote a telegram.

“To Highbury, Downing St., London.

“Discredit all rumours. Mobilisation ridiculous. All quiet here. Duly delivered letter ‘A.’ Probably Stock Exchange rig. Will request audience to-morrow.”

“We’ll start boldly, at any rate,” I said, rising. “Send this, and I will be back in an hour.”

“Where are you going ?” Sir George asked.

“To call on Fräulein von Butz,” I answered.

Youth is dauntless and excitement is sweet. So I walked through the broad, sunlit streets of Badenbergr with a smiling face, a cigarette of delicate flavour between my lips, and tried to persuade myself that it was not a forlorn hope upon which I had embarked. In my pocket was letter ‘A,’



“‘War between your country and mine ! It is fearful !’”

which should have been marked 'B,' in my right hand a fragrant bunch of Neapolitan violets, whose faint, sweet perfume had stolen out to me from a florist's shop in the Avenue. As I passed up the broad steps of the mansion where Von Butz lived, the Fates did me a good turn. The door before me opened and Fräulein von Butz came out, dressed for driving.

I bowed low and held out the flowers.

"A farewell gift, Fräulein," I said sadly. "You will deign to accept them, I hope!"

She held out her hands, and her bright smile of welcome changed to a look of interrogation.

"I will accept them," she said, "with very much pleasure, and I thank you indeed for thinking of me. But why a farewell gift, Mr. Hamblin? Are you going away on leave again?"

I shook my head sorrowfully.

"It is no matter of leave, dear Fräulein," I said. "I am quitting the Service. I should have left to-day, but I wanted to say good-bye to you."

She turned back into the hall.

"Come inside," she said. "I do not understand."

I heard her instruct the hall-porter to send back the carriage. She led me into her own tiny sitting-room, as neat and dainty as herself, and motioned me to an easy-chair. She sat down close to me and loosened the furs from her neck.

"You are giving up the Service," she said, "you are leaving Badenberg! Is it not very sudden, Mr. Hamblin?"

"It has come upon me," I said gloomily, "like a thunderclap."

"You shall tell me," she insisted, raising her bright eyes to mine, "all about it. Have you come into the title, is your health bad, or are you promoted?"

I was silent for a moment. It was silence which told. Then I shook my head.

"Fräulein," I said, "when I have gone you will hear from others what I would rather tell you myself. I have longed for this opportunity, yet now it has come—it is not easy!"

Her piquant little face was full of sympathy. By accident my hand fell upon the



"She whirled me across the room, behind a curtain."

arm of her chair and touched her fingers. She drew them away—slowly.

"Fräulein," I said, "there is one profession in the world in which a single mistake is fatal. That profession unfortunately is, or was, mine—and that mistake—I have made."

"Oh!" she cried.

It was enough. My humiliation now required no pretence. It came natural to me. I felt that I was a cad.

"Won't you tell me a little more?" she begged. "I am so very sorry for you—and sorry that you are going away."

Her hand once more fell upon the arm of her chair. Never were fingers more soft and velvety to the touch.

"Fräulein," I said, "if I may tell you, I will. I should like you to know the truth. It is this. Two letters were entrusted to me, one of which was to be delivered to the Emperor, the other destroyed. I delivered—to your father, as it happens—the wrong one."

She was perplexed.

"Is that all?" she asked.

I nodded.

"The action," I said, "is a small one—but the result is terrible."

"Terrible?"

"It is too weak a word," I assented. "Do you know what war means, Fräulein?"

She shuddered.

"Do not speak of it!" she begged.

"You will hear it spoken of before long, Fräulein," I said; "and, alas! I shall be the unhappy cause. War between your country and mine! It is fearful!"

I am afraid my fingers tightened upon hers. I am sure that the pressure was returned.

"The letter you spoke of," she asked—"has the Emperor received it yet?"

"Not yet," I answered; "your father has it. The Emperor returns to-morrow night."

She leaned forward, suddenly pale.

"He returns to-night!" she exclaimed. "Only an hour ago my father had a telegram from him."

"To-night or to-morrow night," I muttered—"what matters? The letter has gone from my hands beyond recovery; he opens it, reads, and war is as certain as to-morrow's sun. Oh, it is enough to make a man mad to think of it! War between the two nations who have brought the science of killing to perfection! It will be the greatest massacre the world has ever known, and the everlasting shame of it will be upon my head."

"Don't," she cried—"please don't!"

I drew myself up.

"At least, Fräulein," I said gently and with real tenderness, "I have no right to come here and make you miserable. Only I could not go away without seeing you and asking you to sometimes remember—a most unfortunate man!"

I stretched out my hand for my hat. She stopped me.

"No, no," she cried; "sit still! Let me think."

I watched the colour come and go from her cheeks. She pushed back the pretty fringe from her forehead. Ah, Gertrud von Butz, you wrote the memory of your dainty little self into my heart for ever in those few minutes!

She turned towards me.

"What if the letter were destroyed?" she asked slowly.

"It is impossible," I answered, with thumping heart.

"But if it were?"

"There would be no war," I said. "There would be no disgrace for me; I should remain in Baden-berg. But it is impossible!"

"Should you know it if you saw it?" she asked.

"Of course."

She rose up.

"Come with me," she said. "Do not speak. If we meet my father it will be a convent for me. You must do what seems best to you."

She was as pale as a sheet, but she walked firmly and without hesitation. As we crossed the hall where several servants were standing she turned to me.

"Your own conservatories," she said, "are so much more beautiful. But there, you shall judge."

We turned off down a long passage. At the end was a conservatory, but she paused and listened at the last door on the right. It was empty. She turned the handle. We passed inside. She took a bunch of keys from her pocket and unlocked a cabinet which stood in the centre of the room. A pile of letters were there. My head swam with joy.

"Quick," she whispered. "Ah! We are lost. It is my father."

I dashed at the letters, seized a handful, but dropped them again as the lid of the cabinet fell upon my wrist. She whirled me across the room, behind a curtain into a long *annexe* to the conservatory. I could have cried with the disappointment. But for her sake I would have rushed out and torn the letter to pieces before Von Butz's eyes. Gertrud came close to me. I passed my arm round her waist; she was trembling violently.

Voices approached, and footsteps. The door of the room opened. Through the crack in the curtain I saw Von Butz enter, and my heart stood still. For behind him came a tall, familiar figure in a brilliant uniform partially covered by a long military cloak.

"And now, Von Butz, the letter at once," he exclaimed brusquely.

"Your Majesty shall have it," was the quiet answer, as Von Butz produced his keys. "When you read it, you will say that I have done well in starting the great engine which your Majesty has constructed with such marvellous and wonderful forethought."

There was a moment's pause. Then I saw the letter pass into the Emperor's hands.

"You yourself, Von Butz," I heard him say, "are well acquainted with the contents?"

"My secret agents," Von Butz answered, "ever keen in the service of the Fatherland, borrowed it from the Queen's messenger and brought me a copy. We have saved hours which are worth millions."



"He flung it passionately upon the table."

The Emperor broke the seal. He stood up and a fierce light burned in his eyes.

"Von Butz," he said, "you will be my witness that these things which are to come are of God's ordination, not mine. With the finest army in the world, trained and brought to perfection under my own care and governance, I, the certain master of this great continent from the firing of the first guns of battle, have ever refrained from violence or provocation. With the warlike spirit of my forefathers in my veins, I have yet held out to all nations the olive branch instead of the iron grip. History must acknowledge this. Though I am all-conquering and almighty, I have yet been slow to strike. You will remember this, Von Butz."

"Always, your Majesty."

The Emperor tore open the letter and bent over it with serene forehead and expectant eyes. He read, frowned, re-read, and flung it passionately upon the table. He turned upon Von Butz with a fury which was paralysing.

"Dolt! Fool!" he cried. "You have been tricked! You have made me a laughing-stock! You have betrayed the nation!"

"Your Majesty," Von Butz faltered, "the copy I sent you was a faithful one. My agent copied it himself in the express."

"Listen, then," cried the Emperor.

He read out letter 'A.'

* * * * *

I walked home, my nerves tingling with excitement, relieved, but very puzzled. Sir George called me into the study immediately I arrived.

"Hamblin," he said, in an airy manner, "I'm afraid you have been disturbing yourself about a mare's nest!"

"Oh, indeed!" I found breath to say.

Sir George nodded and tapped an open letter with his finger.

"It seems," he continued, "that Bucknell, the messenger, is rather a smart fellow. He found out that his despatches had been tampered with, so wired Highbury for instructions. Immediately he received them he destroyed letter 'B' and duplicated 'A.' The duplication was to catch the thief, if possible, and I should imagine that it did."

"I should think so, too," I answered, smiling.

"One word more," Sir George said, coughing, and assuming his most dignified deportment. "With regard to Clara, I have talked to her seriously, and found her, as I expected, amenable to reason. You are both too young to think of marriage, and an engagement does not seem to us desirable. In short, we have other views for Clara."

I drew a long breath — not of despair, but of resignation. That night, at the Russian Embassy, I sat out four dances with Gertrud von Butz.

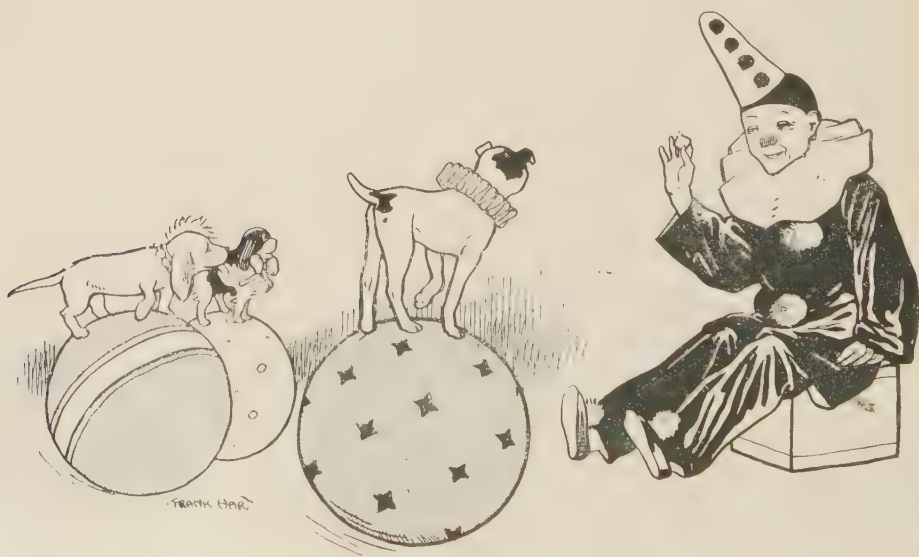




Photo by E. Norton Collins,]

[South Norwood.

FIREWORK DISPLAY DESIGNED BY MR. WALTER CRANE FOR LABOUR DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

PICTURES IN FIRE.

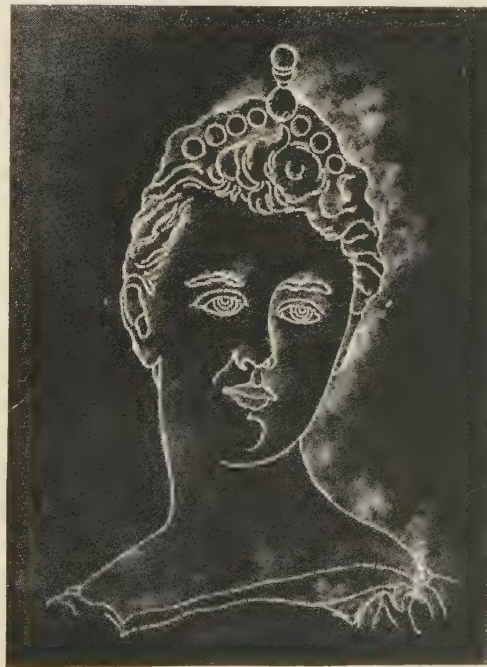
BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

FIREWORKS, we are told, were invented by the Chinese; but from the crude efforts which have satisfied the almond-eyed, conservative Celestial for so many centuries, to the colossal and ingenious conceptions of Messrs. Brock and Co., is a very far cry indeed. It may be safely asserted that since 1865, when the first pyrotechnic display was given by this firm at the Crystal Palace, that home of entertainment has never yet possessed an attraction that has appealed so extensively to the community at large. The Crystal Palace is now universally conceded to be the centre of firework exhibitions, upon an elaborate scale, in the same sense that Drury Lane is regarded as the headquarters of gorgeous pantomime.

Although fireworks have been in existence for hundreds of years, it is only during the past half century that pyrotechny has been raised to its present artistic and scientific level, a

metamorphosis mainly if not entirely accomplished through the indefatigable efforts of Messrs. Brock and Co. What that level is may be very comprehensively gauged from the numerous unique illustrations that accompany this article. There may be some who would cavil at the utilisation of the words "art" and "science" in connection with fireworks, but surely the manufacture and judicious combination of the various chemicals in order to produce harmonious blending of colours, and the construction of the different subjects, sufficiently prove that the terms as applied to pyrotechny are by no means employed in too elastic a sense.

The largest set piece ever produced in fire was that which constituted the *pièce de résistance* at the Crystal Palace in 1898. It represented the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey, during the Spanish-American war. This



FIREWORK PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

particular set piece was over 700 feet in length, and represented a surface area of nearly 60,000 square feet. It cost more than £500 to construct, while something like £100 vanished in smoke every time it was fired. As a realistic display it would be almost impossible to excel. Upon the right of the set piece was lined up the American fleet, while opposite were the defending Spanish vessels anchored in the bay, with the forts on shore in the background. The noise of the cannonade was deafening. The shells flew about in all directions, their trajectories in the air being rendered plainly visible by the burning fuses attached thereto. In the

it may be mentioned that photographs were obtained, with one exception, of all the vessels that were engaged in this particular conflict, and from these the artist constructed his design. One cannot fail to notice the striking difference between the modern American battleships and the antiquated, inferior type belonging to their enemy. The photographs of this miniature naval battle were taken, while the conflict was in progress, with no other illuminant than that supplied by the display itself. In order to obtain a more convincing idea of the mammoth proportions of this set piece, the lower photograph should be placed on the right-



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

FIREWORK PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

photograph of the unfortunate Spanish fleet will be observed the inscription, "True Till Death." This depicts an actual incident that occurred in the battle. The *Antonio del Uliva* received such terrific, concentrated fire that she was nearly overwhelmed, and before she had time to recover, another shower of shot and shell was poured into her. Her commander was called upon to surrender, but with fearless patriotism refused, and the vessel went down with all hands, and with her colours nailed to the mast. The foundering of the battleship was portrayed with striking vividness.

As an example of the infinite labour that is bestowed upon such gigantic pieces, in order to render them correct in every detail,

hand side of the upper, when a panoramic view of the engagement is obtained.

Such realistic displays, especially when the incident depicted possesses a patriotic sentiment, appeal very strongly to the British public. Messrs. Brock have produced several set pieces dealing with English naval battles, such as "The Battle of Trafalgar," "The Bombardment of Alexandria," "The Siege of Gibraltar," "The Bombardment of Canton," and "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada." We are able to reproduce photographs of the two latter displays. The former was a terrible and furious piece of work during the short time it lasted. There was the town of Canton, flanked by the hills upon which were placed the Chinese guns,



Photo by]

TAJ MAHAL.

[Negretti & Zambra.



Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,]

FLIGHT OF ROMAN CANDLES AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

[Brighton.

while out at sea stood the bombarding English vessels. In the photograph may be seen the spouts of smoke issuing from the Chinese cannons. Canton was knocked about as if visited by an earthquake. Buildings were thrown into the air by the explosions of the English shells, and in a very short time scarcely one stone of the town was left upon the other. During the engagement small boats put off from the English vessels and chased the Chinese junks in a very lively manner, though the latter

reduced to dismasted, crippled hulks drifting upon a fiery sea.

To build a set piece is a very elaborate undertaking. The artist first collects all his material from photographs and sketches. In the large realistic set pieces, such as "The Battle of Manila Bay," the artist is not permitted to rely upon his imaginative faculty for his effect. Sometimes he has to make quite a large collection of data before he attempts his design, but in a few instances, such as "The Naval Review of the Jubilee



Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,]

[Brighton.

THE COLISEUM: EARL OF SHEFFIELD'S DISPLAY AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

of course shared the same fate as the town itself—dissolved into thin air—and thus left the British triumphant.

"The Defeat of the Spanish Armada" was reproduced from a well-known engraving. The quaint style of the vessels of that period looked extremely graceful outlined in fire. When the scene opened, both fleets were peacefully sailing up the English Channel. It was not long, however, before a furious cannonade ensued, and in a few minutes the erstwhile stately Spanish galleons were

of 1887," the set piece is only an enormous enlargement of one photograph. He then makes a rough sketch of the design upon paper divided into squares. When this is completed, the next thing is to transfer this design to the wooden framework which carries the fireworks. The latter is also divided into small squares which correspond to those on the paper which bears the artist's original sketch. Therefore the artist has simply to transfer the design from the paper, square for square, to the wooden frames.



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY—

The words "True till Death" formed the last flag signal of one of the Spanish commanders as his vessel foundered.

This he does with chalk, the design, when completed, being outlined in cane and wood. Of course, as may be naturally supposed, when building a set piece of the proportions of "The Battle of Manila," the framework has to be constructed in sections, each of which is carefully numbered, so that no mistakes may occur in the final fitting together.

The cane and wood outline is studded throughout with specially formed nails with double points, placed about four inches apart. Upon these nails are secured the coloured lights, or "lances," as they are technically called, so that when finished the framework with the projecting lances resembles a huge bristle brush. These lances are connected with a quick match, so that when fired they all ignite simultaneously.

One of the most picturesque effects that has ever been produced at the Crystal Palace was "The Avalanche." The scene was a typical view of the Alps, with the rugged, snow-topped crests of the mountains, all outlined in fire, and a railway train passing rapidly out of one tunnel into another. Scarcely had one observed the whole diorama,

when there was an ominous rumble, and down the side of the tallest mountain thundered a huge mass of fiery snow, sweeping away the little *châlet* that reposed at the foot of the mountain in its awful passage. Our photograph was snapped just before the descent, and the *châlet* may be seen at the base of the picture. The avalanche was caused by the sudden igniting of a large mass of bright composition packed closely together on the framework, which when fired became one huge sheet of white flame.

Another striking tableau was the reproduction in fire of the famous Taj Mahal of Agra. It was a facsimile of a photograph, but of course only the front elevation of the building was delineated. The pyrotechnic counterfeit of the sacred temple, however, was scarcely less magnificent than its beautiful original. When Mr. Brock visited India a few years ago, this set piece formed one of the items of his extensive and varied *répertoire*, and the unsophisticated Hindoos were so impressed with the vivid representation of their most sacred edifice that they prostrated themselves before it.



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

REPRODUCED IN FIREWORKS.



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Mr. Brock is most ingenious in the devising of new attractions. One of the most popular is the fire portrait, in which enormous life-like enlargements of celebrities are outlined in lambent flame upon the framework screen. One of the largest of these was that of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, which was produced *à propos* of her coronation at Amsterdam in 1898. It measured sixty feet by forty. Our photo-

graph of this interesting piece of work is particularly brilliant, owing to the comparative absence of smoke. This latter is one of the greatest disadvantages against which the man with the camera has to contend, since smokeless fireworks are still an invention of the future. If the wind be blowing from behind the set piece, the display is almost entirely obscured by the copious clouds of sulphurous smoke emitted from the various



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

THE AVALANCHE.

compounds of which the lances are manufactured, so that a successful photograph becomes an impossibility. On the other hand, if the wind blows directly on the face of the set piece, carrying the smoke behind, the outline is rendered sharp and brilliant. There is one important point which the artist must remember when designing his picture. He must obtain the maximum of effect with the minimum of lines; otherwise, should the design be at all intricate in construction, when ignited the effect of the picture is lost in the extensive sheet of fire. Bearing this in mind, one cannot help admiring the skill of the artist, who obtains such veracious reproductions by, as it were, a few dashes of the pen.

The firework portrait, however, has been still further increased in novelty and interest by the resourceful genius of its inventor. There is a cunningly contrived transformation device by which one scene is gradually dissolved into another.

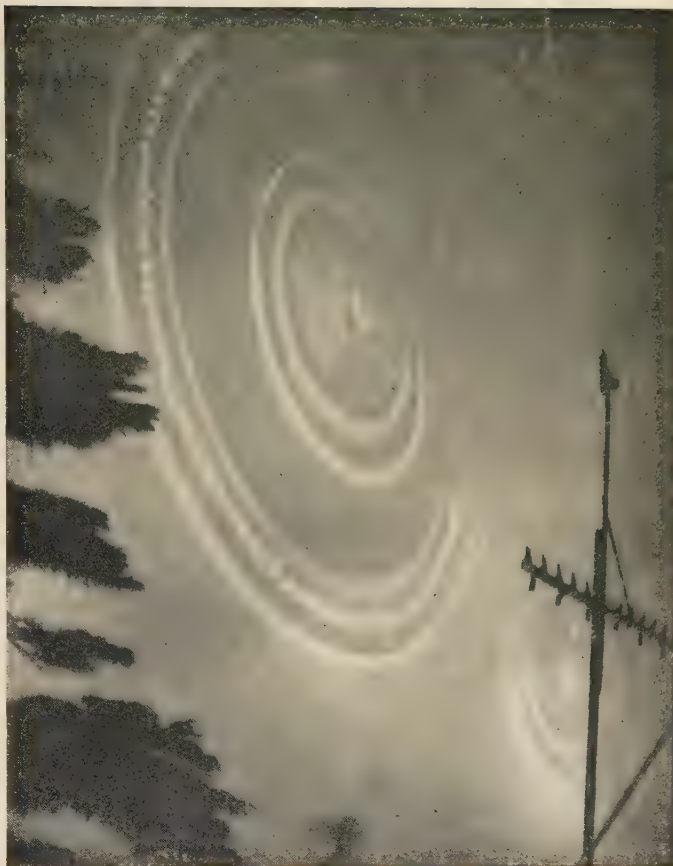


Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF A CATHERINE WHEEL. PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE REVOLVING.



Photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

THE NAVAL REVIEW, QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1887.

For instance, there was one long set piece which when first fired depicted a cluster of roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and then a surprising effect was attained by the gradual dissolution of these national emblems into life-like portraits of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York.

Various Royal personages, when witnessing a firework display at the Crystal Palace, have become amateur pyrotechnists. The actual firing is done by simply pressing the prosaic button in the Royal Box, and electricity does the rest. The German Emperor fired the Falls of Niagara, and also on one occasion the great set piece portraying the Battle of the Nile; the Princess of Wales has ignited huge portraits of the Queen, the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Shah, and other Royal personages, including herself; Li Hung Chang started the fuse attached to his own flaming image, which was flanked with the greeting, "We Wish Your Excellency a Long Life," inscribed in Chinese hieroglyphics. Li was immensely pleased with this result, and, with his characteristic inquisitiveness, desired full particulars regarding the various ingredients employed, and even extended a request to Mr. Brock that he should go to China to enlighten the retrograde Celestials as to the wonderful possibilities of fireworks. Messrs. Brock had the honour of carrying out the extensive illuminations and pyrotechnic display held at Balmoral, under the personal patronage of the Queen, in aid of the Crathie Church. Her Majesty even prolonged her stay in the grounds in order to witness the fireworks, and expressed herself as delighted with them.

One of the most extraordinary, yet at the same time beautiful, pyrotechnic spectacles is that produced with aquatic fireworks. The skimmers, or "water devils," dart hither and



Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,

[Brighton.]

FLIGHT OF ROMAN CANDLES FROM THE LAKE AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

thither along the surface of the water like flies, leaving in their wake a sparkling line of fire: the Chinese trees and waterlilies are simply floats in a stationary position, throwing a fountain of brightly coloured fire into the air, while the Roman candles eject their dazzling and multi-coloured stars in the same manner as if fired upon *terra firma* in the ordinary course. As will be seen from our illustration of such a unique display—reproduced through the courteous permission of the Earl of Sheffield—the sight is very pretty indeed, and is rendered more effective by the radiating reflections of the burning fireworks in the placid water.

To the Earl of Sheffield belongs the distinction of having given one of the most elaborate and costly private firework displays in this country. This notable event occurred at Sheffield Park in 1893, when the Earl, who has contributed so much to the development of Anglo-Australian cricket, organised the illuminations as a greeting to the Colonial Eleven, who contested their first engagement with the English cricketers at Sheffield Park. The programme included, among numerous other items, a huge pyrotechnic greeting, 150 feet in length, comprising the words, selected by the Earl himself, "Welcome, Australia. Best Good Wishes for Your Reception of Our Team in Australia." Then there was a tremendous flight of about 1,500

Roman candles, which alone cost over £30. The latter, viewed from across the lake, from which point our photograph was taken, was exceptionally striking.

The British public is never loth to applaud humour, and it is safe to assert that few devices at the Crystal Palace are more appreciated than the living comic fireworks. By this novel innovation one is able to witness a bicycle race; the village blacksmith engaged in shoeing a horse; the pretty maiden milking her cow; a tight-rope performance *à la* Blondin; or a hornpipe competition—all reproduced with natural movements. One of the most popular set pieces of this description was a huge contrivance representing the British Lion. By his apparent inanimation in the first picture, the question naturally arose, "Is he asleep?" though the interrogation was rendered superfluous by the ominous appearance of the animal's left eyelid. All doubts were soon dispelled, for the eyelid began to wink knowingly, while the hitherto quiet tail lashed about in a furious manner that

boded ill to anyone who might be rash enough to attempt to twist it. They say a lion gives vent to a deafening roar when he awakes, but in this particular instance it was the spectators who roared most enthusiastically. Few humorous contrivances have provoked such mirth as this did, a circumstance due, no doubt, to the political events of that time, when President Kruger was experimenting with the Lion's tail.

As an evidence of the fact that pyrotechny has become a fine art worthy of the attention of artists, it may be mentioned that an extremely effective and colossal set piece fired at the Crystal Palace last May-day was designed by Mr. Walter Crane. It was a cartoon depicting the Angel of Liberty joining hands with representatives of Labour. The coloured fires employed in this set piece were specially invented for the occasion by the pyrotechnists. In order to depict this elaborate design on so large a scale no less than 60,000 lances and five miles of quick match were utilised.



Photo by]

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

[Negretti & Zambra.



The Bridal.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.

ANNULLING A PROPHECY.

BY W. N. OSCAR.

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.



"**I** F you please, sir," said my housekeeper, standing just inside the doorway, "there's a young lady wishes to see you."

I closed my book—it was a particularly interesting one on psychology—with a momentary pang and looked up in some surprise. What could a young lady have to do with such a bookworm as I?

"What name did she say, Mrs. Figgins?" I asked.

"She said it didn't matter," answered the housekeeper.

"And she wants to see me?" I queried dubiously.

"She said you, sir; she asked for Mr. Sangraeme."

I hesitated a moment.

"Does she look quite a respectable sort of person?"

"Oh, yes, sir, she looks so," answered Mrs. Figgins hopefully.

"Then you might show her in," I returned.

Mrs. Figgins departed and presently ushered in a young lady whose unexpected beauty caused me quite a flutter of the heart and sent the blood in unusual volume into my face. Nor was my embarrassment lessened when she suddenly stopped and regarded me with an expression compounded of doubt and astonishment.

"But you're not Mr. Sangraeme, are you?" she exclaimed.

"To the best of my belief I am," I answered, smiling to hide my nervousness. "Mr. Harry Sangraeme, at your service. Will you kindly take a seat?"

She continued to look me over for a few moments; and then, with a pretty blush for her exclamation, she availed herself of the chair I had placed for her and proceeded to take off her gloves.

"Well," she said, a trifle nervously, "I suppose it's all right. Do you know, I quite expected to find you an old man!"

"It's very kind of you," I returned, wondering what ailed her, "but really, I don't see that I could make any use of him if you did."

"I mean," she explained, "I expected to find that you were old."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I replied. "You see, that's a thing that takes time. Still," I continued hopefully, "I'm really making wonderful progress, considering—all things, you know."

A faint smile was her only comment on this; but having taken off her gloves she extended her right hand towards me, palm upwards, and donned an air of expectancy.

"I am ready now," she said.

I looked at the hand and then I looked at her, and began to hope, in spite of her beauty, that her friends were not very far off and were on the right track. Finally, feeling that I must humour her until their arrival, and observing that she seemed really to mean it, I reached forward, took hold of her hand, and shook it.

"How dare you!" she cried, snatching it back as if I had stung it.

"Really," I exclaimed, collapsing into the farthest corner of my chair, "I—I'm very sorry if I have done wrong, but—I thought you were according me the privilege—of shaking hands."

"I wasn't!" she retorted, still angrily. "I wanted you to look at it."

"Oh, I see," I returned, devoutly wishing for the advent of whose ever duty it was to look after her. "Of course! How stupid of me! I ought to have known."

"I can't understand why you didn't," she said severely.

"Nor I," I admitted; "it is a mystery too deep to be fathomed. Pray accept my apologies for the error. And now, if you will kindly favour me once more——"

Somewhat mollified, she held it out again, and I leaned forward and looked at it carefully.

"It is a very nice hand indeed," I said with critical appreciation.

"Is it really?" she asked, in a pleased tone.

"It is indeed," I returned.

Then, taking hold of it gently, I turned it over and examined the back. I looked at the slim fingers, the dainty knuckles, the

"Yes, mean!" she exclaimed. "Don't you understand? I want you to tell me my fortune!"

"Your fortune!" I ejaculated. "My dear young lady, I'm afraid we have been at cross-purposes. I am not a palmist, and I don't tell fortunes by the hand."

"Don't you?" she asked, as if she only half-believed me.

"I don't," I returned seriously.

There was a pause, during which she played disappointedly with her gloves.

"Is it bumps, then?" she asked suddenly.

"Er—it may be, for anything I know," I returned doubtfully. "But to me it looked a very pretty hand indeed—not at all bumpy."

"Oh, dear!" she ejaculated helplessly. "I mean, do you tell the bumps on people's heads?"

"I'm afraid I must be very dense to-day," I said apologetically. "No, I don't tell fortunes or bumps, or anything nice and useful of that sort. I'm merely a student—a book-worm."

"What a pity!" she murmured, gathering up her gloves. "I quite thought you did. Well, I suppose there is nothing for it but to go."

"Unless you will do me the honour of staying a little longer," I said politely, being no longer strikingly eager for the advent of her friends.

"Oh, no, thank you; I mustn't," she said, rising. "You'll think me horribly rude to have come in upon you like this, interrupting you in your reading and——"

"Not at all," I declared. "On the contrary, it has been quite an unexpected pleasure."

"I'm afraid you're only saying so," she answered. "But, any way, its very kind of you to take it so nicely. Of course, it has been a disappointment for me not to have fortune told, because——"



"What name did she say?"

well-trimmed nails, and traced with my eyes the course of the veins beneath the fair skin. When I had finished I leaned back in my chair, brought the tips of my fingers together, and looked at her.

"Yes," I said slowly, after the manner of one delivering a carefully matured opinion, "I have no hesitation in saying that it is a very beautiful hand. Very beautiful indeed."

She stared at me as if she thought I was demented.

"Yes, yes!" she cried impatiently. "But what does it mean?"

"Mean?" I asked blankly. (Would her friends never come?)

"Well," I said, plunging recklessly into the gulf, "there need be no disappointment, after all. If you'll just sit down again for a few minutes, I'll—I'll rake up my remembrance of palmist lore, and I—I'll tell you your fortune!" And I trembled at my own audacity.

"But I thought you said you couldn't?" she exclaimed.

"I meant professionally, you know," I answered gravely. "And I couldn't do it professionally, because I'm not sufficiently acquainted with the deeper mysteries of the science; but about the smaller things, such as character, and disposition, and legacies, and journeys by land and sea, and accidents, and unexpected events, and dark men and fair men, and—and all that sort of thing, you know, just in a friendly way, if you will allow me, I shall be only too happy——" and I paused for breath.

"Oh, well," she returned, her doubts vanishing, "if you really will, and you're quite sure I'm not troubling you——"

"Quite sure!" I declared. "Indeed, it will be as great a pleasure for me as for you. So if you will resume your seat and let me see your hand again——" and I drew my chair up so as to be just in front of her.

"Well, it's very kind of you," she said, sitting down and extending her hand, "and I'm awfully obliged to you. And will you give me a nice fortune, please?"

"I must go by what is written in your hand," I answered gravely; "but I think—oh, yes, I think it will be a very nice one. Er—both hands, please."

This request was a happy inspiration, and I was gratified to observe that she seemed to be impressed by it. She held out the other hand obediently, resting her elbows on her knees.

"That's right," I said. "Now, let me see—oh, character first, of course. Well, you know," I continued, guessing my hardest, for I knew just as much of palmistry as a cat does of astronomy, "I should say that you are truthful and generous—two high virtues in anybody—and, also, that you are warm-hearted, sympathetic, and not given to bearing malice," and I looked up into her face to see the effect of this first shot.

"Oh, that's very good, isn't it?" she said, with a gratified smile.

"Could hardly be better," I agreed, bending over her hand again. "But——" I was about to continue.

"Oh, dear! Is there a 'but' to it?" she exclaimed.

I shook my head with an air of grave regret. "You are hardly what I should call logical," I said seriously. "You don't reason things out carefully enough, you know; you are too hasty in making up your mind," and again I looked up to see how she took it.

"Oh, yes," she admitted readily, "I'm afraid that's true."

"What is here must be," I returned with an air of conviction. "Still," I resumed, "this—er—defect is well set off by a readiness to admit an error when it is pointed out to you, and to apologise or make such amends as the case demands."

"Oh, well, that's better, isn't it?" she asked brightly.

"Decidedly," I returned. "But to refer again to your—er—shortcomings——"

"Oh, dear!" she ejaculated.

"It is a very painful duty, but it must be performed," I said heroically. "You are impulsive, very impulsive—almost to rashness. You act on the spur of the moment, without thinking what will be the result of your action; and sometimes, owing to this failing, you find yourself placed in more or less awkward predicaments."

"Oh, yes!" she cried feelingly; "that's true, too. They're always telling me the same thing at home. Oh, how clever you are! Will you show me where it says it on my hand?"

I had but a moment in which to make up my mind. "There, and there, and there, and there," I answered, pressing a finger in four different places, and devoutly hoping that the apparent intricacy of a more detailed explanation would prevent her asking for it. Fortunately my hope was fulfilled, and I proceeded rather hastily with, "And now we will go on to the fortune proper."

"Oh, yes; that's what I really want to know!" she exclaimed.

"Well, in the first place," I said, "you have had, taking all things into consideration, a very happy life"—her bright, cheery disposition was my warrant for this statement—"and you will probably have as happy a life in the future. Of course, you will have your troubles, like everybody else; but as a life it promises to be happy."

"Will it be a long one?" she asked.

"Yes, with proper care; but"—I scrutinised her hand closely and put on an air of deep wisdom—"you will find it of advantage to observe the ordinary rules of health about taking just sufficient exercise, not catching cold, and all that sort of thing. You should never, for instance, stand or sit in a draught,

because you might stop that draught and contract a cold that was really intended for someone else."

She laughed. "I'll take care, then," she said. "Am I to have any legacies?"

"Why, you have had one!" I answered, on the spur of the moment, and wished immediately I had left the words unsaid.

"Have I?" she asked in surprise.

"Well, haven't you?" I queried, wondering how I was going to get out of this guess.

"I don't remember any," she replied thoughtfully.

"Think again," I said, with an air of conviction.

She puckered her brows with the effort, while I tried to make up my mind whether, in the event of there having been no legacy of any sort, I should acknowledge a mistake or denounce the hand for saying the thing which was not.

"No," she said presently, "I've never had a legacy in my life—that I remember, at least; and I think I should remember if I had had one. Of course, there was that silver pencil-case that aunt left——"

"That will be it," I said, feeling much relieved. "It doesn't say it was a large legacy, you know," I explained.

She opened her eyes wide. "And can you see such a little thing as a pencil-case?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, I can see smaller things than that," I returned, for I was warming to my work. "For instance, when you were quite a small child you swallowed a plum-stone which might have given very serious trouble if it had stopped in your throat."

"Oh, however can you tell?" she exclaimed admiringly. "I remember it quite well. I was awfully frightened, and father had to come and slap my back."

"Ah, the slaps aren't marked," I said, examining her hand attentively, "or else, as is probable, the marks have faded away by now. But the plum-stone, you see, would be a Peril, with a capital P, and would therefore leave a permanent mark. And now," I continued, with a quiet smile that might be taken to mean anything, "how many sweet-hearts have you?"

"I beg your pardon?" she said, with the merest trace of stiffness in her tone.

"I'm only going to tell you all about your little love affairs, past, present, and future," I said, glancing up into her face to see the effect of my words and also of the quiet smile that might be taken to mean anything.

"Oh, yes, of course," she returned, with a pretty blush. "I don't think you'll find any; but it wouldn't be a proper fortune without some, would it?"

"Certainly not," I agreed; "or at best but a bad fortune. Well, you are not by any means without admirers"—I was really one of the number myself by this time—"but you should be very careful about your choice."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that yet," she laughed, blushing again.

"Well, I don't know," I returned thoughtfully. "Who is this dark man who is—er—to say the least of it, finding your company very agreeable?"

"I don't know," she said wonderingly. "I don't know any dark men; at least, not that—not that——"

"He would seem not to have known you for very long," I continued, "and is taking up your attention under what I'm afraid I must call false pretences."

"Oh, dear, I don't like that," she said.

"Oh, there's nothing necessarily bad about it," I answered reassuringly. "Perhaps he's pretending to know a great deal about something he's very ignorant of, or it might be that he is professing to take a greater interest than he really feels in something you are interested in. But, in any case, his idea is to win your approbation."

"Oh, I see," she returned more leniently. "But I can't think of anyone who is doing that."

"Of course you mightn't think that he was pretending," I continued. "You might think that he really knew or was really interested, as the case may be. Can you think of a dark man who might possibly be doing as I say?"

"No, I can't," she answered after a pause. "But what do you really mean by dark? Would you call yourself dark, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I'm dark, though not very. This dark man should be as dark as I, at least."

"I can't call one to mind," she answered after another pause.

"Well," I continued, "who is this fair man?"

"Is there a fair man as well?" she asked.

"Of course," I rejoined; "there always is, you know. He seems to be the rival of the dark man, and apparently is the more likely to succeed."

"Whoever can he be?" she exclaimed.

"What is he like, please?"

"Rather peculiar," I answered; "a large

body, a small head, and a very long nose. Oh, and one of his legs is very short—ever so much shorter than the other.”

“Oh, dear!” she exclaimed. “And you say he looks the—er—the more likely to succeed of the two?”

“Quite so,” I answered. “Indeed, he appears to be actually successful.”

“Oh, but I wouldn’t have such a man as that!” she exclaimed.

“But if it says so?” I suggested.

“I don’t care what it says!” she returned. “It can’t be true!”

“Not true?”



“I must go by what is written in your hand?”

I asked incredulously. “What about the legacy?”

“Well, but——”

“And the plum-stone?” I added.

“Oh, dear!” she cried. “But are you quite sure? Haven’t you made a mistake?”

“Oh, no mistake at all,” I returned confidently.

“Well, I don’t care!” she cried. “I wouldn’t have such a man as that!”

“But what is written in your hand, you know——” I hinted.

There was a little pause, and then—

“Oh, but please, isn’t there a way out? Do say there is!”

“Well,” I answered, relenting, “there is just a hint of something of the sort, but it wouldn’t be wise to tell you what it is now.”

“Why not?” she asked.

“Because,” I returned, “it might spoil it if I did. You see,” I went on grandiloquently, “these prophecies, read from the book of Nature’s writing, are not to be trifled with! They must be approached with a due sense of their supreme importance, and if I were to divulge this secret at an inopportune

moment, it—er—you see, it might spoil it, as I said before,” and I shook my head gravely.

She looked at me for a few moments with a troubled expression on her beautiful face.

“Well, but—when will you tell me?” she asked.

“You see, we may never meet again.”

“Oh, yes, we shall,” I replied quickly; “er—to judge by your hand, that is.”

“Shall we?” she asked doubtfully, while a touch of colour played furtively upon her cheeks.

“Most certainly,” I returned.

“Besides, you see,

we must meet again so that I can tell you at the proper time how to avoid this fair man.”

“Of course,” she answered, seeming only half-convinced. “But still—well, of course——” she hesitated a moment, while the colour deepened in her face—“I often go for a walk over the cliffs in the mornings.”

“Do you? Why, so do I—er—sometimes,” I returned, instantly deciding that those cliffs should know me much oftener than they had done. “So, you see, we shall be sure to meet there—perhaps often, and then I can

tell you when the proper time comes. And now——" I continued, turning again to her hand.

"Oh, but I mustn't stop any longer," she interrupted. "It's getting quite late, and I must go now."

"Must you, really?" I asked, in a tone whose regret was not assumed.

"Yes, really," she answered, rising. "But you'll let me know in plenty of time, won't you? You won't forget?"

"Indeed, I won't forget," I returned fervently—as if it were likely! "I'm so glad you've been. You have made me spend quite a pleasant morning."

"I'm afraid I've interrupted you," she answered, holding out her hand—to be shaken this time. "I'm awfully obliged to you for being so kind. Good morning!"

I accompanied her to the door, and when I returned the room seemed suddenly to have gone into mourning, though in reality the sun shone as brightly as before. As I sank into my chair I neglected to stretch out my hand for my book—the very interesting one on psychology.

"It was a lucky thought," I soliloquised, "about that fair man. But I'll try to put his nose out of joint in spite of its—length, was it? or did I say it was short? But it doesn't matter. H'm—m, yes! I suppose it comes to all of us some time or other; and when it comes like this, it must be love at first sight. What a sweet girl!"

It was some days before I saw her again, owing to the fact that the sun had taken a fit of the sulks and had hidden himself behind heavy clouds which, meanwhile, did their best to dissipate themselves upon a sodden and ungrateful world. At length they succeeded in their laudable desire, and on the first fine morning I made my way to the cliffs and strolled about, doubting, yet hoping for, her coming. Presently, however, I saw her breasting a knoll about a hundred yards away. Curbing my impatience I loitered towards her.

"Good morning!" she said, as we neared each other. "I'm so glad you've come. That fair man has been on my mind ever since we parted."

"The fair man?" I queried. I had been so busy thinking of her that the fair man had almost escaped my memory. "Oh, yes, of course; what a sad burden he must have been!"

"Terrible!" she rejoined. "I've been quite troubled about him, and I do so wish you had made a mistake."

"Let us sit down here for a few minutes," I said, indicating a convenient stone, "and show me your hand again. There, that's right," I added, as, having seated herself and taken off her glove, she held her hand towards me.

I took it in mine and looked at it closely. It really was a dear little hand!

"No," I said slowly, in a tone of spurious regret, "there's no mistake. There is the dark man trying to win your regard by means of a pretended attainment, and there is the fair man, with his big head and his stumpy nose——"

"His big head and stumpy nose!" she exclaimed. "I thought you said he had a little head and a big nose."

"Er—yes; that's what I meant to say," I corrected. "His big head and his—no—I mean, his little head and his big nose, and his two great long legs——"

"His *two* long legs!" she cried, staring at me. "But I'm sure that you said one of his legs was a short one."

"Er—comparatively speaking, only," I explained, getting rather nervous. "But, you see, they're both long; even the short one is a long one, while the long one is longer still—er—in fact, reaches down to the ground when he's standing up."

"Oh, dear! what a creature!" she exclaimed. Then suddenly she turned on me. "But of course they reach down to the ground when he's standing up, like everybody's!"

"Only one of them," I declared. "You see, the other has aspirations—tries to keep its sole above the level of the gutter, and all that sort of thing. It possesses a certain diffidence of character, too—has some instinct of moderation, not like its fellow. In short, you might even say that it is obtrusively unobtrusive."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "And didn't you say that he had a large body?"

"Enormous!" I declared. "Out of all proportion!"

"What! out of all proportion even to his long leg?" she asked in amazement.

"Er—yes; even to his long leg," I assured her.

"Why, he must be a giant!" she exclaimed.

"A positive monster," I admitted readily.

"And do you suppose that I would have such a—a creature as that?" she queried with warmth.

"It would be a thousand pities, indeed," I admitted gloomily. "Still, what is written in your hand, you know——"

"But you said there was a way out!" she exclaimed, looking half ready to cry. "I'm sure you did!"

"Of course," I admitted; "so there is. There is always one way out of such a prophecy as this——"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "I—I daren't! And I'm not tired of life yet! Besides, it would be wicked!"

"I don't mean that way," I returned. "The way I mean isn't quite so bad as that—anyway, not at first. Though, after all," I continued gloomily, "it's quite possible that you might think it was."

"But perhaps I shouldn't," she said, with a sudden soft look in her eyes. "Tell me what it is."

"Well," I said, "there's that dark man that I told you about——"

"I don't want to know about that dark man!" she burst out. "I don't want to know about him or the fair man or any—I mean—that is——" and she broke off in some confusion, her face flushing crimson as she turned it away from me.

"Then of course that settles it," I said dejectedly. "I feel very sorry for him, though no doubt he deserves it for having pretended to know what he was really ignorant of, so as to enjoy your companionship. I don't think he'll ever marry after this. He'll take it very badly, very badly indeed; although he's only known you for so short a time—because, you see—he had got to be so fond of you—to judge by your hand, that is."

She turned a little—just a very little—towards me, yet still continued to gaze out over the sea and vouchsafed no reply.

"I shouldn't say he was very dark," I continued. "I should think he would be about as dark as I. But I am forgetting; you don't want to hear about him. He must go back to his books!"

She turned a little more towards me, yet still kept her eyes fixed on the distant horizon.

"Why," she murmured timidly, "is he fond of books?"

"Yes—fortunately for him!" I returned. "He had just broken off in the middle of a book—a very interesting book, too, on psychology—the first time he saw you; and afterwards he couldn't take it up again for thinking of you. And yet," I continued meditatively, "it was a wonderfully interesting book—all about psychology, you know."

"It doesn't sound as if it would be very interesting," she replied doubtfully.

"Well," I said, "he doesn't find it so interesting now as he did."

"And, besides," she continued, "those sort of men sometimes get to be fonder of their books than of their—I mean—their——"

"Ah, but this one wouldn't!" I said eagerly. "At least," I added, with hasty caution, "it doesn't seem to say so in your hand. Of course, neither would the fair man, for the matter of that; but then he doesn't care for books, and the dark one does."

"Tell me—some more about him," she said softly, turning her face yet a little more towards me.

"About which—the fair man?"

"No; I mean—the dark one."

"Then let me have your hand again."

She turned until we almost faced each other and held out her hand timidly. I took it in both mine and clasped it with gentle pressure.

"Yes," I said, looking not at her hand, but into her face, with its changing colour, and into her eyes, full of the soft brilliance of awakened love, "he is here. Do you know, he thought to be a lonely student, to fill his soul with the dry husks of bookish learning; but from the moment when your beauty burst upon him he wished it otherwise,



"Tell me, are you sorry?"

for in an instant he had learned from you a lesson that his tomes had never taught him—he had learned—to love ! ”

Her beautiful face took a deeper hue, and her hand quivered in mine, but she let it remain.

“Do you know of such a one ? ” I asked.

“I—I don’t know,” she murmured nervously. “How should I ? ”

“Shall I tell you more about him ? May I go on ? ”

“If—you please.”

“He was reading, as I told you before,” I continued, “when you were announced. You had mistaken him for a certain palmist——”

“Oh ! ”

“——of the same name,” I continued, “and you had come to have your fortune told——”

“Why, it’s yourself ! ” she said in a whisper.

“And if it is, dear ? ” I asked, drawing her towards me. “Are you sorry ? ”

“Oh,” she whispered, “it’s so strange ! And—and—I don’t know you ! ”

“Nor do I you,” I answered earnestly ; “but I would trust that sweet face of yours anywhere. Tell me, are you sorry ? ”

“No,” she murmured brokenly, bending her head to hide her burning blushes, “I—I don’t think so.” Then, as I placed my arm more boldly round her, she yielded to the pressure, and yielding,

whispered in my ear, “No ; I—I think I’m—very glad.”

“You see, sweet,” I said, as we strolled homewards arm-in-arm, “there’s always one way out of such a prophecy as that about the fair man.”

“What way do you mean ? ” she asked.

“Why, to marry the prophet instead,” I answered.

She blushed prettily and then gave a happy laugh.

“Do you know,” she said, “I don’t believe you read my fortune from my hand at all ! I believe you guessed it all ! ”

“What ! ” I exclaimed. “Have you forgotten about the legacy ? ”

“It was only a pencil-case,” she replied.

“And the plum-stone ? ” I continued.

“Everybody does that sort of thing, though,” she answered.

“And the fair man with all the curious appurtenances that an eccentric Nature could bestow ? ” I queried.

“I’m sure you made him up, anyway ! ” she retorted, laughing gaily. “I’m quite sure you did ! ”

“Well, and I don’t care if I did,” I answered, returning her laugh. “In any case, he has served his turn well, and—I, for one, sweet, bear him no ill-will.”

“No,” she whispered, with a sudden seriousness, while her dainty hand rested more heavily on my arm, “nor I—now ; nor I, either.”



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP- BOOK.

HYDE PARK ORATOR: And what, I ask you, is the crying need of the present day?

VOICE FROM THE CROWD: A pocket-handkerchief.



"WELL, there's one advantage we shall get from this war," said Mrs. Knowall — "oranges will surely be cheaper now that we've taken the Orange Free State."



AUNTIE (protectingly): Now, you mustn't get frightened, Ferdie, when the lion roars like that; he's only waiting to be fed.

FERDIE (complacently): Oh, I know; Dad's just the same when his meals aren't ready.



SMALL GIRL (at the conclusion of a visitor's elaborate vocal performance): Why does Miss Jones gargle like that when she hasn't any medicine to do it with?



DAIRY-MADE MUSIC.

Professor McConnell declared at a farmers' dinner recently that "Music, suitable in quality and administered at the right moment," was a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.

Puss played the violin too soon,
Or perhaps unsuitably, you'd say, sir,
For classic cow that cleared the moon,
But missed, no doubt, the Milky Way, sir.

Yet I, alas! cannot forget
Your theory is strangely true, sir;
And must admit with much regret,
Some music acts as (s)cream producer.

A. R.



SCHOOL INSPECTOR: Where are zebras mostly found?

SMALL BOY: Illustrating the letter Z.



FAR SAFER.

THOMSON (who has been taken for a drive with friend's new tandem): By Jove, old chap, I'm beginning to wish I had gone out to South Africa, after all!

WAITER: Shall I cut you a slice from the joint, sir?

TESTY OLD GENTLEMAN: I'm sure it's quite immaterial to me; you can chop it or saw it off, for all I care, provided I get the slice.



MISTRESS: Jane, did you make the chicken broth as I told you?

JANE: Yes'm.

MISTRESS: Where is it?

JANE: Why, mum, I used it to feed the chickens with, of course!



HOUSEHOLDER: Do I understand that this meter accurately registers the amount of gas we burn?

INSPECTOR: That is a detail I have no time to discuss, sir; but you may rest assured it registers with the utmost exactitude the amount you have to pay for.

"WHAT a cold that donkey has," remarked a man to his friend as they passed a hawker's cart with a poor animal wheezing terribly. "And that reminds me," he continued, "how is *your* cold?"



"YES," said Farmer Snodgrass, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pill for my liver, and a capsule for the gout in my foot. But I'm darned if I can make out how the things know the right place to go to after they get inside!"



HE: Miss Brown—Gladys, I love you. Say you will be my wife.

SHE: Oh, Mr. Robinson, this is so sudden. I must have time to—

HE (interrupting): Of course, if you insist. In any case, this diamond ring will keep until—

SHE (interrupting): That's what I was about to say. I must have time to try on the ring, at least, before promising what you ask.



THE ONLY WAY.

MRS. QUAGGLES: But where is aft?



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

"You have two brothers, haven't you?" he inquired.

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering whether you would care to have me for a third?"

"I'm very sorry," she replied thoughtfully, "but I will be a wife to you, if that would do instead."

MINISTER: I'm sorry to find you coming out of a public-house again, Hamish, after all you promised me.

HAMISH: Aye, sir, it's wonnerful what an awfu' deceivin' thing this mist is! D'ye ken, I went in there the noo, thinkin' 'twas the butcher's shop!



PRODKINS: I don't suppose there'll be much for dinner, but if you'll take us as we are—such as it is—

CHISSERKINS: Don't apologise, old fellow. I've dined at your house before, remember.



VICAR: Lady Snooks might have given more than a sovereign to the fund, when you consider her means.

VICAR'S WIFE: Perhaps so; but not when you consider her meanness.



A Possible Explanation.

SHE: Why is it, I wonder, that little men so often marry large women?

HE: I don't know, unless it is that the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements.

"Did I hear you say, guard, that the engine was at the rear end of the train?"

"Yes, ma'am; we've got an engine at each end. It takes an extra one to push us up the mountain."

"Dear, dear! What shall I do? I'm always so terribly ill if I ride with my back to the engine."



RE—THE HUBBARD DOG.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some bread;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
So the quadruped ate her instead.

To this she objected—
As might be expected—
But he, with a shrug of his face,
Said, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
The state of your cupboard
Has long been a national disgrace!"

"It's always the same—
No poultry, no game,
Not a vestige of knuckle of pheasant,
Not a loin of roast ham,
Not a wing of cold lamb,
Not even a sausage of apricot jam—
And I find it distinctly unpleasant!"

"That greedy young Horner
Sits smug in his corner,
And gorges at pie all the day;
While horrid Miss Muffet
Just lives on her tuffet,
And gobbles her curds and whey.

"But when I have bones
They're like underdone stones!
Though you know my digestion is shady!
And as for your biscuit,
My teeth wouldn't risk it!
Such fossils don't tempt them, old lady!"

"I have made up my mind
That whenever I find
No menu affixed to the larder,
I always shall eat you!
It's hard thus to treat you,
But when I am hungry—it's harder!"

"So now we'll adjourn
All remarks, and return
Our attention to lunch for a minute;"
But wise Mother Hubbard
Reached down from her cupboard
A muzzle, and popped his head in it!

F. Klickmann.



MAGISTRATE: The evidence shows that you threw a stone at this man.

MRS. HOOLIGAN: Sure! and the looks of him shows more than that, yer honour; they shows that I hit him!



CLERGYMAN: Suppose you were to try heaping coals of fire upon your husband's head, my good woman?

MUCH-TRIED MATRON: That wouldn't do no good. I've thrown a lighted lamp at him several times, but he's just as bad next day.



A BAD SHOT.

MRS. SNOBBLIGH: Oh, Major Dashwood, how nice it is to meet *you* among all these nobodies!
THE COLONEL: Excuse me, madam; it is not at all nice! I have not the honour to be Major Dashwood, consequently must be one of the nobodies.



"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANCIS H. WILLIAMS.



SEAL OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE story of the English in India is one of the most marvellous and fascinating in the world, no matter from what point of view it be regarded. It began almost exactly three hundred years ago; for though the first English East India Company was organised in 1599, it did not become what may be called a going concern till the following year. The first expedition sailed from Woolwich in the spring of 1601, Captain James Lancaster being in chief command.

If I had my way, I should have models, designed with such accuracy as may be possible, of the ships composing that expedition set up in every school in these Islands as object-lessons to our children, to help them to remember and appreciate the beginning of the wonderful story, and to teach them that thus and thus was an Empire far greater than that of Rome at its mightiest founded by our forefathers.

There were in all five ships in Captain Lancaster's fleet, and their total burthen was only something like 1,400 tons. The largest was the *Mare Scourge*—sometimes spoken of as the *Malice Scourge*, and, later, re-christened the *Red Dragon*—a vessel of 600 tons, purchased at a cost of £3,700, and having on board a company of 200 men. The smallest ship was not much bigger than a fair-sized lugger, and it was called the *Guilt*. The remaining three, the *Hector*, the *Great Susan*, and the *Assention*, were about half the size of the *Mare Scourge*, the first carrying 100, and the other two each 80 men. The whole cost of the five ships was well under £10,000. Out of them has grown our Empire in India. It is an amazing thing—is it not?

OCTOBER, 1900.

THE INDIA OFFICE.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

India, conquered for us by generations of merchant adventurers and seamen like James Lancaster, remains to-day the most unique and the most interesting as well as the most important possession of the British race. India has always been a name to conjure with. The thought of its wealth and its wonders haunted the dreams of the ancients, and lay like a spell upon the mind of the Middle Ages. The search for, the endeavour to find a way to it by sea led to the re-discovery of South Africa and of America. It has been the scene of some of the most remarkable achievements, not only in war, but also in peace, of our soldiers and statesmen. For many a long year it has poured a golden flood into this country. Last century it created, enriched, and in some cases led to the ennoblement of our middle classes.



ARMS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

2 L 2



THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.

India—the rich, the wonderful, the glowing, the magnificent, the mysterious!

On the occasion of the second visit I paid to the India Office, in the interests of the *WINDSOR MAGAZINE*, I was introduced to a noble visitor just arrived from India who is revered and regarded as a god. A quiet, well-spoken, self-possessed man, in the dress of an English gentleman, with the manner and even the appearance of a European, and yet one whom multitudes of his followers all over the East implicitly believe is a divinity—believe it so absolutely that they contribute for his support a portion of all their possessions, amounting to £100,000 a year! In connection with what country on the globe could this have happened save with India? Just think of it. I was sitting talking to one of the high officials, there was a knock at the door, and this personage entered. I was introduced to his Highness, who talked about this thing or that, as might happen. A pleasant, courteous gentleman and yet to thousands he is very god! It would be preposterous, impossible, incredible, ridiculous, but for India, where almost anything may be true and possible and important beyond all words.

Amongst the great offices of State the India Office is as unique as the Indian Empire itself is among the possessions of the British. It sums up in itself, in its various

departments, all the functions of the Government of India—finance, war, marine, foreign affairs, and so on. It does not cost our ratepayers a farthing, the entire expense, which amounts to £150,000 annually, being defrayed out of the revenues of India. The very building, or rather that portion of it in which the India Office is, has been paid for from the same revenues.

The real seat of the Government of India is not Calcutta, but the India Office in London. Just as, in the days

of the East India Company, India was ruled from Leadenhall Street, so now from St. James's Park are its affairs directed and controlled. Indeed, the India Office is an evolution, not an innovation. First there were the committees of merchant adventurers, who were traders with exclusive privileges derived from charters given and renewed from time to time by the Crown. In 1784 an Act was passed placing the Company in direct subordination to a body representing the British Government. The body consisted of a Board of six commissioners, usually known as the Board of Control. In 1813 the trade of India was thrown open to all British subjects, and this necessarily modified the commercial character of the Company. Twenty years later the Company ceased its connection with trade altogether. When the charter was renewed for the last time, the right of nominating their civil servants was taken from the Board of Control, and a system of open competition was introduced. In 1858 the Crown assumed the direct administration of India, and the great Company became a thing of the past. The President of the Board of Control was transformed into a Secretary of State, and the Board itself was replaced by a Council of fifteen members, eleven of whom had been Directors of the Company. The staff of the East India House in Leadenhall Street, and

of the Board of Control, naturally formed the staff of the first India Office, which, after a period of delay, was housed in that huge, imposing, but somewhat sombre quadrangular pile of buildings where are also the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the Home Office, the general design of which was the work of Sir Gilbert Scott.

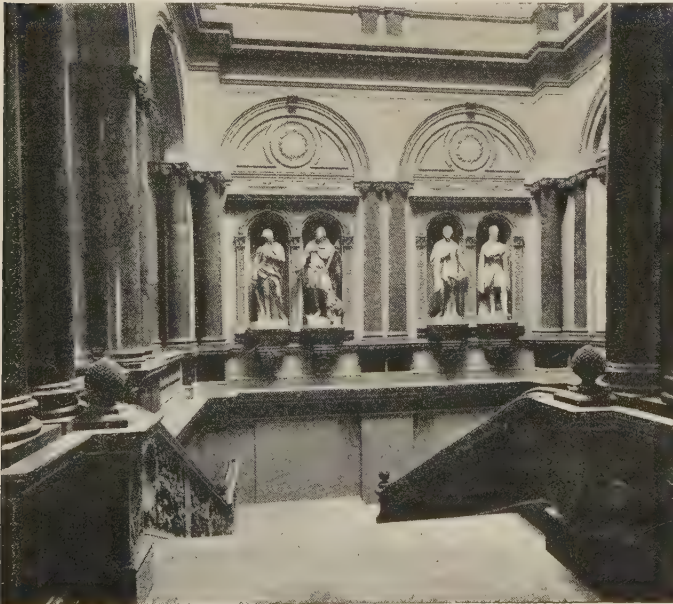
The India Office shares with the Foreign Office the site made beautiful by the trees and the ornamental water at the south-western corner of St. James's Park. The outward appearance of the edifice is not marked by any elaborate design or system of decoration; it is, truth to tell, rather too dully solid looking. Its interior, however, might well be described as vast, and is specially noteworthy for its long and lofty corridors, fine staircases, and handsome rooms. The ornamentation of the ceilings, consisting in modellings of Indian fruits and flowers, the work of Sir Digby Wyatt, is unfortunately in nothing more enduring than plaster. One of the chief features of the India Office, speaking architecturally, is a courtyard, shut in on all sides, and covered over with a roof of glass and iron, forming an inner quadrangle, where the Sultan of Turkey, when he visited this country some years ago, was entertained by the then Secretary of State. But so far as I can hear, it has never been used for any great function since, and now presents a decidedly uninteresting and even desolate aspect.



STATUE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The India Office, unlike its neighbour, the Foreign Office, has many pictures and statues, some of which are very valuable. It formerly possessed a huge number of articles which were genuine treasures of art, but they were removed to the India Museum at South Kensington.

The principal staircase is adorned with statues of some of the remarkable men whose names are for ever associated with the conquest or the government of India, such as Clive, Lawrence, Wellington, the Marquess of Wellesley, Cornwallis, and Eyre Coote. At the foot of the north-west staircase is a statue of Warren Hastings, by Flaxman, and nearly opposite the entrance from the quadrangle is a marble bust of Wellington, by Turnerelli. And here, perhaps, I should say that all these memorials of the past be-



HEAD OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

longed to the old Company, as did most of the oil paintings in the Office. An exception to this rule is to be found in a plaster bust of the Queen, which stands in the Council reading-room, and which has quite an interesting history. It formed the model for the head and shoulders of the well-known statue by Matthew Noble, presented to the city of Bombay by the Gaekwar Khanderao of Baroda, which was subsequently spoiled by some fanatical natives. The bust, after the sculptor's death, was purchased from the widow and presented to the Office by Sir George Birdwood, through whom the commission for the original statue had been given.

There are paintings or prints in nearly all



LORD ONSLOW, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

the larger rooms and in the corridors. In the Secretary of State's room, a chamber of irregular shape, there is displayed a set of miniatures by Indian artists, painted about the beginning of the present century, of the twelve Emperors of Delhi, and of Nadir Shah, who overthrew the Moguls. The Council-room is the most interesting apartment in the building. Its splendid doors of dark mahogany, and its great mantelpiece of marble, were brought from the old East India House in Leadenhall Street, as were also the tables. Behind an elaborately carved chair of state or throne, on which the Chief Secretary, as President of the Council, sits, is a life-sized portrait of Warren Hastings

as he appeared while Governor of Bengal. Paintings of other Empire-builders, in the person of the Marquess of Wellesley, brother of the Iron Duke, of Lawrence, "the Father of the Indian Army" (the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds), of Cornwallis, the compeer of Hastings, and of Sir Eyre Coote, the conqueror of the French in India, look down from the canvas on the deliberations of what may be termed the Cabinet of our Eastern Empire.

It is, of course, impossible to enumerate in detail the other pictures to be seen at the India Office, but I must find space to mention a few of the more striking. In the Finance Committee-room there hangs the full-length portrait of Napoleon, which Marshal Soult,

when he saw it at the India House in 1838, thought so marvellous a likeness that on contemplating it for some time he was moved to tears. On the main staircase, high up in the building, there are life-size portraits of Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugénie, in massive frames surmounted by the Imperial Arms of France, which were presented by the Emperor to the East India Company in acknowledgment of their contributions to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. Among the portraits of Orientals, the most interesting are those of Fath Ali Shah in the Revenue Committee-room, and of Tipu Sultan in the Finance Committee-room, where is also exhibited an historical painting of considerable importance—that of Shah Alam,

the Great Mogul, conveying the grant of the Diwani, or fiscal administration, of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, to Clive, at Allahabad, in 1765.

In the room of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Sir Arthur Godley, there hangs on either side of the fireplace a series of engravings of the noblemen and gentlemen who have held the high position of Secretary of State for India since 1858, amongst them being the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Kimberley, and the Marquess of Ripon. The present Secretary is Lord George Hamilton.

An anonymous writer in *British Indian Commerce* for January, 1899, who is evidently wellacquainted with Lord George, says of him—

“As one sees a slight figure, clad in faultless fashion, with head erect and face bearded, the hair turning slightly grey, flitting along the corridors, received with respectful salutes by every passing official, you cannot fancy that it is that most important personage, the Secretary of State. ‘Lord George,’ whispers the official, as you look inquisitively at him. Everybody in the India Office has the kindest of words for ‘Lord George.’ The most unostentatious of men, he is the most hard-working and devoted of State Secretaries. Although he exercises it firmly, he gives you

no outward sign of his great office, for he is the most amiable and modest of men. There have been Secretaries of State who knew nothing of India nor of Indian affairs, for, as they were only politicians, they were compelled to rely upon the officials of the India

Office for both knowledge and guidance. Lord George is not a Secretary of that type. He aims at being an efficient and a conscientious ruler of our great Eastern Empire. He accomplishes his aim quietly and without much parade of policy; but then he has rare qualifications for his high position. He knows the India Office and its ways, and almost every official employed there. Before he became Secretary of State, Lord George spent many years as Under-Secretary. In that post it was



SIR HORACE WALPOLE, K.C.B., ASSISTANT UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.



MEDALLION OF WARREN HASTINGS.

his duty to supervise the details of administration, and thus he served a splendid apprenticeship in Indian government.

"He was a very industrious apprentice. He is a very industrious master. You will find him generally at the India Office at 11 a.m., and while Parliament is sitting often very much earlier. He probably leaves the House of Commons in the small hours of the morning—sometimes calls at the India Office on his way home, if important telegrams are expected—and will be found comfortably seated in the Secretary of State's room by 10 a.m."

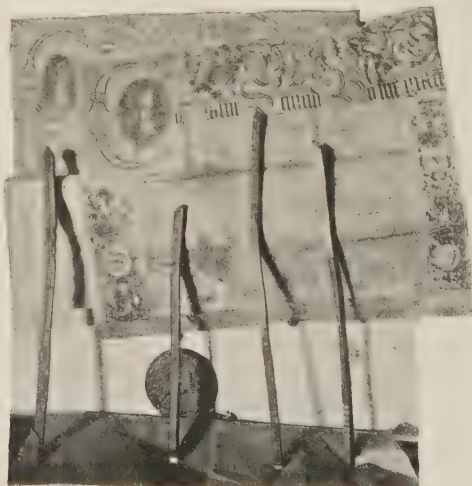
This is the man, then, who at the present moment is the real ruler of India under the Crown. To aid him in this great work he has the advice of the body known as the Council of India.

This Council, which when it was first constituted consisted of fifteen members, now numbers twelve. Originally the members were appointed for life, but now for a period of ten years, and they each have a salary of £1,200 a year. According to the Act of Parliament, the Council, five making a quorum, must meet once every week in the year; nor has it failed to do so since its inception. When it wants a little holiday, it arranges to meet on the Monday of one week and on the Saturday of the week following. The position of member of the

Council is in the gift of the Secretary of State, and those selected are for the most part old Anglo-Indians of ripe experience. Their functions are consultative rather than executive. The Secretary of State in Council has the entire control of the expenditure of the revenues of India, and no grant or appropriation of those revenues can be made without the concurrence of a majority of votes at a meeting of the Council. It will be readily understood that the provision of the Government of India Act places great power in the hands of the Council.

It must be noticed in passing that the composition of the Council includes members of both the great political parties, Conservative and Liberal. The Secretary of State for the time being is of course a politician belonging to the party in power, and the mixed political character of his Council cannot fail to be of great service in the debates and discussions which must necessarily arise on points he submits to it. Nor must it be overlooked that the members of the India Council are men whose careers in administrative departments in India make them rather representatives of Indian opinion and experience than exponents of either of the two political parties.

Although the Council meets but once a week, the duties of its members impose upon them an almost daily attendance at the India Office. The Council is subdivided into committees, each of which is in close connection with one of the Departments—Finance, Military, Revenue, Public Works,



THE ORIGINAL CHARTERS AND TALLY STICKS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

etc., as the case may be. If Lord George's Council be likened to a Cabinet, then each member discharges functions analogous to those of a Minister. When any question of importance is brought before the Council, the papers are as a rule placed in a box for a week for the perusal of the various members. At the meeting of the Council the following week the papers are again brought up and discussed, and if there is a difference of opinion, a division is taken and the matter is finally decided.

Each member of the Council has a room at the India Office, and they have in addition a common reading-room—it is a good deal like a room in a club—furnished with easy-chairs, books of reference, and the leading English and Indian daily and other papers and periodicals.

The India Office, like the rest of the great Government offices, has its regular staff of civil servants, who have obtained their positions in the first instance by success in the usual way in competitive examinations open to everybody in the country. The staff, including all grades, numbers about three hundred, and the appointments are for life or until the age-limit has been reached. At the head of all is the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, who is seconded by the Parliamentary Under-Secretary and an Assistant Under-Secretary of State.

Sir Arthur Godley, K.C.B., a Rugby and Oxford man, has been Permanent Under-Secretary since 1883. A barrister by profession, he began public life as private secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury in 1872. During his occupancy of his high position he has effected several changes, which have resulted in the Office being worked more economically than was the case previously. The present Parliamentary Under-Secretary is the Earl of Onslow, who is very well known in connection with the London County Council. He was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1887, and Governor of New Zealand from 1889 to

1892. When questions are asked in the House of Lords with respect to India, they are answered by Lord Onslow—in the House of Commons by the Minister himself, who, as everybody knows, is the Member for Ealing. The Assistant Under-Secretary, Sir Horace Walpole, K.C.B., has been at the India Office for some thirty-seven years—a long record of public service. He commenced as a temporary clerk in 1862, and has served in various departments of the Office, and besides being Assistant Under-Secretary is also Clerk of the India Council.

The business of the India Office is divided up amongst several Departments, of which



SIR ARTHUR GODLEY, K.C.B., PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

incidental mention has already been made. Every communication—I understand that about a hundred thousand letters are received in the course of each year—goes first of all to a central registry, from which, after it has been entered into an enormous index, it is sent on to the proper Department. Every letter despatched from the Office has to be registered at this bureau before being posted or delivered. To make this system less onerous, however, there is a branch of the registry in each Department. On the whole the business of the India Office does not increase, but may be said to be stationary—this comes from public business in India itself having been got into well-established order. As a corollary, the



THE READING ROOM, WITH STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

numbers of the staff in St. James's Park remain pretty much the same.

Of the Departments, the Financial is, perhaps, one of the most important, as it represents the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Indian Empire. The Government of India has to report its expenditure, beyond certain limits, to the Secretary of State, who deals with the matter through this Department, which is also charged with the raising and the paying off of loans in the London money-market, and with financing India generally. At the head of the Finance Department is Sir Henry Waterfield, K.C.S.I.

The Military Department, presided over by Major-General Sir E. Stedman, K.C.I.E., is the War Office of India. Here questions affecting our own soldiers in India (who, by the way, are entirely supported by the Indian Government so long as they serve in that country) or the Native Indian Army, are dealt with as they arise, but of course the Imperial War Office must also have something to say in such matters. But to this Department, or, rather, perhaps I should say, to the Military Committee, all the military reports, whether they relate to the administration of the Army, its maintenance, or its operations, are relegated for opinion, censure, or classification. And while speaking of this committee I should like to say that I found two of the most interesting memorials of the

vanished East India Company in the chamber where it holds its sittings, in the shape of a couple of torn, ragged, and tattered flags (they usually hang above the door) which belonged to the Company's Volunteers, the men who helped to win our Empire in the East.

The Political and Secret Department, of which Sir W. Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., is chief, corresponds to the Foreign Office of the Imperial Government. It takes cognisance of everything that affects, or is likely to affect, India from

outside. It keeps a watchful eye on what is going on in the Native States in the Peninsula, in Afghanistan, in Persia, in Asiatic Russia, in Siam, and other neighbouring countries. The Judicial and Public Department and the Public Works Department, on the other hand, look after the internal affairs of India. The former has to do with the legislative action of the several Governments of India, and with ecclesiastical, educational, and general matters of administration, including appointments coming under those heads, as well as to the Covenanted Civil Service; the latter is responsible for the development of the resources of India by railways and telegraphs, by irrigation works, and the like. The chief of the Judicial Department is Sir Charles Lyall, K.C.S.I.; the head of Public Works is Mr. E. Leel, C.I.E.

Other Departments are those of Revenue and Statistics, under Sir Charles Bernard, K.C.S.I.; the Accountant-General, Edward R. Cave-Browne, C.S.I.; the Funds; the Registry and Records; and the Store Department. The last-named, I am told, spends annually in this country something like two million pounds on guns, accoutrements, and stores of all kinds.

One of the most interesting of these Departments, from a popular point of view, is certainly the Registry and Record, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Wollaston, C.I.E. A great part of the basement of the

building is a maze, a perfect labyrinth of passages between walls formed by iron racks, filled with cases containing the records of the old Company and of the India Office itself. There must be many miles of these books and documents, from which, it must be confessed, there proceeds a very ancient and musty smell. But what an accumulation of materials for the history of the British in India there is here!

During the earlier years of the East India Company but little care seems to have been taken of the originals of the charters which conferred its privileges upon it, and only copies of the very oldest are to be seen in the muniment-room of the India Office. Amongst the original documents which have been preserved are an interesting letter—a kind of “letter of credence”—from James I., a charter signed by Oliver Cromwell, and more than one charter granted by Charles II. One of the last-named, covering six large sheets of vellum, has been mutilated, the ornamental borders, the portrait of the King, and the Arms of the Company having been cut out by some unknown Goth. Two other charters of this sovereign’s have admirable etchings of the Merry Monarch. Perhaps what struck me most in the muniment-room were the “tally-sticks,” of which a considerable number have been collected.

The tally-stick deserves a paragraph to itself. As an institution it is, of course, quite obsolete, but it only disappeared at the beginning of the present century. What it exactly was will be most easily understood

ONE OF THE
ORIGINAL
CHAIRS OF THE
EAST INDIA
COMPANY.



from the illustration. In appearance it is nothing more or less than a long, narrow piece of wood with notches cut on it, and it would scarcely be surmised that it is a receipt for money paid, each notch standing for pounds, tens of pounds, hundreds of pounds, and thousands of pounds, according to the size of the particular notch on the stick. Originally the piece of wood was just twice the size, but on the account being settled the stick was split into halves, each party to the transaction retaining a half as a voucher, the notches standing for so many figures. If any dispute arose afterwards as to the amount, the two pieces were fitted together and the evidence they furnished was conclusive if they *tallied*—



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

hence the modern word. The stick with ten notches on it was the receipt to the Company for the £10 it paid yearly to the king as rent for the island of Bombay.

In the India Office there are no less than three hundred rooms, but considerations of space forbid any further description of them. The library, however, which is placed at the top of the building, is said to be better furnished with books and papers relating to India than any library in that country itself. I understand that permission to make use of

it can be readily obtained on application to the authorities.

In conclusion I desire on behalf of the WINDSOR to thank Lord George Hamilton for his courteous permission to go over the India Office and to have photographs taken. I am indebted also to Sir Arthur Godley and Sir Horace Walpole for their kind assistance, and in a special manner to Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E., who was good enough to act as my guide and cicerone.



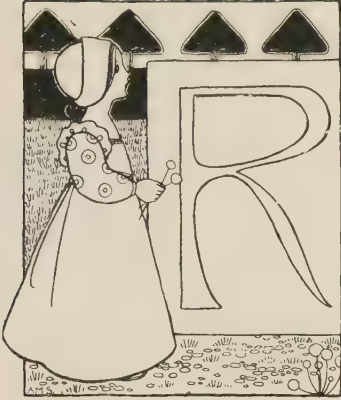
THE OLD GARDEN.

From the picture by Fred Hines

YOUNG BARBARIANS.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.



NO. V.—A PLEASANT SIN.

ATHER cap-
tious people,
such as
ministers of
religion and
old maids of
the precise
kind, no
doubt con-
sidered that
the Semina-
ry were
guilty of

many sins and mentioned them freely; but those excellent people erred through lack of vision. Hunting mice in Moosy's class-room, putting the Dowbiggin's clothes into a state of thorough repair, raiding the territory of the "Pennies," having a stand-up fight between two well-matched champions, say, once a month, and "ragging" Mr. Byles, might have an appearance of evil, but were in reality disguised virtues, feeding the high spirit of those who were active, and teaching the Christian grace of meekness to those who were passive. There was only one act which the Seminary knew it ought not to do, and which all the boys wanted to do, which they enjoyed very much in doing, and were quite willing to be punished for doing. The besetting sin of a school—a country school—which will remain its sin until the days of the millennium have fairly set in, was playing truant.

This crime was equivalent to high treason in the State, and consisted in a boy absenting himself from school without the knowledge of his parents, and without the consent of his master, for a day or half of a day. The boy did not disappear because he was ill, for he was on such occasions outrageously well; nor because he was overburdened by work, for the truants always guarded themselves against brain fag; nor because he wanted to hang about the streets, or smoke in secret

places. He was simply seized with the passion of the open air and of the country. To tramp through the bosky woods, hunting for birds' eggs and watching the ways of wild animals; to guddle for trout under the stones of some clear running mountain burn, or to swim in the cool water on a summer day, or to join the haymakers on a farm, and do a full day's work, as long as lesson time and harder. There was a joy in escaping from bounds, as if an animal had broken out from a menagerie; there was joy in thinking, as you lay beside your burn or under the shadow of a tree, of the fellows mewed up in the hot class-room and swatting at their sums, under Bulldog's eye; and joy in coming home in the evening, tired, but satisfied, and passing the empty Seminary with defiance. There is no joy—I mean sin—but has its drawbacks, and there were clouds in the truant's sky. Country folk had their own suspicions when they came on a couple of boys going at large on a working day, when the school was in session, as one might have a shrewd guess if he came upon two convicts in their professional dress fishing in some lonely spot on Dartmoor. But there is a charitable sympathy with all animals who have escaped from a cage, unless it be a tigress looking for her dinner, and no one would have thought of informing on the boys, except one bad man; and Providence, using Spiug as an instrument, punished him for his evil doings—as I shall tell.

"Well, laddies," some honest farmer would say, as he came upon them sitting by the burnside eating bread and cheese and counting up their trout, "I'm judgin' it will be a holiday at the Seminary the now, or mebbe the maister's given you a day's leave for your health. Or is this the reward for doing your work so well? Ye have all the appearance of scholars." And then the good man would laugh at the simple rillery and the confusion of the boys.

"Dinna answer, laddies; for least said soonest mended, and ye mind where leears go to. But I'm thinkin' you wadna be the

* Copyright, 1900, by John Watson, in the United States of America.



"The four had to drop down and crawl along through the thick grass."

worse for a jug of milk to wash down your dinner, and there's some strawberries in the garden up by, just about ripe."

So they all went up to the farm kitchen and had a glorious tuck in, and were afterwards turned loose among the strawberries, while the farmer watched them with keen delight and a remembrance of past days. Whose place in Heaven for such deeds of charity is already secure.

The authorities at home were not so lenient, and the experienced truant was careful, when he could, to time his arrival home about five o'clock in the afternoon, which allowed for the school hours and one hour more of special confinement. According to the truant's code he was not allowed to tell a lie about his escapade, either at home or at school, but he was not obliged to offer a full and detailed statement of the truth. If his father charged him with being kept in at school for not having done his work, and rebuked him for his laziness, he allowed it to go at that, and did not accuse his father of inaccuracy. When, however, a boy was by habit and repute a truant, his father learned by experience and was apt to watch him narrowly. If the boy had an extra touch of the sun on his face, and his clothing was disorderly beyond usual, and his manner was especially unobtrusive, and his anxiety to please every person quite remarkable, and if in moments of unconsciousness he seemed to be chewing the cud of some recent pleasure, the father was apt to subject him to a

searching cross-examination. And his mother had to beg the boy off with many a plea, such as mothers know how to use; and if the others did not succeed, and the appeal to the heart was in vain, she could always send the good man back upon his memory, and put it to his conscience whether he ought to visit too severely upon his son the sin the boy had inherited from himself.

It was next morning that the truant really paid for his pleasure; and the price was sharp, for there was no caning to be compared with that which followed a day in the country. It was a point of honour that no boy should show distress; but even veterans bit their lips as the cane fell first on the right hand and then on the left, and right across the palm, and sometimes doubling on the back of the hand, if the cane was young and flexible. Spigg, though a man of war and able to endure anything, used to warm his hands at the fire, if the weather was cold, before going in to the inquisition, and after he had received a switching of the first order he would go down to the lade and cool his hands in the running water. It was an interesting spectacle to see four able-bodied sinners, who yesterday had given themselves to the study of Nature, now kneeling together, to cool their hands in our waters of Lethe; but you must remember that they made no moan before the boys, and no complaint against the master. The school received them with respect when they came out, and Spigg would indicate with a wink

and a jerk of his head that Bulldog had exceeded himself; but he was not to be trifled with for an hour or two, and if any ill-mannered cub ventured to come too near when Peter was giving his hands a cold bath, the chances are that Peter gave the cub a bath, too, "just to teach him to be looking where he had no business."

Possibly fear of consequences might hinder some weak-hearted boys, but it never prevented any of the hardy ruffians from having their day out when the fever seized them. Playing truant was the same thing for a boy as bolting for a high-spirited horse; done once, the animal is bound to try it again, and to both the joy of their respective sins must be very much the same. Boys did not plan a week ahead and then go astray in cold blood, because this sin was not an act of malice aforethought—it was a sudden impulse, not a matter of the will so much as of the blood. Had one determined on Tuesday night to take Wednesday, it might have turned out in our fickle climate a cheerless day, when a boy would as soon be playing marbles in the breaks, or cricket in the dinner-hour, or, for that matter, amusing himself in Moosy's class. No; a boy rose in the morning ready to go to school, without a thought of wood or water—arranging his marbles, in fact, for the day, and planning how to escape a lesson he had not prepared; but he was helpless against Nature if she set herself to tempt him. No sooner had he put his nose outside the door than the summer air, sweet and fresh, began to play upon his face and reminded him of a certain wood. As he went through the streets of the town, a glimpse of the river, steely blue that morning in the sunshine, brought up a pool where a fat trout was sure to be lying. As he crossed the North Meadow, the wind was blowing free from the Highlands, and was laden with the scent of hay and flowers, and sent his blood a-tingling. The books upon his back grew woefully heavy, and the Seminary reminded him of the city gaol frowning out on the fields with its stately and unrelenting face. He loitered by the lade and saw the clear water running briskly, and across the meadow he could catch a glimpse of the river, and in the distance the Kilspindie Woods with their mysterious depths, and rising high above the houses on the other side was the hill where he spent last Saturday. The bell rings and he goes in, but not to work; the river is running through his heart, and the greenery is before his eyes, and the wind coming in

puffs through the open window awakens the instinct of the wild animal in his breast and invites him to be free. Spiug has a slate before him, but he is not pretending to do anything, he is looking out on the meadow, and sniffing the air, just like a horse about to make its bolt. He catches Howieson's eye and reads that Jock is ready. Howieson inquires by signal of Bauldie whether he prefers compound fractions to a swim, and Bauldie explains, also by signal, that, much as he loves fractions, he will be obliging that afternoon and join them in their swim. A fourth would complete the party; and when Spiug lifts his eyebrows with great dramatic art to "Piggie" Mitchell, three desks off, "Piggie," like the gallant spirit that he was, answers with a nod that he will not be found wanting. Not a word has been said, and no one will say "Truant" at any time, but at the next break the four separate themselves quietly and unobtrusively from their fellows, and by the time the last boy has gone through the door, they are scudding across the meadow to Spiug's stable-yard, where they will make their preparations. Sometimes nothing more is needed than a hunch of bread and some fish-hooks; but as they ran Spiug had dropped the word Woody Island, and a day on Woody Island was a work of art. It lay a couple of miles above the town, long and narrow, formed with a division of the river into its main current and a sluggish backwater. It was covered with dense brushwood, except where here and there a patch of green turf was left bare, and the island was indented with little bays where the river rippled on clean sand and gravel. It was only a little island, but yet you could lose yourself in it, so thick was the wood and so mazy, and then you had to find your comrades by signal; and it had little tracks through it, and there was one place where you could imagine a hole in the bank to be a cave, and where certainly two boys could get out of sight if they lay very close together and did not mind being half smothered. When you went to Woody Island, and left the mainland, you were understood to blot out the Seminary and Muirtown and Scotland and civilisation. Woody Island was somewhere in the wild West, and was still in the possession of the children of the forest; the ashes of their fires could be seen any day there, and you could come upon their wigwams in one of the open spots. There was a place where they had massacred three trappers and taken their scalps, and in that cave "Bull's-

eye Charlie," the famous Indian scout, lying curled up like a ball, and with only the mouth of his rifle peeping out, had held twenty of the red-skinned braves at bay for a whole day. It was a fairy world in which our Indian tales could be reproduced upon the stage, and we ourselves could be the heroes we had so often admired. The equipment for the day consisted of four tomahawks (three axes out of small tool chests and one axe for breaking coals which "Piggie" used to steal for the day) two pistols (one belonging to Sping and the other to Bauldie); a couple of toy rifles—not things for kids, mark you, but long rifles

with bayonets, and which could fire caps; a tent, which was in reality an old carriage cloth from Peter's yard; and a kettle for boiling water—I mean cooking the game—which Jock Howieson abstracted from his kitchen. Each boy had to visit his home on pretence of returning for a book, and bring away the necessary articles of war and as much food as he could steal from the pantry; and then everything, axes included, and, if possible, the rifles, had to be hidden away about their persons until the four, skulking by back lanes, and separating from one another, reached the top of the North Meadow, after which they went up the bank



"They brought it over safely to the other side."

of the river, none daring to make them afraid. They were out of bounds now, and the day was before them for weal or woe, and already Spiug was changing into an Indian trapper, and giving directions about how they must deal with the Seminoles, while Howieson had begun to speculate whether they would have a chance of meeting with the famous chief, Ocoola. "Piggie" might want to try a cap on his rifle, but Spiug would not allow him, because, although they had not yet entered the Indian territory, the crafty foe might have scouts out on this side of the river, and in that case there was no hope of Woody Island. The Indians would be in ambush among the trees on the bank, and the four would be shot down as they crossed.

Their first enemy, however, was not Ocoola's Indians, but a white man—a renegade—who, to his shame, was in alliance with the Indians and was always ready to betray the trappers into their hands. This miscreant was a farmer on the mainland, who was the tenant of Woody Island, and had a determined objection to any boys, or other savages, except, as I have said, the Seminole tribe living on the island, and who used to threaten pains and penalties against anyone whom he caught on his land. One never knew when he might be about, and it was absolutely necessary to reach the island without his notice. There was a day in the past when Spiug used to watch till the farmer had gone into his midday dinner, and then creep along the bank of the river and ferry himself across with the other trappers in the farmer's boat, which he then worked round to the other side of the island and kept there for the return voyage in the evening, so that the farmer was helpless to reach the island, and could only address the unseen trespassers in opprobrious language from the bank, which was sent back to him in faithful echo. This forenoon the farmer happened to be hoeing turnips with his people in a field opposite the island, and Spiug was delighted beyond measure, for now the four had to drop down and crawl along through the thick grass by the river's edge, availing themselves of every bush and little knoll till they lay, with all their arms, the tent, and the food, concealed so near the farmer that they could hear him speak and hear the click of the hoes as the people worked in their drills. If you raised your head cautiously and looked through between the branches of a shrub, you could see him, and Bauldie actually covered him with his rifle.

The unconscious farmer knew not that his life hung upon a thread, or, rather, upon Bauldie's trigger. Bauldie looked inquiringly to his chief, for he would dearly have loved to fire a cap, but Spiug shook his head so fiercely that the trapper dropped down in his lair, and Spiug afterwards explained that the renegade had certainly deserved death, but that it was dangerous to fire with so many of his gang present, and the Seminoles on the other side of the river. By and by the farmer and his people had worked themselves to the other end of the field, and the trappers, having ascertained that there were no Indians watching them, prepared to cross. Spiug, who had reached the boat, spoke out suddenly and unadvisedly, for the farmer had chained and padlocked the boat. It would not have mattered much to the boys in ordinary circumstances, for they would have stripped and swum across, and back again when they were tired of the other side, for every one of them could swim like an otter; but that day they were trappers, with arms, and food, and a tent, and powder which must be kept dry, to say nothing of the kettle. There was a brief consultation, and Bauldie regretted that he did not shoot the farmer dead on the spot, and as many of his people as they could. Spiug, who had been prowling around—though cautiously, mind you, and ever watching for a sign of the Seminoles—gave a low, mysterious whistle, which was one of the signs among the trappers; and, when the others joined him, he pointed and whispered, "A Seminole canoe." It was an ancient boat which the farmer's father had used, and which had lain for years upon the bank, unused. Its seats were gone, its planks were leaking, it had two open holes at least in it, and there were no oars. It was a thing which, in the farmer's hand, would have sunk six yards from the shore, but it had the semblance of a boat, and it was enough for the hardy trappers. Very carefully did they work it to the bank, lest it should slip a whole plank on the road, and very gently did they drop it in, lest the Seminoles should hear. "Piggie" stuffed one hole with his bonnet, and Bauldie the second with his; Jock spread his jacket over an oozy part. They shipped all their stores, and one of them got in to bale, and the others, stripping off their clothes and adding them to the cargo of the boat, pushed out the boat before them, swimming by its side. It was a mere question of time whether the boat would go down in mid-channel; but so splendidly did "Piggie" bale, ready

at any moment to swim for his life, and so powerfully did the others push, swimming with their feet and one hand, and with the other hand guiding the boat, that they brought it over safely to the other side; and the fact that half their clothes were wet through mattered little to men who had often hidden from the Indians in the water, with nothing but their eyes and nose out; and, at any rate, the food was safe. The matches and the percussion caps also were dry, for "Piggie" had taken care of that, and, in the worst emergency, they would have been carried on the top of his head if he also had been obliged to swim. They brought the boat into a little creek, and, communicating by signs to one another—for they were too old hunters to be speaking now, when there might be a party of Seminoles in that very wood—Spiug and Jock hid themselves, each behind a tree with rifle in hand, to cover the others, while "Piggie" and Bauldie drew the boat up under cover of the bushes, and hid it out of sight, so that even a Seminole's keen eyes would not have been able to detect it. The trappers made a hiding-place beside the boat, and left there the superfluous garments of civilisation, confining themselves to a shirt and trousers, and a belt which holds the pistol and tomahawk. Spiug and Jock, as the two veterans who could discover the trail of the Seminoles by a twisted leaf on a branch, or a broken stick on the ground, warned their friends to lie low, and they themselves disappeared into the brushwood. They had gone to scout, and to make sure that no wandering party of Indians was in the vicinity. By and by a wood-pigeon cooed three times, "Piggie" nodded to Bauldie, and Bauldie hooted like an owl, then they knew that it was safe to advance. The two rejoined the scouts, whom they found on the edge of a clearing, leaning on their rifles in a picturesque attitude. "Bull's-eye Charlie" led, and the others followed, pausing now and again at a sound in the woods, and once at a signal from "Bull's-eye" they separated swiftly, and each took up his position behind a tree. But it was a false alarm. Then they went on as before, till they came to a pretty spot on the other side of the island, where they made their camp, cutting a pole for the tent, lighting a fire, which they did with immense success, and proceeding to cook dinner. As they had been afraid to fire, for fear of attracting any wandering Indian's notice, they had no deer nor wild turkey, which, in other circumstances, would have been their food; but they

made tea (very badly, and largely because they wished to use the kettle), and they had bread and butter, which had turned into oil through the warmth of Bauldie's person, a half ham which Spiug contributed, a pot of jam for which "Piggie" will have to account some day, and six jam tarts which Howieson bought with his last farthing, and which had been reduced practically to one in Jock's pocket. Sparrow had managed two bottles of stone ginger-beer, which were deeply valued, and afforded them a big mouthful each, as they drank without any cup, and shared honestly by calculation of time.

What a day they had! They fought Indians from one end of the island to the other, killing and scalping twenty-nine. They bathed in the quieter current on the other side, and they dried themselves in the sun, and in the sun they slept till they were burned red; and then just as they were thinking that it was time to go back to the camp and gather together their belongings and set off for home, Spiug gave a whistle that had in it this time no pretence of danger, and bolted into the wood, followed by the other three. Whether he had heard the firing, or the Seminoles had sent a message, they never knew, but the farmer was on the island and proceeding in their direction through the brushwood. Spiug did not think that he had seen them, and he would not quite know where they were, and in an instant that leader of men had formed what he thought the best of all his plans. He gave his directions to the other three, who executed a war-dance at the mere thought of the strategy, and then departed hurriedly for the camp; but Spiug, who was naked, and not ashamed, started rapidly in an opposite direction, and just gave the farmer a glimpse of him as he hurried up the island.

"Ye're there, are ye, ye young blackguards! Wait till I catch ye trespassin', and lightin' fires, I'll be bound; it's Perth gaol ye'll be in the night, or I'm no farmer of Middleton. Ye may hide if ye please, but I'll find ye, and ye'll no get the old boat to go back in, for I've found that, as clever as ye thought yourselves, and knocked the bottom out o' it."

It was twenty minutes before he discovered Spiug, and then Spiug was standing on the edge of the water at the top of the island, where the current runs swift and strong towards the other side.

"Was it me ye were seekin'?" said Spiug, rosy red all over, but not with modesty. "I thought I heard somebody crying. We're



"Sparrow had managed two bottles of stone ginger-beer, which were deeply valued."

glad to see ye on the island. Have ye come to bathe?"

"Wait till I get a grip of ye, ye impident little deevil, and, my word, I'll bathe ye," and the farmer made for Spiug.

"I'll bathe mysel," said Spiug, when the farmer almost had his hands on him, and dived into the river, coming up nearly opposite the horrified farmer; and then, as he went down with the current which took him



"He invited the farmer to come in."

other three trappers had gathered all their possessions and clothed themselves like gentlemen, and taking Sping's clothes with them, ferried themselves across with rapidity and dignity. Once

over to the opposite side, he invited the farmer to come in; and when he landed he bade the farmer good-bye with much courtesy, and hoped he would enjoy himself among his Indian friends.

"Wait till I cross," shouted the farmer, "and I'll be after ye, and though I ransack Muirtown I'll find ye out. Ye're a gey like spectacle to go back to the town. Ye'll no escape me this time, whoever ye be," and the farmer hurried down the island to his boat, which he had loosely fastened to one of the trees. When he reached the spot there was no boat there, but he could see his boat lying in its accustomed place on the other side, chained and padlocked. For the

more Sping bade the farmer good-night, extending both hands to him in farewell, but now the one hand was in front of the other, and the thumb of the inner hand attached to Sping's nose. He thoughtfully offered to take any message to Muirtown Gaol or to the Provost that the farmer desired, and departed, wishing him a pleasant night and telling him where he would find the shank of a ham. As Peter dressed himself, his friends could only look at him in silent admiration, till at the thought of the renegade trapped so neatly and confined for at least a night on his own island, Howieson slapped his legs and cried. And the four returned to Muirtown and to civilisation full of joy.



As reproduced from the print by

The Woodbury Engraving Process of the

The Gleaners.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANÇOIS MILLET.



THE CANTERBURY ARCHERY CLUB, ST. JOHN'S GROUNDS, CANTERBURY.

ARCHERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY LILIAS DAWSON.

THE art of aiming and hitting is "as old as the hills," and the use of the bow and arrow dates from patriarchal times. Assyrian sculpture and Egyptian hieroglyphics show that the people of these lands, as well as those of Thrace, Crete, and Parthia, were skilled archers. It is also extremely probable that the auxiliary troops of Rome were armed with bows and arrows, and we read that Domitian and others were accomplished in the use of these weapons of war. Archery, although now only practised as a pastime in civilised countries, is still in active use among the Tartars, Hottentots, and North American Indians, who frequently amuse themselves by shooting at a target while rapidly galloping past it, their skilled marksmen usually putting three out of four shots in the bull's-eye.



Photo by King, Holland Park Avenue, W.

MR. G. E. FRYER, L.C.C.
Champion, 1875, '92, '95, '96, and '97.

The bow was undoubtedly used in England many years previous to the Conquest, by both Anglo-Saxons and Danes, not only as a weapon of warfare, but also for purposes of hunting,

and it is extremely probable that the Romans were responsible for its introduction into Britain as a military weapon. Under the Norman Kings, marked improvement in the practice of archery was manifest, and English archers were soon distinguished for excellence of aim, taking precedence of those of other nations. The sovereigns themselves were not behind their subjects in skilful marksmanship and feats with the bow. William the Conqueror, who owed his victory at Hastings to the skill and intrepidity of French archers, was the possessor of a bow that yielded to few experts besides its owner. Little did he think that three and four centuries later the tables would be turned at the battles of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt, when the long-bows of English archers won the laurels of victory on French soil.

Richard Cœur de Lion and his archers performed great exploits against Turks and Saracens in the Holy Land, while at home the fame of the renowned, if mythical, Robin Hood and his trusty band of Sherwood Forest celebrity resounded throughout the country. Switzerland can also boast of the traditional story of William Tell, which probably has its real origin in the Scandinavian fable of Toko, treating of the matchless marksmen.

In succeeding reigns, the practice of archery became compulsory by law. Edward the Third embodied a company of soldiers called "Archers of the Guard," and in 1363 commanded the general practice of archery on Sundays and holidays, instead of the ordinary rural pastimes. In 1485 Henry the Seventh instituted the "Yeomen of the Guard," who

were then all archers, and archery was also prominent among the fashionable amusements of the nation. Several Acts for the encouragement of archery were passed in the reigns of Edward the Fourth and Henry the Eighth, one of which ordered that butts should be erected and kept in repair in all townships, and that the inhabitants should practise shooting there on holidays.

There seems no means of ascertaining the precise period when the use of the bow in this country as a weapon of war entirely ceased. It was regarded so favourably by the Army, however, that it remained in use long after the adoption of firearms. We learn, on the authority of Neade, a celebrated archer of the time of Charles the First, that "the ordinary range of a bow was from 16 to 20 score yards, and that so rapid was the shooting of the archers, or so slow the firing of the musketeers, that an archer could shoot six arrows in the time occupied in charging and discharging one musket."

The full equipment of an archer consisted of bow, arrows, drawing-glove, arm-guard, waist-belt, ivory grease-pot, and quiver. For the manufacture of bows yew was generally preferred to all other woods; but to prevent a too rapid



Photo by]

[Davis, Lancaster.

MR. B. P. GREGSON.

Holder of Northern Championship,
1883-'86, 1889-'90, 1892-'93, 1897.

consumption of yew, bowyers were, in the 14th century, ordered to make four wych-hazel, ash, or elm bows to one of yew. At the present time the implements for the practice of archery are largely made in London and Edinburgh. Yew is still the favourite wood, but lancewood, snakewood, and other kinds are also used, and are said by some to be more durable and much cheaper than yew bows, which are by others preferred for sweetness of material and steadiness of "cast." Bows are made of three pieces, two pieces, and one piece, called respectively three-woods, two-woods, and self, the first-named make possessing additional pliancy and strength. Gentlemen's bows measure from 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet in length, and the power required to draw these ranges from 40 to 60 lb. Ladies' bows are lighter, 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 6 inches in length, and can be drawn by a power from 24 to 32 lb. The string is usually of gut.

Old English arrows were made of ash, weighing from 20 to 24 pennyweights, and being tipped with steel and feathered with goose feathers. The standard length of a gentleman's arrow is 28 inches, a lady's being 25 inches long. Red pine is the usual material from which arrows are now made, and the best are footed with a piece of hard wood upon the point of which the iron pile is fixed. At the other end is the "nock" or notch for the reception of the bowstring when shooting is to take place. An arrow has three feathers affixed edgewise at the "nock" end. These are much shorter than they were formerly, the guide-feather being differently coloured from the rest. They



BANNER DESIGNED BY HER MAJESTY, WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA, FOR THE QUEEN'S ROYAL ST. LEONARDS CLUB.



Photo by Savory.]

[Cirencester.

MRS. ROWLY.

Lady Champion, 1893-'94-'97.

are now usually taken from a turkey's wing, but were in earlier times plucked from a goose.

The drawing-glove which protects the fingers of the right hand is often a species of doeskin glove, with the first three fingers tipped with smooth calf or pigskin, and having a strap to buckle round the wrist. Many archers, however, prefer screw tips fitting each finger separately, with a strap in front, while others use the ordinary draw-glove, with cylindrical points and straps up the back of the hand. The arm-guard is made of stout leather to shield the left arm from the stroke of the string after the discharge of an arrow. The waist-belt serves to carry one's arrows when shooting, and the ivory grease-pot contains the particular compound fancied by the archer to grease the fingers of the drawing-glove. The quiver carries reserve arrows and preserves them from damp. Targets consist of straw busses with painted canvas covers. The "National" targets are 4 feet in diameter, having on their faces five circles or divisions, the centre one being gold, representing a

score of 9; a red scores 7, a blue 5, a black 3, and the white or outer circle 1. The targets are supported on stands constructed of three ribs of iron, jointed at the top, and rest on spikes projecting from the two side ribs, while the centre rib is thrown behind as a spur to support the triangle. Honours are awarded by a majority of points, the reckoning varying according to the terms on which a medal or prize is offered for competition.

The uninitiated are probably unaware of the fact that the science of archery is provided with its own peculiar terms for technicalities of the sport. For instance, an arrow is said to be "gone" when it may, from its "flight" or path in which it flies, be judged to fall wide of or far from the mark. An arrow is said to be drawn "home" when it is drawn to the full extent. The "limbs" of the bow are the parts above and below the handle. Persons passing between the shooter and the mark are cautioned to stand still by the cry "Fast." In archery, three arrows are termed a pair, on account of the liability of one to break. The term "roving" implies shooting at casual marks of uncertain distance, while "clout shooting" is practised at a small white target, placed near the ground. To "sink a bow" is to reduce its force or stiffness; and "nocks" are notches in the horns of bows and arrows, the maker of the latter being termed a "fletcher," and of the former a "bowyer." A bow is said to "follow the string" when by use it has lost its original straightness and has obtained a curve or inclination forward. The "five points of archery" are described by Ascham in his celebrated work as "standing, nocking, drawing, holding, and loosing." It is extremely difficult to explain verbally the correct attitude of standing, which should be perfectly graceful. Nocking designates the operation of placing the arrow in its proper position on the string. Drawing is the next point to be noted, the arrow being drawn to the level of the chin and below the ear. When fully drawn it is held for a moment or two to steady the aim, after which it is loosed or discharged by allowing the string to pass smoothly over the finger points, without jerking.

The conditions of shooting are now classified as the York round, consisting of 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80 yards, and 24 at 60 yards, and the National round, consisting of 48 arrows at 60 yards, and 24 at 50 yards. Ladies shoot

the latter round, and gentlemen the former, unless other conditions are specified. Sometimes a double York round is shot. Club rounds are regulated according to the members' capabilities, a strong club shooting the York and National while those of moderate power adopt a less severe test.

While it is generally admitted that of late years archery has had formidable rivals in lawn tennis, cycling, and golf, statistics show that during the last fourteen years more than fifteen clubs have been started or revived. Of the sixty-five clubs and societies enumerated in the *Archers' Register*, three compel merited notice on account of their historical associations—these are the Royal Company of Archers, the Royal Toxophilite Society, and the Woodmen of Arden. The Royal Company of Archers is of very ancient origin, having been remodelled in the year 1676, though existing long before that date. Down to the year 1822 it was purely an Archery Company, though comprising the *élite* of Scottish society then as now. At that date the R. C. A. were granted the privilege of being the Sovereign's Body-Guard for Scotland, and since then the Royal Company's position as an archery society has been overshadowed by its high position as Body-Guard for Scotland. Shooting is, however, still regularly maintained by the members who reside in or near Edinburgh, who number about one-eighth only of the total number. The butts are 112 feet long, and are covered in and heated with hot-water pipes, so that



CHELTEMHAM ARCHERS: "PREPARING TO SHOOT."

shooting may take place comfortably in any weather. The round consists of twenty-one ends of two arrows each, and the Butt medal is awarded for the highest aggregate score of the three meetings. An interesting relic of olden times—the "Goose Prize"—is shot for at the butts, and goes to the archer who first breaks a glass globe one inch in diameter. This is supposed to represent a goose's head, the bird having originally been buried in the earth at the butts, with the exception of its head, which was shot at until it was struck, and the bird killed. The Company's list of prizes is long and varied, including the Musselburgh arrow, silver bowl, Dalhousie sword, Selkirk arrow, and the Queen's Prize of £20. Once in three years a match is shot against the Woodmen of Arden for a handsome silver cup provided jointly by the two Societies.

The Royal Toxophilite Society was founded in 1781 by Sir Ashton Lever, and represents the ancient society called Finsbury Archers, and the Archers' Company of the Honourable Artillery Company. It possesses a large silver shield, presented by Catherine of Braganza, Consort of Charles II., several prize arrows of the same and earlier periods, and many valuable challenge prizes, which are shot for on the four target days. Summer and autumn handicap meetings are held, and there is also a "ladies' day" in July, when about one hundred ladies compete (by invitation) for prizes given by members of the Society. The President of the Society is



CHELTEMHAM ARCHERS: "TAKING AIM."

the Duke of Portland, and the Hon. Secretary Col. Walrond, present editor of the *Archers' Register* and a well-known contributor to literature on archery. The Society became permanently settled in its present home in Regent's Park in 1832, built the Archers' Hall, and laid out the grounds at a cost of more than £4,000. For many years the Society enjoyed the special

customs in vogue when it was founded, and alone of all the English societies shoots longer distances than one hundred and twenty yards. The annual wardmote, or grand target, is held in the beautiful forest grounds, when the winner of the first gold gains the Master Forester's medal, the second gold secures the Senior Verderer's medal, while the first scarlet confers the title of lieutenant of the target. The silver bugle of Arden is also eagerly competed for by the Woodmen.

John O'Gaunt's Bowmen constitute a society supposed to have been formed at a very early period, revived in 1788, and again in 1820. It has its own peculiar shooting arrangements and rules, which have been handed down by tradition. The number of members is limited to forty-two, and the meetings are held in Springfield Park, Lancaster, by permission of the trustees of Ripley Hospital. Valuable prizes are competed for at the annual prize meeting, and the York Round is shot by all first class members.

Of the more modern clubs, that known as the Cheltenham Archers occupies a prominent position, on account of the excellence of its shooting. Established in 1860 by Mr. Horace Ford, the well-known archer, then resident in Cheltenham, it dropped into abeyance after he left the town, but was reconstructed in 1871, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Piers F. Legh, who took a great interest in the pastime, and acted as Hon. Secretary till 1881, when Miss Carnegie was elected to the post. The club is managed by a President, Committee of eight members, an Hon. Secretary, and an Hon. Treasurer. The York and National rounds are shot.

Meetings are held on the club grounds in the Montpellier Gardens, one of the most picturesque ranges in the country. Eight bow meetings, with an occasional extra one, are held during the season at intervals of about four weeks. Two of these are prize days. The ladies are divided into four classes, a score of three hundred and thirty admitting into the first class, of two hundred and eighty into the second, and of two hundred



CHALLENGE PRIZES PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN, WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT; AND OTHER VALUABLE BADGES IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL ST. LEONARDS ARCHERS.

patronage of King George IV., who was fond of archery, and, when Prince of Wales, shot in its gardens at Leicester House. Subsequent Royal patrons were William IV. and the late Prince Consort, the present patron being H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

The Society of the Woodmen of Arden is the oldest archery club in England, with the exception of the Royal Toxophilite Society. It still adheres to many of the quaint



ARCHERY GARDENS AND PAVILION, ST. LEONARDS.

into the third, all below this being placed in the fourth class. A prize for score and for best gold is given in each class. The gentlemen are not divided into classes. There are two challenge medals for ladies and two for gentlemen who make the highest scores and hits for the season, compiled from four bow meetings. Mr. Agg Gardener's challenge brooch for most golds during the season is awarded at the last meeting to the successful markswoman. The archery ground is open for practice every day, and target meetings are held every Thursday from April to the end of October, weather permitting. There is no club house, but the band pavilion is always at the service of the archers for afternoon tea, and there is a room at the lodge for bow cases, etc. The club is at present in a most flourishing condition, and numbers among its members some of the finest shots in England, Mrs. Bowly, the championess, being a member. There are no less than four ex-championesses in the club—Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Legh, Miss Legh, and Miss Bagnall Oakley. The championess badge was first won by Miss Legh in 1881,

then in 1886-92, in 1895, and again in 1899. Mrs. Piers Legh was championess from 1882-1885. Mrs. Bowly won it in 1893, 1894, and 1897, and Miss Bagnall Oakley in 1896. Major C. H. Fisher, President of the club, is an ex-champion, having won the badge in 1871-1874, and again in 1887. Mr. Eyre Hussey, who is on the Committee, was champion in 1894, and again in 1899, while the Glou-

cester Ladies' Team have held the brooch since 1888.

The "Queen's" Royal St. Leonards Archers boast of interesting records and prizes, and are the proud possessors of a silk banner designed by Her Majesty the Queen when she was Princess Victoria, at the time when both the Princess and H.R.H the Duchess of Kent became patrons of the



Miss L. Scholfield. Rev. C. R. Scholfield. Mr. F. Follett (the late),
Mr. W. F. Heideman. (Hon. Sec.) Editor of the "Archers' Record."

● LEADING MEMBERS OF THE ST. LEONARDS CLUB.

Society. Upon her accession to the throne, Her Majesty was pleased to remain a patron of the Club, and to signify her command that the Society should henceforward bear the title of "The Queen's Royal St. Leonards Archers," its former name having been "The Society of St. Leonards Archers" and its date of establishment 1833. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria also instituted the Royal Victoria Challenge prizes of a gold inlaid arrow shawl-pin, for ladies, and a small gold bugle with shield and chain, for gentlemen, to be shot for annually and awarded to the members making the highest scores. In 1836 two additional prizes were presented by the Royal patrons. These consisted of a jewelled tortoiseshell comb and earrings for ladies, and a large silver winding horn for

men shooting at either 30, 40, or 50 yards. In the latter country many archery clubs exist, and the American National Archery Association holds an annual meeting at which valuable medals are shot for.

The interest of the archery world centres in the leading annual meetings and tournaments at which the championships and valuable prizes are shot for by competitors from all parts of the country. First there is the Grand National Meeting held at Malvern, Brighton, and other centres. This might be termed the blue riband of the ancient sport, as the principal item of the programme is the shooting which is to decide who is to be the proud holder of the title of champion or championess of the year. The Grand Northern Meeting usually takes place at Southport. Then there is the Grand Western Meeting, frequently held at Bath. A very pleasant and popular archery meeting is that of the Leamington and Midland Counties, held in the Jephson Gardens at Leamington. The Crystal Palace Meeting is an annual institution well attended by celebrities in the archery world.

An interesting competition takes place annually in the county of York, for the "Antient Scorton Arrow" (revived in 1863), and is open to every archer in the United Kingdom. The shooting is at 100 yards, two arrows at an end, and the number of arrows varies according to the state of the weather, the number of competitors, and the number of targets. The silver arrow is awarded for the first hit in the gold, and the winner becomes "captain" for the ensuing year.

Good eyesight, early training, unlimited perseverance, and constant practice, are the factors requisite for the production of a successful archer, and no personal trait is perhaps so persistently manifested in the archery field as that of good fellowship and *esprit de corps*, set forth in the couplet on the title-page of the *Archers' Register* as follows—

"Stout arm, strong bow, and steady eye,
Union, true heart, and courtesie."



LAST YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL AT BRIGHTON: MRS. HIGSON PRESENTING THE CHAMPION CUP TO MR. EYRE W. RUSSEY.

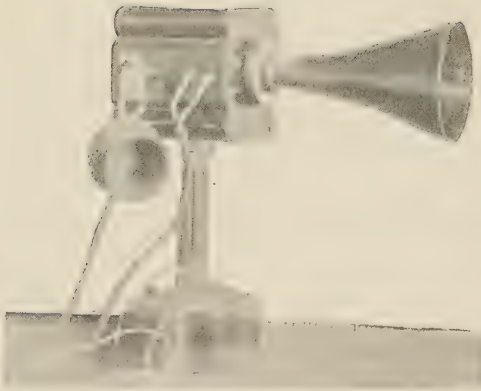
gentlemen. In 1838 Her Majesty subscribed £21 to provide a grand prize for ladies. This gift was continued annually for eleven years, and usually served for the purchase of a gold bracelet.

It is impossible to give particulars of, or even to mention, the numerous other clubs distributed throughout the United Kingdom whose members are devoted to the practice of archery. In Australia enthusiasm for the pastime is manifested by the Rippon Lea Archery Club of Melbourne. This club is under the active presidency of Sir F. Sargood, who takes a keen interest in its welfare. The members do not yet shoot the York and National rounds, but are content with the shorter ranges which prevail in the United States of America, ladies and gentle-



Opportunity makes the Thief.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ERNEST VICKERS.



THE TELEPHONE WITH SMALL RECEIVER.

SOME very remarkable experiments, which seem destined to signalise the beginning of a new era in telephony, were recently conducted in Paris. About a hundred guests, assembled in the garden of the official residence of the Under-Secretary of State for Posts and Telegraphs, were enabled to hear songs and speeches transmitted by telephone from a room one hundred and fifty yards away, the voices being reproduced without any perceptible loss of volume. This remarkable result was obtained with a telephone invented by M. Germain, an official of the Department. This invention is considered likely to effect such a revolution in telephone communication that the French authorities have ordered an exhaustive trial of the new instrument, with a view to its general adoption.

The loud-speaking telephone, as everyone knows, is no novelty. Edison, many years ago, invented one which gave good results under favourable conditions, but was impracticable for general use. In this apparatus a chalk cylinder, in contact with the microphone, had to be kept in constant motion, either by clockwork or by turning a crank. Large numbers of these instruments were imported into England, but it was found that the damp climate affected the chalk cylinders and rendered them useless. Other loud-speaking telephones patented from time to time proved unsatisfactory by reason of their cost or uncertainty of working. The Germain telephone, on the other hand, is simple, and consequently cheap. It differs from its predecessors in several important particulars. In the ordinary telephone the receiver is highly sensitive to sound, while the microphone, or transmitter, is comparatively insensitive, and the electric current employed is very feeble. In the Germain

THE TELEPHONE OF THE FUTURE.

BY G. A. RAPER.

apparatus these conditions are reversed, the microphone being highly sensitive, the receiver insensitive, and the current much more intense, although the same battery is employed in both cases. It is this utilisation of stronger currents which forms the great feature of the new telephone. Hitherto it has been found impossible to employ such currents, owing to their destructive effect on the carbon diaphragms. This, in fact, has always been the great obstacle in the path of long-distance telephony. M. Germain overcame the difficulty in a very ingenious way. He observed that with the existing microphone only about fifteen per cent. of the current was utilised on the wires, the remaining eighty-five per cent. being taken up in overcoming the inertia of the carbon or wooden diaphragm of the microphone. M. Germain accordingly set himself to discover a microphone of much greater sensitiveness which should offer the least possible resistance to the sound waves. After several years of experimenting, he obtained what he required by a combination of silica with other bodies, the result being a substance outwardly resembling glass, but possessing a certain amount of elasticity. This compound, it was found, was far more active



M. GERMAIN, THE INVENTOR.

when heated than when at a normal temperature. It then became a question how the required heat was to be supplied, and the manner in which the problem was solved is one of the most noteworthy features of the invention. In its perfected form the new microphone consists of two sheets of the silicate above

when heated than when at a normal temperature. It then became a question how the required heat was to be supplied, and the manner in which the problem was solved is one of the most

mentioned, having between them a small quantity of metalloid powder. The passage of the sound-waves, in incessantly varying degrees of force, through the sensitive microphone, throws the particles of powder into a state of violent activity, the resultant heat maintaining the diaphragm at the necessary temperature while the instrument remains in use. This employment of comparatively high tension is in one respect a disadvantage, on account of the induction which would be set up in neighbouring wires. Consequently the high and low tension systems could not be used together over the same set of circuits.

The new system, however, possesses such manifest advantages for long-distance communications that its general adoption can only be a matter of time. The day is not far distant when the Manchester manufacturer

the voice was clearly audible in every part of a large room. With a tubular receiver eight feet long, passing through the wall of the house, the voice was distinctly audible fifteen yards from the mouth of the receiver in the open air. After so severe a test as this, there is nothing incredible in M. Germain's claim to be able to transmit sound of any kind, and reproduce it two hundred and fifty miles away before an audience of two thousand people assembled in any hall of first class acoustic properties.

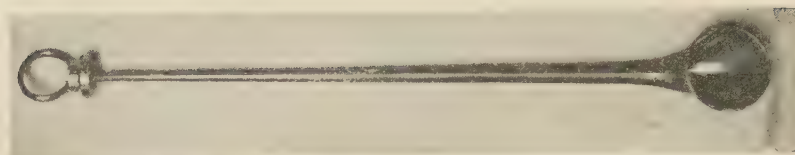


MONSIEUR GERMAIN AND HIS TELEPHONE.

will be able to converse with his agent in Berlin as easily as the Capel Court operator now gives his orders to his broker on the Paris Bourse. Theoretically, the use of powerful currents should make it possible to establish telephone communication between Europe and America, but the difficulty and expense attendant on laying a suitable cable stand in the way. M. Germain, however, by no means despairs of overcoming the obstacle. His microphone has already given birth to a "micro-transmitter" which acts as a loud-speaking telephone over 2,500 miles.

Early in 1899 the writer was present at some experiments with the Germain telephone on an artificial circuit having the same resistance (1,600 ohms) as the telephone line between London and Paris. With the small desk-receiver shown in Fig. 1

One of the most striking applications of the Germain telephone is in connection with the phonograph and the cinematograph or biograph. As everyone knows, the phonograph cannot register sounds not produced in close proximity to the receiver, and specially directed into it. If we desire to record the actual stage delivery of a famous actor, for instance, the phonograph gives us no help. The loud-speaking telephone here steps in and supplies the missing link. A large metal frame containing a considerable number of microphones—thirty-six are required for the Paris Opéra—is suspended near the stage. In an adjoining room is the receiver, placed immediately above the phonograph, to which the telephone conveys every sound from the auditorium. By a combination of the three instruments it is thus



THE RECEIVER WITH ATTACHMENT FOR USE IN LARGE HALLS.

practicable to record and reproduce a scene, with the actors' every word. Sir Henry Irving and other public favourites will live and move and have their being long after they themselves have gone the way of all flesh. Before long a biograph theatre, with the best actors and vocalists of the day at its command, will form an indispensable part of every well-regulated ocean liner.

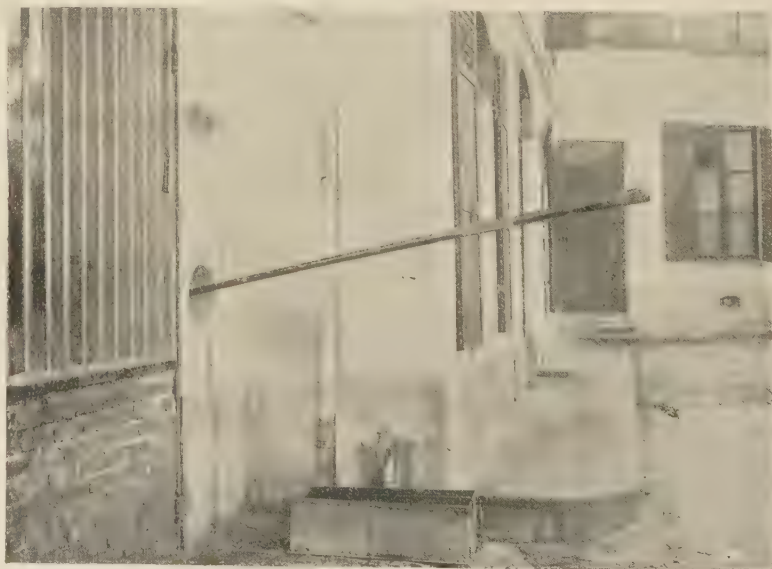
In combination with the phonograph, the loud-speaking telephone is destined to be of great service in recording the debates of public assemblies. These two instruments will turn out a verbatim report, the accuracy of which cannot be disputed; and if we go a step further and cause the phonograph to dictate to an expert operator on a type-setting machine, we shall produce a verbatim report without writing a line! Obviously, however, this feat would be of the nature of a *tour de force*. The gentlemen of the Press in the gallery of the House of Commons have nothing to fear. They can "condense," which the telephone and phonograph cannot do. It is, nevertheless, by no means improbable that the two instruments may some day provide Hansard with a model stenographer who never tires and never makes a mistake. Automatic Parliamentary reporting! Shade of Dr. Johnson!

Telephone communication between a moving train and a station is another interesting application of M. Germain's invention. In the guard's van is a telephone connected with one hundred and fifty yards of copper wire arranged in a spiral on the side of the van. When the guard desires to report any occurrence, such as an accident to the

train, a case of sudden illness, or a disturbance among the passengers, he can call up the nearest station either up or down the line

by using either the positive or negative pole of his battery. The current excited in the van acts by induction on an iron wire fixed to the telegraph posts at a distance of about eighteen inches above the ground, and deflects an indicator in the office of the station with which it is desired to communicate. The station operator then unhooks his receiver and converses with the guard exactly as on an ordinary telephone. In the same way a station-master can open communication with a train fitted with the necessary apparatus.

The loud-speaking telephone is by no means the only fruit of M. Germain's inventiveness. He may, in fact, be called without exaggeration a French Edison. A process for deoxidising the gutta-percha of old submarine cables and rendering it fit for use again; a process for depositing aluminium on other metals by electrical fusion; an electric accumulator containing, within the compass of two volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, sufficient power to propel a motorcycle; an improved telephone battery adopted by the French Post Office in preference to the Leclanché—these are M. Germain's principal achievements.



OPEN AIR RECEIVER.

RENOWNED DUELS OF MODERN TIMES.

BY A. DE BURGH.

At Coventry
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.—
Shakespeare's King Richard II. Scene I.

NOT the least remarkable fact to be observed at the end of the present century is the frequency of duels in Continental countries. These are mostly political duels, as we may aptly call them, although there are also some to record which have been the outcome of family quarrels or private misunderstandings. But it is a healthy trait of our own country that this last survival of feudalism is obsolete with us.

It may not be generally known that formerly duelling was legally permitted even here, although it was never a general practice. Up to the reign of Henry II., for instance, duels were the only mode for determining a suit for the recovery of land.

As late as 1817, Lord Ellenborough, in the case of Thornton (who was accused of murdering Mary Ashford) *v.* Ashford, pronounced that "the general law of the land is that there shall be trial by battle in cases of appeal, unless the party brings himself within some of the exceptions." This law was abolished only in the following year, 1818.

Throughout the reign of the Georges duels were very frequent in our country, and in the last century

we had to record the duels of such men as the Royal Duke of York, the Duke of Richmond, Castlereagh, Fox, Pitt, Canning, Wilkes, Gratton, Sir Francis Burdett, Daniel O'Connell, who killed D'Esterre at Bishops-court by a pistol shot, and many others.

There was always the danger, however, of a prosecution hanging over the heads of those who engaged in combats (such as were not legalised in the Statute Book), and in 1808

Major Campbell was actually sentenced to death and executed for killing Captain Boyd in a duel.

The most renowned duel of the Victorian Era was fought in 1843, when Lieutenant Munro killed his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett. This country has to thank the late Prince Consort for his interference with the practice, as he prevailed upon the Duke of Wellington (who had been fighting himself) to take the matter in hand, and in 1844 a military law was passed against duelling. Since then nothing further was heard of this most curious development of mediæval society.

When, in the year 1547, the celebrated duel, the last authorised by magistrates, was fought between François de Vivonne de la Châtaignerie and Guy de Jarnac, in which the former was killed by an unexpected blow, from which occurrence the French language was enriched by the phrase "Coup de Jarnac," it



BARON FEJERVÁRY.

Photo by Kolkstanor, Euda. Pest.

was thought that duelling had come to an end in France, as the King was so grieved over the death of his favourite that he swore a solemn oath he never again would permit a duel to be fought.

But France of to-day does not seem to have profited by this royal decree. A list of duels fought within the last fifty years in that country would fill a good-sized volume, and would include some of the most famous names in literature and politics, of which I will give a few: Emile de Girardin, Armand Carrel, Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, Edmond About, Ledru-Rollin, Thiers, Paul de Cassagnac, Floquet and Boulanger, not to forget Max Régis, the anti-Semitic ex-Mayor of Algiers. Of recent date is the duel arising out of divergent opinions on Madame Bernhardt's *Hamlet*.

What we have just said about France is also true of other Continental countries, where duels are still very frequent, and statistics from Italy alone show that between 1879 and 1887 there were reported 2,739 duels in which 3,901 wounds were inflicted, and fifty of these proved fatal. It is true that various reigning sovereigns have tried to abolish the practice of duelling by instituting a Court of Honour, but the attempts have mostly proved ineffective.

America has not formed any exception to this love of redress by arms, and even



BARON BÁNFFY.

Photo by Flilinger Éde, Buda Pest.

vene and the guilty would be punished. It has always been considered that a great many so-called suicides were simply due to self-execution under compulsion as decreed by lot.

Since the duel between M. Floquet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and General Boulanger, in January, 1888, which created such a sensation and had such a surprising result, two Prime Ministers have had to fight duels with private Members of the Opposition in Parliament. The Floquet-Boulanger duel was fought with rapiers, and as it was well known that the President of the Chamber of Deputies was advanced in years, and had little experience in duelling, grave fears were entertained for his safety.

However, almost by the first thrust made, the General was seriously wounded in the neck by M.

Floquet, and had to be carried to his carriage and placed under the care of a surgeon.

Only a couple of years ago the then Prime Minister of the Austrian section of Austro-

the highest post in the Republic.

It is said that that form of duelling which was known during this century as "the American duel" originated first in the United States, and was introduced from there into Europe. The disputants agreed that they would decide by lot which should blow out his brains. This recalls to one's mind the older form of the duel, the judicial combat, a way of trial which prevailed in the Mediaeval Ages, ordained by law as a test of guilt and innocence, it being expected that Providence would inter-



HERR WOLF.

Photo by Müller, Reichenberg.



COUNT BADENI.

Photo by Löwry, Wien.



THE COUNT OF TURIN.

Photo by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

Hungary, Count Badeni, was challenged by Herr Wolf, a Deputy, and, having received the permission of the Emperor, the two fought a duel with swords, in which the Count was wounded in the right arm. A few months later the occurrence repeated itself in the Hungarian part of the Dual Monarchy, and the Prime Minister, Baron Bánffy, measured arms with a gallant Hungarian nobleman, now himself in the Cabinet, Baron Fejerváry. The latter duel ended bloodlessly, various pistol shots having been exchanged without result. It goes without saying that these duels created an enormous sensation.

The Hungarian "ministerial" duel was only the forerunner of many other parliamentary combats, of which the one fought between Count Karolyi, leader of the Opposition, and Herr Gojary, chief editor of the journal *Nemzet*, was the most prominent.

How small a matter may provoke men to challenge one another, when excited, is shown by the last-named case. Karolyi had

declined to satisfy Herr Gojary as to the sources whence the Opposition obtained the sinews of war for the last elections, and the journalist hinted that Count Karolyi was afflicted by a lack of intelligence. This was deemed sufficient reason for a challenge.

Perhaps the most interesting duel fought during the last decade was that which took place a short time ago near Paris, between Prince Henry of Orleans, the great African explorer, and the Count of Turin, a scion of the Royal House of Savoy. Both gentlemen are well known, and are quite young. Prince Henry has travelled extensively in Abyssinia, and acted as correspondent for the *Figaro* and the *New York Herald*. In one of his letters home he spoke strongly about the questionable behaviour of the Italian army at the battle of Adonan, and accused Italian officers of cowardice. The corps of officers decided



PRINCE HENRI D'ORLEANS.

Photo by Clement Maurice, Paris.

to vindicate their honour by challenging the Prince, and various officers were selected for the purpose, but his Royal Highness the Count of Turin, an officer in the Italian Army and a royal prince, claimed himself the right to represent the Army in this affair, which would obviate any possible objection to the duel from the side of the Orleans Prince, on account of his exalted position. The King of Italy reluctantly yielded to the request of his nephew, and the duel took place. Prince Henry was severely wounded, and remained two months under the care of doctors. The Count of Turin has become one of the most popular personages in Italy.

Duels, even when fought with deadly weapons, very seldom terminate fatally, and honour is generally satisfied with the first blood shed.

So often does duelling play an important part in Continental life, and so frequently is

the result, as far as wounds are concerned, *nil*, that it has lost a great deal of its former solemn dignity, and many look askance at affairs which, to a certain extent, are due to bravado, pure and simple. In fact, the duel of the *fin de siècle* has fallen into discredit among thinking people, and it is certain soon to be dubbed unfashionable, which fiat will, as a matter of course, put an end to the practice altogether.

The last sensational duel was that fought on the shore of the Mediterranean, between Prince Philip of Coburg-Gotha, the husband of the eldest daughter of the King of Belgium, and Lieutenant Keglitch, a former member of the Prince's household. There were but few witnesses, and the result was a dangerous wound in the lieutenant's chest. The young officer was subsequently tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.



PRINCE PHILIP OF COBURG.

Photo by Koller, Buda Pest.

PRO PATRIA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

THE story is related by Captain Alfred Hilliard, a young Englishman of considerable means and good social position. While on the Continent with his friend Forlham, Hilliard became acquainted with a Colonel Lepeletier, of Calais, and promptly fell in love with his daughter. But though he had every reason to believe that Agnes Lepeletier cared for him, his offer was positively declined by her father, no reason being assigned. At their house he met a man whom he had known, when a boy, as Robert Jeffery, but who was known as Sadi Martel to the French household. Jeffery, *alias* Martel, had deteriorated with years, and was now thoroughly unscrupulous. He invited Hilliard to go with him and inspect some excavations, purporting to be harbour works and coal borings, which were being carried on by the sea-shore near Calais, and which he was superintending. Never for a moment suspecting any treachery, Hilliard accompanied him one afternoon to the scene of operations, which proved to be a tunnel in course of construction beneath the Strait of Dover. Martel then accused Hilliard of being a spy, and threatened imprisonment. On his calling Hilliard a liar, the Englishman struck him down senseless in the tunnel, and escaped himself and ultimately reached England again, only with the greatest difficulty. On reporting the matter to the authorities in England, it was treated practically with indifference. Hilliard was confirmed, however, in his idea that the French had sinister designs on England, by discovering that he was being spied upon, in his own domains, by one of the French engineers, and moreover Agnes Lepeletier paid a hurried visit to England, warning him that his life possibly was in danger. He thereupon determined to visit Dover and see if he could make any further discoveries.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PHANTOM CRAVAT.



LONDON in August is usually described as a deplorable place, full of odours and heats and the dust which patrician feet have left behind them in their scamper for the coast. I lay no

such charge against the first of our cities. Hot she may be, but there are always cool corners in her clubs; dust there is, but you can forget it in her parks. Those you meet have the air of good fellows left behind. They can see the plays now which boasted bookings forbade to them in June. It is good to stroll in the deserted streets and snap up the "bargains" with which astute

dealers tempt John Ploughman. The very waiters in the restaurants have leisured moments. A cabman takes you five miles out of your way, and you chuckle when you correct his distances and pay him a legal fare.

You may even recall your youthful days and go to the Zoological Gardens or the Tower—a fact which you forget to mention when you return to the shires again. There are worse things to do.

The lions of the season are not more interesting than the animal celebrities of Regent's Park. Those who lived in the Tower wrought for England and lost their heads. You reflect on the inconsistencies of the new order which does not permit one party to cut off the heads of the other party—but inflicts the torture of the wild debater. A weak-kneed generation, but one which these later days is making strong again.

A feverish activity followed me from Cottesbrook to London. I had resolved to pass the night at my club, to "do the Palace," and go on by the early boat express to Dover; but the silence of the city, the solitude there, the doubt and perplexity which had sent me from my home, were not to be borne, and no sooner had I lunched than I found myself with a newer and better resolution. I would go on at once and reach my goal. A strange hunger for the sea and the white cliffs was not to be resisted. From Dover, I said, a man might look out to the sand-dunes of Calais, to Gris-Nez, and to Escalles—to the

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harbour which the French were building and to those ramparts I alone of Englishmen had trod. There, at least, the hallucination which had come so strangely into my life might find its antidote in that Quixotic mission to which I had been called by the irresistible voice of Conscience. The truth of it, the truth of my dreams, the secret, to laugh at it, to proclaim it before the world if the need were, such I sought. And whoso judgeth me, let him read on. Had I been but a dreamer these pages were never written.

I say that I could not rest in London, could not contemplate with equanimity so much as a single night in the city whence all but the people had fled. There was, they told me at the club, a train called the Granville express, leaving Charing Cross shortly after three o'clock; and in this, as the old-fashioned announcement went, I might hope to come to Dover safe in body and baggage at the express speed of forty miles an hour. Such a prospect of enterprise and management was not to be resisted. I booked my place, and, equipped simply with dressing-case and golf-clubs, I took my seat in a first class carriage and entrusted myself to that Providence which, possibly, watches over travellers even on the South-Eastern Railway.

There was no one in the carriage at Charing Cross, nor did other passengers trouble me at Cannon Street. I began to think that I should be left alone with my papers, when, at the very moment the train began to move from London Bridge Station, the door of the compartment was unlocked, and a man fell almost headlong into the seat before me. I had been reading a magazine, and for an instant I did not see the man's face. But when he looked up I recognised him at once. He was the fellow my grooms had chased from the Abbey grounds not forty-eight hours before.

There are some grave situations in life we face with unwonted calm; others which unnerve us from the beginning, we know not why. Few, I think, will lay a charge of cowardice against me if I confess that

my experiences of that day must be put in the latter category. Judge it as you will, I would not seek to deny that the sudden apparition of the man frightened me as I have rarely been frightened in all my life. Rightly or wrongly, I believed that he had come there to kill me. Agnes's warnings, the desperate attempts the French had made to take me at Calais, the sure belief in my own conclusions, together justified the wildest notions. I thought that I was face to face with an assassin. I knew that for an hour or more the Granville express would not stop



"A man fell almost headlong into the seat before me.

at any station. What wonder if the moment held me impotent, if I could neither think nor act until long minutes had passed, and the train had left the spires and chimneys of London behind us on our horizon?

The man had seated himself opposite to me, but presently he moved to the opposite corner, and we were then so placed that each could look the other full in the face if he would. He had no luggage, not so much as a rug or a paper, nor did he carry stick or umbrella. His dress was a shabby frock-coat suit; his silk hat, by no means

new, had been all roughed by rain and travel. I put him down as a man of middle age, of forty years, perhaps; but in type and characteristics he was truly French, his pointed beard of dull red, his shifting grey eyes, his well-made boots, his enormous black cravat betraying his nationality beyond any possibility of question. And now the greatest wonder was that I had feared him at all. We had left London behind us, and the air of Kent blew fresh and sweet through the open window. The spell which had held me had passed; I sat up in my seat and laughed at myself. He was but a puny customer, after all—an ill-shaped creature with whom a lad might have wrestled confidently. Yet what of that? I asked myself a moment later. If the man meant mischief he would be armed. A sudden shot in the darkness of the tunnel, a knife—there were many ways. Reflection moderated my content. I foresaw an hour the like to which I shall never pass again.

We speak of Providence carelessly, preferring the terms "luck," "chance," "good fortune"; but I shall always say that Providence, and Providence alone, sent me to the particular seat I occupied upon that amazing journey. For it befell that I was in the corner of the carriage where the electric alarm stood; and, looking up to this, I told myself that the Frenchman must be quick indeed to forestall me if I would pull it. It came to me that, whatever suspicion of the man I entertained, he, last of all, must be aware of it. Cost me what it might, I would play an indifferent part, fencing with him as he with me, reading, resting, smoking, but never once turning my eyes from his face. So far did I carry it at last that I offered him a newspaper and told him there was news from Paris in it; but he nodded his head curtly, nor did he take the paper. It was going to be a silent game after all, then.

We entered the long tunnel by Chislehurst at last, and climbed the bank of it laboriously. There was no light in the carriage, and as we left the sunshine behind us, and the thunderous echoes from the walls dinned in my ears, I changed my seat stealthily and sat in the opposite corner. The long minutes of waiting, the anticipation of some act, I knew not what, fear of the darkness and of the man, played upon nerves already overwrought to the point of collapse. Nervously I struck match after match in the make-believe that my pipe would not light; but the feeble rays of flickering light showed

me an immobile figure in the corner, the odd, shifting eyes, the huge cravat, the crouching figure—these and nothing more. Until we emerged into the daylight I do not believe that I took a full breath. After all, nothing had happened, except that one had played a craven part.

There were three tunnels yet to be passed before we came to Sevenoaks; but the Frenchman, with what design I did not then discover, lit a candle-lamp at the first of them and affixed it to the glass. Moreover, he addressed me—I think for the first and last time from the beginning to the end of it.

"You do not like the darkness, monsieur; *moi non plus*. We will have the candle, and then we shall see."

It was too grotesque, my Frenchman fearing the darkness! I answered him with a torrent of words, the tribute to excitement and to relief. What a phantom had I conjured up—the phantom of this mere informer sent from France to tell his friends what I was doing—that I should make him an assassin or a robber. Of course he had no ulterior designs, I said. He was a spy and nothing more; he had followed me from Cottesbrook and would follow me to Dover. It remained to profit of the knowledge, to remember Agnes's words that I had enemies in England. Out on the Downs, I could laugh at her warnings; here, in the confined arena of a railway carriage, they were remembered more soberly. The man might be a consummate actor, after all. It would be folly beyond words to believe him for the asking.

This latest apprehension went with me for the remainder of the journey. I was no longer coward or craven, nor did I fear the man; but the very fact of his presence, coupled to that which I had heard yesterday, kept my eyes upon him and my brain awake. Magazine after magazine went through my hands unread. I had a pipe in my mouth, but the tobacco was unlighted. There was always that afterthought that he might declare himself suddenly, and that we two—a Frenchman in a big cravat, and a traveller in a serge suit—might be at any moment engaged in the *lutte pour la vie* upon the floor of a railway carriage. So did the idea grow upon me with the miles that at last the very cravat he wore began to take strange shapes, to be magnified ridiculously, so that it seemed to cover all his body and to leave but his odd, shifty eyes exposed. The hallucination was grotesque and real—the outcome of nervous strain, if you will. I battled with it

resolutely, and began to have a great dread of sleep or even of a momentary doze. Instinct told me that the man waited for this ; that if I slept I might never wake again. And instinct was true enough, as I was to learn presently.

We were late at Ashford, and we stopped there ten minutes. I have often wondered why I did not change carriages at that place and end the suspense finally. Perhaps it was that I deemed such a surrender to mere imagination an affront upon myself, upon my manhood and my courage. True, the man went to the refreshment-room, and I could readily have found an excuse for quitting the compartment, but I stuck to my seat doggedly ; and, as though to convince me of my mistaken judgment, the fellow appeared to sleep between Ashford and Canterbury, and was still asleep at Minster Junction. Now, I think for the first time, I put aside all doubts and read in comfort. Upon my left hand were the muddy dunes of Sandwich ; beyond them the pier of Deal and the fresh seas of the Channel—those waters of which an Englishman never thinks but to remember their masters in a dead day—Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, and their unnumbered sons—who singed the Spanish king's beard, as many a son of the Channel would singe a kingly beard to-day if England's need should ask it of him. In truth, I would remember the man no more, and, assured that he was sleeping, I lit my pipe and read my paper and waited for the end.

Deal ; and beyond Deal the tunnel to Dover town. The Frenchman roused himself when we entered the tunnel and shut his candle-lamp with a snap. We were in utter darkness again, and I, who had stood up to lift my bag from the rack, sat down as suddenly. Not for one instant did I imagine that here was the moment for which I had waited so long. The loud report of a pistol, a stinging sensation in my cheek, a flame of fire, the vision of a devilish face, of staring eyes, of the phantom cravat, all there together as in a flash, left me for an instant without word or understanding. Slowly, misshapen, and reluctantly the truth of it all came back. The man was an assassin after all, then ! The very knowledge sent the blood leaping through my veins and called me to myself. Crying out in the excitement of it, clenching my hands, I sprang at the corner where he had sat and struck at him, angrily, madly, with all the blood-lust which passion can awake within. But my fists beat the cushions, were bruised against

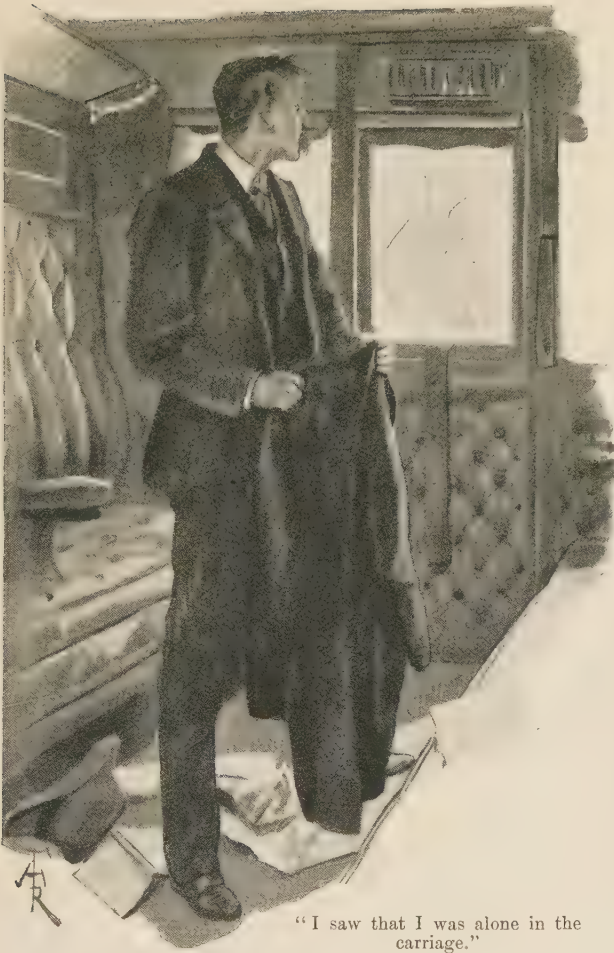
the door ; the devil within me could not restrain the blows. He had cheated me, I said, had leaped from the carriage, was dead upon the line, perhaps. A second report, a crash of glass, a sudden rush of air brought me to my senses. The man was behind me in my own seat ; he had stepped across the cushions to reach me more surely. I threw myself upon him again, felt his hot breath, touched the steel of his pistol ; but, and here was the mystery, he slipped inexplicably from my touch, was not to be held. In vain I tried to grip him by the throat, in vain to prison him with my knees. He was lithe as an acrobat, clever as a clown, and crying out in his turn, defiantly, triumphantly, he eluded my touch and was gone from my ken. In the same moment we came out to the light of Dover station, and I saw that I was alone in the carriage, and that I held the man's coat in my bleeding hands.

He had opened the door of the compartment behind him, as we struggled together, and gone, Heaven knew by what trick of his. There was blood upon my cheek, but I said that I stood unharmed for the work's sake, and for that which my duty called upon me to do.

CHAPTER XX.

PURSUED WHO HAD BEEN PURSUER.

THERE was a crowd at Dover Station, I remember, and many people to put questions to me, and a buzz of voices, and an extremely unprofitable wagging of tongues. It is always difficult to tell of such moments with precision or to give any useful account of them. I had a plain story to narrate to the inspector of police and to those who helped him to write it down ; nevertheless I told it incoherently, with all those unnecessary words which betray the speaker's nervousness. A man had fired a pistol at me in the tunnel beyond the station ; he had ridden with me from London Bridge ; he was a Frenchman with an absurd cravat and a deplorable hat. Possibly he was a madman (the police applauded lunacy), possibly he was merely a thief (the police did not think so) ; but, in either case, he had ~~scarred~~ my cheek with a bullet, and I had flayed my knuckles in an attempt to knock him down. If he were to be caught, I imagined that no time was to be lost ; in which the police agreed with me after many new questions, and much scraping of quills, and an assurance that the man must certainly be taken to-



"I saw that I was alone in the carriage."

morrow, if not to-night—a promise of less meaning to me than the unwritten story I could have told them so tragically. Ah! that was momentous, truly. And that was the story I carried to my room at the Lord Warden Hotel.

It had been a glorious day of summer, and the night fell soft and balmy as some night of an Eastern spring-time, full of the suggestion of warmth and life and of lands remote from the winter world and the knowledge of the snow. Dover herself, always an active town, was busy now with the coming and going of those who "made the tours" and were marshalled as so many sheep for thirteen or fifteen days in the butchers' shops of Italy or Switzerland. The Lord Warden Hotel bubbled over with its merry human flocks, full of the wonders of Lucerne or hungry for those of Grindelwald. Out in the town the mere suburban son of the

lodging-house listened to blaring bands, or was drawn with dancing feet to the mysteries of halls by the "silver" sea. All about me as I sat at table were the types I knew so well—the anxious parson with the wideawake hat and the wideawake daughters; the solitary spinster given to psalms and "hims"; the old traveller disdaining haste and proud of his peaks; mamma with an eye upon the major and another for her daughter (who flew not above captains); the distressed old lady who is sure that she will lose her brown-paper parcel presently; the aristocratic family travelling aristocratically and without mirth; the reading party from Oxford whose checks are not louder than its voices—a heterogeneous company bred of summer and the sea, a troop you may seek in vain when the gates of Switzerland are shut and the birds are calling "northward" in the last mellow days of August. For my part, I made one of it without interest or desire of friends. The great dining-room, with its murmur of voices and clash of plates, acted strangely upon nerves overwrought and curiously high-pitched. How, I asked myself, if I told any one of these people the nature of my errand, the purpose of my visit? Would they call me madman or dreamer?

Would they be justified to-morrow, or would to-morrow justify me? The day alone could answer. Yet the hour of the question was not passed before I met a friend in the Lord Warden Hotel and told him why I came to Dover. And he called me neither one name nor the other, but listened sympathetically as was his wont.

I found him in the corridor of the hotel—Charles Mallinson, the engineer, now a great figure in a great railway enterprise; always a master of his art and a master of men. Tall, lithe, showing an honest English face upon which the suns of India had written prematurely of years, a man of the early forties, grave and thoughtful and full of cleverness, I knew not one (if it were not Harry) I could have named before him as a confessor for that night. And he met me with a like enthusiasm. The anxious parson, the ancient traveller, the solitary spinster

did not interest him. He admitted that he was going to bed to avoid them.

"An hotel has always one redeeming feature," was his defence when we had shaken hands heartily—"you can go to bed without making excuses. It's not so in a man's house, which they call, ironically, his castle. Let's strike a climate where we can't hear that piano. I'm sure they will play pianos in Hades—loud pedal down and the

of spray from the new harbour works. But that which first enchained my eyes was the distant light of Cape Gris-Nez, casting its panoply of flame to the starry heaven; Gris-Nez, from whose shadow I had snatched the secret; Gris-Nez, the beacon of the ramparts I had trod. So potent was the memory which the scene awakened, that my friend spoke twice before I heard him. In imagination, I had already spanned the seas



"Suppose they have taken a house and are using the grounds!"

'Kaiser's March.' Are you game for a stroll?"

I was as willing as he to quit the hotel, and without further ado we put on our dust-coats and strolled towards the Castle hill. Bands were still playing on the front; the basin, awake to the tide, opened its gate to ships and to the wrangling voices of the seamen. From the Channel there came a gentle, easterly breeze, sending long, rippling waves upon the rolling shingle and little jets

and was running upon the beach by Escalles again. Mallinson's voice recalled me as from a stupor of sleep.

"They tell me there has been a windy in the Granville express to-day—man shot at, or something of the sort. Did you hear anything of it?"

I told him undramatically that I was the man. He cried, "Impossible!" and walked on a little way silently. I think he waited for me.

"Yes," I went on, "the man certainly fired a shot at me—hence the blush on my cheek. The police say he is a lunatic; but I know that he is not. He shot at me because I got into the new French fort, over yonder, by Cape Gris-Nez. He or someone else will shoot again if I give him a chance. Not pleasant, you admit?"

"Are you serious, my dear Hilliard?"

"As a judge—who has made a joke. I'll tell you all about it if you like. A man who talks the past does not think the present; and the present is not particularly pleasant to-night. Let's stroll on where there are not so many people."

We turned from the front up the hill toward the Castle, and while we went I began to speak to him, as one brother to another (for to this his kindly character compelled me); and though at first I said nothing of the graver story, he drew it from me at last, line by line, until he had the whole of it and there was no longer anything to tell.

"Gad!" he exclaimed at last, "what an idea to get into your head! You really mean and believe all this?"

"On my honour, I mean and believe every word of it. You know me well enough to admit that I am neither a dreamer nor a fool. I saw the tunnel at Escalles, went a mile down it, and was sure that I was only at the beginning of it. The rest is imagination. It may lie there at our very feet; it may be half-way across the Channel and no further. I have come to Dover to try and find out. You could help me, if you would."

We were up on the heights then, and the moonlit sea rolled below us as some unstable carpet of golden cloth tossed restlessly by untiring hands. Gris-Nez shone out majestically above the looming low cloud which made our horizon, and to it the Foreland sent an answer, the answer of the "coast-wise" lights of England. There was the same thought in both our minds, I am sure, as we looked down from that high place upon our country's shimmering ramparts—defiance, delight, and, warring with these, the great uncertainty. What was below that sheen of the waters? Was there a pit dug by French hands, a tube which presently would fire a mighty human shell against England's liberty—nay, against her very existence as a nation? The mere contemplation of the problem could thrill the nerves as a story surpassing all stories that war had ever told. I wondered no longer that I had left Cottesbrook. Until that question was

answered I knew that life had no other interest for me.

Mallinson heard my question, but was silent upon it for many minutes. Just as it had fascinated Harry, the parson, so did it fascinate this man of brain and steel. He made the third victim, I said.

"Help you, my dear fellow?" he exclaimed at last. "Why, a man might well give up everything else in life, if what you tell him is not mere imagination!"

"You think it is that?"

"I pronounce no opinion. Undoubtedly, such a thing could be built if you find the men and the money. We proposed to build a tunnel to France—why should not the French try to build one to us? Assume that they consider certain things—the possibility of mad politicians in this country sanctioning such a scheme some day; or a temporary triumph which gives them a footing near Dover and enables them to complete the tunnel on this side. Their great bankers find some of the money, the Government the rest. Clever engineers might dodge the difficulties of levels which some of us have foreseen on this side. They get their direction by the theodolite and push their tube across, say, to within a mile of Dover. When a mad Parliament here says 'Yes,' they are ready to complete before our people begin. It's all as plain as A B C—to me at least. And it's the most fascinating thing I ever heard."

"That I grant. I have hardly slept since I knew of it. And now I am here, looking for a Frenchman's head to come up through the shingle. Nonsense, of course, but the kind of nonsense that gets hold of one."

He laughed in agreement.

"You need not fear that. If they came out at all, it would not be on the beach. I should place the head of their tunnel three miles, at least, from the shore——"

The words came to me as some tremendous revelation of the night. I stood still and gripped his arm; he must be held to that admission.

"Three miles from the shore! Do you mean that, Mallinson? Three miles from the shore. They may be working here after all, then. Great God! Suppose they have taken a house and are using the grounds! Suppose a hundred things. It's enough to set a man's brain on fire."

He released his arm from my grip and began to descend the hill quickly.

"Let's think about it to-morrow," he retorted. "I don't share your alarm, though

I share your interest. The tunnel may be there, under the sea, but by God's providence it will remain there to the end. I have confidence in the national destiny, and I am going to smoke a cigar. But I shan't sleep to-night. You have my night's rest on your conscience, if that's any consolation."

I did not answer him, and we went down to the hotel together. Imagination, awakened again, showed me a lonely country house and peopled it with an army of Frenchmen set upon the strangest emprise that the hatred of one nation for another had begotten in the history of wars.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VEIL OF THE DARKNESS.

MALLINSON had left Dover when I came down to breakfast on the following morning, but I found a scrawl from him saying that a "breakdown" called him to Lincoln, and that he hoped to see me in London when I went north again. "If it is any satisfaction to you to know it," he added, "your idea kept me awake all night, as I promised you it would, and I don't doubt that it will be a long time before I get the devils of your imagination out of my head. At the worst, it is an idea which makes a man ask himself questions. I will ask myself many in the next week or two and put the answers down for your edification. Meanwhile, go and look for your house, my dear fellow—go and look for it, even if you laugh at yourself afterwards for your pains. I would do the same in your place, and I am no sentimentalist. Chance has put up this sign-post for you, and you have no right to pass it by."

I read his letter with interest, for it was something to win the approval of such a man; and I knew that if he began upon the problem, the solution of it was not distant. Reserved, reticent, that odd life of his, carrying him hither and thither as some accumulator of human energy, to be called for wherever difficulty or danger was, had achieved much for humanity, though humanity had yet to thank him. That he, of all men, should be a victim of the hallucination was the greater miracle. But his friendship was well prized, and I found myself the stronger for it when I rode out of Dover very early in the day, and told myself that where impulse led me, there would I follow.

It was a gloomy morning, generous of cloud and echoing the lingering voice of

storm. There had been thunder at dawn, and heavy, sheeted rain, which swept the decks of the ships as with a natural hose, and left a film of glistening spray upon the dewy grass, and bubbling burns where dry ravines had been. Close and breathless as the atmosphere became, forbidding the outlook, ten o'clock, nevertheless, found me upon my horse; and by eleven I had come out upon a devious route, skirting Elm Wood and West Houghton to the Warrens above Folkestone, and so by the main road toward the town itself and to the Pavilion Hotel there. The object of my journey, I imagined, was a remote or lonely house wherein the French engineers might do their work. Oh, I had it all so plainly now that Mallinson had spoken. Of course, I said, Robert Jeffery would not seek an opening for his tunnel in the precincts of Dover or upon the adjoining shore. Just as at Escalles the workings were laid three miles from the beach, so at Dover must I look three miles inland for their counterpart. Only a child in mechanical knowledge would have neglected so simple a truth and turned to the shore for his justification. I would laugh at myself for my very ignorance as I cantered over the splendid turf and said that I did not care if one month or six found me still at the task; for I was up and working, and a good horse went with me, and the sea breeze blew upon my face.

It was a vain pursuit—you have imagined that—and many a fruitless day followed upon it before the terror of the end and all the strange events of which I now must speak. They learned to know me, I think, those simple folk of the downlands; and, knowing me, I got much from their gossip and their gratitude. Great houses I saw in those days of searching, farms, cottages—but no house before which I might draw rein to ask, "Why does such a man live in such a place? what work is doing there?" Eastward, westward, upon the Canterbury road, the Deal road, to Windgate Hill, to Alkham, often enjoying a splendid gallop across the stubble, picnicing in solitary places, gossiping, questioning—so the weeks were passed until that great day came when Harry was to leave Cottesbrook, and Mallinson would be in Dover again as he had promised. And that day was the day of days, though I knew it not at dawn.

I had risen early that morning, I remember, for I was full of the excitement of seeing my friends again; recollecting how much and how little I had to tell them, and wonder-



"He took a step towards me and put his hand upon my bridle-rein."

ing, perhaps, if, after all, those weeks of waiting would not find their end in laughter. Then, for the last time, perchance, I rode my good horse over the Whinless Downs toward the Abbey road; then, for the last time, sought a house which should harbour the men of Calais. For I had ceased to believe in myself or my mission, and to-morrow I determined that I would ride no more.

The way was to the Abbey, be it said, to St. Radegund's and Coombe Farm, and, beyond that, across the easy country to

Swingfield and Wootton. I lunched in the quiet village; and being mindful that Harry's train reached Dover at half-past five I did not linger, but returned at an easy pace, following the high road until it brought me out at Little London, and so coming to Alkham and thence to the Abbey; whereby I got a cup of tea, and gave my horse a breather. Hitherto, I had always followed the high road, that which they call St. Radegund's, in such an excursion as this; but to-day, finding that I had still an hour to spare, I chose the other branch, which

goes round by River Bottom Wood and so to the main London road by Ewell. It was a pleasant way, well-wooded and shady; and I had not been ten minutes upon it before I observed a low, red-brick house peeping up picturesquely from a belt of trees, and so girt about with plantations that it made an oasis, pleasant to see, in the vista of rolling downs. To claim that the house interested me above the common would be altogether to misrepresent the circumstance. If the truth be told, I was so set upon Harry's coming, and the thought of meeting Mallinson again, that I might as well have passed the house at a canter as a trot, had it not been for a chance which changed me in an instant from an indifferent man, jogging homeward indifferently upon a tired horse, to one awake, alert, with every faculty quickened; a man who knew in that moment that he had stumbled upon the truth and might pay for the knowledge with his life. As Heaven is my witness, I came face to face with Robert Jeffery at the gates of the house, and, drawing rein, I sat there as one deprived of all power to speak or think or act.

He was dressed in a knickerbocker suit of grey cloth, which contrasted ill with his bronzed face, and he carried a hammerless gun under his arm and turned to call a pretty spaniel which ran from him towards the woods of the house. That he had all the mind to shoot me where I sat, I have never doubted. His expression was the most malignant I have seen, the expression of a man who meant mischief but would not dare it.

At the same time, he mastered himself with an effort, and when we had faced each other for an instant he took a step toward the house and whistled a loud, shrill whistle, calling, at the same time, to his dog again, and then running back to the road to speak to me. I heard him with an indifference ill-feigned enough. If a man had offered me a thousand pounds, I do not believe that I could have ridden from the place.

"Soho! my boy, you have found me out at last? Been grubbing about this country a long time, haven't you? Well, I thought so. Hang me up, but I'm pleased to see you. You're stopping to take tea with me, of course—tea they brew down Scotland way, and right good stuff, too. Say, you're coming in for three fingers."

He took a step towards me and put his hand upon my bridle-rein. I gripped my crop tightly, and touching the cob with my

left spur, edged her away from him despite his attempt to hold me.

"Thanks," I said; "but I took tea with you once before. There's no need of reminiscences, eh? Just stand out of my way, or I'll have to whistle my dog. He wears a white choker, and can bark loudly sometimes."

He drew back sharply at the words and looked down upon the road, upon which no human thing was to be seen. The *suggestio falsi* did not deceive him.

"Oh," he said, "bringing the chaplain along, too, eh? Let's see—what was his name, Ford—Ford—ah, Fordham, same as the jockey who won my first Derby. Well, I'll be glad to have the pair of you—two at a bag, and nice birds, I know. First of September, eh, Captain? Close time over—you know."

"And a dangerous season for those who don't know how to handle guns," said I, still edging the cob from him; but he attempted to hold me no longer.

"Well, as you like, my boy—thirsty or full, I don't care a cent. Guess we had some fun, hoaxing you over yonder. They're laughing there still at the mad *Anglais*, who took a coal-shaft for a tunnel. My! you were scared, sonny."

"And you?" I asked, for I could not keep it back; "they've put you together again, I see. Don't forget the lesson, Jeffery. There are some men it does not pay to scare."

An angry flush of blood coloured his face at the taunt, but he passed it by with an airy gesture and stood in the middle of the road to watch me as I went. Why he did not draw a trigger, I could not then understand. I know now, and the reason was as simple as most reasons are. He was not sure if anyone followed me upon the road to St. Radegund's that day.

"So long, if you will go," he cried, when I began to trot the horse away from the gates of the house. "If you're this way to-morrow, I'll show you another shaft, old chap; I know you're fond of 'em. Give my love to the threepenny-bit in the white choker, and tell him to keep his pecker up. I'll come and put a button in his bag some day."

The words were lost as I turned the corner of the road and the avenue hid him from my sight. Astonishment that I had escaped him so easily was my first thought; but upon that there came the instant question, "Why had he let me go? Why had he shown

himself at the gates of the house at all? Why was he, of all men, in England that day?" Turning in my saddle when the unbrageous leaves gave an opening to the vista, I could distinguish his lithe, sinuous figure out there in the roadway, and I made sure that he was waving a hand to me to call me back. The very sense of freedom was unreal and strange. So subtle was the fascination the man exercised upon me, that I began to wonder if he could compel me, after all, to go back to him. His whistle, echoing shrilly in the trees, seemed to strike a discord in my very marrow. I was afraid and not afraid; excited in thought, yet cool in act; desirous of hearing him and escaping him in the same breath. While at one moment it seemed to me that the wood by the roadside was peopled by veiled figures, at the next I said that I had only to ride on and in a quarter of an hour I might be in Dover. And yet Dover appeared so far away, the woods so lonely, the peril so undefined and malevolent, that at last I could suffer the spell no more, and striking the cob sharply I sought to put her at a canter. But she rolled headlong from beneath me, and coming to the ground heavily I lost consciousness; and the sky and the trees and the men who ran out from the wood vanished from my eyes in a loom of darkness.

CHAPTER XXII.

A REMOTE FARMHOUSE.

I HAD gone down in darkness, as the old phrase goes, and from darkness I came back to life and consciousness, painfully, laboriously, through a maze of dreams and the oddest figures of the imagination which a mind abroad could furnish for me. Aware of the light at last, I had no knowledge of any event that had brought me to a scene so strange or thus had changed the sunshine to the gloom of the place wherein I lay. For that which my awaking eyes beheld was a low, vaulted room, with boarded loopholes for its windows, and great buttresses of the bare stone for its walls, and such an oddity of old-time furniture, that I might have been in the cell of a forgotten monastery rather than in the garret of a Kentish farmhouse. Not for a long while could my groping mind put the links of that chain together. That I had ridden out of Dover, that Harry was coming from Cottesbrook, that this was to be the last day of the search—these facts were reiterated in a whirl of confused thought

which left no objective impressions but those of aching head and bruised limbs and the knowledge of fatigue such as I had never known. The room and the meaning of the room I might not realise until, as it seemed, long hours had been lived through. I could remember only that I had left Dover after breakfast, and that Harry's train was due at half-past five o'clock. But I knew that the sun was shining in the world outside, and the desire to be up and upon my cob pursued me as a fever.

A man's voice recalled me to the truth, and I started up from the bed to survey the room more closely, if possible to discover who occupied it with me. Dim as the light was, making evening of the day, I could yet discern the heavy, time-stained walls, the massive buttresses of stone which gave to the place its air of a monastic cell and seemed to chill its atmosphere as with the breath of a dead and moulding past. Shadows, too, were there in the glow of the filtered light—the shadows of quaint, high-backed chairs; of bureau and bench and box which the Middle Ages had used, but this age had despised. A turret-room it had been, I saw—a lumber-place built when mason was monk and monk was mason. And they had carried me there—from the road where I fell?

Thus, by fact and question, I linked my chain of memory; and now, as in a flash, I recollected it all—the meeting with Jeffery, the stumbling cob, the figures in the wood, the sudden darkness. This was the house, then; the clumsy cob had sent me here; one of the men watched me as I lay upon the bed. I could follow his eyes, peering from the shadows as the eyes of a cat which sees where others are blind. But he did not utter as much as a single word after the first, nor had I any fear of him; and for a long while we two rested thus—I upon the bed waiting for him, and he staring at me out of the darkness. To this day I do not know if he were Jeffery or another; for when I began to struggle to my feet he opened the door very dexterously and was gone from the room in an instant. Then I breathed again and stood up. I was glad to be alone.

A remote farmhouse in Kent: Frenchmen peopling its grounds; an engineer, who had served the French Government, the apparent master of the house; myself a prisoner in a garret of it, for that which I had seen across the sea at Escalles—is it profitable to say with what varying emotions I realised my own justification? Three months almost had passed since a day at Calais, which



"I had expected to see a strange face, but the light of a small lamp showed me the figure of Jeffery."

had taken me to the strangest sight the sea ever showed to a soldier ; for three months I had been the scorn of those who won my confidence, the suspected of friends, the dreamer who seeks to say, "The dream is false"; and now this new day could answer for ever the questions I had asked myself. True, before Heaven and man, the dream was true, then ! Here, three miles from the shores of my own country, in a place where no spy—no, not the shrewdest that ever breathed—might have looked for it, here were those who would go down—or, it might be, already had gone down—to meet that road of steel which, minute by minute and hour by hour, France thrust out beneath the Channel-bed until it should touch the gardens of England and make her mistress of them. No dream, no hallucination, I said, but a truth so terrible that every other impulse of being—my hope of career, my hope of love, my hope of home—was lost in it. For I was a prisoner in that house of mystery when I would have given all my fortune to have cried out the warning to my countrymen.

The dream was true, and I had not dreamed in vain. Beyond it there remained a burden of reproach which might well have crushed a stronger man than I. To know and to be impotent, to say that any chance, the most trifling, would have sent me back to Dover, free and ready that night ; to remember what might have been if others had but listened to me—I wonder that I weighed these things and did not lose my reason. Nevertheless, even at the crisis of it, some better instinct guided me, some surer hand of my schooling held me back from the folly which neither courage nor desire could have made good. I said that I would play a man's part—and, so saying, I turned from the door which my hands would have struck and sat upon my bed again.

The day was waning then, and from the fields without there came the music of the dusk—pigeons circling to roost, the lowing of kine, the crack of the harvester's whip, the rumble of heavy wheels upon a hardened road. Within the house the silence was broken by the gong of a clock which struck seven ; and, anon, by the footsteps of many men, who, as the sounds would tell, flocked together to the staircase below and came up in numbers to some of the rooms about my own. I heard many voices, loud, free, unrestrained ; and so clear were they that I knew they spoke the French tongue, and imagined them for what they were—workers at Jeffery's command, those chosen

servants of his who had passed me in the tunnel at Escalles. Yet what their number was, or what work they did here by Chilton in Kent, I could but surmise as my knowledge helped me. They were there, I said, to thrust down an answering shaft to the one which Escalles pushed out towards England. While the greater burden must fall to the French shore, while the tunnel must be almost completed from that side, here in Kent the head of it would be built, the shaft dug out. It might even be that in a week or a month the straight high-road to our coast would be opened, never to be shut again ; that the day was near when England would be an island no more, but linked by this mighty passage to the Continent which so long had feared her enmity. For in this shape did the fear of it come to me, that as our own Government had been blind at the beginning, so would it be blinded to the end. And I, who could have spoken, was for ever silenced ! I knew that I should never leave that house alive ; that a miracle alone could snatch me from the vengeance of the man whose path I had crossed. To him the lot had fallen ; and with him now my destiny, or it might be the destiny of millions, lay.

I could reckon thus with it—ah, as man never reckoned yet, while the light drew back from that cell-like room, and the obscurity about me began to turn to the deeper shadow of the night. I was in sore straits enough, for my head throbbed with the fall, and my limbs were stiff and cold, and faintness and hunger came to share the lot with me ; and, above all, there was sure knowledge that these men would show me no mercy nor risk their ends again that I might benefit thereby. Escape, indeed, or perhaps the desire of escape, was early in my thoughts ; but that was not the hour of it, whatever might come after. I would not deceive myself with any foolish bravado or belief in luck which once had served, but might well forget me now. That the house would be watched as a prison I did not for one moment doubt. My life could be nothing to these men who had risked all on the boldest emprise in the story of their nation. They would kill me when they pleased—and who should name the hour of it, to-night, to-morrow, when the clock next struck ? Cowardice, I said, even to debate the thing.

The great gong of the clock in the room below me struck eight, and the door of the room opened with the last beat of the hammer. I had expected to see a strange

face, but the light of a small lamp showed me the figure of Jeffery, and I was not surprised that he should come there. Never at any time had I feared this man; I did not fear him now. Curiosity to hear him—it may be, curiosity to see what he would do—sent me to my feet quickly when he entered. We were face to face, at any rate.

He carried a lamp in his left hand, a cigar in his right, and still wore the grey shooting suit which I had remarked at the gate. An old oak bench stood opposite my bed, and here, when he had set the lamp down on a dusty bureau, he seated himself and began to smoke quietly. The unlatched door upon his left hand, blown open by the draught, showed me an empty staircase lit by a candle in an iron stick. It was evident that he feared neither an attempt to escape nor any danger of a quarrel on my part. There were others below, ready at his call.

"Well, Captain," he cried a little boisterously, "and how do you like your quarters?"

I sat upon the bed and answered him in the same spirit.

"In the matter of light and dirt they are just what I should have expected."

"Ah, satirical, I see. A nice job, my boy, isn't it—you in the box, and we not knowing what the devil to do with you? Well, you aren't a considerate man, I must say. Fancy putting people to this trouble!"

"Bring me my cob," said I, "and you shall be put to no trouble at all."

He chewed the end of his cigar for a little while and surveyed me with a glance half-cynical, half-satisfied. His odd, ill-balanced brain troubled itself, I thought, with a jumble of ideas and intentions.

"Ah," he said, "I'll take your Gospel oath on that, Captain Alfred. Make your mind easy, my boy. We aren't going to part with you like that—no, I reckon not. *Pas si bête*, as my brothers downstairs would say. You're one of 'em now. You're an honoured guest at River Bottom Farm, and we've boarded up the windows of your bedroom so that you shan't catch cold. If you want anything, ring the bell. I'll send a new rope up some day, for I see there isn't one. Say, boy, what a game for the parson chap who's waiting for you at Dover! He'll have to turn up Job to-night and spell out a chapter. It's as good as a play to think of it."

He laughed at his own idea; but I could think of nothing to say to him. Presently he continued, less pleasantly—

"What did you come here at all for—after my machine, eh? Don't tell me different,

because I should call you a liar. You came to steal my brains—there's been many on the job, but you're about the best of 'em. And now you're under lock and key. Well, Providence helps poor men sometimes. When you go out of this house you can take the corkscrew with you. The cork will be out of the bottle then, and the wine in the glass—good red wine, by George. Does it strike that way, sonny?"

I tried to answer him quite coolly, as a man debating an opinion. The notion that I had come, not to serve my country's interests, but my own, amazed me almost to the point of silence. Only such a brain as his—the brain of the engineer whose child was a thing of steel and brass, to be loved as no human child might be—could have looked thus over the supreme fact of the situation to so pitiful a complaint. I believe to this hour that the question of a tunnel was less to him than the invention which bored his tunnel. He thought that I had done all to rob him of his child. Impossible to argue with such a mind.

"Look here," I cried impatiently, "you know that I don't care twopence about you or your machine. I got out of Calais to tell my countrymen a plain story. Shall we go into particulars?"

"If it amuses you, talk all night. I shan't believe a word of it, so that's understood. What was it to you what the French were doing at Calais? Your people never asked our permission when they started to bore on this side; why should we ask theirs because we're coming here? Fine times, my boy, when the shaft is through! We'll have a French Lord Mayor of London by and by, just to show 'em how to do it! And I'll be even with some on this side—you first of all, for sneaking round after my brains."

Temper began to play with him, but I bent my own to his mood.

"Don't let's have another brawl," was my plea. "Am I the man to care for threats? My friends will be after me to-morrow and will want to know something about this house. I think you had better let someone else show them round. They might not be civil if they found you here. And the police would ask questions."

He laughed ironically.

"The police be rotted! What do they know about it? Do you think we're children with pap-bottles, or what? Let 'em come, and I'll do the honours myself. Can't a gentleman make a lake in his grounds if he

likes? I'm the master in this house, and I'll do what I please with it. My present fancy is for a lake. Shift lots of ground, siree, and go a long way down. But I wish I knew what to do with you. You're just a bad egg, and no doubt about it."

I heard him with more anxiety than I cared to tell. At least he did not then contemplate the surer way of shutting my lips.

"No," he continued, and temper spoke again, "I can't kill you, sonny—I haven't got the pluck, and that's the straight truth. There's plenty here that would, and, maybe, will by and by. But I'll give you time to think of it, any way. Make your mind easy—Robert Jeffery is an honourable man. We're all honourable men, so help me thunder! and no kid-gloved butterfly is going to steal our brains, I'll take my oath."

It was odd to see the way this supposition of a theft kept cropping up at every turn. It would become a mania later on, I foresaw. Who would answer such arguments seriously?

"Well," I said, "oaths don't help a man much nowadays. A little common sense goes much farther. Why don't you think it all over? If I were in your place, the first question I should ask myself would be one concerning Alfred Hilliard's friends. Are you quite sure that he was alone this afternoon?"

He looked at me under his shaggy brows and I knew that I had not frightened him.

"I'll ask that and more to-morrow," he said determinedly; "it's about time you were thinking of bed, sonny. Hungry, did you say? Well, we've got some good bread and cheese in the house. This old universe wouldn't be such a bad place if we were all fed on bread and cheese and good 'cold spring.' Say you're doing a service to humanity when you eat it, and don't forget your grace—it's bad manners. Good night, my son—if the coffee is poisoned, let me know to-morrow and I'll hold an inquest. And, by the heaven above me, if you raise that voice of yours more than a whisper, I'll blow your brains out!"

He flung open the door at the words, and, snatching up the lamp, permitted me to see the upper landing and those who waited for him there. They were Frenchmen, eight or ten of them, in as honest corduroy as ever ploughboy wore. I understood his new courage when I saw them, and why he had not feared to keep the door unlatched. A fool alone would hope for liberty by that road.

"Pleasant dreams, chum," he cried again,

as he went out and locked the door after him. "Don't frighten yourself—we shall hear if you knock. And I'll send the bread and cheese up by and by. *Au revoir*, my boy, and mind you're up early in the morning."

I did not reply with as much as a single word, but sat, in utter darkness, while I could hear his footsteps and the footsteps of others upon the stairs below. When all was silent again I began to grope for the bed. A great sense of fatigue and loneliness came upon me and I had the desire to sleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SILENT ARMY.

THE night was long, the longest of my life. Sleep refused to befriend me; nor sleeping had I any rest. What food they had sent up to me at nine o'clock (for I heard the great gong again) lay untouched upon the plate. The steaming cup of coffee frightened me. I did not dare to drink it, though I had the thirst of fever, for the jest had made of it a death-draught. The light of two inches of candle (that much they set upon the tray) failed at last and left me in utter darkness. I dreamed of an army of Frenchmen, an endless army coming up out of the pit in the gardens of the house.

And why should not that dream be true? I asked myself. Who, but those who made it, could say where the tunnel from Escalles began and where it ended? Who in England knew one word about it? If it had been carried one mile under the Channel, why not ten or twenty, or even twenty-three? I had set foot in the first tube of it and had heard a distant sound of throbbing, as of an engine working many miles away. I knew no more than the dead how many years the Frenchmen had been at work at Escalles, nor at what speed the boring machine, of which Jeffery boasted, could cut away the chalk of the sea-bed. It might be that the beginning of this mighty labour was to be found in the record of the last decade, when we, ourselves, spoke of a tunnel to France and the French were silent. It might be that their task was almost accomplished and that they had but to break through the door of earth, in the very grounds of the house which prisoned me, to find their passage free, the road for their outposts ready. And what then? what then? Ah! the brain burned when I put that question.

The dream showed me a lonely house, and

in the gardens of the house a great shaft, and from the shaft a silent army emerging silently. Elsewhere, said my soldier's instinct, a feint of landing upon English shores had drawn our forces from the place. There had been an alarm at Pevensey, at Lowestoft, in the marshes of Essex. No English general so much as thought of Dover, of its harbour or its deserted downlands. And while our ships were steaming eastward, westward, to Plymouth and the Nore, these mighty, unnumbered hosts came up out of the very earth to the gardens of my country and the homes which lay beyond them. It was as though some hand of iron closed my mouth and held me dumb while the desire to cry the tidings became as a raging fever. Again and again, in that terrible sleep, I counted the serried companies which were ever vomited from the earth and poured over the Downs, there to entrench themselves upon the heights and to wait the day with confidence. To-morrow these outposts would, in their thousands, hold the camp for those that followed after. Day and night, day and night the rolling trains steamed below the frothing waters of the Channel to cast out their human freight upon the grassy down, and to make sure this surprising treachery. One hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, more and ever more, who should limit the number of the men or say, Here is the last of them? In a single night an advance guard strong enough to hold the hills could pass up from the tunnel's mouth and make good its foothold. And once the key was held, what force of ours might hope to shut the gate again? Never did a man know, in the face of defeat, the mental agony which this picture of the dream could compel me to suffer. Neither sleeping nor waking, I watched for the lingering day and the first message of the light which the boarded windows might give me. I was impotent, dumb, caged at an hour of hours when a man would have given all that life had for him to have uttered but a single word to England and the cities. Heaven! it was a terrible dream, which I must live through many a night yet before the end could be.

I knew not, I say, how far their tunnel was carried, neither by what authority this work in Kent was done, nor what was the progress made in the gardens of the house. In the uncertainty lay the torture of the dream. Sooner or later, said the voice of Hope, your friends will discover you; to whom the voice of the Despairer answered, They will never discover you, for these men

will kill you. If I feared death, I can say it on my conscience that I feared it less for myself than for that silence which must follow upon it. The hazard that the tunnel might even then be an accomplished fact began to be a mania of the mind, thrusting itself between every brighter ray of argument, forbidding even that factor of time and the chances of time which alone could help me now. For why should a house be taken upon our shores at all if the work from Escalles were not so near to completion that days rather than months were necessary to finish it? Even a child's logic would have read as much of the story of the house and of those who occupied it. Whether upon the invitation of private individuals or of the Government in France, Jeffery and his chosen engineers had come to Dover to join hands with those who pushed under the sea from Cape Gris-Nez. One word of alarm in England would shatter that ambition, even at this hour. I said that the word would never be spoken by me, and, saying it, beheld the dawnlight winging into my room, and I knew that the day had come at length—it might be the very last day that I should live to dream or to awake.

They brought me breakfast, good coffee and some fish, at eight o'clock, and ravenous hunger drove me to the meal. If they would have done with me this way, well, let it be so, said Resignation; for a man can die but once, and when they wished my death they could accomplish it at their leisure. So I ate recklessly, seeking to draw the Frenchman who served me into talk, but failing ignominiously, for he was silent as a judge's clerk, and when he would ask a question a grotesque gesture helped him to it.

By and by he left me, locking the door behind him; but shortly before twelve o'clock Jeffery himself came up to the room and, entering it without any ceremony, began to bargain with me for my silence. He was quite sober now, curt, taciturn, and very open. I answered him as briefly as he questioned me, for I had expected something of the sort.

"Now, Captain," he said, throwing himself upon the bench and crossing his legs impatiently, "what's it to be, light or dark? a first-floor parlour or this dog-kennel? You've only got to name it, you know?"

"Put plainly, you want my parole?"

"Exactly. Give us your word to behave as a gentleman, and not to go away from here even if you see the door open, and we'll do the handsome thing by you. Is it on?"



"I dreamed of an army of Frenchmen, an endless army coming up out of the pit in the gardens of the house."

"It's very much off—I wonder you waste time."

"Oh, I'm always glad to play the good Christian. What says the proverb? An eye for an eye, even if it's a glass one. You can't mend matters here, not if you'd the voice of the great Mumbo Jumbo. Why not reckon it up? Good food and good quarters until we're through with it. We shan't be long, my boy—a month at the most, perhaps. If the gang on the other side were ready, I'd be quicker. But that's the way with the Froggies. Give 'em an inch and they'll make a hell. They can't even manage my old corkscrew if I turn my back for twenty hours. Say, you thought you'd got a bead on me there. Some day I'll show you her ladyship when she's bored this bit of a rat-hole. I'll be a rich man then, Captain Alfred—a rich man, *savez*? And you'll be—well, who knows? There are gentlemen across yonder who'll have a finger in your pie for what you did at Escalles. I'm sorry for you, young man."

"Keep your sympathy," said I. "You'll want it by and by. Have you asked yourself what your chance is worth? A pin's point! Not more. I'd as soon believe in a machine for flying to the moon. To-day or to-morrow your friends the police will be in here. It will be my turn to do the laughing then."

He passed the threat by and repeated his first question.

"Leave the police to me, young fellow. What they learn at the River Bottom House they're welcome to. It's you that I'm thinking of. Are you going to suffocate up here, or try your luck in a Waldorf-Astoria downstairs? Name it, and be quick, for I guess I can't waste my breath on you. Is it off or on?"

"It is off—absolutely, finally."

"Then look out for yourself, Alfred Hilliard. We'll make it warm for you—oh, you bet."

For a moment he stood as though hesitating, and then left the room abruptly, slamming the door after him. I saw no more of him that day nor for many days after. The old Frenchman, who brought my meals, came regularly to the room, but spoke only in gestures. Convinced now that I should suffer no greater harm than that of the close and debilitating confinement, I began to think that some hand more discreet was controlling even Jeffery and those with him in the work. I had been trapped and should be held to the end; but

my life was not sought, nor would it be while I remained the acquiescing prisoner of the garret. And, you may be sure, there was no scheme of escape, no plan or plot or hope of liberty, that my mind did not turn over in those lingering hours of despair.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I REMEMBER."

I HAD been the close prisoner of the River Bottom House for seven days, when there came to me a surprise of the monotony, which was so unlooked for that I remember the moment of it before any incident of that surpassing week. It was early still in the morning, when old Boisdeffre (for such I have learned was my gaoler's name) entered my room for the second time within an hour (a very unusual occurrence with him), and approaching me with more deference than usual, civil old man that he was, uttered an invitation so strange that I did not at first believe my ears.

"Monsieur," he cried, "there are those who wish to see you, *là-bas*, in the *salon*. You are to go down, if you please."

I stared at the old fellow in amazement.

"Go down, old Boisdeffre? Do you mean it?"

"It is an order, monsieur. Have the goodness to make haste and follow me. They wait for you."

He threw open the door and held it back while I passed him, to light and air and all the excitements of his surprise. Long days of the twilight, nights of darkness, and the dreams had so played upon me that I had neither nerve nor strength left. I went as a man groping for the way. Who could be in the *salon* below?

It was a wide staircase, oak-panelled and very old. I found myself at last upon a broad landing; nor did I fail to remark the figures of two men who sat upon a bench by a great stained-glass window, and appeared to be talking at hazard, unconscious of my presence. As they guarded the staircase, so did others watch the doors and gates below—the inference was elementary. Even old Boisdeffre read that which was in my mind, and would have recalled me from it.

"The *salon* is here, monsieur; please to enter."

He knocked upon the door of a room by his left hand, and a soft, well-modulated voice cried "*Entrez!*" I should have recognised the speaker anywhere by that single

word, uttered so pleasingly, and I knew that Colonel Lepeletier was the man. Hope went out with the knowledge, but a certain pleasure (for there was never a truer gentleman) followed me to the interview. At least, the Colonel would seek to talk of justice and of honour, for both terms were familiar to him.

So bright was the sunshine of that September day that it blinded my eyes when I entered, and gave me confused images of heavy oaken furniture and garish windows and green trees beyond them and the figure of a stooping old man sitting at a writing-

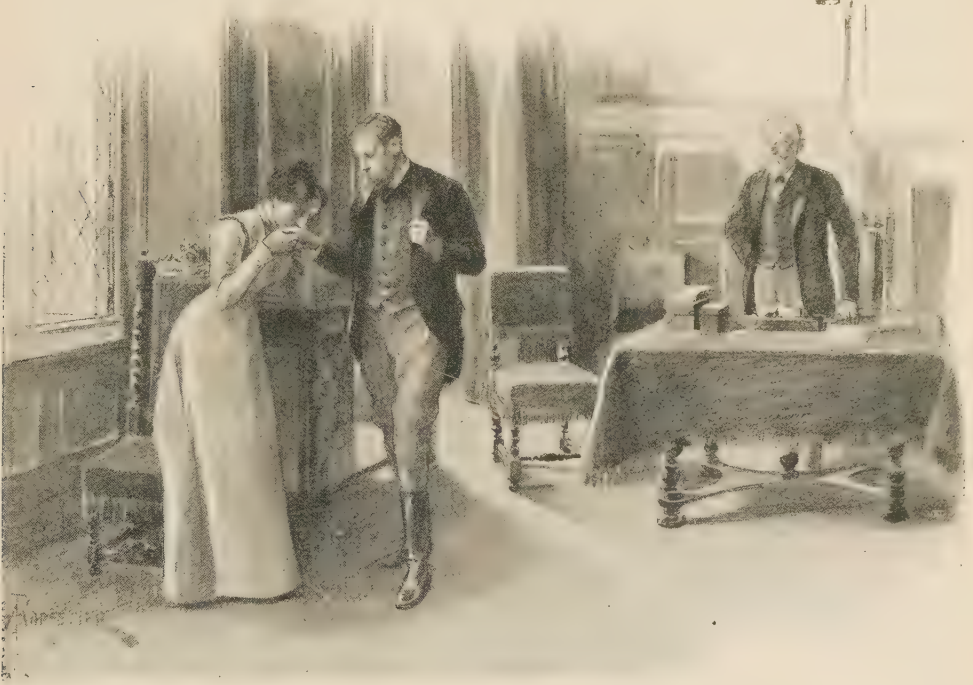
"Captain Hilliard," he said, "believe me that I deplore the circumstances of this meeting."

I hesitated a moment and then shook hands with him. After all, he was the creature of trickery and not of malice.

"Deploing them," I said, "you have, doubtless, come here to change them, Colonel?"

He retorted honestly, neither flinching nor excusing himself.

"To the point where your interests and my country's do not engage, I am here to serve you, Captain. Beyond that I cannot go. Let us begin at that point. I will not



"She caught my hand suddenly in hers, and bending her little head, she kissed it."

table. When I could see more clearly, I recognised the Colonel, in spite of his sober frock coat and the glasses which helped him to write; but that which was the unexpected thing, so unexpected that a thousand guesses would not have found it, was the presence of another, of Agnes herself, sitting in a low chair by one of the windows, with such a look of despair upon her pretty face that I forgot my own story upon the instant and was all curiosity to hear her.

"Mademoiselle Agnes!" I cried at last; but she stopped me with a little gesture, inviting me to speak first to her father. Colonel Lepeletier stood up at the same moment and held out his hand.

play a double part; you must not ask it. But there is much else which you may ask and I may grant. Please to sit down; you are tired, I see."

He indicated a chair by his table, and so placed me that my face was turned away from the window by which Agnes sat. But her face haunted me even though I could not see it; and I thought of her and of the gardens beyond the window, and fell to wondering if I would ever go out with her to the world again.

"Colonel," I said, putting at last the question I should have asked at Calais three months ago, "you doubted my honour once—do you doubt it here at Dover?"

He waived the objection aside with the air of a man accustomed to command.

"Let the past be the past," he cried earnestly. "We were both the subjects of delusion—you, in believing that I was as these people who own this house; I, in attributing to you motives upon which you did not act. Much has happened since then, Captain Hilliard—much that I neither wished nor foresaw. The work which was begun by the enterprise of a government has been almost completed by the money and the daring of private individuals. Understand me. When the Cabinet at Paris permitted the engineers to carry their shaft under the sea, they did it as a tentative experiment, to be pursued some day when nations are governed by reason and justice, and England fears no longer to be linked to France. Our Government permitted an experiment at Calais; but the intrigues and the money of those who hope for a king in France and a throne in England have made that experiment a realisation, and have done a work which, I know not, may carry my country to ruin or to a position she has never occupied among the nations. This house, the work that is done in it, is done, not by France, but by men of France who work for her none the less surely because they work alone. It has been your misfortune and mine that you have come between the worker and his ambitions. But the worker has prevailed, and your own hope, which I, as a soldier, may call a very noble hope, is finally defeated. Accept the situation which you cannot mend, and agree that you have done your best."

"I will never accept it—while I live, Colonel."

I looked at Agnes when I answered him and saw that she had turned away to sit with her face hidden from me. But I knew what the words meant to her, and I thought I heard her speak when I had done. The Colonel, nevertheless, continued to speak.

"For the outrages offered to you here I apologise and will atone. A clever man is not necessarily a gentleman, though his cleverness should make him one. You have been badly treated, and reparation must be made. If it rested with me alone, I might even ask myself how I could open these doors and let you free; but there are those who would call me a traitor to France, and that, by God's help, I will never be.

Give me your word as an officer to remain here—for the time being, at any rate—and I will see that you are treated as a soldier and a gentleman. Frankly, and as man to man, you will never escape from this house; escape is impossible. You have done all that your country could ask of you and more. Let Reason have her turn and accept the inevitable. I can give you no better advice. Some day these clouds may lift, and you and I may begin a happier friendship. I would change much that I prize of life for such a day and such an opportunity."

His voice sank almost to a whisper, and I saw that he was greatly moved.

"The day may be nearer than you think, Colonel," was my reply, when moments of silence had passed. "As for your question, there is but one answer to it. I go back to the garret. But I shall go with the knowledge that you, at least, are blameless. For the rest, ask yourself as a soldier what you would do in my place? Would you give your word or withhold it?"

He stood up and held out his hand to me.

"I salute an Englishman," he said.

He would have gone on, I believe, to have spoken more intimately to me in that moment; but there came a knock upon the door, and his look of alarm was not to be misread. I understood that he wished to terminate the interview.

"I thank you for your sympathy, Colonel," I said; "there is only one word more, and it is this. Those who come to my country on such a work are madmen and not soldiers. I pay you the compliment of distinguishing you from them, both in act and word. When you need me in England, you may not find me less ready than you have proved. *A bon entendeur.* And to Mademoiselle——"

I turned to Agnes—she was still looking down upon the old walled garden and the tangled flowers which gave it a sheen of gold and crimson and all the fuller glory of the autumn. For a moment she did not seem to hear me, but when I was about to pass on she caught my hand suddenly in hers, and, bending her little head, she kissed it.

"I remember," she said—that and nothing more.

And I left her standing there, as a figure of the spring-time caught up suddenly in the sunshine; and this picture of her I carried to my darkened room and thought it was dark no more.

(To be continued.)

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.*

THE MAGNETIC CONTINENT.

I SUPPOSE for some years to come we shall go on speaking of Africa as the Dark Continent. But we shall be doing Africa an injustice. If there is one part of the world more than another into which floods of the light of Western civilisation have been poured of late, and are going to be poured in yet greater quantities in the near future, that part of the world is the African Continent. Two years ago Lord Kitchener threw it open from the north;

When a Cook's tour will take you into the heart of a Continent it is time to leave off calling it Dark. A better name would be the Magnetic Continent; for such it is to-day, and such it has been for all time since the history of the human race began.

Go back to the early days of Rome; and the African question, in the person of Hannibal and the locality of Carthage, or of Cleopatra and Egypt, agitated the public mind. Turn to the first book of the Bible, and you read of the patriarch Abraham making his pilgrimage into Africa. Through-



Photo supplied by]

OLD CATABAR.

[C. F. Rey.

to-day Lord Roberts, assisted by Lord Kitchener, is throwing it open from the south—and Mr. Rhodes is going to pierce the intervening gloom with his railway and telegraph. The work of exploration and civilisation is proceeding in other quarters of the Continent—by the French working down from the north-west, by the English working inwards from the west; indeed, from every quarter the shafts of light are probing the interior of the misnamed Dark Continent.

out the Middle Ages men told strange stories of the wonderful lands lying southwards of the country of the Moors, of the gold and ivory to be found therein, of sumptuous Ethiopian monarchs wielding sway over realms hidden among the mountains of the interior, of terrible savages and still more strange and terrifying beasts—legends surviving in Sebastian Cabot's pictorial map. In modern times the magnetism of Africa has increased rather than diminished. Spain and Portugal, the imperial nations of an earlier day, colonised and traded and raided on its coasts; their successors, the Dutch and the

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[C. F. Rey.

NATIVE DANCE AT A VILLAGE IN NIGERIA.

English, struggled for possession of the colonies at the southern extremity, the while Napoleon was deeming his conquests incomplete till he had gained dominion in the north. Not all the horrors and perils of the dark, unknown forest could dissuade Livingstone and Stanley and the other intrepid African explorers of the nineteenth century from penetrating into the heart of the Continent and revealing the secrets of the great lakes.

To-day the glamour is potent as ever. They may call themselves scientific explorers, or missionaries, or "emissaries of civilisation," or mere trading agents; by whatever name, the Continent of the Sphinx still draws men to her. Not long since some half-dozen independent parties were racing to the shores of Lake Chad, the while their respective Governments were pondering and quarrelling over the latest practicable expansions of the Spheres of Interest.

The world follows all these developments with acute, at times with breathless, interest. The kaleidoscope is ever shifting; now it is the Jameson raid in the Transvaal, now the Hinterland struggle with France and Nigeria, anon the overthrow of Dervish misrule and the avenging of Gordon at Khartum; again, Fashoda is on every man's lips; for a year past South Africa has held our breathless interest. There is not a civilised Power but is more or less drawn into the vortex. England's interests are paramount, but France is only less embroiled; Germany has seized huge territories; Italy is there; Belgium has inherited from her king the vast lands

of the Congo Free State; even decaying Portugal and Spain retain their African possessions; and the other nations which lack land in Africa have yet a bond of interest in the international muddle in Egypt, in trade with the Continent, in the hunt for its gold. And for some time yet the African kaleidoscope will continue to scintillate before men's eyes. Fashoda was but an incident in the final delimitation of Equatorial

Africa, and a struggle may yet blaze out fiercely and with momentous issues ere the delimitation of Africa is finally settled.

ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

Against this Europeanisation of Africa certain worthy though parochial souls at times lift up their voices. The number of such has fallen off almost to vanishing point in these new days of Imperialism. Yet the cry may still at times be heard, "What right have we Europeans in Africa? why despoil the noble savage of his ancestral domains?" or words to that effect; I need not repeat the whole formula. It suffices to point out that we go to those countries for those countries' good, as well as for our own. No one can read the history of England in Africa and reach any other conclusion.

THE GUINEA COAST.

Begin with our Possessions in West Africa. Our main work there has been to save the natives from themselves. We have destroyed slavery. Sierra Leone, indeed, was specially settled as an asylum for freed slaves, whose descendants we are educating. We have abolished the bloody horrors of the hinterland of the Gold Coast Colony, erstwhile the kingdom of Ashanti, now a British protectorate. Back in the early years of the century British lives were sacrificed in the endeavour to save the inhabitants from the foul terror of the wholesale human sacrifices which made the land accursed; again, in the seventies, Sir Garnet Wolseley's soldiers

broke the power of King Koffee and destroyed his blood-reeking capital; yet again, and finally, four years ago, King Prempeh and his groves of bloodshed and his huge execution bowl, where the heads of men, women, and children had for years been dropping in horrible heaps, were swept away into the nightmares of the past, and the Union Jack came to stay, though, as the events of this year have shown, not without continued trouble and loss of life.

But colonising is not undertaken solely out of altruistic regard for the aborigine, however noble he may be. It is rather one of those beneficent acts which bless the giver as well as the receiver. In this regard one must fain admit that at the present time our West Coast Colonies are scarcely as productive as could be hoped. The deadly climate is one hindering factor; the methods of France, in seizing hinterlands and obstructing our trade thither, is another. Mayhap some day the draining of swamps and other works of sanitation will make the climate less deadly to physical health, and a lot of things may happen to make French obstruction less deadly to our trade; and then a brighter future may dawn on Gambia and Sierra Leone and Lagos and the Gold Coast.

Already the export of valuable native

woods is increasing. The very name of one Colony suggests gold, and the ancient industry has been revived during the last decade, the export being now worth nearly £100,000 a year; and who knows how soon discovery may bring West Africa into line with South Africa? Experts declare the reefs in the Gold Coast to be similar to those of the Rand; and the hindrance to development by the lack of transport for machinery is being removed by the construction of a Government railway to the mining regions. These countries are also *par excellence* the land of indiarubber; yet the industry is a new one, though the export from the Gold Coast is already worth over £300,000 a year. This industry alone, in view of the growing use of rubber, should provide our West Coast Colonies with a future.

NIGERIA.

Here we tread on more spacious and more hopeful ground—more spacious, for the territories lately taken over from the Niger Company, apart from the extensive lands comprised in the Niger Coast Protectorate, stretch over more than half a million square miles; more hopeful, because the history of these territories is the record of a magnifi-



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ON A CAPE OSTRICH FARM.

[Neville Edwards, Littlehampton.

cent piece of Empire-building, crowned with success politically, and with enough success industrially to justify great hopes.

The pioneer work of Sir George Goldie's Company has been accomplished, and its domains have now been fully incorporated into the British Empire. Of late it has been the fashion among Little Englanders to decry chartered companies; if they can find ought to object to in the work of the Royal Niger Company, their powers of observation must be strangely acute. That corporation began modestly in 1879, as the United African Company, with a capital of £125,000. But Sir George Goldie saw the great possibilities before him. Three years later the Company had become the National African Company, with a capital of a million; in 1886 the Royal Niger Company. Never was a million better spent. Acknowledging the suzerainty of the Sultan of Sokoto, Sir George Goldie made treaties with his vassal kings and welded his Empire into a homogeneous whole. Native chiefs were appeased, French traders bought and crowded out, the Niger dotted with stations and factories, fleets of steamers ploughed its waters, and gradually the most populous and extensive Empire in the whole of the Sudan—the population is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty-five millions—was brought under control. Not without fighting, however—the Niger Company's troops had their share of that. And—mark again—the object of this fighting was to redeem the natives from the tyranny of slavery and oppression. The 1897 campaign against the Sultan of Nupe testifies this. It was followed by a decree abolishing slave-trading throughout the Niger Territories—a decree most appropriately dating from Diamond Jubilee Day.

In the Niger Protectorate, too, British guns have thundered out the doom of the reign of blood. Mr. Phillips's death, in 1897, was shortly afterwards amply avenged by the Imperial Government's campaign against the King of Benin—the City of Blood—and his fetish priests, and their crucifixion trees and human sacrifices.

The insatiable appetite of France for hinterlands brought England in the spring of 1898 into critical relations with her, consequent on her attempts to seize British territories in the Niger Basin. And the agreement of June of the same year, under which the dispute was compromised, though it has shorn British Nigeria of certain slices of territory, has yet left a compact and

ample empire wherein British industrial enterprise may develop under the aegis of the British flag. That the trade will be great may be gathered from the fact that in 1896 the exports from the Territories were worth more than half a million sterling, and that cocoa and coffee plantations are now being established with good prospects of success, and encouraging reports are to hand concerning the agricultural resources. That the administration will be good is evidenced by the heavy duties imposed on spirits and gunpowder, and the prohibition of the spirit trade over nineteen-twentieths of the Territories.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Coming south to Cape Colony we enter a land which has a history as well as a future. It is four centuries since a Portuguese mariner discovered the Cape, over two and a half centuries since Englishmen first took possession of it, and nearly that time since the Dutch East India Company first began colonisation, with their trading post established at Table Bay as a stopping-place on the Indian route. But before many generations had passed it was found that the great country which formed Table Bay's hinterland was worth colonising for its own sake. So began the struggle between English and Dutch for possession. England triumphed, though Holland has left her legacy of trouble in the eternal Afrikaner question.

England has achieved great things at the Cape in the years since 1820, when 4,000 settlers, aided by a British Government grant of £50,000, landed at Algoa Bay. Of Cape Colony's 177,000,000 acres—that includes British Bechuanaland—more than 126,000,000 acres have been settled. The Cape now ranks high among the self-governing Colonies of the British Empire, and its combined white and coloured populations, including the Griqualand and other appurtenances, is little, if at all, short of one and a half millions, of whom rather less than a third are whites. Here, again, England's presence has been wholly for the good of the natives, whose numbers in many of the districts doubled between the census of 1875 and 1891. Out of care for the natives, Basutoland has been set apart for their exclusive use, European settlement being prohibited, although the country is well watered, has a fine climate, is said to be the best grain-producing country in South Africa, and has grass-lands which enable the

Basutos to rear immense herds of cattle. Northwards, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the solicitude for native welfare is displayed in the prohibition of the sale of spirits.

But the white men have not neglected their own industrial development. In the year ended May, 1898, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat were produced, and about 3,000,000 bushels of oats, barley, mealies, Kaffir corn and rye; 6,000,000 lb. of tobacco, over 43,000,000 lb. of wool, over 250,000 lb. of ostrich feathers, and over 3,000,000 lb. of

development shall have extended northwards till they join hands with those coming steadily down from Egypt. Already the home-produced exports of the Colony are worth some seventeen millions a year.

Natal is overshadowed by her greater sister—or should we say her mother?—but she, too, has honourable record and fair promise. Between 1879 and 1891 her European and Indian populations more than doubled, and her Kaffir population made such progress that the total of the Colony's inhabitants rose from 361,587 to 543,913.



A CAPE VINEYARD IN FEBRUARY.

butter. The Colony's vine stocks yielded 4,250,000 gallons of wine, 1,400,000 gallons of brandy, and 2,000,000 lb. of raisins. It held 2,250,000 head of cattle. Moreover, that test of advancing development, the establishment of manufactures, may likewise be called in evidence. The 1891 census is the latest available. In that year nine and a quarter million pounds' worth of manufactures were produced in Cape Colony. These sample statistics not only show the progress which has been made, but are an earnest of the greater things to come, when British rule and British railways and British

A few years ago her borders were enlarged by the promising additions of Zululand and British Amatongaland. Though at present her wealth is mainly agricultural, as that word is understood among us northerners, such new industries of the field as sugarcane and tea plantations are now taking their place among Natal's industries. The other fields beneath the surface also look like furnishing Natal with much wealth in the future. She may not possess much gold, but she has stores of iron and the best sort of coal, and now that she has direct communication between the goldfields of

the Transvaal and the port of Durban, her mining industry is destined to rapid development.

SCHISMATIC SOUTH AFRICA.

Until the present year this was the description of two territories in the midst of English South Africa. But the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, which were once under the British Crown, took a course which has brought them under the British Crown again.

The Orange River Colony, a country now containing over 6,000 farms situated in excellent grazing land, producing diamonds, whose value in 1896 was £468,165, containing garnets and other precious stones, and rich coal mines, and at least some gold, was annexed by England in 1848. Six years later Little England, enthroned at Downing Street, in deference to a noisy faction of the inhabitants, but in violation of the wishes of the rest and of the feeling in Cape Colony, in deference, above all, to its own miserable Cut-the-painter theory, abandoned the Orange River Sovereignty to its disaffected Dutchmen, and permitted them to form an independent republic. The gratuitous folly of this proceeding has since been made quite plain.

But the Orange Free State, until it threw in its lot with the Transvaal Boers, did

behave itself, and in this respect was unlike its sister Republic. Some of the most melancholy chapters of the modern history of the British Empire centre around the Transvaal. Unwisely, as events have so plainly and so unhappily shown, England in 1852 recognised its independence. The congeries of squabbling factions which comprised the new Republic made a wretched attempt at self-government. Bankrupt and helpless before its native enemies, it became clear within a quarter of a century that the continued independence of the Republic was a standing menace to the peace and prosperity of South Africa; and at the beginning of 1877 British sovereignty was resumed. Though President Burgers was wise enough to see the benefit of this resumption, his narrow-minded and ignorant subjects preferred to "stew in their own juice," even at the cost of war. War came, the Boers having been encouraged in their resistance by Gladstone's misleading oratory. For Gladstone, now in power, sent a few soldiers to reduce the rebels to submission, and when, owing to mischances and bad leading, the British troops were severely—though, of course, only temporarily—defeated, Gladstone gave them back their independence, under British suzerainty, in the Convention of 1881. In 1884 a new Convention was granted, which fatuously glided over the suzerainty, though it did not abolish it.



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[Neville Edwards, Littlehampton.



A KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE.

Transvaal affairs went afterwards from bad to worse. So unfitted for self-government were the Boers that our Conventions with them had to make very express stipulations that the Swazis under their protection should be decently treated; but there should also have been included more detailed stipulations that white men should be decently treated. As all the world knows, they have been shamefully maltreated. In other countries nationalisation suffices to give an immigrant full rights of citizenship in the adopted country. Not so in Kruger's land. The best half of the population, the half—more than half, to be accurate in numbers—which produces nearly all of the country's wealth and represents all its intelligence is reduced to the status of helots, to quote the High Commissioner's word; and by all sorts of foolish and unjust means the industry under their control has been hampered.

All this was the more intolerable in that the country which Oom Paul misruled has splendid industrial resources. There is no need to speak of the prolific goldfields; they are in everyone's minds. And gold is not the only wealth; there are silver, copper, and lead mines (though for the last five years their working has been suspended); there are tin mines in Swaziland; the country abounds in iron and coal. There are magnificent agricultural and stock-raising lands, though their development has scarce begun.

Now that the Transvaal is once more within the British Empire it should have a future worthy even of that Empire.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

As we go north, annoyance over past mistakes gives place to undiluted enthusiasm over future prospects. We approach the great work of Mr. Rhodes. It is twenty-two years since Mr. Rhodes unrolled his map of Africa, and, sweeping his hand upwards from the Cape to the Zambesi, said, "That's my dream—all this to be English." Already his dream is more than realised—it is now all English, and much higher up than the Zambesi. Under the aegis of the British South Africa Company, South Africa merges in Central Africa under the Union Jack. During the eighties it became clear that Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the great countries lying north-east of Bechuanaland, could not much longer remain under the cruel sway of Lobengula. The reports of goldfields and possible harvest-fields, and the obvious designs thereon of the neighbouring Boers and Portuguese, convinced Mr. Rhodes, who convinced the Imperial Government, that the time had come to extend our effective sphere of influence. The work was assigned to the great Chartered Company. Colonisation began first by arrangement with Lobengula, in 1890, but ere three years had elapsed it

became clear that the power of this monarch, which was being exercised to the oppression of the Mashonas, who were under British protection, would have to be broken. Under the leadership of Dr. Jameson it was broken, and Matabeleland and Mashonaland, with a combined area of 141,000 square miles, became Southern Rhodesia under the British flag and the South Africa Company's administration. Two years ago an Order of the Queen in Council advanced the constitutional government of this great province a further stage.

Crossing the Zambesi, we come to Northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland, or British Central

ment, consolidated a territory of some three hundred thousand square miles of what is described as the best land in Africa. And, again mark it, slavery has been rigidly and effectively suppressed over a region hitherto devastated by Arab slave-raiders. Now, distant though it yet is from civilisation, Nyassaland is progressing towards prosperity under British law and order. Big crops of coffee are being gathered, rice is said to grow to perfection, and the farming associated with temperate regions has also excellent prospects. The Company has been absorbed into the British South Africa Company, though its territory is now administered from the Foreign Office



Photo by]

THE MARKET-PLACE, JOHANNESBURG.

[Neville Edwards, Littlehampton.

Africa proper. Imperial work in Nyassaland has a longer history than Rhodesia's, dating from Livingstone's Zambesi travels some forty years ago. Here, too, we have development by chartered company. The Livingstone Central Africa Company began to make settlements and open up to navigation the lakes and rivers of this region in 1878; enterprising Scotchmen connected Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika by road, planted coffee, taught the natives industry. Under the name of the African Lakes Company the corporation continued the good work, and, aided by agreements with Germany and Portugal, negotiated by the Imperial Govern-

as a Protectorate. With respect to the rest of the country south of the Congo State and dividing the Portuguese East and West African Possessions, it has since 1891 been placed by Her Majesty's Government under the control of the South Africa Company, which is now charged with the development of a vast estate comprising about 251,000 square miles, with a native population estimated at 650,000. As yet, of course, settlement is in its infancy, but the work is going forward. The country, according to Mr. Rhodes, is not yet quite ripe for the agriculturist, but his time will come. At present the quest of minerals, and chiefly gold, is deemed the main business.

Development in this and other industrial directions will receive a big fillip if Professor Forbes's plan of utilising the waters of the Zambesi at Victoria Falls for transmitting electrical power to the nascent Rhodesian goldfields achieves fruition.

CAPE TO CAIRO.

But real progress in these regions awaits the railway; and here is a convenient place to remind ourselves of Mr. Rhodes's great scheme. The Cape to Cairo Railway has been called a dream—has indeed been smiled at as a dream; it is more correctly described as a vision. And the vision is quickly materialising. Already the railway runs from Cape Town right through the Colony, right through Bechuanaland, well into Southern Rhodesia, through Bulawayo, to Gwelo and beyond. Already the railway from Cairo comes downwards through Lower and Upper Egypt into the Egyptian Sudan to Khartum.

The Imperial Government was asked to give a guarantee to facilitate the raising of the needed capital for the Tanganyika section of the Cape to Cairo line, and Mr. Rhodes's assurance that the recently opened line to Bulawayo already more than paid its way should have spurred the Government to generous compliance. Unhappily, the Imperial purse-strings were not at the time controlled by an Imperial imagination, and the conditions attached to the aid eventually offered were such as obviously precluded acceptance. But English investors had more faith, and the necessary money has been easily found. The tremendous undertaking of linking North and South Africa by railway will do more than aught else to consolidate England's great African dominion, and the Government should have been grateful that it had a man to take the work largely on his own shoulders. The Russian Government has had itself to undertake the planning and construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway, a work of similar magnitude; the English Government was only asked to guarantee some interest in connection with the Cape to Cairo Railway.

Even supposing the traffic on the railway were destined to be small, and the undertaking commercially unprofitable, the construction would be worth the cost. But there are no grounds for fearing that the line will not have a bright future, even commercially. As Mr. Rhodes told the Cape Legislature, that section of the scheme at present under discussion—the Tanganyika

Railway—is alone bound to enhance the prosperity of Cape Colony. Rhodesia will quickly develop when it has the line, and many commodities will be needed from the Cape, which will also be brought by the railway into touch with the Congo State. Furthermore, great irrigation works are needed and in prospect in Cape Colony, but the present dearness of labour there hinders their construction. The railway is expected to bring down a plentiful supply of the cheap labour of which the Congo State has a surplus.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Here again we have to record the magnificent pioneer work of a chartered company. The vast region once known colloquially as Ibea, from the initials of the Imperial British East Africa Company, is now divided into three British Protectorates—the East Africa, the Uganda, and the Zanzibar. As the boundaries on the north and the west have not yet been delimited, it is not possible to say exactly how large a territory is covered by the term British East Africa; but it is not less than a million square miles, and the intrigues and restlessness of Frenchmen and Abyssinians will doubtless soon cause England to make a delimitation on a generous scale, and bring the total area to well upwards of a million square miles. It can hardly be said that we have yet begun to colonise in East Africa, unless it be in Uganda, which has an exceedingly fertile soil and will doubtless ere long be dotted with coffee plantations. Development awaits transport, and this the Imperial Government is providing. Appreciating the need for a railway, the Foreign Office decided not to wait for the private capitalist, but itself projected, and has already partly constructed and opened, a railway from Mombasa, on the Zanzibar Coast, to the Victoria Nyanza. The natural difficulties are and have been great, but according to the latest reports success seems assured. But one serious mistake has been made—the line is constructed on a gauge which just falls short of the gauge adopted on the railways of Upper Egypt. This is an extraordinary mistake, seeing that the Uganda Railway is to be joined to the Upper Egypt Railway. The present arrangement will entail all the bother and expense of transhipment, and the economy in construction is infinitesimal.

The Somaliland Protectorate, on the north-eastern horn of the African coast, was, until a year ago, reckoned officially as



NATIVE FISHING-TRAPS ON THE CONGO RIVER.

a part of Asia, and was placed under the Indian Government. Now, however, it is transferred to the Foreign Office, and ranks officially—as it is geographically—among our East African Possessions, to which it adds a territory of some 68,000 square miles. It may some day be found to possess industrial value, but it was occupied by us for strategic purposes connected with the safety of our route to India. When the trade of the interior increases, British Somaliland, with its ports on the Red Sea, may exercise a useful commercial function as a point of concentration for trade routes; but among Englishmen it is chiefly valued, at present, by Nimrods in search of big game. It would also seem to have an historical interest, for prehistoric implements have been found in such large numbers that Mr. Seton-Karr puts forward the theory that British Somaliland is really the cradle of the human race. It would be quite appropriate that the British Empire should contain within its borders the site of the Garden of Eden.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN.

I have left until last those Egyptian Possessions which the “smashing of the Khalifa” made to loom so largely in men’s minds, and which are consequently so well known by report to Englishmen that they

do not need here the detailed reference they would otherwise justly claim.

Englishmen have done much to enhance the prosperity of other lands, but surely nowhere have their magnificent administrative capacities been so splendidly shown forth as in the land of the Pharaohs. We went there in 1882, to a country torn by rebellion, made bankrupt by the foolish prodigal who essayed to rule it, though his wretched people were ground into dire poverty by taxation, and though the country was endowed with natural resources to make it wealthy. We went there when France, notwithstanding that she had coveted Egypt and regarded it as in a sense her own, shrank from the task of helping it in its need. We have stayed there in spite of governmental chaos and the constant harassings of the disappointed and jealous Frenchmen; we have fought the spectre of bankruptcy, brought the finances into something like order, reduced the debt, reduced the taxes, made justice possible, and, by the construction of magnificent water-works, husbanded the waters of the Nile, Egypt’s life stream. If ever a man saved a country, Lord Cromer has saved Egypt.

Nor has our work stayed at the boundaries of Egypt proper. We have broken the hideous dominion of the Dervishes, and after the sacrifice of the flower of our men—Gordon is but one—we have, with

the final victory over the Khalifa at Omdurman, completely restored to Egypt her great Possessions in the Sudan, which had been temporarily wrested from her. And now by every right, by higher rights than conquest, Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan are ours. Still, unfortunately—for the present unsatisfactory system is productive of considerable misunderstanding and hindrance to the development of the country—England refrains from making formal declaration of the very real protectorate she exercises over Egypt; but it is to be hoped that, when the present troubles disturbing the world are over, the formal declaration of our protectorate will not be delayed.

THE BROKEN CROSS.

When Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan are incorporated, the drawing of the Red Cross of British Empire over the map of Africa will be well in process of achievement. It will not be completed then. The cross will still remain broken in more than one place; for in the councils of Downing Street in the earlier ante-Imperial days the Empire's expansion was usually regarded with aversion and dislike, and when it was encouraged the encouragement was fortuitous and haphazard,

and no statesmanlike plan was followed. All this has got to be altered. Comparatively little of Africa remains now outside European influence, and nothing is more certain than that within a generation or so that little will have been absorbed. What is to be our portion? Our portion is the Red Cross. "Have we not enough, or more than enough?" the Little Englander may cry. In a sense we have; in a sense we have not. We have rivals and enemies on all sides, we have needs and aspirations and methods which are other than theirs. For this and for other obvious reasons needs must that we consolidate our Empire, and, *à fortiori*, our African Empire must be consolidated. This cannot be done effectively unless we join up the Broken Cross. Our various African Colonies must dovetail into each other.

Now look at the map. Work upwards from south to north. We possess uninterrupted communication northwards to Lake Tanganyika; but then comes a break of some four hundred and fifty miles (including the Lake itself, which occupies the greater part of the distance). This intervening territory is occupied on one side by the Congo Free State, on the other by German East Africa. With one or both of those



MWANI STATION, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

Powers we must arrange for a cession of a strip of land to connect Northern Rhodesia with Uganda. It is a mere matter of business, and should be easily accomplished. The rights of pre-emption given by Belgium to France might complicate the acquisition by England of any of the Congo State lands. With respect to German territory, there is Mr. Rhodes's suggestion that we should exchange our Possessions in Walfish Bay for a strip of German East Africa. Germany has far more land than she knows what to do with, and a slice of her unexplored hinterland would not be missed by her, while she would gain real advantage by getting into her possession Walfish Bay, which is set in the midst of her South-West African Colonies, and appears to be one of the very few harbours on the coast worth the name.

It is when we come to the lateral arms of the Cross that the breaks appear more serious. Working from west to east, we are confronted with France's extravagant claims to hinterland. She has jockeyed the rest of Europe out of pretty well the whole interior of West Africa. In view of the possessions of the other Powers on the coast, and of France's inability to make any effective colonising or commercial use of the tremendous area she claims, her pretensions must be set aside to

the extent of making over to us a strip of territory through the French Sudan and the hinterland of Dahomey. She might have compensation. We might give her Gambia, which at present divides her Senegalese Possessions. From Germany we need the end of her back yard, so to speak, in Togoland. Then on the east of Lake Chad we must negotiate for a strip from France; and as to the Wadai State, we might well share that with France, giving her the southern part as an extension of her Ubangi dominion, and ourselves taking the northern. We should then have a clear run through the Egyptian Sudan to Abyssinia. Well, Abyssinia is an independent kingdom just now. It thinks itself civilised—an opinion which civilised nations do not seem to share. As matter of fact, it is doomed to go the way of the rest of Barbarous Africa. France certainly has designs upon it, despite the friendship which she finds it convenient at present to profess towards Menelik. For a few years prior to 1896 Abyssinia was an Italian Protectorate, and when the inevitable partition comes Italy might well resume her protectorate over the northern portion, leaving to France the central portion bounded on the south by the Harrar Railway, which she is vigorously pushing forward, and



From "Pyramids and Progress,"

DATE-PALM WOOD ON THE SITE OF LOST MEMPHIS.

[by John Ward, F.S.A.]



OUTSIDE CAIRO: SUNSET NEAR RODU.

From a water-colour by John Varley; reproduced by permission of Mr. John Ward, F.S.A., from his "Pyramids and Progress."

to England the southern portion, which would then join up, as a northward extension, with British East Africa. Thus the Cross would be completed. It would be a bit crooked in design here and there, 'tis true, but it would represent an effective consolidation of our great African Empire. It is the duty of English statesmen to accomplish it.

'Tis needful, however, to bear in mind that other expansions of our African Empire are possible and may become advisable. There are the Dying Nations to be considered; and the Dying Nations have their footing in Africa. Portugal and Spain hold between them nearly a million square miles of African territory. It is doubtful whether they will be able or will want to hold them much longer. Certainly Portugal is not equal to her 826,730 square miles; in her present lame and bankrupt condition she should be only too glad to sell at least a portion of them, and Portuguese East Africa will doubtless be divided between Germany and England, her neighbours. England must be heir to the southern half, which includes Beira, whence runs the railway into Rhodesia, and Delagoa Bay, the sea entrance to the Transvaal. If rumours are true, this partition is already provided for as a future contingency. I am not proposing any high-handed treatment of Portugal. We should only besmirch our good name by adopting

the methods of the United States in respect to Spanish Colonies. I am only anticipating the time when Portugal shall, on her own motion, bow to the inevitable renunciation of an African Empire to which she is unequal.

OUR NEIGHBOURS IN AFRICA.

The neighbour which most concerns us is France. France has seized about three and a third million square miles in Africa—considerably more than a quarter of the whole Continent. This abnormal greed is the more remarkable in that France is essentially not a colonising nation; her sons are naturally stay-at-homes, her daughters cannot keep their own population going; and French administration of new lands and subject races can scarcely be described as successful. On the confession of French writers the motive of France is national vanity and jealousy, fostered by the small but sufficiently noisy Chauvinist faction which calls itself the Colonial Party. Some time ago M. Gastin Donnet wrote in the *Revue Bleue*—

"I once asked a Government official why we held the Congo?"

"'For pecuniary reasons,' he replied; 'for the purpose of sowing, planting, reaping, and selling!'"

"Quite so; but, unluckily, we neither sow nor reap, consequently we have nothing to sell." He acquiesced and I insisted.

"Then pray explain to me why we keep the Congo?" He thought a moment.

"Probably in order to spite Germany or Belgium."

The rest seems to be done to spite England. Nor do French ambitions seem yet to be satiated, as the notorious effort in '98 to seize the Bahr el Ghazl Province of the Egyptian Sudan testifies.

Looking at the map, and regarding the French acquisition of the larger part of Western Africa north of the Equator, one naturally inquires what France wants with the great Sahara Desert, which is included in that acquisition. True, scientists are fond of picturing a future time when the world's population shall be much greater, while the world's food-producing lands shall have shrunk in value, and of telling us that in that future time we shall grow our food in the inhospitable soil of the Sahara, made hospitable by irrigation works. But it is no such remote speculation which has prompted France to make her indecent grab. Her reason really is that she wants to connect her Mediterranean and West Coast Colonies, and make a Trans-Saharan Railway, which, commencing in Algeria, shall run down either to Lake Chad, Timbuctoo, or St. Louis on the Senegambia Coast, and drain the trade of North and Central Africa—the avowed purpose being to strike a blow at English commercial power. England need not dread this railway in the least, for it would be a most valuable outlet and inlet to Nigeria. At present the chances of a Trans-Saharan Railway do not look promising, though the scheme is still spasmodically mooted in France. A two-thousand-mile railway across a waterless desert, infested with brigands, is like to prove a costly and cumbrous weapon of offence against England, particularly if, as seems certain, England would get most advantage out of the trade it would bring.

The Belgian Congo State represents a curious experiment in the Europeanisation of Africa. There was much of altruism in its origin and earliest development under the enthusiastic guidance of the Belgian King Leopold. It began life as the International African Association—a sort of chartered company independent of any European Government. Thence it naturally developed into an independent State, and when the Berlin Conference of 1885 ratified its authority the optimistic confidently hoped that it would prove an effective buffer against designs of individual aggrandisement upon the part of the Powers. The territories of the Congo

Free State—over 900,000 square miles in area—were the prize lands in the heart of Central Africa, largely for the acquisition of which the Powers were seizing points of vantage on the neighbouring coasts. It was thought that all sorts of grave complications and mischief would be averted by what was meant to be a neutralisation of the coveted interior, a neutralisation which would throw open the country to the free trade of the whole world, so giving it the advantages of acquisition by a European Power, while dividing amongst the world the advantages to flow from its exploitation. But financial difficulties soon broke down the free-trade basis of the State. King Leopold's will, under which the sovereign rights of the State are left to Belgium (who has given a right of pre-emption to France), has destroyed the dream of internationalism. To say that the country is very sparsely populated by white men hardly conveys a notion of the infinitesimal character of European settlement; and, as a consequence, the agricultural operations for which this vast territory is well suited have not yet begun, save in tiny patches round the stations, and the country's store of minerals still remains intact. Nor have the relations between the few white men and the natives been altogether of that altruistic character which the State's founders intended. Yet, in spite of these disappointments, the Congo State will doubtless have a big future, and Belgium a rich heritage in Africa.

German Africa need not detain us. It is the result of Bismarck's ambition to found a colonial empire, and began with the seizure of territory under the British sphere of influence to the north-west of Cape Colony. Its extension has been marked by the stirring up of bad feeling between England and Germany; but so far England has had little cause to envy Germany her possessions in Togoland, in Cameroons, in South-West and in East Africa, any more than Germany has had cause to congratulate herself on the successful colonisation of those regions. Nevertheless, there is good colonising blood in Germany, and when she learns, as she seems now to be doing, not to treat the natives to a reign of Blood and Iron, she may yet find wealth in her African Possessions.

WEALTH IN AFRICA.

Having consolidated our African Empire, what are we going to do with it? There is one right excellent thing which we have

already done with it—we have removed the curse of slavery and of blood ; we are introducing freedom and order and Christianity. But in an economic view what are we going to do with it ? Much wealth lies latent in our African lands. But can it all be exploited, in what directions, and to what extent ? At present these questions are not easy to answer.

In Africa the climate has always to be reckoned with. The little colony of brave Scotchmen on the Blantyre Highlands in Nyassaland disproves the pessimistic theory that the central parts of the Continent are uninhabitable by white men, but it would be foolish to maintain that the eastern and western coasts, and the Equatorial interior,

we must look in connection with the development of Africa. There is plenty of native labour available. The Negro and the Bantu, it is true, have conceptions of labour which would not long keep an Englishman out of the workhouse ; but much may be accomplished by gradual training, and the supply is plentiful and cheap.

The soil is fertile. It is not all swamp and desert in Africa, and even deserts have their oases, and a lot can be done with a drained swamp. The arid Sahara will yield water for the digging, and when water is obtained the hundreds and thousands of date-palms planted on the Algerian border prove that cultivation may follow. The same dreaded Sahara is fringed with grass-land on



Photo by]

DELAGOA BAY.

[Neville Edwards, Littlehampton.

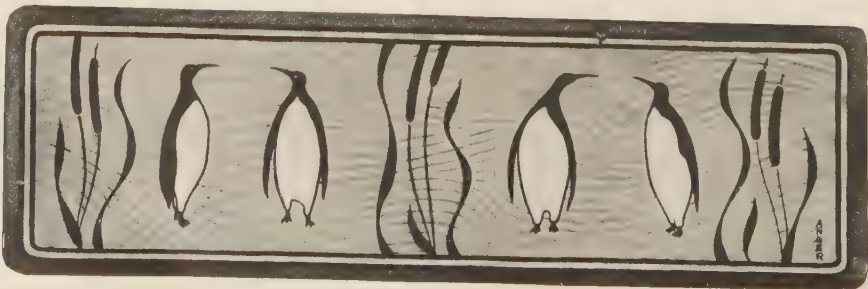
are salubrious. Pending further knowledge, we can only say with certainty that some portions—South Africa, of course, and the Rhodesian lands up to the tenth parallel—are fit for colonisation : invalids are ordered to the Cape. Similarly, it is common knowledge that Englishmen can live in health in Egypt, even those who cannot stand the winter at home. And we shall no doubt find, by experiment, that many parts of Tropical Africa are possible for the English colonist. There are two sorts of colonisation. There is the colonisation of the man who goes to till fields with his own hands, and there is the colonisation of him who goes to superintend native labour. It is more to this latter kind of colonisation that

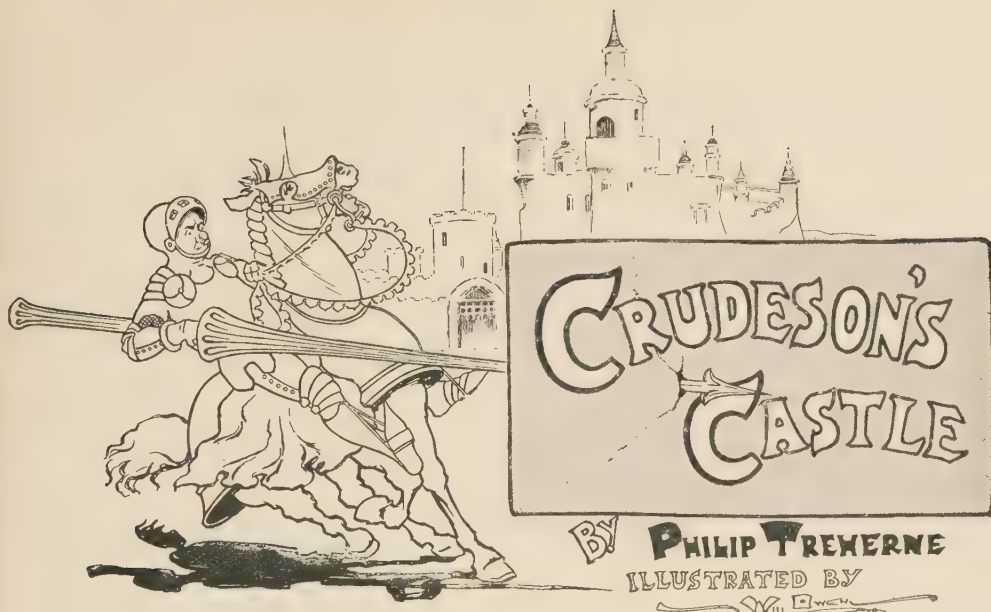
its southern borders, whereon no doubt many thousands of cattle and sheep will browse in time to come. Concerning the great area of Central Africa, we have Mr. Scott Keltie's authority for the statement that there can be no doubt of the fertility of the soil over at least one half of the area. There you have great forests, from which may be obtained illimitable quantities of rubber, cocoanut and palm oils, fibres, gums, and other articles of high commercial value. It is impossible to set bounds to the amount of tropical and subtropical fruits which might be cultivated. We know that rice, and maize, and indigo, and cotton, and tobacco, and coffee, and sugar can be raised ; experiment has proved this, and conjecture fails to set bounds on

the quantities which might be raised. The world-market might be inundated with such products from Africa. And it will certainly be well that England should be able to produce these things within the bounds of her own Empire, instead of being dependent upon foreigners. With the growth of the world's population outside Africa, and with the growth of the native population in Africa—which is certain under the humane conditions now beginning to prevail—and with the growth in their wants, the market for all these products is bound largely to increase. There is every reason, moreover, to believe that both the precious and the base metals will be found in large quantities in Central as in Southern Africa.

When conjecturing Africa's industrial future it is obviously futile to attempt to circumscribe oneself by figures; but even these may be used to some extent for purposes of comparison. Thus, Africa may not unfairly be compared with India. Now, India has an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and its exports reach an annual value of some £90,000,000. (And India's industrial development is as yet a long way off completion.) Africa has an area of 11,500,000 square miles, and its annual exports only reach a value of about £60,000,000; and of these about £40,000,000 come from the Mediterranean States and Egypt, at one end of the Continent, and South Africa at the other. Thus the whole of the vast fertile interior only exports some £20,000,000 worth of goods a year. Even, then, if Africa can only be developed to a degree corresponding with India's present development, the exports should be worth about £700,000,000 a year. Or let us rather make the comparison from British Africa only. Within the Red Cross lie Africa's most fertile lands and richest mines. Those lands, including Egypt and the Sudan, but without the other additions I have been speaking of, contain over 3,250,000 square miles. On the Indian comparison, therefore, they should be worth in exports over £185,000,000 a year.

But all this future development awaits the development of transport. The monotonous regularity of the African coastline, with its lack of inlets to the interior, is an unfortunate geographical feature, and in spite of the Nile, and the Congo, and the Niger, and the Zambesi, and the other great rivers, there is a great dearth of navigable inland waterways. Probably by canalisation many of the rapids, particularly those on the Nile, will be overcome in time, and navigation made practicable where at present it is impossible, or nearly so. When this is done several great highways into the heart of the Continent will be opened; but even then Africa in the main will not be well off for inland waterways. Save in the comparatively well-settled fringe of the Continent, there are no roads to speak of. Narrow paths wind from village to village, caravan routes traverse the Sahara and the Sudan here and there. But much more is wanted if commerce worth the name is to be developed. Camels are used in Egypt, donkeys in Somaliland, but at present, over the greater part of Africa, the only beast of burden is the native himself. That, of course, will have to be altered, and, with the construction of roads, wheeled vehicles drawn by horses and cattle will become possible, and there is a suggestion that elephants, as in India, should be utilised. But the great means of opening up the country will be by railways; and it is encouraging to recognise the signs of a railway-building era having set in. When the great Cape to Cairo scheme is achieved, when the Uganda and Congo Railways have penetrated the Continent, and when (if ever) the French Trans-Saharan Railway is completed, when further progress in railway building has been made in our West African Possessions, and when the railways already constructed or projected have thrown out their feeders hither and thither, then indeed will African development commence in earnest, and the Dark Continent will be fully lightened.





MR. CHARLES CRUDESON had done remarkably well in the industrial world; step by step he had raised himself to a considerable position in the City. Advancement came slowly, but during the last three years certain Patagonian ventures brought him to a level of supreme opulence, and he felt that "The Laburnums," at Wandsworth, was in no way worthy of a man of his means.

The daily papers hinted that Crudeson was the coming plutocrat; he received invitations to dinner from people whom he had never even heard of, people with titles, leaders of society, and such-like. But Crudeson viewed these invitations with cold indifference and consigned them daily to the waste-paper basket; neither would Crudeson be interviewed, notwithstanding an admiration for the uses of advertisement. In many ways he had a good sound judgment of the vanities of this world and their intrinsic values.

It is true that he purchased a coat-of-arms and derived an ancestry from Norman forefathers, dating from a certain Baron Crû de Sang, who landed, naturally enough, with William the Conqueror.

It is true that they found Crudeson a motto, and what not, the motto being "Labor Omnia Vincit"; but these trifles were his pardonable weaknesses, and he could well afford them.

Having attained an ancestry and armorial bearings, Crudeson longed for a country place, so as to figure in "Burke's Landed

Gentry," with the possibility of arriving at a place in the British peerage and reassuming the glories of his Norman ancestor.

For a lengthy period he weighed the various attractions of "moated granges," "feudal castles," "Elizabethan manors," and other enticing properties that came into the market from time to time. The house agents surfeited Crudeson with prospectuses of varying brilliancy—he was greatly taken with an old Scotch castle containing a secret only revealed to the owner, and ghosts of different periods. However, the drawback to this Scotch castle was serious; it had no deer-park and needed extensive repairs.

Crudeson required his money's worth in every respect, and intended his purchase should be a good, sound investment—something equipped with a real, solid historical value—full of armour, ancestral portraits, deer grazing in a spacious park, peacocks on the terrace, and an old English garden.

After waiting for nearly a year Crudeson heard of something that he thought would suit. And this was a castle in the Midlands, the property of young Lord Malevere, who, owing to a love for the turf, agricultural depression, and dowagers' jointures, was obliged to part with his property in Warwickshire.

The agents gave a glowing account of Malevere Castle, and Mr. Charles Crudeson determined to go down and see the place for himself. He found a fine old feudal castle, crammed with family portraits, trophies of armour, and relics of all sorts; the castle was entirely surrounded by a broad moat on

which water-lilies grew and swans swam round and round, peacocks were not lacking in the old-fashioned garden, and far beyond lay an immense deer-park, studded with magnificent oaks and beeches, occupied by herds of red and fallow deer.

"That's the ticket," said Mr. Crudeson, as he gazed down on the property from the battlements; "this is a slap-up Middle Age concern right through."

The old housekeeper, with a bunch of keys in her hand, looked wonderingly at the gentleman as he stood with his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets.

Crudeson was of the florid type and affected the loud brown check suit and bowler to match, finished off with white spats and patent-leather boots.

"Any ghosts about?" he queried.

"Lor', sir," replied the old lady, "why, the Castle swarms with 'em; all night long they clank chains, and in the western corridor hawful sounds is 'eard. A lady in white is murdered by a man in a black mask every night on the stroke of twelve in the dungeon below the moat."

"That sounds a bit of all right," answered Crudeson; "but I intend to sample this feudal residence before the missus and kids come down."

"Then there's Sir Marmadook," the old lady went on.

"What about him?"

"Sir Marmadook Malevere, 'im as walks in the great 'all flourishing a battle-haxe of an evening."

The old lady would have willingly spent hours in pouring forth biographies of all the ghosts seen and unseen in the Castle—it was her favourite topic with strangers; she loved to make their flesh creep, especially when they appeared matter-of-fact subjects like Crudeson. He listened for some time with apparent interest to Mrs. Bird's stories, but finally tore himself away to catch an evening train to town, leaving word that he intended to come down to Malevere Castle at the end of the week and stay a couple of nights quite alone in the place, so as to test the quality of the ghosts.

"Crudeson, of Malevere Castle," will sound well in the 'Landed Gentry,'" he thought as he travelled up to town. "We'll have shooting parties, garden parties, race parties, hunt breakfasts. We'll do it fat and make the neighbourhood hum. The missus will look splendid receiving her guests in the great hall,

dressed in violet velvet." By the time Crudeson reached Euston he fancied himself lieutenant of the county, with a title in prospect.

After another interview with the agents, Malevere Castle passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Crudeson, and on the Saturday afternoon following his visit of inspection he arrived alone at the Castle. His wife implored him to take his valet, but Crudeson insisted on going alone. "A valet would put the ghosts off," he said with decision. "I shan't have any of the household till you come with the kids. I want to see what these antediluvian ghosts do with themselves."

Crudeson felt a thrill of pleasure as he drove in a high dog-cart through the park—his deer-park—and arrived at the draw-bridge. It was late autumn, and already lights shone from two or three windows in the Castle.



"Young Lord Malevere."

Among the modern improvements at Malevere were electric bells, and on touching one at the entrance of the drawbridge the heavy structure was lowered by machinery from the Castle. Crossing the drawbridge Crudeson found Mrs. Bird waiting to receive him in the passage leading to the great centre hall.

She curtsied slightly as he entered. Mrs. Bird had spent a deal of time in her youth acquiring the various forms of curtsy. She and a girl composed the present establishment of Malevere; the girl did as much as she could of the rough work—scrubbing the floors and devouring penny works of fiction—and Mrs. Bird dusted where she could reach the dust without too great an expenditure of vital force.

The man who drove Crudeson from the station carried the small portmanteau over the drawbridge, and Mrs. Bird, candle in hand, proceeded in a stately manner to light the new owner of Malevere to his room.

"You 'ave the hoak parlour, sir, in the eastern tower; 'is Lordship always slept in that room, as being 'andy for the 'all. Me and Susan lighted a good fire to make it cosy like against your coming—when do you please to dine, sir?"

"Oh, in about an hour's time," answered Crudeson.

"There is soup, fish, and a nice bit o' beef," said Mrs. Bird, "and could you fancy a Welsh rabbit?"

"Perhaps; I'll tell you later on about the rabbit."

Curtsying, Mrs. Bird withdrew, and Crudeson commenced to unpack his portmanteau and arrayed himself in a gorgeous smoking suit of dark green silk with light blue spots thereon. The wash and brush-up revived him, and he issued forth from the oak parlour whistling that ancient air, "A Fine Old English Gentleman," and passing down the corridor found his way to the great hall.

The magnificence of this apartment rather awed Crudeson, especially at night. Two lamps shed a certain amount of light, and a huge fire blazed upon the hearth. Generations of Maleveres lined the walls; portraits attributed to Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller looked down with their well-bred stare at Crudeson. There were ladies of the family, painted at a later date by Reynolds and Gainsborough, with tapering fingers, lounging in pastoral landscapes. Between the pictures hung pieces of armour—helmets, swords and cross-bows. At intervals complete suits of armour stood round

the hall—some were curiously wrought and richly damascened, with quaint headpieces; the eyeholes in the visors appeared to contain real eyes.

All these relics of a past age—monuments of mediæval grandeur—disconcerted Crudeson, and he noticed that at one end of the hall they had laid the table for dinner. He didn't quite like the idea of dining alone in this great hall, with the suits of armour standing round and glaring at every morsel he put in his mouth. The fitful firelight added to the weird and ghostly effect of the many portraits—he imagined that some of them were winking at him.

When Mrs. Bird came in to ask if he was ready for dinner, he said, "There's not enough light in this hall. Directly we are fixed up I shall have electric light all over the place."

"I'll put some candles on the table when you dine, sir; 'is Lordship never liked a lot o' light," and Mrs. Bird made a slight curtsy.

"I can't help what his Lordship liked," answered Crudeson. "Malevere's mine now, and I've paid a pretty penny for it, and I'll run the show as I like—the missus would never stand this hall to dine in."

"Oh, by no means, sir," was the reply. "I took the liberty to lay the dinner here to-night because the walnut dining-room is up on end."

"It doesn't matter for to-night, but I'm blessed if I'm not at sea in this mausoleum. You can get the dinner ready, and I can fancy the Welsh rabbit."

"I take the liberty to tell you, sir, that the suit of harmour there by the door is Sir Marmadook's—'im what walks about. The battle-haxe is grasped in 'is left 'and."

"All right, Mrs. Bird; you go and see about the dinner, and I'll have a look at the old tin case."

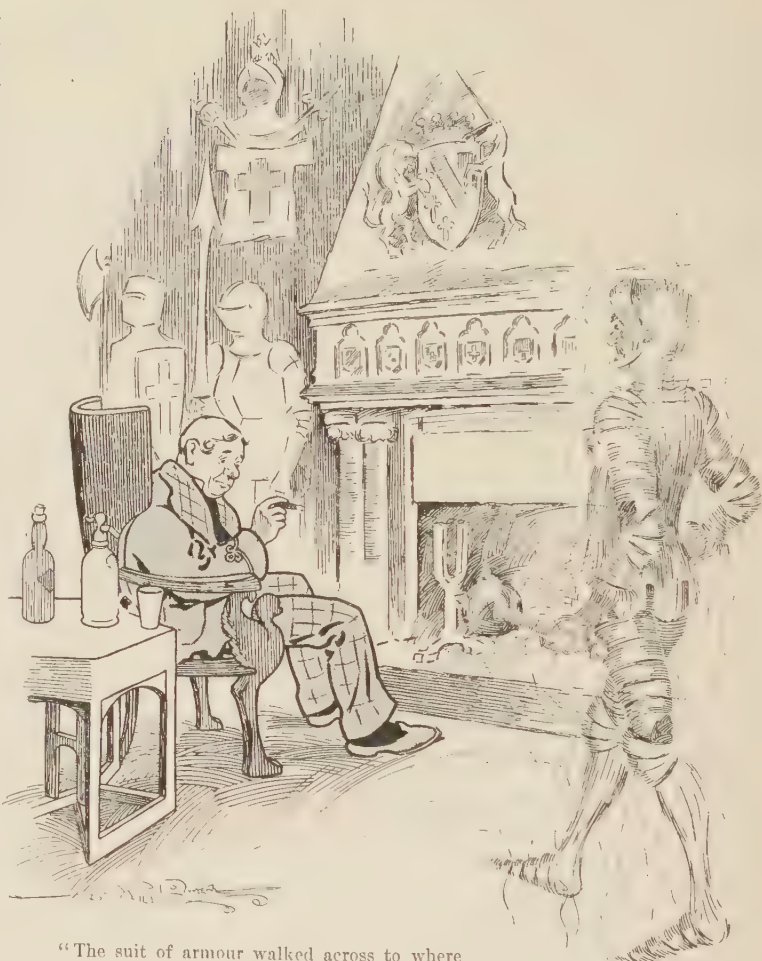
He crossed over and began to examine the suit of armour minutely. It was a fine suit of burnished steel, complete in every detail, and the left-hand gauntlet rested lightly on an enormous battle-axe. The visor was closed. It had evidently been made for a large and powerful man, and, from one or two dents in the helmet, appeared to have seen service in the wars.

"It's a good old Middle Age complete suit of dittoes," muttered Crudeson, after he had inspected the armour. "I wonder if old Marmie paid for his plates of steel on the cash system. This must have cost him a bit; it's one of the best in the show."

Crudeson looked on his castle as a glorified Madame Tussaud's. He glanced carefully round the oak-panelled walls to see if there were any spare spaces; at last his eye rested on a vacant spot capable of holding two full-length portraits. That he took as a very strong hint, and he formed a resolve to have "the missus" and himself painted full-length and hung up with the Maleveres. "That'll make 'em sit up," he ejaculated, making a pretence to spar at Sir Marmaduke's suit of armour. He liked the idea of being in such noble bygone company. "The missus" would be painted in her favourite dress of violet velvet, wearing untold diamonds, and he, Charles Crudeson, in a sober frock-coat, grasping a roll of paper, and the coat-of-arms painted as large as possible in the top left-hand corner.

Or, instead of two full-length portraits he might have an immense family group, with "the kids," Charles I. fashion. All through dinner he pondered over it, so much depended on the artist's charges. Although a millionaire, Crudeson thought twice before he threw away good money on "having his picture took."

He enjoyed his dinner, on the whole—he felt pleased to get away from the gorgeous villa at Wandsworth, with the solemn, powdered flunkies; he quite forgot that such trifles as family portraits and suits of armour looked down disdainfully on the solitary occupant of the barons' hall. Mrs. Bird informed him that it was the barons' hall, and this pleased Crudeson immensely; he complimented her on the Welsh rarebit, and a feeling of great contentment came over him. After dinner, he drew out his cigar-case, and pulled one of the old-fashioned,



high-back chairs in front of the fire, while Mrs. Bird cleared the dinner-table. She then set a small table by his side with whisky and soda-water thereon, and retired, after taking the liberty to wish him a very good night in his newly acquired castle.

He thought of the future as he sat contentedly puffing his cigar, taking a sip at the whisky-and-water from time to time. A delicious feeling of drowsiness was the result and caused a pleasant reverie. The fire burned brightly and Crudeson felt very comfortable. He sat like this for a long time; the size of the hall awed him no longer. The portraits seemed like old friends, and he glanced benignly in the direction of Sir Marmaduke Malevere's coat of armour. Crudeson was really quite cosy. As he gazed at Sir Marmaduke he fancied he saw the entire suit move slightly and step down from

the wooden pedestal, reflecting back the glow of the fire.

He was not mistaken ; the figure moved and the armour clanked slightly. Then he saw the left hand raise the enormous battle-axe and swing it three times round with lightning speed. The suit of armour walked across to where Crudeson sat, and looked down on him. Crudeson felt far too comfortable to move.

"Take a chair," he said to Sir Marmaduke, for he felt sure that the worthy baronet was inside the armour. "There's another glass here," he continued. "I'll mix you a good stiff whisky, my boy, and we'll make a night of it. Sit down, I say, and make yourself at home."

A slight shudder ran through the armoured figure, and the right-hand gauntlet raised the visor. A hollow voice came from the aperture, and two eyes, bright as coals, glared at Crudeson.

"Stranger knight, I drink no whisky—rather a horn of malvoisie or a stoup of malmsey."

"Sorry," replied Crudeson ; "never heard of 'em. What are they ? Yankee drinks, I expect. I know gin-slings, mint-juleps, and corpse-revivers and cocktails."

"Bandy no words with me, Sir Knight," answered Sir Marmaduke ; "mayhap you know of a sack posset. I wot not of the drinks you mention."

"You try whisky," answered Crudeson, "and you'll feel all right." So saying he placed another high-back chair on the opposite side of the fire, motioned to Sir Marmaduke to take a seat, mixed him a stiff whisky-and-water and pressed it on him.

The armour-clad figure took a sip and remarked, "Marry, but this is a strange liquid."

"It's been in the cask a good time," replied Crudeson. "I'd drop that axe you've got in your left hand ; it must be rather heavy to carry about all day."

Sir Marmaduke let it drop with a loud crash on the floor.

The curiously assorted couple sat one each side of the fireplace. "You'd better take that saucepan off your head," said Crudeson ; "it must be stifling work sitting near the fire."

The helmet shook slowly from side to side. "Gramercy," came the answer, "but the heat pleaseth me. Mayhap thou wilt inform me of thy name and achievements, gentle sir."

"My name is Charles Crudeson, and per-

haps you met some ancestors of mine—their name was Crû de Sang ; the first came over with the Conqueror."

"A certain Alaric de Crû de Sang was known to me in the wars of York and Lancaster, when I fought side by side with the saintly Henry, whom Heaven preserve ! but thou art strangely unlike him," said Sir Marmaduke. "What of thy deeds of valour and passages of arms ; with thy great bulk thou shouldst be foremost in the tourney and no craven in the skirmish, no carpet knight, forsooth. I like not thy apparel of green colour, with evil azure spots."

"Look here, hold on," said Crudeson. "I gave ten pounds for this smoking suit, subject to cash discount ; and as for my deeds of valour, I've practically cornered the Patagonian market, and have bought up this old rat-run. My name's a good one in the City and I can write as fat a cheque as most people."

"By Saint Mary !" answered Sir Marmaduke, "it seemeth to me that thou art one of those who traffic in bales and merchandise, who practise usance and consort with money-lenders and Jews. What make you here in the hall of the Maleveres ? I like not the race of merchants. We extracted their teeth in the days of sainted Henry, when we required their ill-gotten wealth."

"Oh, cheese it," said Crudeson. "Why, I could cut a far finer figure at Court now-a-days than you. I pan out considerably better ; I advise you to get back to your pedestal and stay there if you can't have a quiet talk without dragging in feudal rot."

Sir Marmaduke bent stiffly across to where his battle-axe lay on the floor. "I cannot brook thy taunts, most mercenary of knaves," he gurgled. "Tell me what thou wouldst do with this my stronghold before I engage in further parley with thee."

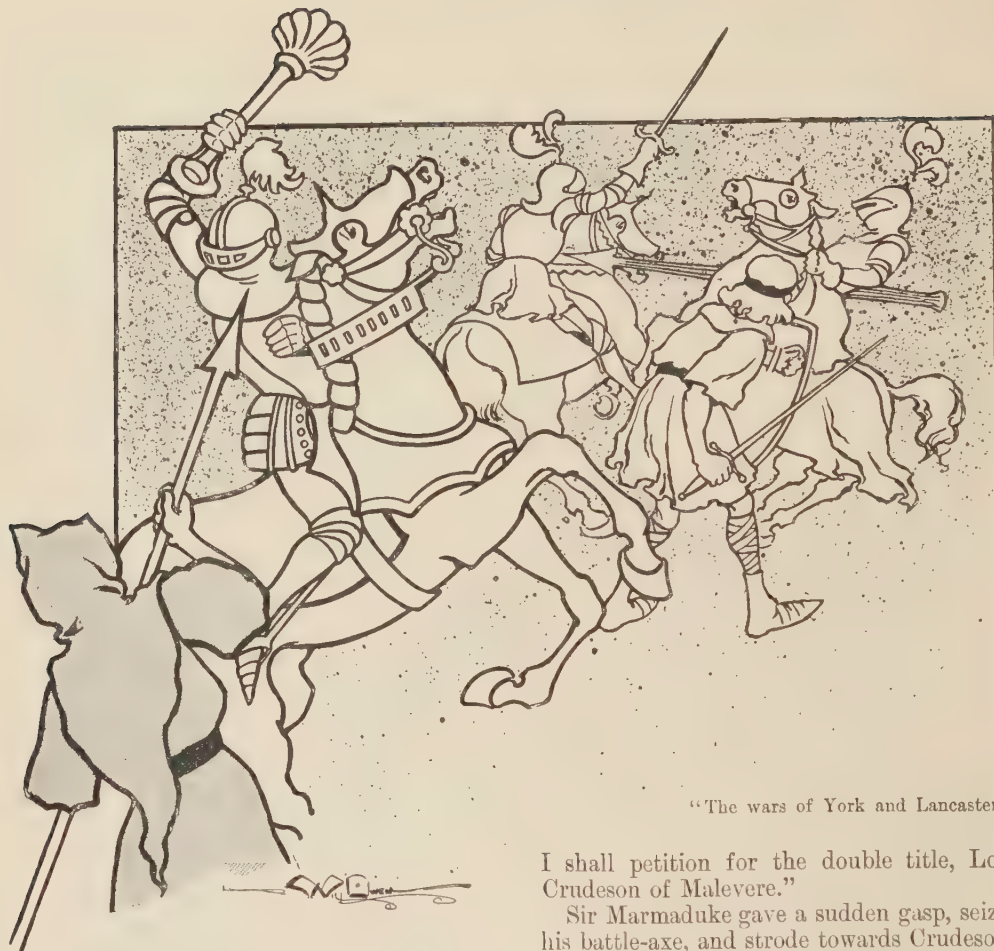
"Well, I intend to polish the place up a bit, stick in electric light, and we'll clean your armour up and make it look like new ; there's a splendid soap for old saucepans."

Sir Marmaduke nodded grimly.

"I shall fix up telephones and have some new furniture in ; these chairs want repairing. I may cart some of the pictures and armour to my villa, 'The Laburnums,' on Wandsworth Common ; you'd look nice in the front hall ; they are rather crowded up here."

A shudder ran through the figure in armour.

"You appear to think you have a claim on this place, referring to it as your strong-



"The wars of York and Lancaster."

hold. I paid a good price to Lord Malevere, and if you don't take care I shall call it Crudeson Castle, or turn it into an hotel and let out the park in small building lots. I can do just what I please, so there!" said Crudeson half defiantly.

"I perceive, varlet, that the age of chivalry is past, and true worth and knightly deeds are held to be of small account."

"That's rot," answered Crudeson. "If you behaved yourself I could manage to get you the post of director on some City company."

"I wot not of City companies, thou saucy knave!"

"Look here," said Crudeson with some warmth, "don't you go on calling me those Middle Age names. Some day, for all you know, I may be created Lord Crudeson, and

I shall petition for the double title, Lord Crudeson of Malevere."

Sir Marmaduke gave a sudden gasp, seized his battle-axe, and strode towards Crudeson.

"Now you are getting excited," said the latter. "That whisky has got into your head, you silly old armoured biped."

Raising his battle-axe Sir Marmaduke cried, "St. George for Merrie England and 'a Malevere!'" at the same time aiming a terrific blow at Crudeson; then the latter felt himself falling through space.

* * * * *

"It couldn't have been a dream," said Crudeson to himself, when quite awake. Rubbing his eyes he looked across to the pedestal, and there stood Sir Marmaduke's suit of armour, with the gauntlet resting on the axe, to all appearance the same as when he first saw it.

"Anyhow, it's time for me to turn in, and when we come and live here I'll have that suit of armour transferred to Wandsworth."

"THE BALTIC":

ITS HISTORY AND WORK.

BY WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

IN his charming essay on "The South Sea House," Charles Lamb describes it as "a melancholy-looking, handsome brick-and-stone edifice . . . where Thread-needle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate," and adds, "This was once a house of trade--a

of a passage in Thackeray's "Pendennis." "Why *Pall Mall Gazette*?" asked Wagg. "Because the editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork; because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand."



CENTRAL VIEW OF EXCHANGE, LOOKING EASTWARDS.

centre of busy interests." If the gentle Elia could revisit to-day the famous building, he would find that it has once more become "a house of trade--a centre of busy interests," with its accompanying "throng of merchants" and its "quick pulse of gain." For the principal portion of South Sea House is now occupied by the great grain and shipping Exchange known as "The Baltic."

The name of the Exchange reminds one

Similarly it may be said that "The Baltic" is so named because the trading there is largely with the Black Sea; because grain and not timber is the chief article of commerce; and because the majority of the members are Englishmen. But there is a reason for the origin of all names, and "The Baltic" is no exception to the rule.

Years ago, a well known coffee-house stood in the neighbourhood of South Sea House. It was the headquarters of a



THE MEGAPHONE.

number of Russian merchants engaged in the Baltic trade, and it thus came to be known as "The Baltic" coffee-house. Greeks trading in grain subsequently began to frequent the house, and ultimately grain came to be the chief topic of conversation there. In course of time the commercial transactions which daily took place became of sufficient importance to warrant the establishment of an Exchange for the exclusive use of the traders. South Sea House, then the desolate place described by Lamb, was selected for the purpose, and was opened as an Exchange in 1857. And so the coffee-house was forsaken by its *habitues*, who, however, carried its name with them to their new meeting-place. That is the genesis both of the Exchange and of its name. At first, "The Baltic" business was conducted on the free and easy lines of its predecessor, but by and by, the incompatibility of coffee and active trading becoming recognised, the beverage was relegated to the refreshment-room, to which eatables and drinkables are now confined.

During the forty years which have elapsed since the acquisition of South Sea House, the value of the property has increased enormously, and the volume of business conducted in "The Baltic" has correspondingly expanded. The building is owned by the Baltic Company, who receive a rental of

£8,000 a year for the premises used by the Exchange, while the rest of the building consists of offices which are proportionately remunerative. The £100 shares of the Baltic Company are now worth fully £800 apiece.

Unlike the Corn Exchange, "The Baltic" is not open to the public. Candidates for membership must be proposed and seconded by two members. The entrance fee is £21 for principals and £10 10s. for clerks, and the annual subscriptions are £10 10s. and £7 7s. respectively. The fullest publicity is given in the room to applications for membership prior to the names coming before the Committee for election, the object being to admit no person whose commercial antecedents will not bear investigation. The Committee are annually elected on a rotatory system, by the members from amongst themselves, and are invested with the necessary authority for managing the affairs of the Exchange. They have power not only to elect, but to suspend, members, and, in extreme cases, to relieve them of their membership. They receive, consider, and deal with complaints of all kinds; and the disbursing and investing of the revenue are in their hands.

That the Committee are careful to make provision for the comfort and convenience of their fellow members there is ample evidence to show. The leading daily papers, morning and evening, are provided to while away the dull periods which occur more frequently than members wish. Illustrated, comic, and society journals are also to be seen in the room, and are usually in much request. Luxuriously cushioned seats further enhance the club-like appearance of the Exchange, and writing-tables, with the usual accessories, are plentifully provided. The dressing-room arrangements leave little, if anything, to be desired. And, not the least important of the comforts, there is at the east end of the Exchange a luncheon-room with a bar, where the inner man can be refreshed at a moderate cost. For the business convenience of members there are a telegraph office, nine felt-lined telephone cells, and an Exchange Company's tape-machine, recording Stock Exchange quotations. Telegrams from various grain centres are provided for reference, not to mention railway time-tables, directories, and various volumes relating to shipping. But these arrangements, excellent though they are, can only serve to mitigate the patent fact that the membership has outgrown the accommodation, and a decision

has just been taken which will result in a complete change of habitat in the immediate future.

The membership at present approaches one thousand five hundred, and keeps increasing. At noon and at 4.30 p.m., which are the busiest parts of the day, the atmosphere of the room on a hot summer day cannot be

described as exhilarating. However, a large electric fan from the low glass roof, and several smaller ones fixed on the walls, create a current of air which renders the defective ventilation less intolerable.

The entrance to the room is guarded from intruders by an official in blue and gold, whose further duty it is to call out the

names of members who are wanted outside. The call is repeated by another official inside the room, the intonation of the voice through a megaphone serving to make the name more distinctly heard above the din. At the opposite end of the room a third official calls members who are sought by their fellow-occupants of the Exchange. The

staff of officials is under the direction of the secretary, whose office is to be found near the main entrance to the Exchange.

Members are permitted to introduce visitors who reside at a distance of not less than forty miles from London. The name of a visitor and his residence must be registered in a book kept for the purpose, and a card of admission, which forms a pass for entering the Exchange, must be filled up by the introducing member and counter-signed



EXTERIOR: BISHOPSGATE STREET END.



EXTERIOR VIEW: THREADNEEDLE STREET END.



"FOREIGN TELEGRAMS" CORNER, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

by a member of Committee. A glance at the register reveals the fact that visitors hail from all parts of the world. The book is as interesting, from a geographical point of view, as the register of a large London hotel during the Season.

A stranger on entering the room might well be pardoned for expressing curiosity as to the nature of the business which is being transacted. At the Corn Exchange, if he has been there, he will have seen tangible proofs of buying and selling in the numerous samples of grain laid out for inspection, just as a draper's wares are exhibited in his window. Here, however, there are no samples or other visible embodiments of trade. He sees a throng of men of diversified types, all, or nearly all, clad in sober black, and wearing silk hats of more or less irreproachable gloss. Of recent years, costumes during the summer months have had a tendency to be light and airy, and the straw hat has made serious inroads on the once unquestioned supremacy of the "topper." Most of the inmates of the room are chatting amicably together, some are reading newspapers, and a few are writing at the side tables. The hum of many voices awakens reminiscences of a bee-hive, but the proverbially busy bee does not always appear to be in evidence. When business is brisk, however, an air of alertness is everywhere apparent, and during a boom period, like that which occurred in May and June

of 1898, the excitement which prevails is apt to become contagious. Needless to say, there is often a good deal more in the pleasant chat than meets the eye; for the gentlemen with the bland smiles and fluent tongues are busy trying to get the better of one another, as the cynic would say. Merchandise valued at thousands of pounds daily changes hands as the result of these conversations. And here one comes in contact with a principle which underlies the business which is carried on at this and similar

Exchanges. That a member's word must be his bond is a *sine quâ non* of the successful working of any institution of the kind. A seller makes a verbal offer, or a buyer makes a verbal bid; if either is accepted, also verbally, the transaction is complete, and the contract notes which are subsequently made out merely record the bargain. The seller or the buyer may regret the transaction as soon as concluded, but no one who valued either his reputation or his membership of the Exchange would for a moment make an attempt at repudiation. Misunderstandings are liable to occur occasionally, but these are usually easy to adjust. Disputes, however, are of frequent occurrence in connection with matters which do not reflect in any way on the integrity of buyer or seller. A sensible provision exists for the settlement of such disputes. Instead of putting in motion the costly and cumbrous machinery of the law, the question at issue is submitted to two arbitrators, one representing each side. If they fail to agree they appoint an umpire, whose decision is final. Much friction and much expense are by this means avoided.

By a tacit understanding, based on custom, the various trades represented on the Baltic are grouped, each in its particular part of the room. This is a mutually convenient arrangement which works well in practice. The shipping fraternity cluster near the main entrance to the room. Here owners,

chartering agents, and brokers compare notes. Coal freights outwards, and grain freights homewards, form the chief topics of conversation and the subjects of actual business. It is thus easy to see the mutual convenience of an Exchange of this kind. A, desiring a certain freight for his steamer, meets B, who requires a steamer of the size and position of A's, for the very business which A wants. Result—an agreement between them for hiring or chartering the steamer, assuming the two can come to terms. Were it not for the meeting-place afforded by the Exchange, A and B would have difficulty in ascertaining one another's requirements, and thus mutually profitable business might be lost. The technicalities of chartering are not acquired in a day; special knowledge and experience are both requisite. The written contract, or charter-party, as it is called, which is drawn up and signed after the bargain has been verbally struck, is a puzzling document to one who is not conversant with shipping matters. Such expressions as "lay days," "cancelling dates," "dead weight," and "dead freight" are samples of the jargon which plentifully besprinkles the conversation of the shipping

members of "The Baltic." Besides those engaged in chartering steamers, there are other shipping firms represented, whose special business it is to act as go-betweens for the sale or purchase of vessels.

The shipping business of the Exchange would be extremely limited in its scope were it not for the presence of the merchants and brokers in grain, whose business is carried on at the opposite end of the room. These form the most important element of "The Baltic." The Corn Exchange in Mark Lane is the centre of the "spot" trade in parcels of home and foreign corn. "The Baltic," on the other hand, is the place where cargoes, as well as parcels of foreign grain, either on passage or for future shipment, are bought and sold. It is no uncommon thing, during a period of activity, for the daily transactions in grain to run into hundreds of thousands of pounds in value. The technicalities in this trade vary according to the article dealt in. Generally the guarantee of quality is "fair average" of the month's shipments, and samples are kept at the offices of the London Corn Trade Association which represent the necessary standards. The American markets have to be closely watched by



THE READING-ROOM.

the dealers, the United States being now the chief exporters of grain. Russia ranks next in importance, and Indian wheats are largely dealt in. The River Plate has within recent years come to the front, and Canada and Australasia have also to be reckoned with. The grain sold on "The Baltic" finds its way to various consuming centres both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent.

Grain is sold in London by the quarter, but this represents a weight of so many pounds, which varies according to the particular kind of produce concerned. A much more suitable system prevails in Liverpool, where grain is sold at so much per cental, or 100 lb. weight. Efforts, so far unavailing, have been made to simplify matters by establishing a unit which shall be uniform throughout the country. The complicated practice which obtains in London is an anachronism which is bound, in course of time, to be removed—and the sooner the better.

In 1897 an "option" or "futures" market in grain was established on "The Baltic" similar to that which has for many years flourished in Liverpool; it is a counterpart on a small scale of the wheat-pits of Chicago and New York. This is a speculative market pure and simple, and some members of the grain trade hold entirely aloof from it, preferring to limit their operations to contracts of a less risky nature. The mode of dealing in options is charming in its simplicity, and is peculiarly seductive to the man of gambling proclivities. Operations are confined to American wheat and maize, which, besides being well known in the trade and readily obtainable for delivery, if required, are notoriously elusive, and are thus best fitted for speculative treatment. The grain is bought and sold per load of 1,000 quarters, and the gain or loss on each transaction is determined when the time for delivery arrives. In many cases no delivery of actual produce takes place, the speculators simply settling the "paper" differences which the transactions show. There are two daily "calls," at which brokers back their own opinions or those of their clients by offering or bidding for loads. Besides the recognised "calls," there are others of a more informal nature during the day which swell the list of deals. The contracts are registered daily by the London Produce Clearing House, which receives from seller and buyer alike a deposit of £50 per load, and guarantees that the differences shall be duly met. A commission on each con-

tract so registered has to be paid to the Clearing House by the parties concerned. Much has been said and written both for and against dealing in "futures," but this is not the place to discuss either the merits or demerits of the system.

Another leading department of "The Baltic" is that which trades in oil-seeds and oil. Linseed and cotton-seed are the most important. Rape-seed is also largely bought and sold, and some transactions take place in poppy-seed. The prices of these articles show considerable fluctuations, depending as they do on the ever-changing values of their products and other factors. Linseed and cotton-seed cakes are very valuable for feeding cattle and sheep, and the oils which are extracted from these seeds and from rape-seed are important articles of commerce; dealings in them and in other oils constitute a separate trade on "The Baltic." As with grain, so with oil-seeds, the guarantee of quality is usually that of "fair average" of the month's shipments, and standard samples are taken by the Incorporated Oil-seed Association, which in this respect is analogous to the London Corn Trade Association. Linseed comes chiefly from India, the River Plate, and Russia; cotton-seed comes from Egypt; and rape-seed is principally of Indian growth. Hull and London are the leading crushing centres. Outports in the United Kingdom and the Continent also import largely.

Tallow was at one time an article of prime importance on "The Baltic," but owing to various causes the trade has now shrunk considerably. More than one fortune has been made in tallow, which, being an exceedingly slippery article, lent itself naturally to speculation. Sales are held weekly, but, shorn of its former glory, the trade is now comparatively unexciting.

In addition to the various trades whose representatives congregate beneath a common roof, there are on the Exchange other members whose business brings them into close relations with the traders. Bill-brokers and financial agents, as well as stockbrokers, come in search of clients, who require assistance in financing their produce or investing their profits.

A striking feature of "The Baltic" is its cosmopolitanism. The linguistic attainments of the members strike one as being remarkably comprehensive. French, German, and Greek seem to be as freely spoken as English, and the foreign element is so much in evidence, both in the Babel of sounds and

the appearance of a large proportion of the members, as to suggest a striking commentary on the comfortable asylum which England affords for the energetic and capable alien. Some of the foreigners of the Exchange are among its most respected and influential members.

A society, appropriately named "The Cereals," represents the social and benevolent side of the Exchange. The aims of this body are admirably fitted to strengthen the friendly ties which bind the members together. The benevolent fund of the society has been the means of affording valuable help in many deserving cases.

With a membership comprising fine specimens of muscularity, "The Baltic" is not behindhand in representing the

athletic spirit of young England. Prominent rowing men are to be found among the members, and the Exchange can boast of international footballers and international tennis players. Cricket and golf also find their exponents, the most recent development in athletics being the formation of the Baltic Golf Club, while the gentle art of wheeling is a favourite pastime with many.

Altogether it will be seen that there is plenty of vitality in "The Baltic," and there seems no reason to apprehend any falling off in that quality when South Sea House and the Exchange part company. The site of the new Exchange is in Jeffrey Square, St. Mary Axe, E.C.; but the building will not be ready before 1902.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.

From a water-colour by Dorothy Hardy



Cider-Making in the West Country.

By J. AYTON SYMINGTON.



STROMBOLI AND THE GUNS.

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

IT was in the old days, when a certain famous anarchist club held its meetings in a house in one of the dismal streets abutting on the Tottenham Court Road. An evening paper had asked me to write an article about the club. An Italian waiter, whom the proprietors of a West-End *café* were protecting from the Milan police, introduced me to it as his guest; and there, in an atmosphere of pipes and lager-beer, I met Stromboli. His full name, sprawling in true cosmopolitan fashion over three languages, was Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski; but Stromboli is as much of it as I have ever been able to recall without a special effort of the memory.

He was old, white-haired, white-bearded, with a furrowed brow only half hidden by his broad-brimmed, unbrushed, soft felt hat. He wore a coloured flannel shirt, with a turn-down flannel collar, showing the strong lines of his throat. Beneath bushy eyebrows his eyes gleamed, keen and restless; and when I first saw him he was the centre of a group of younger revolutionists, whom he was evidently entertaining with animated reminiscences. This was the scrap of his talk that reached my ears through the hubbub—

“Yes, my comrades, it was I—*moi qui vous parle*—who made the revolution of 1848! It is not in the histories, you tell me? Then so much the worse for the histories, I answer.”

One naturally desired the better acquaintance of an old man who talked like that. My Milanese friend presented me to him

with ceremony, as though he were introducing two rival potentates. I bowed low, with a due sense of the honour done to me, and was received with grave condescension; and then I told Stromboli that I fancied that I had heard his name before.

“In connection, if I am not mistaken,” I added, “with some revolutionary movement.”

Stromboli’s face lighted with a smile. Whether it was a smile of vanity, or a smile of scorn for the ignorance of the man who was not quite sure whether he had ever heard of him or not, I cannot altogether determine; but there the smile was, and it lasted through several sentences.

“It is not impossible,” he said, “for I have done things—aye, and I have suffered things! I have been condemned to death by Spaniards at Santiago de Cuba! I checked the worst excesses of the Paris Commune! And there are other stories. The revolutions, in short, have kept me very busy.”

“You speak,” I protested, “as though to be a revolutionist were a calling, a profession, a *métier*.”

The last word seemed to please him; he smiled again as he rolled it over on his tongue.

“*Un métier? Je le crois bien.* And why not? Is there no need for ‘skilled labour’ in the making of a revolution? No less, I take it, than in the building of a battleship. Why, yes, then, if you choose to put it so, I am a revolutionist by *métier*.”

“But still——”

The eyes flashed, and the smile changed its character.

“A poor *métier*, do you think? Then think again. It has its hazards? Granted. It is less safe than your *métier* of writing

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for the newspapers? Granted also. But at least it quickens the pulse and stirs the blood. At the end of it, if one is still alive, one can at least boast that one has lived. To have gambled with death in one's youth—that is something worth remembering in one's old age. And I have gambled with death wherever I could find a worthy stake to play for. If I should ever tell my stories——"

But when a man talks in that way it needs little pressure to get the stories told, and I had not pursued my acquaintance with Stromboli very far before the pressure was applied.

"*Voyons!*" he said to me one day. "I have creditors; they ask for money, a thing which I have had little leisure to amass. If there were a way of turning stories into money!"

To his astonishment I answered that with some stories, at all events, there was a way; and he forthwith told me the following, in order that the experiment might be tried. I give it in his own words, and call it—

THE GUNS OF THE DUC DE MONTPENSIER.

"Let me begin at the beginning.

"Though I am an old man, you cannot expect my memory to go further back than 1848. But it was I who made the French Revolution of that year. Without me there would have been a revolt; but it was thanks to me—it was thanks to Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski—that the revolt became a revolution.

"I was a young man in those days, twenty years old, a student at the University of Paris. I was tall, with long black hair that flowed over my collar; strong as though my muscles were of whip-cord; a swordsman who, at the *salle d'armes*, could as often as not disarm the fencing-master. And when I was not studying—which was often—I talked politics in the *cafés* of the Latin quarter. There were those who said—behind my back—that I talked nonsense. They would not have dared to say it to my face; and they knew better afterwards.

"One of my comrades, however, seemed to understand me better than the others. His name was Jacques Durand; and he came to me one day with a proposal.

"*'Stromboli,'* he whispered in my ear. 'You know that we're trying to get up a revolution?'

"I nodded.

"'You ought to be one of us, Stromboli.

You ought to join the Society of the Friends of Revolution.'

"'I never heard of that Society,' I answered.

"'That's because it's a secret society,' Jacques explained. 'You can't expect to hear about secret societies before you're asked to join them. The more secret they are the better. You can understand that, can't you?'

"Of course I could understand that.

"'I was asked to get you into it,' Jacques continued. 'A man like you——'

"One ought not, of course, to be susceptible to that sort of flattery. But one is as one is made; and I had spoken in favour of the revolution in the *cafés*. So it was agreed, and an appointment was arranged.

"'Next Sunday evening,' Jacques whispered.

"'Next Sunday evening,' I replied.

"And now picture me at this important turning point of my career. Observe me guided by my comrade through many dark and dangerous streets, where it seemed to me that a man would carry his life in his hands, unless he were, like myself, of formidable appearance. Our destination was a cellar, underneath a *café*, and we reached it by a flight of narrow, winding, slimy stairs. Jacques gave the secret signal; three slow, loud knocks upon the panel of the door, and then the humming of two lines of the Carmagnole—

*"Vive le son
Du canon"*

There was a rattling of chains, and then the door was opened and we were admitted.

"'Sit down, comrade,' said one who seemed to be the President, and I took the place that had been kept vacant for me, and, as my eyes became used to the gloom, gradually surveyed the scene.

"There were some twenty of us, grouped round a plain deal table. Red flags were draped upon the damp and dripping walls. In the centre of the table was a skull, the eyes serving as the sockets of two guttering tallow candles, which were our only light. The atmosphere was misty with tobacco smoke. But the strangest thing was that almost all the comrades were personally known to me. All of them, like myself, were students at the University of Paris; and there was not a man among them whom I had ever suspected of being an earnest politician.

"But what of that? 'Still waters run deep' is your English proverb, is it not?



“‘Yes, my comrades, it was I who made the revolution of 1848!’”

This was, perhaps, an illustration of it. Otherwise—if that were a rude student's practical joke at the expense of the stranger who had come among—I said to myself, ‘then they shall soon learn that revolution is a subject upon which Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski does not jest.’

“But the voice of the President of the Society interrupted me.

“‘The new comrade,’ he said, ‘will now take the oath to keep the secrets and obey the orders of the Friends of Revolution, and will drink to them in blood drawn from his own veins.’

“And I did this, a vein in my hand being opened with a penknife, and a drop let fall from it into a tumbler of red wine; and the business of the evening was proceeded with. Once more it was the President who spoke:—

“‘For the benefit of the new comrade I explain the *raison d'être* of the Friends of Revolution. Our purpose is to pave the way for a revolution by removing those who are likely to be the chief obstacles to it when it comes. We choose the victim by ballot, and then we choose the executioner by ballot, so that injustice may be done to

no one. I give no indications; it is not my place to give any. Some of you may think that a prince of the blood royal, now in Paris, holding high military command—— But this is your affair, not mine; the vote is secret. Vote according to your consciences.’

“We voted in solemn silence, using the President's silk hat for a ballot-urn. Seeing that I paused to think, my neighbour whispered a name into my ear. The suggestion pleased me, and I took it; and in due course the President of the assembly shuffled the papers and read them to us one by one. It was like this—

“‘Montpensier, Montpensier, Montpensier, Montpensier. Comrades, the vote is unanimous for citizen the Duc de Montpensier.’

“There were loud cheers, and then there was a deadly silence. Looking round and seeing that the eyes of all were fixed intently upon me, I understood clearly what was coming next. The victim having been selected, they meant to choose me as his executioner. They thought that I

should be frightened, that I should draw back, that I should give them the chance to laugh at me for talking bombast in the *cafés*. But they did not know me; they did not know Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.

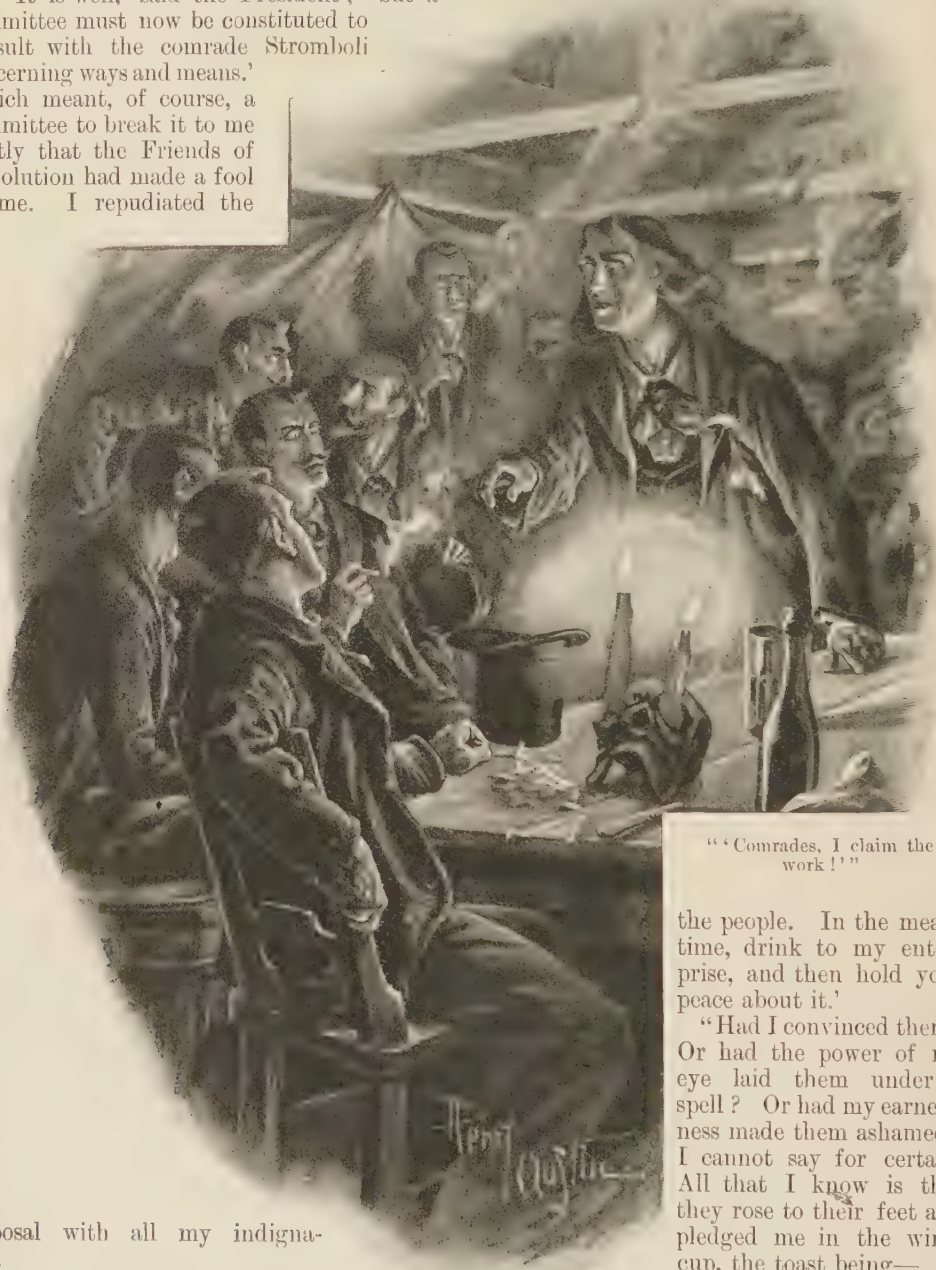
“‘Comrades, I claim the work!’ I cried, leaping to my feet with vigour, and so making my first appearance in any revolution. ‘The choice is good,’ I continued, with impetuosity. ‘There could be no greater obstacle to revolution than a prince of the blood royal, who is also the commanding officer of the artillery, and would sweep the streets with his cannon when the people rise. But there is no need of any further ballot. A volunteer is better than a pressed man at any time, and I answer for Montpensier. Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski undertakes to see to it that Montpensier shall never turn his guns upon the people.’

“It was the turning of the tables on the jesters. They had brought me to this meeting-place, thinking first to terrify me by assigning me this perilous task, and then to laugh at me for my fears and my credulity in supposing that they were in earnest; and, lo! I had stood up and made

them real conspirators against their will. It was their faces, instead of mine, that were now pale with terror; and their efforts to wriggle out of the responsibilities to which I had committed them were laughable.

"‘It is well,’ said the President; ‘but a committee must now be constituted to consult with the comrade Stromboli concerning ways and means.’ Which meant, of course, a committee to break it to me gently that the Friends of Revolution had made a fool of me. I repudiated the

do not disclose. Within a fortnight you shall know for certain that the Duc de Montpensier will never turn his guns upon



"‘Comrades, I claim the work!’"

the people. In the meantime, drink to my enterprise, and then hold your peace about it."

"Had I convinced them? Or had the power of my eye laid them under a spell? Or had my earnestness made them ashamed? I cannot say for certain. All that I know is that they rose to their feet and pledged me in the wine-cup, the toast being—

"‘To the comrade who will remove Montpensier!’"

"But I corrected them.

"‘Drink, rather,’ I said, ‘to the comrade who answers for Montpensier.’ And they drank.

proposal with all my indignation.

"‘M. le Président,’ I said, ‘I will ask for a committee to advise me when I need advice. It was because I did not feel the need of it that I offered to execute the task. I have my plan, which I

"And now you think, perhaps, that I had some dark design to be executed with dagger, with pistol, or with poison. Perish the thought! I am not that kind of revolutionist. On the contrary, it has always been my aim to raise the tone of revolution by employing *finesse* instead of violence, wherever possible. And this time it seemed to me that *finesse* could be employed, that I could persuade the Duc de Montpensier to do my bidding, if only I could get speech with him upon a suitable occasion.

"The difficulty was, of course, to find a suitable occasion, to manage to meet the prince at some time when he was amusing himself *incognito* and unattended by his suite. All princes do these things, and it is not necessary to belong to the secret police to find out when and where. I asked Clarisse, about whom I need only tell you that she was beautiful and that she loved me. Ah, dear Clarisse! But this is no place for sentimental memories.

"I should not wonder," Clarisse said, 'if he were to be at the next masked ball at the Closerie des Lilas.'

"Eh! what?" I interrupted. 'A royal prince at a masked ball among the students?'

"And why not, seeing that he will be masked, and no one will ever know of it who is not told?"

"There was reason in that; but a further difficulty presented itself.

"His being there is little use to me if I cannot recognise him," I said.

"Perhaps I could help you," Clarisse answered.

"You know him, then?"

"He does not know that I know him," she replied.

"But he has spoken to you?"

"She nodded, laughing.

"And would again?"

"Perhaps."

"And if I were there, and watching, you would make a sign to me?"

"I might even do that, if you were to ask me nicely."

"So Clarisse was enlisted as my ally,

though without being taken into my confidence; and I felt sure that with her help I should be able to carry out the plan that I had made.

"We may quarrel about you, Clarisse," was all I told her; and at that she laughed and clapped her hands.

"That will be beautiful!" she said; for to be quarrelled about is a joy to all women when they are young and beautiful.

"Then I made other arrangements, and



"I might even do that, if you were to ask me nicely."

told my friend Jacques Durand that I should want him with me on that night.'

"You will render me," I said, 'the help that circumstances suggest; but more than that I shall not tell you.'

"For a secret is not a secret any longer, when more than one man knows it. Time enough that Jacques should know my secret when the days had passed and the night of the masked ball arrived.

"It came before the week was out, and there can be little need for me to tell you what it looked like. You may still see the same thing at any time in

Paris, when the students are keeping carnival.

"A vast room with a polished floor, and galleries running round it, where they served refreshments; a profusion of gaily coloured lamps suspended from the ceiling; a string band that played the tunes that set your feet dancing whether you would or no; a mob of men and girls all gaily and fantastically attired—a goodly proportion of them in masks and dominoes, and all of them, or nearly all, uproarious in their behaviour. Such was the scene through which I strode, in the garb of Mephistopheles, to answer for Montpensier.

"Jacques followed close behind me in the costume of a mediæval jester—a costume which, I allow, was scarcely appropriate to the occasion. But I had no time to think of that; for Clarisse, dressed as the Queen of Sheba, was already beckoning to me.

"'Keep near,' she whispered. 'When the time comes, I will hold up two fingers to you, thus.'

"So I kept near, and saw man after man come up, and speak to her, and go away again. My patience was sorely tried; and I began to think that she had led me on a vain chance, after all. My eyes had begun to wander about the room when Jacques recalled my attention, saying—

"'Look there, Stromboli! look!'

"I looked. A tall figure, in the guise of a Spanish Inquisitor, masked beyond all possibility of recognition, was bending down and talking to Clarisse. Her eyes caught mine, and she lifted her two fingers, giving the preconcerted signal. The hour had come.

"'Now, Jacques,' I whispered, 'I rely on you. Support me in this, and you shall see how revolutions can be helped upon their way by unexpected means.'

"'But what—'

"'Wait,' I interrupted. 'The time for explanations will come afterwards. Now is the time to act.'

"And so saying, I stepped forward and slapped my Spanish Inquisitor violently on the back.

"'What is the meaning of this, sir?' I cried angrily. 'What do you mean by insulting a lady who is here under my escort?'

"At first I thought he would have tried to strike me; but, with an effort, he restrained himself.

"'You make a mistake, sir,' he answered. 'I do not think the lady complains of having

been insulted. If she does, I am quite ready to apologise to her.'

"He looked at her, as though appealing to her to say something to save the situation, and I doubt not that, being frightened, she would have said it, had I not made haste to speak again before she had time to do so.

"'You will apologise? Well and good, sir, provided that you apologise to me as well as to Madame. But an apology from a masked man is an apology that one does not accept. Take off your mask, or I shall take it off for you and insist upon satisfaction for this insult.'

"But to unmask was, of course, the one thing that he would not do—that was what I had foreseen when I had laid this plan. And the next thing that I heard was the voice of another masked man—some courtier evidently—whispering in my ear—

"'Don't make a fool of yourself. You're talking to the Duc de Montpensier. It mustn't be known that he was here.'

"I had expected something of that sort, however, and was ready with my reply.

"'I don't believe you,' I said, with dignity. 'It is no use to romance like that with Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski. The story is the lie of a coward who dares not face the consequences of his misbehaviour.'

"Again the man approached and whispered—

"'If money is what you want to stop this row—'

"They were in such a quandary, you see, that they were ready to bribe me not to expose them. But I was a revolutionist, not a blackmailer, and this fear of exposure, thus candidly confessed, was the thing that I had relied upon to help me to my end. I took no notice of the offer, but turned again to my other masked antagonist, saying—

"'I give you your choice, sir, to unmask and apologise, or to give me satisfaction this very evening. I undertake to provide the place and the weapons. An affair of honour can be settled as well by candlelight as by daylight, and you are quite welcome to fight me with your mask on if you prefer it.'

"He was a brave man—I will do him that justice—and I had pushed him into a very awkward corner. For a minute or two he conferred in hasty whispers with his friend, and, without troubling to listen, I overheard fragments of their colloquy.

"'Mustn't let all Paris ring with this.'

"'Anything to avoid a scandal.'

"'Only an affair of five minutes.'

"Teach the noisy braggart the lesson he deserves.'

"Then, when I thought the conference had lasted long enough—

"Your decision, sir?' I demanded.

"It was the masked friend who answered, speaking very quietly—

"Provided that we can get away from here without being followed by a crowd, we are at your service.'

"That is easy,' said I, in

the same tone. 'We have only to behave as though we were reconciled, and sit together for a minute at one of these refreshment-tables.'

"It was agreed. The crowd took no further notice of us, for little disturbances



"I whirled my opponent's sword out of his hand."

of that kind were usual enough at the Closerie des Lilas. Five minutes later the four of us were seated together in a carriage, driving to the house in which I had hired a room in readiness for this affair—a long, empty room above a shop that was for the moment without a tenant.

"The duelling-swords were there, the blinds were drawn and the shutters closed, and a sufficiency of candles stood ready to be lighted; but one more desperate effort was made to keep the peace.

"If my friend is willing to unmask here

“‘He can unmask or not, as he likes,’ I directed Jacques to answer; ‘but I shall expect him to fight in any case.’

“‘That is absolutely final?’

“‘Absolutely.’

“‘Very well. It is an unpleasant business. Let us make haste and get it over.’

“So lots were drawn for stations and for weapons. The lights were arranged, so far as possible, so as to favour neither of us. Still wearing our masks, but stripped of every trimming of our fancy costumes which could hinder the freedom of our movement, we advanced to the centre of the floor.

“The toss of the coin had given Jacques the direction of the combat. He made us cross our blades at the usual distance from each other, and gave the usual signal—

“‘*Allez, messieurs!*’

“My antagonist could fence well. It was, no doubt, because of his skill with the small-sword that he had consented to this meeting. He meant to make it clear to me that he had spared my life, and then trust to my gratitude and my sense of honour to keep his secret. But though he was a good fencer, Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski was a better.

“You know the trick of fence which the French call *enlacer le fer*. After a cautious pass or two, I tried that, with the result that I whirled my opponent’s sword out of his hand.

“‘Try again, sir, when you are ready,’ I said, lowering my point.

“He tried again, fighting more viciously this time, but with no more effect. Again he found himself in one corner of the room and his weapon in another.

“‘Perhaps, sir, Fortune will be kinder to you the third time,’ I suggested; and for the third time he advanced and faced me.

“This time I played with him longer. I took the *ligne basse*, which is always fatal, and withheld my lunge at the moment when he saw clearly that, if I had chosen, I could have run him through. Not until nearly two minutes had elapsed did I give the quick turn of my wrist which disarmed him as before.

“Then I felt that I had sufficiently proved myself, and that the moment for my great *coup* had come.

“‘Sir,’ I said, bowing courteously to this proud prince, ‘I honour you for your courage in this encounter with one who has the advantage over you in point of strength and skill. I could have unmasked you, or I could have killed you. Your life and your

reputation have been equally at my mercy; and now I am willing to make you a free gift of both, on one condition.’

“The answer was brave enough.

“‘I have asked no favour from you, sir.’

“‘It is an easy condition, sir,’ I continued, ‘or I would not affront you by proposing it. I only ask your promise that, whatever may happen, whatever the provocation, you, as commander of the artillery, will never cause a gun to be fired upon the people of Paris.’

“He laughed. I imagine he thought he was dealing with a lunatic.

“‘Is that all?’ he said. ‘I promise gladly. Nothing could be further from my wish than to use the guns of the French artillery against Frenchmen. Shall we now say “Good evening”?’

“He was going, but I stopped him.

“‘Stay,’ I said; ‘it is necessary that I should have that in writing.’

“‘My word, then,’ he objected, ‘is not enough for you?’

“‘It is enough for me,’ I answered; ‘but I must have something to show to my friends in proof that I have executed the task which they entrusted to me. Here is the document to which I desire your signature.’

“I produced the slip of paper. These were the words upon it—

“‘*I, Louis Charles, Duc de Montpensier, in consideration of my life having been spared in fair fight by Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, do hereby engage that in no event—not even in the event of revolution—will I, as commander of the artillery, cause or permit the cannon to be used against the people.*

“‘*As witness my hand.*’

“‘Now, M. le Duc,’ I said, as I handed it to him, ‘if you will sign this document, I pledge my word of honour that the world shall know nothing of it so long as you are faithful to the undertaking which it expresses. On the other hand, if you prefer not to sign it, I am willing to renew the combat.’

“Yet again the prince stepped aside to confer with his companion. I caught odd words and phrases of their conversation—‘Dangerous madman.’ ‘Official denial.’ ‘Only way out of it.’ ‘Avoid a scandal at all hazards.’ But I affected not to hear, and waited.

“‘Well, M. le Duc?’ I said at last.

“He laughed again.

“‘Well, well, suppose I sign? You have

pen and ink there? Thank you. Even in the event of revolution? How ridiculous! As if there were any chance of another revolution in this country!’

“‘Nevertheless, M. le Duc,’ I answered, watching him as he wrote his name, and as both his masked friend and Jacques Durand witnessed the signature — ‘nevertheless, M. le Duc, the wise man is he who is prepared for all emergencies.’”

* * *

“We saluted ceremoniously and drove away, this time in separate carriages; and most of what remains of my story is in the history books. All the world knows that the revolution came, as I anticipated, bursting like a thunderclap in a clear sky. All the world knows that King Louis Philippe drove away from the Tuileries in a cab, and travelled to England under the *alias* of ‘Mr. Smith,’ hoping, as he explained, to pass as the head of the English family of that name. But just one new thing I can tell you — a thing that I learnt afterwards from one of the royal servants, a maid who waited upon the Duchesse de Montpensier and became a good Republican after the dynasty had fallen.

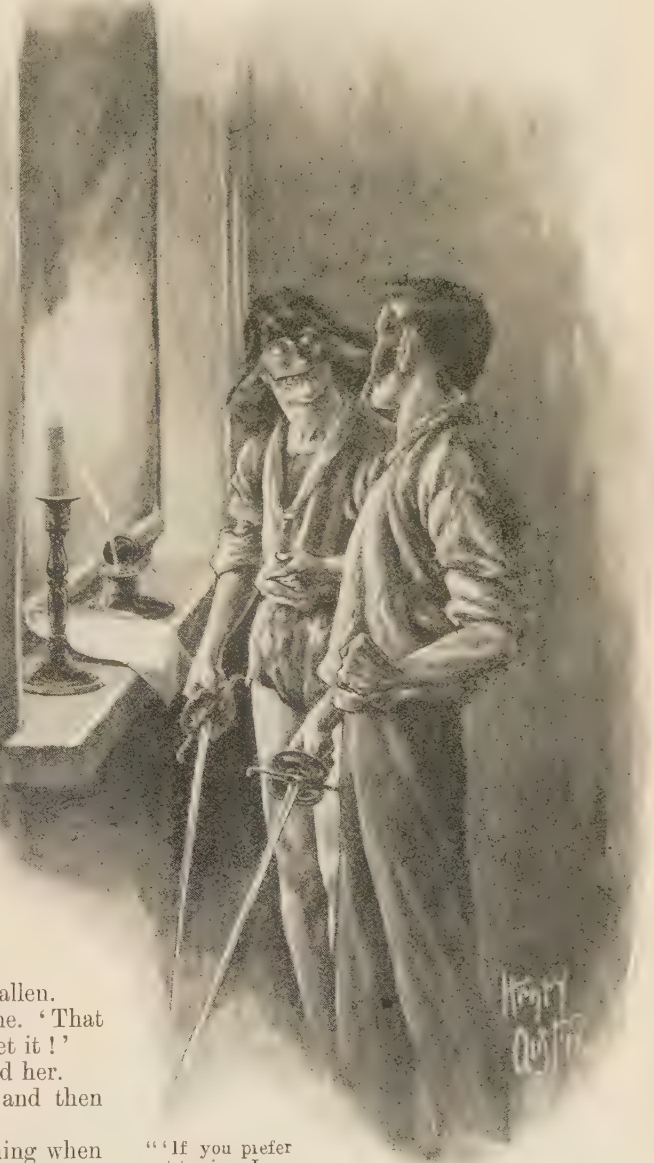
“‘Ah, that scene!’ she said to me. ‘That terrible scene! Never shall I forget it!’”

“‘What scene, Babette?’ I asked her.

“‘What scene?’ she repeated, and then described it to me.

“‘It was on that dreadful morning when the news came to us that Paris had, as we said, gone mad, and the people were on their way from Saint Antoine to batter down the palace gates. I was alone with the Duchesse, who was crying. I was trying to console her, telling her that the police would soon take all the wicked rioters to prison; and

as I did this the door opened, and who should enter, unannounced, but Queen Marie Amélie herself. Ah, she was a woman of spirit, though she was old, was Queen Marie Amélie!



“‘If you prefer not to sign, I am willing to renew the combat.’”

“‘Where is Montpensier?’ she asked, without a word of greeting.

“‘It was no time for idle forms of etiquette, so the Duchesse stepped to the

other door of her boudoir and called down the passage, just as any common woman might.

"A minute later M. le Duc entered. He was dressed as though for a journey, and his face was pale—I do not think I ever saw a paler face. Ignoring my presence, the Queen broke out into reproaches.

"Montpensier! For shame, Montpensier! Your father's throne in peril, and you strike no blow for it!"

"If possible, his pallor deepened. Even a girl, as I was, could see that there was some struggle, which I did not understand, proceeding in his mind.

"What would you have me do, my mother?" he asked, trembling before her.

"What to do?" she repeated. "Was it for this, then, that you were given the command of the artillery—that you should tell us in the day of trouble that you don't know what to do? For shame, Montpensier! And, once more, for shame! Can't you bring out your guns and shoot this rabble down? Better to die at your post——"

"He answered, "Anything is better, my mother, than that the French guns should be turned on the French people."

"And to think that it is my own son who speaks thus to me! To think that I have lived to learn that I am the mother of a coward!"

"It was clear that the taunt stung him to the quick. I thought that it must move him to take up the challenge and offer to risk his life against any odds. But no; he stood his ground and answered, with a cold, impassive stare—

"My mother, if I told you that I have given my plighted word to act as I am acting, you would not believe me; but so it is. Some day, it may be, you will know the truth. In the meantime I would rather be

thought a coward than know myself to be a liar."

"Yes, Montpensier, you are a coward! Coward—coward!" she hissed, and turned upon her heel and left him.

"And he was a coward, wasn't he?" Babette commented. "Even a Republican like you must think of him as a coward."

"No, no, Babette," I answered; "he was no coward. He was an honourable man who faithfully kept the pledge that had been extracted from him by Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

"And then, in answer to her questions, I told her as much of the truth as it was good for her to know, and also described to her the last scene of all in this remarkable adventure.

"I now come to it. Observe!

"The populace, as you know, besieged the Tuileries, and the king and the royal family drove away in cabs. I was in the crowd, and as the Duc de Montpensier came out of the gate, I advanced a step or two to speak to him.

"M. le Duc," I said, "you are an honourable man, and you have kept your word. You did not use your guns against the people. Good. Accept my congratulations, and let me return to you the written undertaking which you gave me, in order that you may use it, if need be, to rehabilitate your reputation with your friends."

"I thank you, sir," he answered, bowing gravely, as he took the paper from me. "I now understand that a revolutionist may also be a man of honour."

"He whipped up the horses and drove off, and I have never seen him since. But now you know how I made my first appearance in any revolution, and what was my meaning when I said that it was I who brought about the overthrow of the Orleanists in 1848."



ART AND LETTERS IN A SURREY TOWN.

BY CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

THE county town of Surrey cherishes a distinct literary flavour. Tennyson, under the disguise of Astolat, described Sir Lancelot wandering across its solitary Downs, and how the knight "full often lost in fancy, lost his way." Guildford boasts of many champions. Mr. E. A. Judges has told the history of its buildings and its notable sons, Mr. Ralph Nevill has descanted on its extremely picturesque architecture, Dr. Williamson has tabulated its trade tokens, and Mr. E. Bonner amused us with its

a specially constructed museum, they attract visitors from all parts of England, as well as many foreigners. Over two hundred exhibits hang round the walls, embracing the larger South African mammalia and excellent types of buffalo, elk, and deer. The king of beasts, shot in the Hartley Hills, South Africa, occupies the place of honour in the centre; but this is only a representative of the many lions killed by Mr. Selous. At least a dozen heads are there, and in close proximity the skin of a noble animal given to the hunter by Lo Bengula.

The savage king quite took to Mr. Selous on his first arrival in Africa, and remained very friendly with him in the succeeding years, until some time previous to the former's death, when differences arose between them.

Over one mantel-piece may be seen the obsolete four-bore elephant gun with which the hunter did such execution from 1872 to 1875, and over the other hang sketches by his sister, Miss A. B. Selous, of hair-



Photo by]

[Shawcross, Guildford.

MR. SELOUS' HOUSE, ALPINE LODGE.

election fights. Many well-known men in art and letters have delighted at one time or another to make their home in its beautiful neighbourhood, and to some of them the reader is here introduced.

After thirty years' wandering in four continents, Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous, that "mighty hunter" and most picturesque of writers, settled in the Guildford district. Alpine Lodge, Worplesdon, the pleasant country house where he resides, possesses great attractions for naturalists and lovers of his books, containing as it does some remarkably fine examples of big game. Housed in

breadth escapes from enraged lions and hunted elephants during an adventurous career.

After leaving Rugby, and having read all the books written on sport and travel in South Africa, Mr. Selous determined to adopt "the free and easy gipsy sort of life described by Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, and others." Accordingly, on September 4th, 1871, as he says in "A Hunter's Wanderings," "I set foot for the first time upon the sandy shores of Algoa Bay, with four hundred pounds in my pocket and the weight of only nineteen years upon my shoulders."



A CAMP EPISODE.

From a photo lent by Mr. F. C. Selous.

Since then he has gathered a quarter of a century's unique experience in Africa—where once for three whole years he never saw a newspaper or a coin—in the rocky fastnesses of Asia Minor, in Europe, and amidst the snows of the Rocky Mountains. In addition to this he bore an important part in pioneering Rhodesia, and figured largely in the Matabele campaign. As a record, three graphic books, written modestly and lucidly, have appeared to stir the public with remarkable tales of pluck and endurance, and as a reward the Royal Geographical Society have bestowed the Cuthbert Peek Grant, the Back Premium, and their highest honour, the Founder's Gold Medal, for his explorations, while the old Rugbeians, headed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, testified with a handsome silver to their appreciation of their schoolfellow's exploits.

Mr. Selous is blessed with a plucky lady as his wife. Not only has Mrs. Selous shared his travels on one expedition, but she was exposed to serious danger during the Matabele uprising. The graceful dedication in "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" admirably describes the situation: "To my wife, who during the last few months has at once been my

greatest anxiety and my greatest comfort."

A few days since Mr. Selous kindly gave me some interesting facts and impressions for the *WINDSOR*. To see and talk with him is to immediately recognise the born hunter and sportsman. Above medium height, finely proportioned, alert and muscular, with steady grey eyes and pleasant frank features, one realises to some extent the qualities that have contributed to his success, not only in making big bags, but in escaping serious injury and in winning the goodwill of the warlike tribes through whose territory he passed.

"What countries have you explored in your hunting expeditions?" I first asked Mr. Selous.

"The interior of South Africa, where I was travelling from 1871 to 1896, excepting for occasional runnings home," he replied. "No, I never reached as high as the spot where Livingstone died, but I came within 150 miles of it. I crossed the Zambesi River at Wankies in 1877, and got to Sitanda's on the Lukanga River. In 1894, and again in 1895 and 1897, I visited Asia Minor to shoot wild goats and big deer. Two or three articles concerning these trips have appeared in the



CABIN USED BY MR. AND MRS. SELOUS.

From a photo lent by Mr. F. C. Selous

Field and Graphic, the latter being splendidly illustrated from my photos by Mr. Frank Dadd. Then I have made two excursions to the Rockies for wapiti, mule deer, wild sheep, and prong-horned antelopes. On the first expedition Mrs. Selous accompanied me. We started in August, 1897, on a four months' trip, with a friend, four servants, and a guide."

On the occasion named Mr. Selous succeeded in obtaining a large number of capital snapshots, illustrating camp episodes and the country through which he passed. By his kind permission two of them are here

morning we turned out to find that snow had fallen heavily during the night, and that we were almost embedded in our tents. The thermometer went down below zero, and our meat for breakfast was frozen."

"Yes," laughingly added Mrs. Selous, who had been an interested listener, "when I looked out, there was our cook sawing away with all his might at a huge lump of frozen meat, and the snow lying thick round the tent."

"When we once got among the mountains," Mr. Selous continued, "we were never lower than 8,000 ft. above sea level, and on one



Photo

MR. SELOUS' MUSEUM AT ALPINE LODGE.

[Shorecross, Guildford.

reproduced. The pack-horse carries a prong-horned antelope, just brought into camp, and the view also shows Mrs. Selous standing to the right, whilst the second photo represents an old mining cabin once used by Mr. and Mrs. Selous as sleeping quarters. The party generally stayed a few days at each camping-ground to exhaust the game in the neighbourhood. Then they moved off another ten miles or so to "fresh fields and pastures new."

"Did you rough it much?" I asked.

"No," cheerfully replied Mr. Selous, "we did not suffer any undue hardship. One

occasion camped at a height of 10,500 ft. We worked hard, and had a good bit of climbing, but obtained some fair specimens. Last year I visited the district again, being met at the nearest railway station by the same guide, with pack-horses and servants."

"Have you any figures of the lions or other big game you have shot, Mr. Selous?"

"As regards lions," the hunter replied, "I have not been able to afford the time to hunt them specially, though never losing an opportunity of attacking all that came in my way. Considering the long time that I was travelling and hunting in the interior of



MR. SELOUS' NARROWEST ESCAPE.

From a sketch by Miss A. B. Selous, kindly lent by Mr. F. C. Selous.

Africa, I have not shot many lions. I know the exact number. Unaided I killed twenty-five, and helped to shoot eleven more; but some of the latter were mine by hunters' law, as I gave them the first bullet. I hunted elephants for their ivory, and obtained as many as I could, as it was by the sale of ivory alone that I paid the expenses of my earlier expeditions. My total of elephants is one hundred and eleven. Of these I killed most between 1872 and 1875, but since the latter date I have not done much regular elephant hunting. As regards other animals, I despatched very many; for year after year I fed great numbers of natives months at a time. Some particulars of the game shot for two years are given at the end of 'A Hunter's Wanderings,' but I most emphatically state that I never slaughtered animals for mere sport. Most of those shot were killed because I required meat for my large native following."

"I suppose, too, you brought home some of your specimens for scientific purposes?"

"Yes. I preserved many complete examples of the large mammalia of South Africa, and these have been distributed through dealers all over the world. Several can be seen in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; others are placed in the collections at Cape Town and Melbourne; and last year, when passing through Chicago, I saw five of my animals in the Field

Columbian Museum. The Hon. Walter Rothschild has also some at Tring. Here"—referring to his own exhibits—"all the heads belong to animals shot by myself. I make it a rule to have only those thus obtained. No, I cannot say whether this is unique in England in that respect. Of course there are far larger private museums. For instance, that of Sir Edmund Loder at Leonardslee, near Horsham, and also that of the Hon. Walter Rothschild. Although in the former case many of the most interesting specimens are the trophies of Sir Edmund's own rifle, the bulk of them have been purchased. Rothschild's collection is one of the finest museums of natural history in the Kingdom, but none of the exhibits have been shot or collected by the owner."

"What was the worst situation you experienced in your life?" I queried. We were then looking at the series of sketches executed by Miss Selous.

"Oh, I think the adventure with the elephant, of which you will find particulars in my book." On this occasion, it will be remembered, the hunter got into close quarters with a cow elephant almost at the close of a heavy day's hunt. Anticipating a charge from the ponderous brute, he urged his horse to a gallop, but the tired beast could not make pace, and almost before its owner realised his position the elephant had attacked him in the rear. The impact rolled

over the horse, broke the saddle-girths, and deposited the rider under the hindquarters of the elephant, who, kneading the ground with its forelegs, evidently expected to annihilate its human assailant. It was a near shave, but Mr. Selous, though he had a little too much of elephant for once, managed to crawl away unhurt and eventually to shoot the tusker.

Before leaving Mr. Selous I asked what country he thought of exploring next, but he said that he had not yet decided. "You see," he continued, "when a man is married things are different." And now, too, there is a bonny, bright-faced little Selous—ten months old—who, during a part of our chat, took his share in the interview.

Our renowned epic painter, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., delights in spending the winter months at Limnerslease, near Guildford. To talk about Mr. Watts starts a tempting subject, for is he not one of our few grand old men still remaining? In the opposite direction Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., lives at Shere, and amidst the surrounding country finds and paints those delightful landscapes so

characteristic of Surrey. But, as space forbids, let us turn to another artist, Mr. Arthur Drummond, whose recent work has met with an enthusiastic reception.

Few pictures within recent years, comparatively speaking, have attained the immense popularity of "His Majesty the Baby." Painted in the spring of 1898 and exhibited at various London galleries, it obtained remarkable evidences of approval. On one occasion a well-known City dealer placed the canvas in his window, and immediately a large crowd collected outside the establishment, stopping even the ordinary traffic with their appreciation of it. The engravings, too, which appeared soon after are now seen in almost every print-shop. At the time of writing one machine had been engaged for months upon their production, turning out its limit of thirty copies per day to keep pace with the demand. Nor is this surprising. True, we have only an everyday scene of West End life, but Mr. Arthur Drummond with the artist's genius has transfigured it into a bright vision of happy childhood, triumphant even amidst the skirl and whirl of Piccadilly. The picture was happily



Photo by]

MR. DRUMMOND'S STUDIO.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

conceived and admirably treated. Its actuality strikes one instantly. A German lady told the dealers that she must take a print back to the Fatherland, as her friends otherwise would not believe that a policeman could stop the traffic by holding up his hand.

The history of the picture is decidedly interesting. One day Mr. Drummond was walking with a friend through the London streets, when they saw the traffic stopped to allow a nurse and her perambulator to cross. His companion said to him, "There's a fine subject for a picture." "Yes," replied the painter, "without the perambulator." He set to work, but like all brilliant ideas this bristled with practical difficulties, and several attempts were made ere the artist felt satisfied. He took thumb-nail sketches on the spot and carefully studied the minutiae of the traffic. The perspective troubled him seriously, owing to the great disparity between the size of the omnibus and the child, which, however, was the principal figure; but with a certain amount of license he managed to meet the critics. All the figures are from life. Mrs. Drummond and her little girl ride on one 'bus with an erstwhile gardener as whip, whilst a friend drives another vehicle and his wife and daughter appear on top. For the time being the local policeman assumes the glory of a London "bobby," and proud he is of his prominent position on the canvas.

One might suppose from the subject and

its treatment that the painter lived somewhere within sound of Bow Bells, but this is not the case. On the highest point of a wide-stretching common three or four miles from Guildford

he has found his home in an antiquated farmhouse named "The Old Gables." The singing of birds, the quack-quack of ducks, or the sighing of the wind, sweeping away from the North Downs over the gorse and stubby grass, alone break the stillness of the artist's retreat. Here Mr. Drummond does his work from ten till four—"bank hours," he says laughingly—and lives that life of retirement he loves so much with his wife and their little girl. To know Mrs. Drummond is to immediately recognise a frequent and charming model for her husband's pictures.

When Mr. Drummond lays aside his brush he turns with evident pleasure to the lathe. This work is his hobby-horse. In fact, he claims an exactness for engineering not possessed by art. Sometimes he thinks that he has done a good day's work at the easel, but the morrow's sun reveals defects which have to be rectified. "Yet," he adds consolingly, "I suppose that if I were an engineer I should spend every half hour painting." With pardonable pride the artist



LEWIS CARROLL'S BIOGRAPHER.

Photo by Smith Allen, Tenby.



Photo by]

MR. ARTHUR DRUMMOND AT WORK.

[Shawcross, Guildford.

exhibits a toy crane, complete in every part, moved by steam and capable of lifting a child, which he designed and made. Only recently, too, he has joined his brother in the firm of Drummond Brothers, engineers, to work several patents registered by himself.

The son of an artist, Mr. Arthur Drummond commenced his training in the studio of the late Mr. Edwin Long, R.A. Then he went to the Paris schools, and warmly extols the thoroughness with which the best French masters teach the *technique* of their art. Returning to England he became a pupil of Sir L. Alma-Tadema, of which fact he is especially proud. It was at the master's suggestion that Mr. Drummond sought a house right away in the country, so that he could paint in the open air his Grecian subjects, in which he greatly delights. "His Majesty the Baby" started quite a different vein and instantly brought him golden fame, but even now he modestly tells his friends that it does not fulfil his idea of true art. Yet, after all, what is art, and who agrees in its definition? The artist, however, wisely continues painting children, and in addition to the companion, "The Queen's Birthday," contemplates a third, to be called "The King's Courtship." At the present time, too, he is engaged on a kindred theme for a well-known Haymarket firm and expects to be busy for a couple of years with commissions at present in hand. Still a young man, we may confidently hope that his best pictures have yet to be painted.

Guildford possesses its romance in "Stephan Langton," written by Martin Tupper, whose works were so well known to an earlier generation. The plot deals with the days of King John, and its local scenes at Guildford Castle, St. Martha's Chapel, and the Silent Pool are most graphically described. Tupper immensely popularised the lovely pond at Albury, to some extent effecting what the author of "Lorna Doone" did for Exmoor. He collected his materials, read up the period, and wrote the novel in eight weeks—fairly rapid work for a book containing roughly 120,000 words. Since its first appearance in 1858, "Stephan Langton" has passed through several editions and still obtains a steady sale in the neighbourhood.

Tupper "touched the threshold of fame," as he phrased it, by "Proverbial Philosophy"—a book which in its time attained a remarkable circulation both here and in America. It was issued in many editions, and the guinea copies contained illustrations by some of the best artists and engravers of that day. Now, the honest homespun has gone out of date and "Proverbial Philosophy" is seldom seen. Portions of the MS. were written at Albury House, the home of the author for forty years, where also "The Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith" first saw the light. Miss Tupper informs me that most of the contents of this book—fables, songs, essays, etc., embracing a variety of subjects—were thought out by her father while riding over the Surrey hills and dales.

Like many other Englishmen, Martin Tupper dreaded a French invasion in the early forties. We can smile now to think of the patriotic writer busying himself with a few friends in the formation of a village Rifle Club. This, too, against considerable opposition. Nor did he confine his ardent loyalty to carrying arms, but wrote numerous well-known ballads on the subject of defence, which may claim



WHERE LEWIS CARROLL DIED.

Photo by Mr. Stuart D. Collingwood.



Photo by]

[Shawcross, Guildford.

THE GRAVE OF LEWIS CARROLL.

to have fostered the idea of the Volunteer movement.

To Albury House came troops of distinguished friends to see Mr. Tupper, amongst the number being Nathaniel Hawthorne, the well-known American novelist, John Leech, the artist, Mortimer Collins, Walter Severn, Edmund Yates, President Roberts and President Benson, both coloured men of Liberia, in which colony their host took the greatest interest. Genially disposed, he lived on particularly good terms with the villagers, and though residing elsewhere when he died at the close of 1889, his remains were buried in Albury Churchyard.

As this article has included a reference to a painter of children, it may fittingly close with a brief reference to the writer *par excellence* for small people.

The connection of "Lewis Carroll" with the fine old country town was due to the fact that he settled his sisters there after his father's death and the breaking up of the old family home. In consequence, he spent large portions of his Christmas and Easter vacations at Guildford, working industriously at abstruse mathematical problems or his children's books, for after the immense success of "Alice" he generally had one in hand. Mr. Stuart D. Collingwood, the author of "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," tells me that his uncle, when here, often devoted the greater part of the day to writing, and hated to be disturbed even for meals. He would miss luncheon, contenting himself with meagre refreshment until dinner. In the evenings he used to stand in characteristic fashion, with his hands behind, explaining the latest mathematical problem to his sisters, or describing to them his unique collection of photographs, made long before latter-day improvements. This includes not only some charming children, but also a large number of literary and other celebrities, whose portraits he always sought to obtain.

All the diaries of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—but we shall never remember him by that name—are now at Guildford. They make sixteen neat volumes filled with entries in his clear, methodical handwriting. The pages reveal their author's true goodness and innate lovingkindness, and it is a pleasure to glance through them. Thus on October 15th, 1897, we read a typical instance of his desire to instruct and amuse children.

"Went to Girls' [National] School 9.15 a.m. and had about 180 girls to talk to till ten. I did C. and T. and 'Bruno.' Then from ten till eleven I had about 100 girls and boys and masters and mistresses, and did various arithmetical puzzles, etc." On July 18th, 1875, he tells us that "the very last line, 'for the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see,'

came into my head while out on a walk at Guildford." Pathetic associations cling to the last entry he ever made. Here it is—the commencement of his journey to the "Wonderland": "December 23 (Th.). I start for Guildford by the 2.7 to-day." A few days after Christmas his gentle spirit breathed its last, and mourned by countless admirers—in palace, in cottage, and in school—who, regardless of the Oxford don, knew only the creator of "Alice," his remains were laid to rest in the beautiful graveyard on the Downs above Guildford.

Across the bracing uplands he loved to roam. On Sundays after lunch he usually walked to Farnham—a ten miles' tramp, affording lovely views of hill and dale stretching away for miles both to right and left. Like many other people, he said, "Two's company, three's none," to put it colloquially, and seldom set out for a walk with more than one friend. Once, when in Guildford with a companion, he met an acquaintance who said politely, "May I join you, Mr. Dodgson, I am going your way?" "I think you had better not," he replied, and passed on. The seeming discourtesy occurred to him the next day, and he immediately tried to make amends. To

his great relief he found that his friend had treated the matter as a joke. In the depth of winter Mr. Dodgson rarely wore an overcoat, but one always expected to see his tall hat even in the height of summer!

In Surrey, as in Oxford, Lewis Carroll found child friends to whom he wrote characteristic letters full of fun and nonsense or sound advice as to a vocation and course of studies. No trouble seemed too great on their behalf. He made them puzzles, gave them presents of his books, or delighted to take them for pleasant excursions. On rare occasions, too, he preached at the parish church. He always commenced with a story, in accord, one may imagine, with his expressed sympathy for the little charity girl who said, "I think when I grows up I'll never go to church no more. I'se getting sermons enough to last me all my life."

Mr. Dodgson always proved a delightful companion and impressed his friends to a surprising degree. One who knew him intimately has written me, "The picture of the man, his personality, every tone of voice and graceful affectation of diction, every trick of attitude seem burnt upon my memory—I shall never forget him."

Dec. 15 (W) ¹⁸⁹⁷ 10 a.m. I am in my ¹⁷⁷ large room, with no fire, & open window - Temperature 58°.

Dec. 17 (F) Maggie, & our nieces Nella & Violet, came to dinner.

Dec. 19 (Sun) Sat up last night till 4 a.m., over a Temping problem, sent me from New York, to find 3 equal rational-sided rt-angled Δ s - I found two, whose sides are 20, 21, 29; 12, 35, 37: but could not find three.

Dec. 23 (Th.) I start for Gldf & by the 2.7 today.

Photo by]

[Shawcross, Guildford.

THE LINE OF FATE.

By G. E. MITTON.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.



CERTAINLY a share of psychic power was Sibyl Carnegie's; that is to say, she had a gift for crystal gazing and palmistry, and was, so her friends said, a perfect witch in foretelling the future. At all events she firmly

believed in herself, which, after all, is the main thing, for then scoffers and sceptics may be reduced to the level of mere fools, and need trouble no one.

She did not, however, look at all uncanny as she pedalled briskly along on a bicycle of the latest pattern one May evening. Her face was piquant and interesting, her eyes deep-set and curiously bright, and a certain air of alertness and decision indicated a practical rather than a dreamy or sentimental character. Sibyl was going to stay for a week at a country house, and, having sent her luggage on before, had made her way independently by the aid of a map over ground she had never yet traversed. She had lost the map at the last hill, but as there was no possible alternative, she went steadily forward on the long, slightly sloping road which ran northward. On either side, at some distance, lay ranges of low, rounded hills, showing that the road really lay in the bottom of a broad valley. After some miles, during which nothing but cart tracks on either side had presented themselves for choice of route, a tolerably broad road curved in from the left side, and ran diagonally across that she was on, trending in a north-easterly direction.

Sibyl leaped off at the corner and

hesitated. She was puzzled by a strange feeling of foreknowledge, which grew stronger every instant. She had never been in this district before, yet she knew the turn of the way exactly—it all corresponded with a mental picture she had formed of it. She stood there, nervously handling her machine, a prey to extreme disquietude. She felt as if she were in dreamland, and that a rude shock might awaken her. The uneasiness she experienced seemed hardly warranted by the circumstances.

After a few minutes she attempted to throw off her depression by convincing herself that the contour of the country must resemble some place with which she was familiar. Yet she was unable to resist the temptation to predict the way lying before her.

"The road I am on turns a little, running sharply down now," she said to herself, "until, some way further on, it is crossed at right angles by a great main road. I wonder if I am right! Well, at all events, there is no reason why I should walk instead of riding, for I must be rather late already."

Yet it required some courage to mount once more upon the machine and continue to follow the road on which she had so far come.

She had hardly gone a mile before she jumped off again. "Oh, I am silly, silly, silly!" she said. "I am as nervous as a child. I know there is something waiting for me round the corner. I don't know what it is; but it's dreadful and upsetting. I can't ride past—shall I walk?"

Her hands were trembling so much that she decided on the latter course, and followed the windings of the road with a beating heart. A voice from the hedge made her jump perceptibly, for her nerves were on the tip-toe of expectation.

It was a man's voice, courteous and refined, and certainly there was nothing in it to alarm anyone.

"I beg your pardon. I wonder if you will help me," it said. "I have had a nasty spill and can't get up."

The speaker was a young man in a tweed



" 'I will ride on and get the Ruddarts to send a conveyance for you,' she said."

suit, who lay wedged down into a dry ditch by the roadside. A bicycle with the handle-bar broken off short showed the cause of the accident. As the man attempted to move, Sibyl saw that he was long-limbed, rather gaunt, and square-shouldered. His freckled face had an engaging expression of frankness. If this were all one had to fear——

She stopped promptly.

"Handle-bar broken? Where are you hurt?"

"I was going rather a pace," he said. "I didn't know what had happened until I turned a back somersault into this ditch. I believe my shoulder is out."

"Have you been here long? And how can I help you?"

"I've only been here about a quarter of

an hour. I daresay I could have got out eventually, but I'm so awkwardly placed. If you would give me a hand——"

She propped up her machine and went to his assistance. With the help of her hand he raised himself slowly to a sitting posture. She could see from the contraction of his face how much he was suffering.

"There!" he said. "Now if I can get on to my feet, I may make shift to walk."

"I suppose," she said with blanched lips, "I couldn't pull your shoulder in again?"

He smiled. "I don't suppose you could; but you may try, if you like."

"Oh, no, I don't want to; only I can't leave you here. Have you far to go?"

"I was on my way to Barham, to stay with the Ruddarts—perhaps you know them?"

She made an exclamation of surprise ; and the memory of the mystery, which this incident had obliterated, came back to her.

"That is my destination, too," she said. "I might have known we should meet again." She had not meant to say the last words aloud ; and he looked at her with a whimsically curious expression. She recovered herself and laughed, blushing a little. The sentence might bear an all too flattering interpretation.

"I will ride on—it can't be very many miles now—and will get the Ruddarts to send a conveyance for you," she said.

"Do you know your way?"

She admitted ignorance.

"It is tolerably straight, and there are guide-posts. Just beyond here a great main road crosses this ; don't be misled into following that."

She started. Here again was confirmation of her foreknowledge. She listened to his detailed directions with the sense of mystery deepened.

* * * * *

"Cecil Desart ? Well, he must be getting on for thirty now ; but though he's been over half the world by himself, he has never lost that raw, boyish look. Poor fellow, how white he was when he came in ! I believe a shoulder out is far greater agony than a worse injury. However, I insisted on his going to bed at once when it had been put right, and no doubt he'll feel quite well in the morning."

Mrs. Ruddart was the kindest of hostesses, and had been terribly distressed at the mishap which had occurred to one of her guests on his way to her house. In the absence of Cecil himself, Sibyl came in for a kind of reflected heroineship, and was made to repeat the incident many times to the large party of guests in the drawing-room after dinner. She was, however, rather worried and distraught, and did not mention the circumstance which chiefly occupied her thoughts.

"Mr. Ruddart," she said to her host when he sat down beside her, "you know the road which crosses the one on which I found Mr. Desart, diagonally, below the main road—where does that lead to?"

He mentioned some town. "Yet," he added, "it is really only a connection. About a mile beyond where you crossed it it runs into a considerably more important road, one that is roughly parallel to that on which you came."

"And that," said Sibyl with conviction,

"curves away round the base of that hill on the east. Oh, I know all about it."

"You appear to," he answered, smiling. "Have you——?"

"Miss Carnegie," said Mrs. Hayes, an absolutely selfish little woman with an adoring husband, "I hear you tell fortunes by palmistry. I wish you'd tell mine."

"Miss Carnegie is tired," interposed Mrs. Ruddart.

But Sibyl interrupted her. "No, no," she said. "I like it ; I really do."

But as she made Mrs. Hayes open out her hand flat in the broad circle of lamplight a sudden idea struck her with such force and intensity that for a moment she forgot everything in the present. She glanced down at her own right hand and nearly laughed aloud. There, like a map before her, lay the roads she had that day traversed. The hill up which she had ascended to the base of her line of fate, the trend of the line, crossed by the lines of head and heart, and there, just before the line of heart, which represented the broad main road, a curious cross betokening the advent of some new element into her life, a change of circumstances, an unexpected event. Here she had found Cecil Desart.

A great wonder, a sudden sense of awe seized her ; she was out of her depth, swimming in regions too deep for her. She controlled herself with a great effort, and completed the survey of the little, helpless, flabby, pink hand which lay awaiting her scrutiny.

It is an indisputable fact that the trained self-control of the upper classes of society is not always proof against the offer of incense at the shrine of the Ego. The women who were staying in the house with Miss Carnegie pushed mentally, if not physically, to ensure her knowledge of palmistry and future foretelling for themselves ; and if the men, fortified by hereditary instinct against "pushing" where women were concerned, did not actually mob her, yet each seized any opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* to intimate that he was quite peculiar and different from all other men, and that his hand would well repay a palmist's study.

Mr. Ruddart and Cecil Desart alone ignored the fascinating subject, the former by virtue of his position as host, which forbade his troubling a guest, the latter because he was an open sceptic on this and kindred matters.

The days of the week ran out quickly enough, every hour with its amusement or expedition ; yet not once did the expedition



"She looked again, eagerly."

take the direction of the road by which Sibyl Carnegie had come. She had not mentioned to any of her fellow-guests her strange presentiment. She felt that there was something too sacred about it. The only person in whom she felt it would have been possible to confide was the one sceptic. Several times it had been her intention to tell him, but each time she had changed her mind.

Persons staying in the same house rapidly become intimate. They meet and part as many times in a day as neighbours do in a week, and each time the intimacy has progressed. Thus Sibyl would have felt no difficulty in her confidence, but that it too prominently linked the idea of herself and Cecil together. He attracted her by his frank sincerity, his robust manliness, and a little also by his undeniable obstinacy. He was like a fresh breeze with his healthy optimism, his disdain of subterfuge. As Mrs. Ruddart frequently remarked, "One feels one knows him through and through; there are no back doors about him."

Now, though above all things a man loves in a woman mystery and subtlety, so that these attractions more than counterbalance the disadvantages of hypocrisy and inconsistency, yet a woman loves to feel that a man's life lies open to her, that she can trust him for transparent honesty; so Cecil Desart was extremely popular among the girls and women who were his fellow-guests.

The respect and liking which the women had for him were fully shared by Sibyl, though she was not the least bit in love with him. She thought of him as in some sense too young for her, too raw and boyish. Yet she also was interested in him, because she believed firmly in her future prognostication, and therefore that his life, in some strange way, was to influence and alter her own.

It was the evening before the final break-up of the house party, and the day had been fine and fairly warm. After dinner coffee was brought out on to the terrace before the house, and the ladies wandered off in twos and threes into the dimness of the tree-shaded drive or over the smooth-shaven turf of the lawns. Sibyl Carnegie was by herself. She had made up her mind, partly in a spirit of mischievous coquetry, to tell Cecil Desart of the position he had occupied on her line of fate—that is to say, if she had the chance. She might, of course, not see him again alone. But when the men stepped out from the low, long windows on

to the lawn, she knew almost at once that her wish was to be gratified, for Cecil instantly made his way to her.

"You said you had never heard the nightingale sing," he said in his direct way. "Come down to the copse now. He ought to be in tune to-night, as it is so much warmer."

She assented, and they wandered down the sloping field to the copse in the hollow where the stream ran.

In the copse it was very still, a stillness on which minor sounds lay lightly, emphasising contrast rather than breaking silence.

The couple stood on the narrow path among the young ash saplings, hardly higher than their heads. The ghostly light of a full moon, blurred by a misty veil of cloud, shone weirdly. Tiny white moths flitted by in evening liveliness, and occasionally the heavy hum of a cockchafer or belated bee thrilled warmly on the air. The nightingale was singing fitfully a couple of fields away, and his shriller, clearer note was now and then drowned by the impudent musical joy of a happy thrush. All Sibyl's psychic power seemed to rise and glow within her as she stood there, hardly breathing, behind Cecil, who lightly held the boughs apart. An access of feeling that was half pleasure, half pain, drowned her. She was near something which all her life she had longed for, and yet she was separated from it by an unfathomable chasm. She looked at Cecil's broad back, outlined before her, and with her disturbing analytic temperament at work sought the source of her sensation. Did he care for her? Was that the reason? He had certainly not told her so by word or deed, or by any of those nameless signs by which the heart of woman reads the heart of man. Had he even the power of caring greatly?

"It is weird and unearthly here," she said gently. "Even you must now for a time cease to scoff at things mysterious yet near."

He turned sharply, looking down upon her, his face rather white in the gleaming light of the moon.

"I don't scoff impertinently, I hope," he said. "Let people believe such things if they like. For me, I have found life fact, not fiction; material, not sentimental."

With one accord they walked on in silence, winding up by the slippery path. Sibyl intentionally tripped a little, and the result was as she had anticipated.

"It is rather steep here," he said, half turning. "Give me your hand."



"There was nothing for it but to sit straight and pray the hill might end."

His cool, strong fingers closed on her warm, firm hand, and they walked up together. They passed a small pond which looked stagnant with the scum and weed on its surface, until they reached a strong fence with a gate that would not open, and there they came to a standstill.

"Help me," said Sibyl, and then, without waiting for his aid, she perched herself on the fence, leaning back against the gatepost.

"It is very provoking," she said slowly, "that you of all people should not believe in

my prophecies, for you are personally concerned."

"I?" he said, and waited. Perhaps he wondered if this were merely one of the attempts at an ordinary flirtation of which he had many times been the subject; but apparently he decided not, for he added more softly, "Please tell me how."

So she told him, with the tone of an enthusiast, little knowing how her deep-set eyes and winning voice set off the narrative.

"This is deeply interesting," he said when she stopped speaking, and he leaned on the fence beside her, so that their faces were on a level.

"Still you do not believe?"

"You can't expect to make a convert by one statement, especially if it may be due to coincidence!"

She was silent.

"The roads, I admit," he said thoughtfully, "are roughly like the lines on anyone's hand."

"I will tell you further," she went on eagerly. "On my line of life there is a break foretelling a serious accident. I have meant for the past week to ride down the road which corresponds, to see if that accident takes place, but I have had no opportunity. I do not leave here to-morrow until midday; I shall get up early and go there."

"I shall go with you."

She answered nothing, but he was near enough to see, even in that dim light, the mutinous twinkle that swept over her face.

"You mean you will give me the slip? Very well, then, I shall patrol the road from daybreak to midday."

"Really! Why, I thought you didn't believe in this nonsense."

"I believe so far that you, with your highly strung temperament, might create an accident at that spot."

"But, really, my life is my own; what does it matter to anyone?"

He laid his hand over the two that were on her lap.

"It matters to me," he said. Yet he infused no love-tenderness into his tone, he drew no nearer by a hairbreadth.

A tumultuous gladness of feeling surged over Sibyl. It was not the least like being in love—as she had pictured it—only she was so wildly happy, she wanted to sing at the top of her voice like the nightingale—no, the fat thrush; there was a plaintive note in the nightingale's tune with which she had no patience. Cecil was so very nice. She did not withdraw her hands. Neither did he move, but he said no more. So presently in an impulsive moment she turned over the hand that lay on hers and placed it palm upwards.

"I would like to tell your fortune," she said gaily.

"I know I am safe; you can only see the hand itself dimly, and no lines."

"Have you never had the future told?"

"I never have, and never will have it told," he said.

"But if you don't believe in it, it can't affect you."

He did not answer.

"Please, Mr. Desart, have you any matches?"

"Yes."

"Will you give them to me?"

He laughed.

"If you were wise you might make a bargain: you might make me promise not to ride down the line of life on condition you allow me to tell your palm."

"It is dangerous to make bargains with women. I never do so."

"But you might be very, very generous, and give a woman what she wants with no bargain."

"It is possible."

"Mr. Desart, where are the matches?"

He found a box of wax vestas with his left hand—she was still holding the right—and passed them to her silently. She struck one and bent closely over the palms, which he allowed to rest on her knee. She looked triumphantly sibylline in the glow of the flickering match, with the little fluttering moths, attracted by the light, dancing round her soft, dark head. The match burned itself out and she dropped it with a little cry.

"Did you burn your fingers?" he asked.

"Not in the sense you mean," she said a little tremulously.

He struck another match himself and held it over his own hand. She looked again, eagerly, and then her eyes met his with a wistful expression. For a moment the two—man and girl—gazed straight at one another across the little flame, as if they would read each other's very soul. Then he moved uneasily.

"Well," he said, with an attempt to be as careless as usual, "tell me the worst."

"I make no bargains—I ask no questions," she said, and her hand clutched his coat-sleeve convulsively; "but"—with a feminine afterthought—"I trust you to tell me if I am right—you are married already!"

There was an instant's silence, full of meaning, of deepest feeling, for both; then he answered doggedly, "It is quite true."

She sat still; the shaft had sped. It was in truth no more than an entanglement she had noted in the hand. The rest was telepathy—a flash of thought-transmission; but it had served its purpose equally.

The night had grown suddenly chill. It occurred to her that the distant voices on the lawn above were stilled. She sprang down from her perch and he followed.

"Miss Carnegie," he said, "I own your power. I am your captive."

She answered nothing. She was filled with a bitter anger, as if he had wronged her.

"No one—that is, of course, speaking practically—no one knows of my marriage," he continued. "My wife is not an English woman. I have not seen her for six years."

"I want to know nothing," said Sibyl.

"Yet now I want to ask you one thing, just one, before we part: will you give up this mad idea of riding down that road to-morrow?"

She laughed bitterly. "Why should I not do as I please? It matters to no one."

In the face of the revelation just made, how could he again assert it mattered to him? He found it impossible, and they parted without another word.

All through the short night that followed Sibyl's imagination ran riot. She could hardly herself separate hideous nightmare dreams from half-waking conjectures. She pictured Cecil's wife as a native of every clime under the sun, from the dusky beauties of the South Seas to the "almond-eyed daughters of Japan. Why had he so entangled himself? Was it in a wild fit of passion, or by connivance of others? Either supposition was equally untenable, seeing that he was what he was—resolute, clear-headed, and evenly balanced.

Again, no one knew of it; and he had not seen his wife for six years. The fact of secrecy and suppression was impossible to connect with this sincere, frank young man. It was but one more instance of Nature's incredible freakishness—Nature who wraps up streaks and strata of eccentricity in the most unlikely places.

The wife must have disgraced herself soon after the union, or he would never have feared to own his action. Had she gone mad, as of old did Mrs. Rochester, or committed some

and painful. The morning was fresh and cold, with a white mist hanging over the fields. She met but few people about, and no vehicles except a cart and a furniture removal van.

She crossed the line of heart, and bit her lip with sudden throb as she came to the place where she had found Cecil. The line of head diverted her course, and she followed it to the spot where the line of life forked from it. The latter was a broad road of tolerable descent cut in the side of the hill,



"Bending over her was a gipsy face."

crime for which the law of her own land had incarcerated her? The latter might be the solution. So, tossing and turning in the clutch of a mental kaleidoscope, Sibyl lay until the grey dawn of the morning.

About seven o'clock she got up and dressed; then, creeping downstairs to the lumber-room, possessed herself of her bicycle and set forth on the high road to destiny.

Her spirits weighed like lead. She was aching with a sense of wrong, of personal injury; her inner consciousness was bruised

and it had a notice-board of "Warning to Cyclists" at its summit. At this Sibyl nodded "Good morning" with a defiant smile. She was reckless—nothing mattered—no one cared. Other people wrecked their lives, and no one said them nay. Why should not she?

However, she kept her feet on the pedals, while the slope grew steeper and steeper. It was a very long hill, and she had time to think of many things, but through them all there ran an uneasy conjecture as to Cecil's wife.

As the hill grew steeper she had to back pedal more vigorously, rising in her saddle and almost standing on the pedals ; but she disdained to use her brake. The hill curved round, so she could not see very far ahead, and round the long curve she ran for a mile or more. Suddenly there was a crack and whirr—the chain had snapped. The pedals buzzed round without restraint, and she had lost control of the machine. She was flying onward with terrific impetus down the smooth road, with the impending fear of a horrible accident, which grew every moment greater, stiffening her nerves and paralysing her energies. Instinctively she put her feet on the rests and clapped her hand to the brake. It would not act ! It was stiff in the socket, or the spring had given way. There was nothing for it but to sit straight and pray the hill might end.

Now that fancy had turned to reality, and forecast become fact, the agonised anticipation of physical suffering brought the perspiration on her brow, and her heart turned to water. At any other time she would have cared nothing for the adventure ; there was not likely to be an impediment in the way of traffic. She had only to keep her head and steer ; but it was the gradual fulfilment of her own prophecy that benumbed her, turning her bones to water.

She swept on swiftly, the wheels flying, her face blanched. Round a curve she saw ahead, at the steepest part of the hill, a gipsy caravan drawn right across the road. As she swept down to her destruction, she instinctively sounded the bell ; but vacancy was before her ; already she felt the terrors of that awful collision.

In reality, it was only a few seconds from the time she first sighted the monster in her path to the time she reached it ; but in that interval a man sprang from the hedge, and seizing the lumbering horse's bridle, forced it and the caravan back into the ditch. The animal, terrified by the unexpected onslaught, reared, the man slipped, lost his footing, and went down beneath its great iron-shod hoofs ; but in the few yards' space he had cleared by his action the whirlwind of girl and bicycle swept past in safety.

Sibyl saw it all as in a hideous nightmare—his square shoulders, his great hands tugging at the bridle, his set face, and she knew who it was. Then the vacancy which had been struggling for possession seethed over her—an instant of unconsciousness—an instant of recovery in a grinding crash—then once more merciful unconsciousness.

She awoke with the sensation of wrestling with the nightmare in her room, and bending over her was a gipsy face, in a setting of coarse, black hair—a repulsive, wicked face, with eyes of coal ; and Sibyl stirred feebly at this incarnation of all that was most terrible in her visions of Cecil's wife.

But gradually, as she realised the woman was flesh and blood and no creature of a dream, she roused herself, and recollection came to her. Then she cried wildly to know what had happened to Cecil.

"The gentleman is dead," said the woman bluntly. "The horse kicked him on the head. It was his own fault ; we had nought to do wi' it."

In that instant Sibyl knew that she had loved him ; and the whole future lay before her, a wilderness of remorse and self-pity.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

MOTHER: Was Auntie glad as well as surprised to see you and Tommy, and Freddie, and Frank?

JACK: Rather! She said why hadn't we brought you, and father, and Jane, and the dog, and the cat, and the fowls, too?



SHE: Father says he wouldn't think of giving his consent to our marriage.

HE: Why not? Just think of the money he has borrowed of me.

SHE: That's it. He says you've no more to lend.



OVER-DEVELOPED.

By Wilfrid Klickmann.

MESSRS. SNAP, SCHOTT, AND SHUTTER, the makers of the Quick-Firing Gatling Cameras, were advertising for a gentleman to fill the position of Chief Operator. There was nothing suspicious about the advertisement, and its straightforward, almost pleading tone prepossessed me—

REQUIRED, a capable photographic operator, to undertake sole charge of Dark Room and Developing Branch of our business. A permanency. An opportunity for life. Liberal salary. Apply to Snap, Schott, and Shutter, etc.

The "liberal salary" seemed to promise well, likewise the permanent opportunity for life. As regarded my own suitability for the post, I had no misgivings. Photography held no unsolved mysteries for me, while in algebraic formulæ connected with diaphragms, angles, and foci of lenses I was quite at home. Further, Messrs. Snap, Schott, and Shutter were an eminent firm, and their particular make of apparatus was probably the most terrible with which the amateur photographic fiend could arm himself.

It was called a "hand camera," implying that it could be carried in the hand, and to distinguish it from that variety which entails the attendance of a strong porter for locomotion. You surely know them? Have you never seen the advertisements?—

Photography is so simple
that anyone can learn it.

Another reads—

When the Quick-Firing Gatling is loaded,
pull the trigger and send us the spent shot.

Thousands of persons, who are absolutely



FORCE OF HABIT: SUNDAY MORNING IN THE SUBURBS.

ignorant of the chemical transformation required to produce a photograph, are now able, through the instrumentality of Snap, Schott, and Shutter, to write themselves "amateur photographers." The professional may scoff at the assumption of an unearned title; but if adding to the innocent happiness of the human race is laying another stone to the foundations of the millennium, then the makers of the Quick-Firing Gatling have done a good work. There is no difficulty whatever. A dozen rounds are "fired," the bandolier (so to speak) is withdrawn and sent to Snap, Schott, and Shutter, with a trifling fee. The firm do the developing, and print as many copies as are ordered by the "photographers." The latter then have the delight of exhibiting to their friends (with an assumed carelessness) the choicest of their efforts.

"These are a few little things I snapped the other day," one will remark, with the modest, deprecating air of a Selous producing a recent bag from Somaliland. "That's the Duke of Buccleuch arguing with a cabby, and here's Mr. Labouchere eating a sandwich at Euston. I'm told it's quite unique in its way; my friends rave about it."

This mode is avoided by those whose wish it is



QUITE BUSINESS-LIKE.

PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER: And did it take you long to persuade Sis to say "Yes"?

HER FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW: Not very long. My cyclometer only registered about eight hundred miles.

to be identified with a cult. To these the only permissible definition of a photograph is "A study." This all-embracing term is useful, for a smudge can be labelled at will "Moonlight Study in Late Autumn," "Storm on the Serpentine, after Turner," or "Chrysanthème—an Impression."

For criticism a non-committing "Quite so" is all that is necessary.

I dropped Messrs. Snap, Schott, and Shutter a line, and begged to be favoured with the name and address of the operator lately holding the post. By return the following reached me—

"DEAR SIR,—In answer to your courteous note, we regret to inform you that the gentleman to whom you allude is dead.

"Yours truly,

"SNAP, SCHOTT, AND SHUTTER."

"P.S.—We trust to receive shortly your application for the position."

It was disconcerting to be unable to ascertain how he had liked the work. I tried again, and asked for the address of his predecessor in office. To my surprise I learned that this gentleman was at present in charge of his medical attendant at a private asylum. A postscript to this second letter informed me that S. S. & S. would await my application before coming to a decision.

As the firm were meeting me more than half way, I did not wish to appear too exacting, and accordingly accepted the post.

My arrival created somewhat of a sensation. The interest I excited was distinctly flattering to a modest man. Some of the clerks seemed to regard me in a strange manner, and I could have vowed there was a look almost akin to pity in the eyes of the lady typist. The manager was the exception; he beamed cordially, and even asked in an anxious voice if I had any family. He appeared greatly relieved at my negative reply. Had the firm been manufacturers of lyddite he could not have been more solicitous.

Knowing the harmlessness of the task before me, with a light heart I commenced work on innumerable little piles of glass plates.

I began with a batch of a dozen plates, which the sender, by his letter, declared to be of exceptional interest. The first six plates were negatives, but not in the generally accepted sense of the word. By no stretch of imagination could the eye of faith detect the slightest trace of any picture,



A NATURAL DEDUCTION.

GUFDE (referring to Egyptian Pyramids): It took hundreds of years to build them.
O'BRIEN (the wealthy contractor): Thin it wor a Gover'mint job, eh?

and mopping my brow I wondered whether the photographer had despatched me a box of unexposed plates. Number seven was like its predecessors, and so was the next and the next. The mistake was obvious. The man had sent me a dozen new plates in error. A few minutes would suffice to finish off the remainder. A shock awaited me with the last of all. Gazing darkly into the developing dish, signs of great distress were quickly manifest in the film. I dashed it into clean water. Proceeding cautiously with a

weak solution, a faint image of St. Paul's Cathedral became apparent, considerably obscured by the masts of ships, and flanked with the two towers of the Crystal Palace. Beads of perspiration kept my forehead cool as further incongruities became evident. A phantom chariot and six horses suggested Lord Mayor's Day, and an indescribable jumble of British Museum, the Tower Bridge, and Nelson's Monument darkened the whole. It was, indeed, an interesting set of pictures, marred by the fact that all had been taken on one and the same negative.

The operator had diligently "pulled the trigger" a dozen times, but had not thought it necessary to change his plate.

I tried a new lot, but with no better result. Amateur photographers evidently believe the age of miracles has not passed. They will hold a camera in an impossible position before an object, and with simple faith look forward to a perfect photograph. You can't get a really distinct and detailed picture of the Mediterranean Squadron off Gibraltar, including the Rock, on a plate the size of a lady's visiting-card, and family portraits taken in a badly lighted room, instantaneously, at a distance of a foot and a half from the sitter, are not flattering.

It seemed unfortunate that I should have begun on so many failures, but I looked for better luck on the morrow. Alas! it was a forlorn hope, and the second day closed in gloom.

During the third and fourth days I tackled the task, grimly determined to bear up and earn my "liberal salary." Personal feelings should not be allowed to intrude into one's business occupations, I argued. The instructions from the

respective senders of the plates I read with avidity. Each fresh letter was like the arrival in the prison cell of a warder—welcome, even if accompanied by a task. Saturday dawned, and catching sight of my face in the mirror while shaving, I started at my haggard look. How I had aged! An indomitable spirit, however, urged me to go to the "studio," and I ignored the anxious faces of the staff. I felt ready to forfeit a week's salary if only one of the plates showed signs of developing into something. The tension was not relieved when I

found a note a month old, left by my predecessor in office, intimating his intention of committing suicide. The cheery manager shook my hand each day, surreptitiously feeling my pulse the while. The hope that springs eternally in the human breast received a slight encouragement a few days later. Slowly developing before my eyes, and distantly visible, was a scene of a busy quay—a steamer, gangways, and troops hurrying on board. It was a beautiful little negative, and while I laid it aside to soak I acknowledged humbly to myself how a small thing may perchance preserve the balance of an intellect. Other pictures fol-

lowed, all good in their way. My excitement knew no bounds, for the relief was great. Instead of filling up one of Messrs. Snaps, Schott, and Shutter's usual forms, "We regret to inform you that there have been—failures in the parcel of plates forwarded to us for development," I wrote a special note congratulating the photographer.

Two days afterwards the prints were returned with a letter worded in stronger terms than the circumstances seemed to warrant. It was from the Chairman of the "Anti-Friction-Peace-at-



THE HORSE SUPPLY.

"Now, you shall 'ave 'im for fifty shillings—and not a copper less!
'Osses 'as riz since the war, you know."



To All Whom it May Concern.

any-Price Conciliation Committee," to whom I had in error sent the proofs. He demanded his proper negatives (whatever they were, they were failures), and insisted that I had sent him the war pictures to annoy him, and with malice aforethought. It was merely a slip on my part, and one quite excusable when my excited feelings were taken into account. But Fate was evidently against me. A gentleman named Robinson had obtained an excellent snapshot of the prize porker at the Agricultural Hall, and another amateur photographer of the same name had also sent plates to be developed. Will it be believed, a similar mistake occurred again, and the picture of the quadruped with the rotundity of a balloon came into the possession of Mr. Robinson, the well-known vegetarian advocate? The latter, when pointing out my mistake, took the opportunity of enclosing a couple of tracts on the viciousness of carnivorous diet *versus* the spirituality of bean-feasts.

The manager must have noticed my altered appearance, for he would look the other way if I approached him. He assured me I need not be alarmed at the whiteness of my hair, it was merely the effect of the dark-room. He added that it would go off after a time. It did—in fact, it dropped off.

There is no need to linger over the remaining brief period during which I stayed in the employ of Messrs. Snap, Schott, and Shutter. In three months I had aged to second childhood, and my bald head confirmed the idea. The tension had undermined my constitution. The doctors thought that my complaint might possibly be amenable to the open-air treatment. After consultation, the firm were good enough to equip me with a second-hand itinerant photographer's kit mounted on a perambulator. My business-card explains my present whereabouts—

TRUNDLER & Co.,

ARTISTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY AND
MAKERS OF PORTRAITS.

MINIATURES PREPARED AND HAND-
SOMELY FRAMED WHILE YOU WAIT.
PRICE SIXPENCE.

STUDIO:—On the Sands (next the Whelk
Stall) MARGATE.



"I SUPPOSE the proprietor takes every precaution against fire?" queried the nervous visitor, whose room was on the eighth floor of the hotel.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the porter. "He's insured the place for twice what it's worth."



"YES, LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL!"

"Do you know, Hettie," said the father to his eighteen-year-old daughter the other morning, "that it was after twelve o'clock last night when that young man left here?"

"Oh, it couldn't have been, father."

"But it was. Now, don't let that happen again."

"But I couldn't tell him to leave. I did nothing to entertain him except show him my scrap-book."

"Well, I'll bring home my account-book this evening, with your millinery and dressmaker expenses balanced up. If he calls again show him that."



Honeysuckle.

A STUDY BY BEATRICE OFFOR.

TENNIS.

BY EUSTACE H. MILES,*

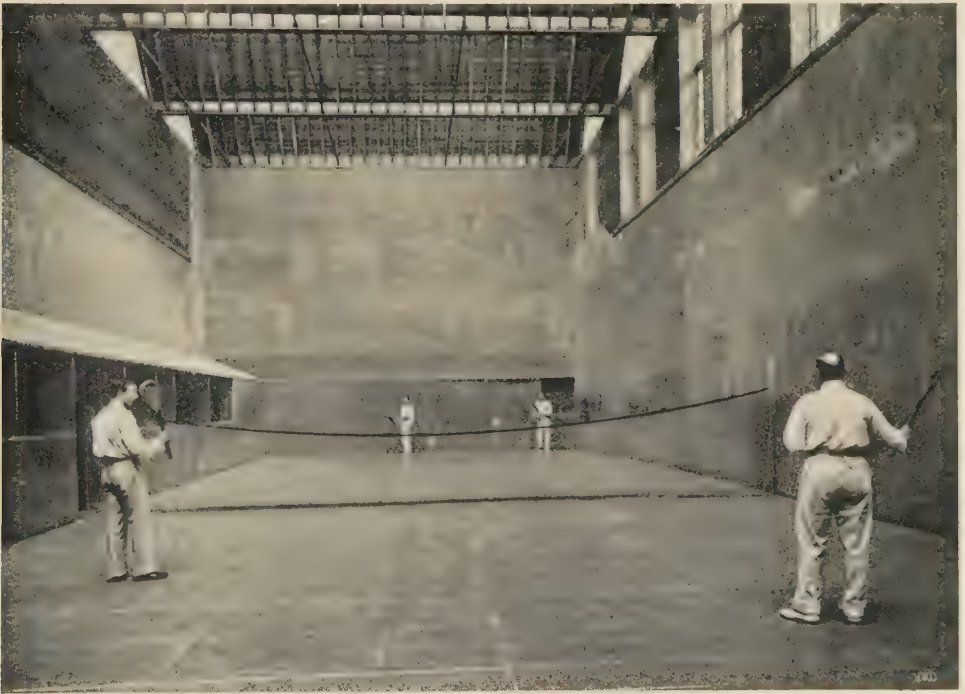
Amateur Tennis Champion and Holder of the Gold Prize.

Photographs by H. Mason, Cambridge.

THERE is a good deal of confusion in the minds of many people as to the various games in which one has to hit a ball above a certain height before it has bounced twice. I remember one lady, who knew that I was fond of fives and rackets, asking me if I would not like to play lawn-fives on her lawn-fives court, whereas another

the name of their game; to them it is "tennis," and to speak of lawn-tennis as tennis is the greatest insult you can offer them. For them tennis is tennis, and lawn-tennis is lawn-tennis, or else—pat-ball.

Now, why is it that there is such confusion between the various games, and why is it that tennis is so little known?



A FOUR-HANDED GAME: JIM HARRADINE, THE CAMBRIDGE MARKER, ABOUT TO SERVE.

day she called the game lawn-rackets; the court then became a lawn-racket court. She imagined that fives and rackets, tennis and lawn-tennis were all the same game, being called by different names, perhaps, for the sake of variety. Squash-rackets was a form of exercise that she had never heard of.

Tennis players are very particular about

First of all there are the technical terms, such as "dedans," "tambour," "grille," "chase," and "boasted force." These seem enough to frighten anyone, even though they are not worse than the technical terms of golf and are far less numerous than those of the medical profession; yet this will certainly be one reason why tennis is so little known or understood.

Secondly, it is undoubtedly expensive, partly because of the expense of building

* Copyright, 1900, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.



TENNIS BALL, ACTUAL SIZE.

and keeping up the huge court and of paying the markers ; but it is only fair to remember that lawn-tennis with the best conditions (especially plenty of new balls) is probably not a penny cheaper—in wet weather or on bad or dirty courts it is a great deal dearer.

Thirdly, tennis is little if at all played by certain sets of people—for instance, it is not known at any school, while rackets is played both at the public schools and in the Army.

Yet tennis is well worth studying for many reasons, and not least of all because of those who have played it ! Shakespeare alludes to kings playing the game, and the son of one of the Georges was killed by a tennis ball. Among modern players might be mentioned Lord Windsor, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Edward Grey, the Duke of York, and Sir William Hart-Dyke. And to the list might be added many leading lawn-tennis players of the day, such as Doherty, Mahony, and Nesbit.

The game has another interest besides the list of those who have played it, and that is that it is very old. It need not be very old to be the mother of lawn-tennis, but the old-fashioned courts and the old allusions to the game show that it goes back into very early times. The building at Hampton Court will be familiar to many readers, and there are few who will not regret the removal of the old court at Lord's on which the clock used to stand.

The great charm of tennis is its variety. In tennis, as in lawn-tennis, one tries to hit

the ball over the net and past the other player or over his head ; but in tennis there is much more choice—for example, there are the side-walls and the back-walls, and there are many openings into which the ball may be hit.

The history of the game is not altogether clear. Mr. Julian Marshall has given the best account of it in his "Annals of Tennis." In its early stages it was played with a ball something like the present ball, but this was hit with the hand. Probably this was found painful, especially on a cold day, and the players took to wearing gloves, and then, so that they might strike the ball with more effect, they put gut across their fingers. Later on, to give leverage, they put the gut not on their fingers, but on a wooden framework—thus we have the beginnings of the racket.

This gut was so loose that one could not hit nearly so far or so fast with it as with a modern racket, which is also very heavy. On this page we see a modern racket, being gripped by the hand ; this racket weighs about seventeen ounces—that is to say, two or three ounces more than a lawn-tennis racket.

Since olden times there has been a considerable change in other things besides the racket. The ball is now covered with cloth. It is about the size of a lawn-tennis ball, but about as hard as a cricket ball. The court now has a hard, even floor, and it is shut in above by a roof. Dumas' novels show that this was not the case in early

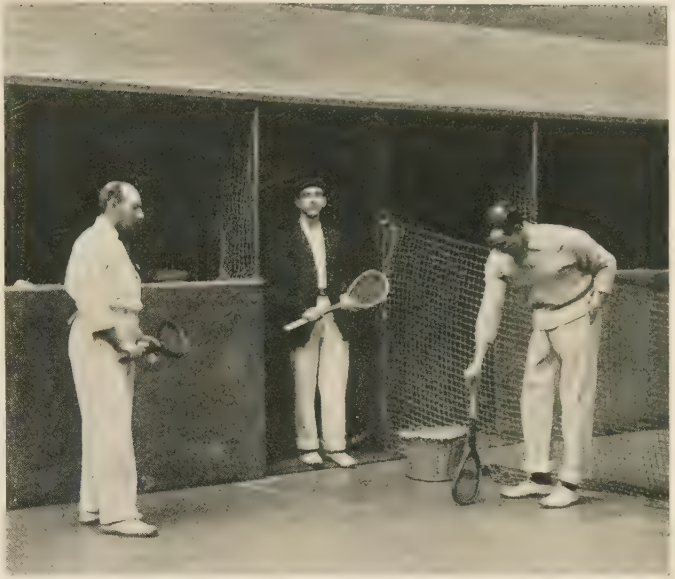


GRIP OF THE RACKET FOR A FOREHAND STROKE.

times, when, for example, a player could convey a message beyond the walls by attaching it to a ball and hitting the ball outside the court. Now, also, the court is much "faster," and the balls come quicker. The play itself has changed considerably. In olden times, when your opponent made certain good strokes, it was etiquette to bow courteously and to let the ball fall to the ground. We cannot imagine a modern player doing this; it would be almost as ridiculous as for a cricketer to stand aside and let a good ball bowl him. In those days there was not much running about; there was stately grace, but there was not enough violent exercise to demand flannels as a necessity. An old-fashioned player bitterly complained, not long ago, that nowadays flannels are necessary at real tennis, because one is in danger of getting quite warm! Indeed, we see many players rushing about over the court almost as energetically as if they were playing football. Modern tennis must be classed as one of the most vigorous of games; it is not much easier work than rackets. There are long rallies, which are curiously enough called "rests"; there is hard hitting with a tightly strung racket, and there is often a very fast service also. There is much volleying, as in lawn-tennis, and there is a good deal of that beautiful stroke, the half-volley, of which Caridia is the exponent in lawn-tennis.

Let us now look at the court as seen in the illustration on page 606. We are sitting in what is called the *dedans*; we are beyond the back-wall of the court, and we are protected from violence by a netting. Facing us, and beyond the net in the middle of the court, is old Jim Harradine taking a back-hand stroke in the far right-hand corner; we shall speak of him again directly. This place where we are sitting is a winning opening—that is to say, if Jim hits the ball into it during the play it will count one point to him.

Just behind Jim, and in the extreme right-hand corner, is a square opening called the *grille*; a ball which is hit into this is also a winning stroke, and makes a bang which shows that the mark has been reached. What



SPINNING FOR SIDES: THE MARKER IS IN HIS BOX, AND HAS NOT YET PUT THE BASKET IN ITS HOLE.

player does not love that bang, if *he* has hit the ball?

On the right-hand wall, not far from this grille, is a projecting buttress coming at an angle. It is called the *tambour*, though one lawn-tennis player of some note prefers to call it "the hump." A ball which hits this will come off, not straight, but at a slant; the *tambour* is not unlike the "pepperbox" in the Eton fives court. These three peculiarities are among the great charms of the game.

Another charm is the fact that the court (like a racket court) has a back-wall and side-walls, so that you can often let a ball go past you, and can take it after it has hit the back-wall.

There used to be another winning "hazard" called the *tune*; this is now done away with.

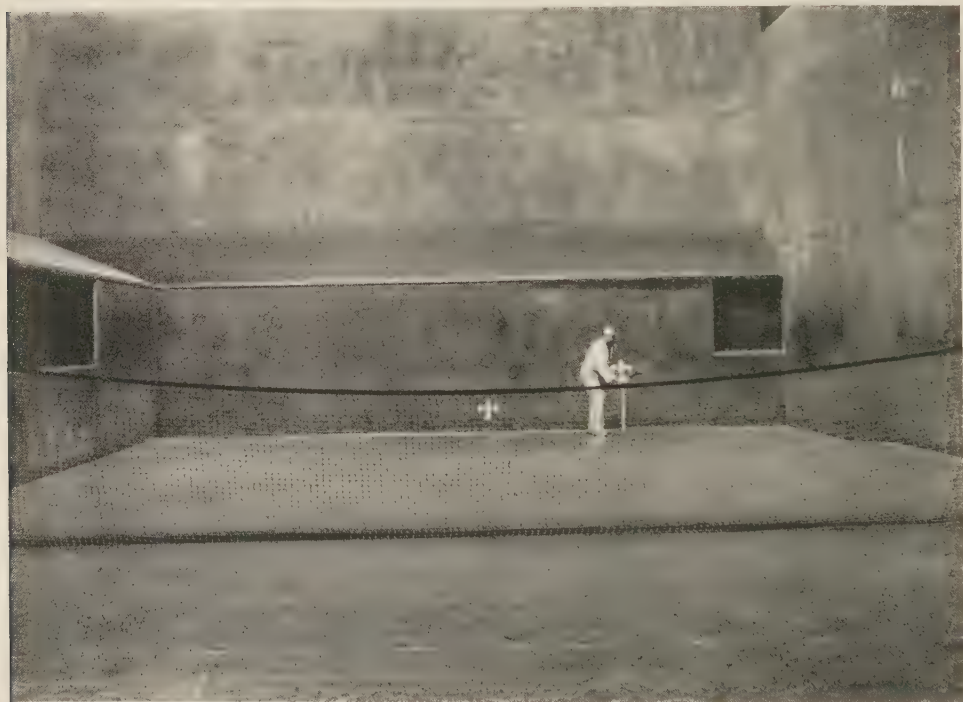
The last of the winning openings is the farthest gallery on the other side of the net, and is called the *winning gallery*. The galleries on the left-hand side of the court are netted over, so that spectators of the game shall not be killed. To stand too near this netting, however, is almost as dangerous as to stand too near the bars of the monkey-house at the Zoo. Even through the protection the ball may still do considerable business. Over the galleries is a *penthouse*, which slopes inwards; there is a penthouse also at the further end of the court, and one above the *dedans*.

Among the galleries and in their midst there is the entrance door; in this stands the marker; he calls out the score and collects the balls. In our illustration the players are spinning for choice of sides, and the marker is waiting in his "box"; occasionally the marker gets some very nasty balls hit at him, but he soon gets to know how to dodge them. Markers should be good boxers.

Notice the large basket of balls; generally six or nine dozen are used at a time, and they are put into an open box, which is

All about the floor, except for a part of the further side of the court, are lines, whose purpose we shall see directly. When I say that they are for chases, I leave the reader no wiser than before.

It is not surprising that a certain lawn-tennis player should have complained that the game would be very good if it were not for the "furniture"; the "hump" and the "boxes" and the "left-luggage department" used to aggravate him beyond measure, to say nothing of the scoring of the game itself, on which we shall now touch lightly.



TAKING A BACK-HANDER UNDER THE "GRILLE": THE BUTTRESS ON THE WALL TO THE RIGHT IS THE "TAMBOUR."

almost inside the dedans. It is a great advantage that the players have not always to be running about outside the court, picking up balls which they have hit there. What a luxury it would be to play with nine dozen balls at lawn-tennis! One sometimes sees the marker throw the basket from just by the dedans to a hole in the court just by the marker's box. If he throws it well the basket settles down neatly into the hole; but there are not many markers who are good at the trick. It is one of those graceful arts on which the markers of former days used to pride themselves.

The players or the marker arrange what odds or handicap the weaker player shall receive. This may be very much as in lawn-tennis, or else one player may have to confine his strokes to "half the court," or he may not be allowed to hit into the winning openings; or he may play with some strange implement, such as a cricket-bat. Personally I find this to be very good practice. Pettitt, the American champion, is very good with a piece of wood like a bit of an armchair; other players have used bootjacks and soda-water bottles.

Having arranged the odds, one of the

players comes to the side where we are sitting (in the *dedans*), and serves. The service is always from this *dedans* side, but it is very varied.

One of the illustrations on this page shows a service high into the air; such a service one seldom sees in lawn-tennis; there is a special kind of high service which for obvious reasons is called the *giraffe*.

The second illustration on this page shows what is called a side-wall service; it will hit the side-wall above the penthouse (on the left), and will then hit the penthouse itself (for every service must do that), and will come down towards or on to the back-wall.

This differs from a lawn-tennis service in being, as a rule, very heavily cut or sliced, so that when it has reached the back-wall it will drop down suddenly. The server can stand anywhere on the service-side.

A very favourite service is from the left side of the court, and from close to the *dedans*. From this place the ball is struck on to the penthouse, with a very hard under-hand or overhand stroke, and rushes along at a great pace; it may reach the back-wall at the "nick," that is to say, just where the



IN POSITION FOR A HIGH SERVICE.



IN POSITION FOR SERVING CLOSE UNDER THE PENTHOUSE.

back-wall meets the floor. Of course, such a service would be almost impossible to return: it is called the *chemin de fer* or railroad service. This variety in the services helps to make tennis the exciting game it is; the lawn-tennis service is, in comparison, most monotonous to watch.

The player on the further side has to return the ball over the net (as in lawn-tennis), but he may hit the ball right into the *dedans* itself (this will always be a winning stroke), or full against the back-wall or the side-wall (up to a certain height). In lawn-tennis such a stroke would go "out of court."

The scoring will be very much the same as in lawn-tennis—for instance, "15—love, 15—all, 30—15, 30—all, 40—30, deuce, vantage, deuce, vantage, game." The "set" is for six games. All this sounds very familiar to lawn-tennis players or spectators, but there are considerable differences in the scoring beyond these mere numbers.

First of all there are those winning strokes of which we have spoken already; many of them would go flying far outside the court at lawn-tennis. Then there are what are called the *chases*; they are the despair of the uninitiated spectators, and cannot be

described in detail here. The principle is that a player may often leave a ball alone and let it fall, without necessarily losing the stroke. He will play again for the stroke, but when he thus plays again for it he will play under unfavourable conditions. He has to go on making better strokes than the one which he left alone. His strokes will all have to be a better "length," or else "cut" so heavily that they will come down smartly when they hit the back-wall.

The lines across the floor on the service-side mark the distance from the back-wall. Supposing that I am playing on this side, and cannot reach a stroke, so that I let the ball strike the floor *twice*, then the marker notes where the ball strikes the floor

at the *second* bounce. If it is two yards from the back-wall, he calls out "Chase 2"; if it is a little more than six yards, he calls out "Worse than 6"; and, if it is still nearer to the net, he may call out "The last gallery," or "The second gallery," etc., according to the spot.

Now, when there are two such chases, or when there is only one, and the game is within one point of being finished, then we change sides, and now I have to play out the two chases or the one chase over again, but this time at a disadvantage; for every stroke I make has now to be a better stroke than the one I left alone. For instance, the playing for the "chase 2" will mean that each of my strokes has to strike the floor, at its second bounce, between "chase 2" and the back-wall—*i.e.*, within two yards of the back-wall. If I fail to hit one ball as close to the back-wall as this, and if my opponent leaves this "failure" alone, then I shall have lost the "chase" and the stroke: the marker will call out "Lost it," and my opponent will get the point.

If I do not think that I can possibly keep the ball within this limit, I may strike for the *dedans*, which is always a winning opening.

If you notice the grip in the illustration on page 604, you will see that the head of the racket is at an angle, and the racket will strike the ball, not fair and square, but with a kind of slicing stroke. An old marker described it as hitting the ball "as if you was trying to kill a dawg." This, which is called the *cut*, is one of the most marked features of tennis; it is also found in rackets, not in the play itself, but in the service.

This cut makes the stroke somewhat slower than the stroke at rackets, and at rackets also one is not allowed to play over again any stroke which one has left alone. There are no "chases." In this, rackets resembles lawn-tennis. In rackets also there is more hard driving. But tennis is acquiring this hard drive more and more.

Of course, fives, though somewhat like tennis in many ways, is different from tennis, lawn-tennis, and rackets, because in it both hands are used, and not a racket at all.

Some of the advantages of tennis as a game may now briefly be mentioned.

For one thing, as the illustration of the game will show, there is an *old-world feeling* about the tennis court. It is like walking in an old-fashioned garden; one feels outside the busy rush of life and business in this "world of sport shut in," and the effect is



Photo by Ludowici.]

[New York.

PETER LATHAM, WORLD-CHAMPION FOR TENNIS AND RACKETS.

refreshing. Perhaps it is partly this, as well as the very great merits of the game, that is making tennis so popular in America.

For the game has very great merits ; there always seems to be something fresh to learn and to study, and the whole art of tennis is most engrossing. Only the other day an amateur told me that he would be quite content to knock about tennis balls by himself for hours together in a tennis court.

The game is also not too long, though much will depend on one's opponent. Besides this, it can be played up to almost any age, for the gain of experience will almost counteract the loss of activity up to a certain point. The veteran will know just how to play a stroke, just what balls to leave alone, and just what kind of service to give. Jim Harradine, the Cambridge marker, is over fifty years of age, but does not seem yet to have lost any of his activity—he can play for five or six hours a day. Mr. Ross, who writes the excellent accounts of tennis matches for the *Field*, is also no longer young, but there seems no reason why he should not keep up his game at a high level for ever so many years to come.

Tennis, unlike lawn-tennis on the grass, may be played all the year round and in any weather. The tennis marker also makes a great difference. It must not be thought that the marker merely marks ; he or his assistants are able to string rackets, and they will play with a player whose opponent has not turned up ; they give lessons as well. And this is not all, for they rank among the very highest classes of professionals in England. Some of them are among the pleasantest men one could possibly meet. It is well worth while to talk over the game with many of these markers ; their ideas and their varied stock of anecdotes are always worth listening to. Peter Latham is an especially interesting example of the tennis professional, partly, of course, because he is champion of the world both at tennis and at rackets.

Other markers have had their peculiar interests. Of Tom Pettitt we have already spoken ; he is one of the most powerfully built men that I have ever seen ; he looks as if he could easily take up anybody and throw him anywhere ; he, like Peter Latham, is a splendid teacher, and one of the most interesting men to talk to. Another marker whom I knew used to be able to jump on to the penthouse.

It is the handicaps, as well as the markers, that help to make tennis a fascinating



E. H. MILES (AMATEUR CHAMPION AND HOLDER OF THE GOLD PRIZE), IN A HANDICAP WITH A CRICKET BAT INSTEAD OF A RACKET.

game. At lawn-tennis you meet an opponent who can easily beat you, or whom you can easily beat ; it will not be an even game, and perhaps you are the better player and you say to him, "How much shall I give you ?" He says, "Oh, I would much rather play level." Now, if you play up hard you will win easily ; if you do not, the game will hardly be worth the candle, for there are few things more unsatisfactory than a slack game. At tennis, however, there is a certain compulsion brought to bear on the players, for if anyone in a set loses six games running, this is called a love set, and the loser has to pay a shilling to the marker. The man who refused to take odds might, therefore, lose five or six shillings in a day ; this will incline him to take odds. No one cares for paying even a shilling, quite apart from the ignominy of the love set ; whereas it is not ignominy in tennis to receive proper odds, for it is the regular custom.

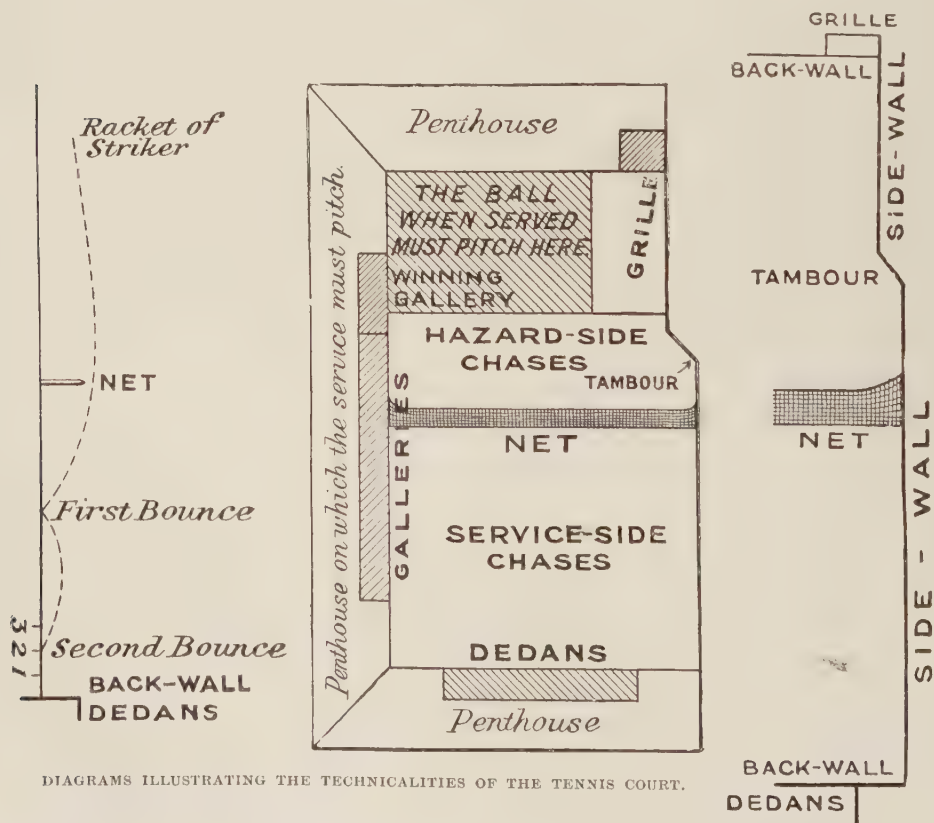
Someone will say that there are but very few courts in England, or perhaps in the world, but England alone possesses over

thirty. In Cambridge there are two, and the others are scattered over England; Scotland and Ireland even have them. Abroad, there are two excellent and well-used courts in Paris, and in and around Paris there used to be many, although few of them are much frequented. There is one at Vienna, and a dear little court at Hobart, in Tasmania, and there is a fine court also in Melbourne. In America—Chicago, Boston, and New York have tennis as well as racket courts, and a lovely new court has been built in the neighbourhood of New York, at Tuxedo Park. The cement work is by Bickley and is excellent. It was in this court that I played an international match with the American amateur champion, Mr. L. Stockton. Mr. George Gould also has a beautiful court at Lakewood. It is rumoured that private courts are likely to be built near New York, and that later on the Universities—*e.g.*, Harvard and Yale—may possibly have tennis courts as well.

The Americans do things which we should not dream of doing. We can hardly imagine

a tennis court, such as we used to see under the clock at Lord's, being transferred to the fourth or fifth storey of a building; and yet America has two courts right up at the top of a building; for land is very expensive, and a tennis court on the ground floor would be too dear a luxury, and, besides, a tennis court could hardly be built with anything above it, because it needs a light from the top; and so the Americans at Boston and New York have their tennis courts on the top floor.

It is a pity that we do not use the roofs of our houses in London for the purpose of healthy exercise. In a subsequent article, on rackets and squash-rackets, I shall show how easily and cheaply squash-racket courts could be built on the tops of large buildings in the middle of London and other cities. Smuts there would be in abundance, but there would also be open air, good exercise, and a healthy form of real pleasure close at hand. And this surely is what our city life and our nation need almost more than anything else.



DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE TECHNICALITIES OF THE TENNIS COURT.



Fieldfares.

By A. J. WALL.

YOUNG BARBARIANS.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

NO. VI.—GUERILLA WARFARE.



HERE is no person in a Scots country town to be compared with a Bailie for authority and dignity, and Bailie MacConachie, of Muirtown, was a glory to his order. Pro-vosts might come and go

—creatures of three years—but this man remained in office for ever, and so towered above his brethren of the same kind, that the definite article was attached to his title, and to quote “the Bailie” without his name was the recognised form and an end to all controversy. Nature had been kind to him, and, entering into the designs of Providence, had given him a bodily appearance corresponding to his judicial position. He stood six feet in his boots, and his erect carriage conveyed the impression of six inches more. His waistband approached forty-eight inches; but, to do the great man justice, his chest measure was forty-two. His chin rested in folds upon his stock, and his broad, clean-shaven, solemn, immovable countenance suggested unfathomable depths of wisdom. His voice was deep and husky, and the clearance of his throat with which he emphasised his deliverances could be heard half a street away and was like the sealing of a legal deed. Never since he became a Bailie had he seen his boots—at least upon his feet—and his gait, as became his elevation, was a stately amble, as when a huge merchantman puts out to sea, driving the water before her bow and yet swaying gently from side to side in her progress. Sunday and Satur-

day—except when officiating at the Sacrament, and of course then he was in full blacks—the Bailie wore exactly the same kind of dress—a black frock-coat, close buttoned, and grey trousers, with a dark blue stock, his one concession to colour. As his position was quite assured, being, in the opinion of many, second only to that of the Sheriff and the Fiscal, he could afford to wear his clothes to the bone, and even to carry one or two stains upon his chest as a means of identification. Walking through the town, he stood at his full height, with his hands folded upon the third button of his coat; but when he reached the North Meadow, on his way home, and passed the Seminary, he allowed his head to droop, and clasped his hands behind after the manner of the great Napoleon, and then it was understood that the Bailie’s mind was wrestling with the affairs of State. People made way for him upon the street as he sailed along, and were pleased with a recognition, which always took the form of a judgment from the Bench, even though it dealt only with the weather or the crops.

There was no occasion, either in the Council or in the Presbytery, when the Bailie did not impress; but everyone agreed that he rose to his height on the Bench. No surprise, either of evidence or of law, could be sprung on him, no sensational incident ever stirred him, no excitement of the people ever carried him away. He was the terror of the publicans, and would refuse a licence if he saw fit without any fear; but if the teetotallers tried to dictate to him, he would turn upon them and rend his own friends without mercy. When any Muirtown sinner was convicted in his court he would preface his sentence with a ponderous exhortation, and if the evidence were not sufficient he would allow the accused to go as an act of grace, but warn him never to appear again, lest a worse thing should befall him. There are profane people in every community, and there were those in Muirtown who used to say in private places that the Bailie was

* Copyright, 1900, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

only a big drum full of emptiness and sound ; but the local lawyers found it best to treat him with respect, and until the Seminary boys took his Majesty in hand he had never been worsted. No doubt an Edinburgh advocate, who had been imported into a petty case to browbeat the local Bench, thought he had the Bailie on the hip when that eminent man, growing weary of continual allusions to "the defunct," said that if he heard anything more about "the defunct" he would adjourn the case for a week and allow him to appear in his own interests. Then the advocate explained with elaborate politeness that he was afraid that even the summons of the Muirtown Bench could not produce this party, and that his appearance, if he came, might secure the court to himself.

"You mean," said the Bailie, eyeing the advocate with unmoved dignity, "that the man is dead. Quite so ! Quite so ! But let me tell you that if you had been a Muirtown solicitor you would have had your case better prepared, and not wasted our time with the talk of dead people. You are still young, and when you have had more experience you will know that it is only the evidence of living witnesses that can be received in a court of justice. Proceed with your case and confine yourself to relevant evidence—yes, sir, relevant evidence."

It only shows the inherent greatness of the man that in private life the Bailie followed the calling of an Italian warehouseman, which really, in plain words, was the same thing as a superior grocer, nor was he above his trade for eight hours of the day. When not engaged in official work, he could be found behind his counter, and yet even there he seemed to be upon the Bench. His white apron he wore as a robe of office, he heard what the ladies had to say with a judicial air, correcting them if they hinted at any tea costing less than four and sixpence per pound, commanding a cheese to be brought forward for inspection, as if it had been a prisoner in the dock, probing it with searching severity and giving a judgment upon it from which there was no appeal. He distinguished between customers, assigning to each such provisions as were suitable for their several homes, inquiring in a paternal manner after the welfare of their children, and when the case was concluded—that is to say, the tea and the sugar bought—even condescending to a certain high level of local gossip. When the customer left the



"After the manner of the great Napoleon."

shop it was with a sense of privilege, as if one had been called up for a little to sit with the judge. It was understood that only people of a certain standing were included among the Bailie's customers, and the sight of the Countess of Kilspindie's carriage at his door marked out his province of business. Yet if a little lassie stumbled into the shop and asked for a pennyworth of peppermints, he would order her to be served, adding a peppermint or two more, and some good advice which sent away the little woman much impressed ; for though the Bailie committed one big, blazing indiscretion, and suffered terribly in consequence thereof, he was a good and honest man.

The Bailie made only one public mistake in his life, but it was on the largest scale, and everyone wondered that a man so sagacious should have deliberately entered into a feud with the boys of the Seminary. The Bailie had battled in turn with the Licensed Victuallers, who as a fighting body are not to be despised, and with the Teetotalers, whom every wise man who loves peace of mind leaves alone ; with the Tories, who were his opponents, and with the Liberals, his own party, when he happened to disagree with them ; with the Town Council, whom he vanquished, and with

the Salmon Fishery Board, whom he brought to terms; but all those battles were as nothing to a campaign with the boys. There is all the difference in the world between a war with regulars, conducted according to the rules of military science, and a series of guerilla skirmishes, wherein all the chances are with the alert and light-armed enemy. Any personage who goes to war with boys is bound to be beaten, for he may threaten and attack, but he can hardly ever hurt them, and never possibly can conquer them; and they will buzz round him like wasps, will sting him and then be off, will put him to shame before the public, will tease him on his most sensitive side, will lie in wait for him in unexpected places with an ingenuity and a perseverance and a mercilessness which are born of the Devil, who in such matters is the unfailing ally of all genuine boys.

It was no doubt annoying to a person of the Bailie's dignity and orderliness to see the terrace in which the Seminary stood, and which had the honour of containing his residence, turned into a playground, and outrageous that Jock Howieson, playing rounders in front of a magistrate's residence, should send the ball crack through the plate-glass window of a magistrate's dining-room. It was fearsome conduct on the part of Jock, and even the ball itself might have known better; but the Bailie might have been certain that Jock did not intend to lose his ball and his game also, and the maddest thing the magistrate could do was to make that ball a cause of war. It was easy enough to go to Bulldog's class-room and lodge a complaint, but as he could not identify the culprit, and no one would tell on Jock, the Bailie departed worsted, and the address which he gave the boys was received with derision. When he turned from the boys to the master, he fared no better, for Bulldog, who hated tell-tales and had no particular respect for Bailies, told the great man plainly that his (Bulldog's) jurisdiction ceased at the outer door of the Seminary, and that it was not his business to keep order in the terrace. Even the sergeant, when the Bailie commanded him to herd the boys in the courtyard, forgot the respect due to a magistrate, and refused point-blank, besides adding a gratuitous warning, which the Bailie deeply resented, to let the matter drop, or else he'd repent the day when he interfered with the laddies.

"I was a sergeant in the Black Watch,

Bailie, and I was through the Crimean war—ye can see my medals; but it takes me all my time to keep the pack in hand within my ain jurisdiction; and if ye meddle wi' them outside yir jurisdiction, I tell ye, Bailie, they'll mak a fool o' ye afore they're done w' ye in face o' all Muirtown. There's a way o' managin' them, but peety ye if ye counter them. Noo, when they broke the glass in the Count's windows, if he didna pretend that he couldna identify them and paid the cost himself! He may be French, but he's long-headed, for him and the laddies are that friendly there's naething they wouldna do for him. As ye value yir peace o' mind, Bailie, and yir poseetion in Muirtown, dinna quarrel wi' the Seminary. They're fine laddies as laddies go; but for mischief, they're juist born deevils."

There is a foolish streak in every man, and the Bailie went on to his doom. As the authorities of the Seminary refused to do their duty—for which he would remember them in the Council when questions of salary and holidays came up—the Bailie fell back on the police, who had their own thoughts of his policy, but dared not argue with a magistrate; and one morning an able-bodied constable appeared on the scene and informed the amazed school that he was there to prevent them playing on the terrace. No doubt he did his duty according to his light, but neither he nor six constables could have quelled the Seminary any more than you could hold quicksilver in your hand. When he walked with stately step up and down the broad pavement before Bulldog's windows, the Seminary went up and played opposite the Bailie's house, introducing his name into conversation, with opprobrious remarks regarding the stoutness of his person and the emptiness of his head, and finally weaving the story of his life into a verse of poetry which was composed by Sparrow, but is not suitable for printing in a family magazine. If the constable, with the fear of the magistrate before his eyes, went up to stand as a guard of honour before the Bailie's house, the school went down then to the Russian guns and held a meeting of triumph, challenging the constable to come back to the Seminary, and telling him what they would do to him. They formed a bodyguard round him some days, keeping just out of reach, and marched along with him, backward and forward; other days they chaffed and teased him till his life was a burden to him, for he had no power to arrest them, and at his heart he sympathised



"They rolled in one bundle of delight."

with them. And then, at last, being weary of the constable, the school turned its attention to the Bailie.

One afternoon a meeting of choice spirits was held in the North Meadow, beyond the supervision of the constable, and after the Bailie had been called every name of abuse known to the Seminary, and the Sparrow had ransacked the resources of the stable-yard in profanity, he declared that the time had now come for active operation, and that the war must be carried into the enemy's country. The Sparrow declared his conviction in the vernacular of the school, which is here translated into respectable language, that the Bailie was a gentleman of doubtful birth and discreditable pedigree, that his conduct as a boy was beyond description, and that his

private life was stained with every vice ; that his intellect would give him a right to be confined in the county asylum, and that he had also qualified by his way of living for the county gaol ; that he didn't wash more than once a year, and that the smell of him was like to that from a badger's hole ; that it was a pity he didn't attend to his own business, and that he had very little business to do ; that he would soon be bankrupt, and that if he wasn't bankrupt already it was only because he cheated with his change ; that he sanded his sugar, and that his weights and measures were a scandal ; but that the Seminary must do what they could to lead him to honest ways and teach him industry, and that he (Spiug) with the aid of one or two friends would do his best for

the reformation of Bailie MacConachie, and in this way return good for evil, as Mr. Byles, assistant in the department of mathematics, used to teach. And the school waited with expectation for the missionary effort upon which Spiug, with the assistance of Howieson and Bauldie, was understood to be engaged.

Next Friday evening an art committee met in a stable-loft on the premises of Mr. McGuffie senior, and devoted their skill—

which was greater than they ever showed in their work—to the elaboration of a high-class advertisement which was to be shown round a certain district in Muirtown, and which they hoped would stimulate the custom at Bailie MacConachie's shop. Howieson had provided two large boards such as might be hung one on the breast and one on the back of a man, and those Spiug had cut to the proper size and pasted over with thick white paper. Upon them Bauldie, who had quite a talent for drawing, wrought diligently for a space of two hours, with the assistance and encouragement of his friends, and when they set the boards up against the wall the committee was greatly pleased. Spiug read aloud the advertisement with much unction—

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA!
CHEAP TEA!

SALE OF BANKRUPT STOCK
AT
BAILIE MACCONACHIE'S

THE FAMOUS ITALIAN
WAREHOUSEMAN,

49, ST. ANDREW'S STREET.

ELEVENPENCE-HALF-
PENNY PER POUND!

*Sale Begins at One o'clock
on Saturday.*

GLASS OF WHISKY FREE TO
ALL PURCHASERS!

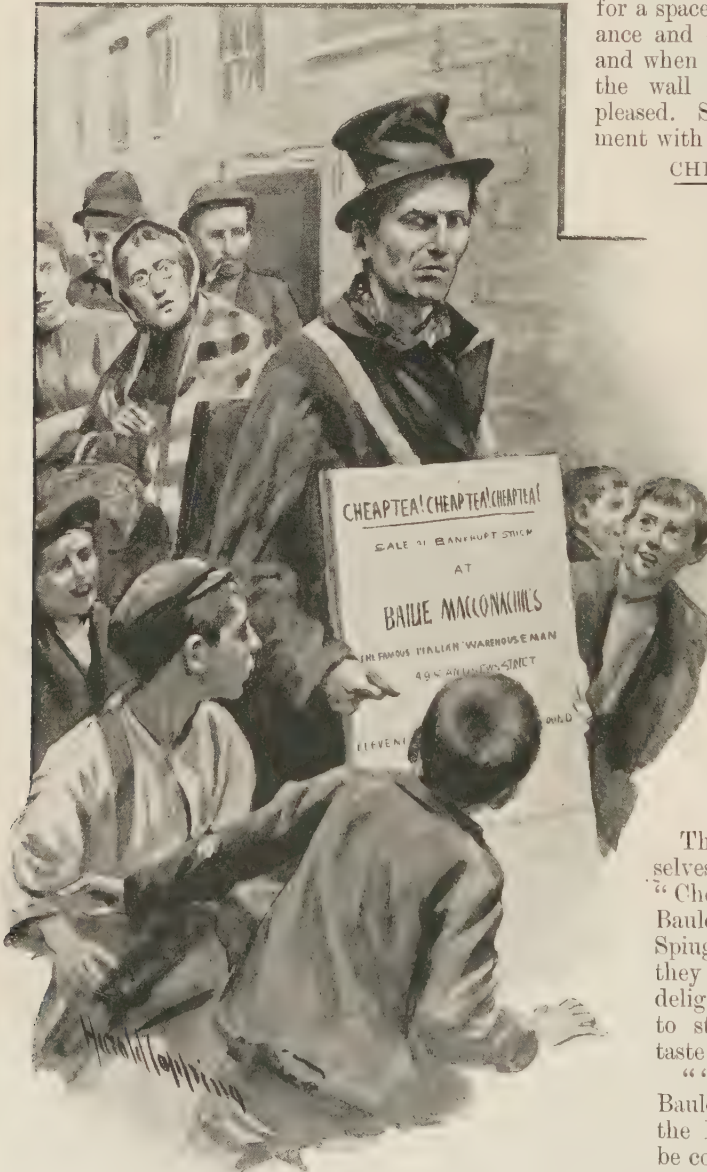
*Poor People Specially
Invited.*

Be Early. Be Early.

BAILIE MACCONACHIE'S
CHEAP TEA!

CHEAP TEA!

CHEAP TEA!



"The Mercury of the Vennel."

The three artists contained themselves till they came to the last "Cheap Tea!" then Jock knocked Bauldie down among the hay, and Spiug fell on the top of them, and they rolled in one bundle of delight, arising from time to time to study the advertisement and taste its humour.

"Bankrupt stock!" cried Bauldie, "and him an Elder of the Kirk! That'll learn him to be complaining of his windows."

"Poor people specially invited," and calls himself an Italian ware-

houseman. I would give half a dozen ginger-beer to see Lady Kilspindie there," stammered Jock with delight.

"Glass of whisky free!"—and Spieg took a fresh turn in the hay—"it's against law to drink whisky in a grocer's shop—and him a magistrate! He'll no meddle wi' the Seminary again."

"Be early!" chanted Jock, "'be early!' My word! They'll be there, all the wauifes of Muirtown; there'll no be room in the street. 'Glass of whisky free!'" and Jock wiped his eyes with his knuckles.

Upon Saturday, at noon, just as the Bailie was going along the terrace to his house and congratulating himself that on that day at least he was free from all annoyance by the way, another character of Muirtown had started out through a very different part of the fair city. London John was as well known in Muirtown as the Bailie himself, and in his way was quite as imposing. Tall and gaunt, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and with an inscrutable countenance, dressed in a long frock-coat which he had worn for at least a quarter of a century, and a tall hat which he had rescued from an ashpit, with the remains of a pair of trousers, and something in the form of a shirt which was only seen when he laid aside the outer garment for active service, London John stalked with majesty through the streets of Muirtown. He earned his living as a sandwich-man, or by carrying in coals, or by going errands, or by emptying ashpits. He could neither read nor write, but he remembered a number and never forgot what was due to him, and the solitary subject on which he spoke was the wonders of London, where it was supposed he had lost such reason as he had at once possessed. His coming was always welcome in the poorer parts of the town, for the sake of his discourse on London, but never had he received such an ovation before in the Vennel, which was largely inhabited by tramps and tinkers, unskilled labourers and casuals of all kinds. The cheap tea might not have aroused their enthusiasm, but at the mention of a free glass of whisky the deepest emotions of the Vennel were stirred.

"Tea at elevenpence halfpenny," cried Tinkler Tam, who jogged round the country with petty wares, which he sold in exchange for rabbit-skins, old clothes, and other *débris* of a house, "and a glass of whisky free! My certes! let me get a sight of that," and London John was brought to a standstill while Tam read aloud the advertisement to a crowd who

could appreciate the cheapness of the tea, and whose tongues began to hang out at the very thought of the whisky.

"A lee!" cried the travelling merchant, touched at the suggestion of such deceit. "He daurna do sic a thing, else his shop would be gutted. Na, na, it reads plain as a pikestaff; ye pay elevenpence halfpenny and ye get a pound of tea and a glass of whisky. I count it handsome o' the Bailie; and if they didna say he was a teetotaler! It's awfu' how a man is abused."

"He gave me six days in the court," said Jess Mitchell, who had had a difference of opinion with another lady in the Vennel and received the Bailie's best attention from the Bench, "and if I hadna to hear him preach a sermon as long as my leg besides—confound him for a smooth-tongued, psalm-singin', bletherin' old idiot! But I bear him no grudge; I'll hae a taste o' that whisky, though I'm no mindin' so much about the tea. The sooner we're at the place the better, for I'll be bound there'll be more tea bought this day in Muirtown than a' the last year." And there was a general feeling that the Vennel had better make no delay, lest some other locality should obtain the first call.

As London John went on his way the news spread through the back streets and closes, and the Bailie's generous invitation fell on responsive ears. And if any person was inclined to doubt, there was the advertisement in plain terms, and over the board with its engaging news the austere and unmoved countenance of London John. That worthy could give no information about the remarkable placard, not even from whom he received it; but he was quite sure that he was to take it through the Vennel and neighbouring streets for two hours, and that he had received a shilling for his labour, which he proposed to spend at Bailie MacConachie's when his task was done. He also explained that in London, where he used to reside, whisky ran like water, and tea could be had for the asking. But his hearers had no interest that day in London.

It struck the Bailie as he returned from midday dinner, and long before he reached St. Andrew's Street, that something was happening, and he wondered whether they were changing the cavalry at the barracks. People looked curiously at him, and having made as though they would have spoken, passed on, shaking their heads. When he turned into the familiar street, down which

he was accustomed to parade with a double weight of dignity, an enlivening spectacle met his eyes. Every shopkeeper was out at his door, and would indeed have been along the street, had he not judged it wiser to protect his property, and the windows above the shop were full of faces. Opposite his own most respectable place of business the street was crammed from side to side with a seething mob, through which Mr. McGuffie senior was striving to drive a dogcart with slender success and complaining loudly of obstruction. Respectable working women were there, together with their husbands, having finished the day's work; country folk who dropped into town on the Saturday had been attracted to the scene; the riff-raff of Muirtown had come out from their dens and lodging-houses, together with that casual population which has nothing particular to do and is glad of any excitement. They were of various kinds and different degrees of respectability, but they were all collected in answer to Bailie MacConachie's generous offer; they were also all ready to buy the tea, and a large number of them particularly ready for the whisky. The first to arrive on the scene had been Tinkler Tam, who put down elevenpence-halfpenny in copper money upon the counter with a clash, and informed the Bailie's senior assistant that to save time he would just take the whisky while they were making up the tea, and was promptly ordered out of the shop for an impudent, drunken black-guard. Thomas, in the course of a varied life, was not unaccustomed to be called disrespectful names, and it was not the first time he had been requested to leave high class premises; but for once, at least, he had a perfectly good conscience and a strong ground of complaint.

"Impudent, am I, and drunken, did ye say, ye meeserable, white-faced effecgy of a counter-jumper? If I werena present on business I would put such a face on you that yir mother wouldna know you; but I'm here wi' my friends" (great applause from the doorway, where the crowd was listening to the interview) "for a commercial transaction. Div ye no ken, ye misshapen object, that we're here on a special invitation of yir master, sent this mornin' to the Vennel?" (strong confirmation given under oath by Jess Mitchell), "and I'll juist give you the terms thereof, ye two-faced, leenin', unprincipled wratch" (enthusiastic support from the street).

The ambassador of the proletariat—whose

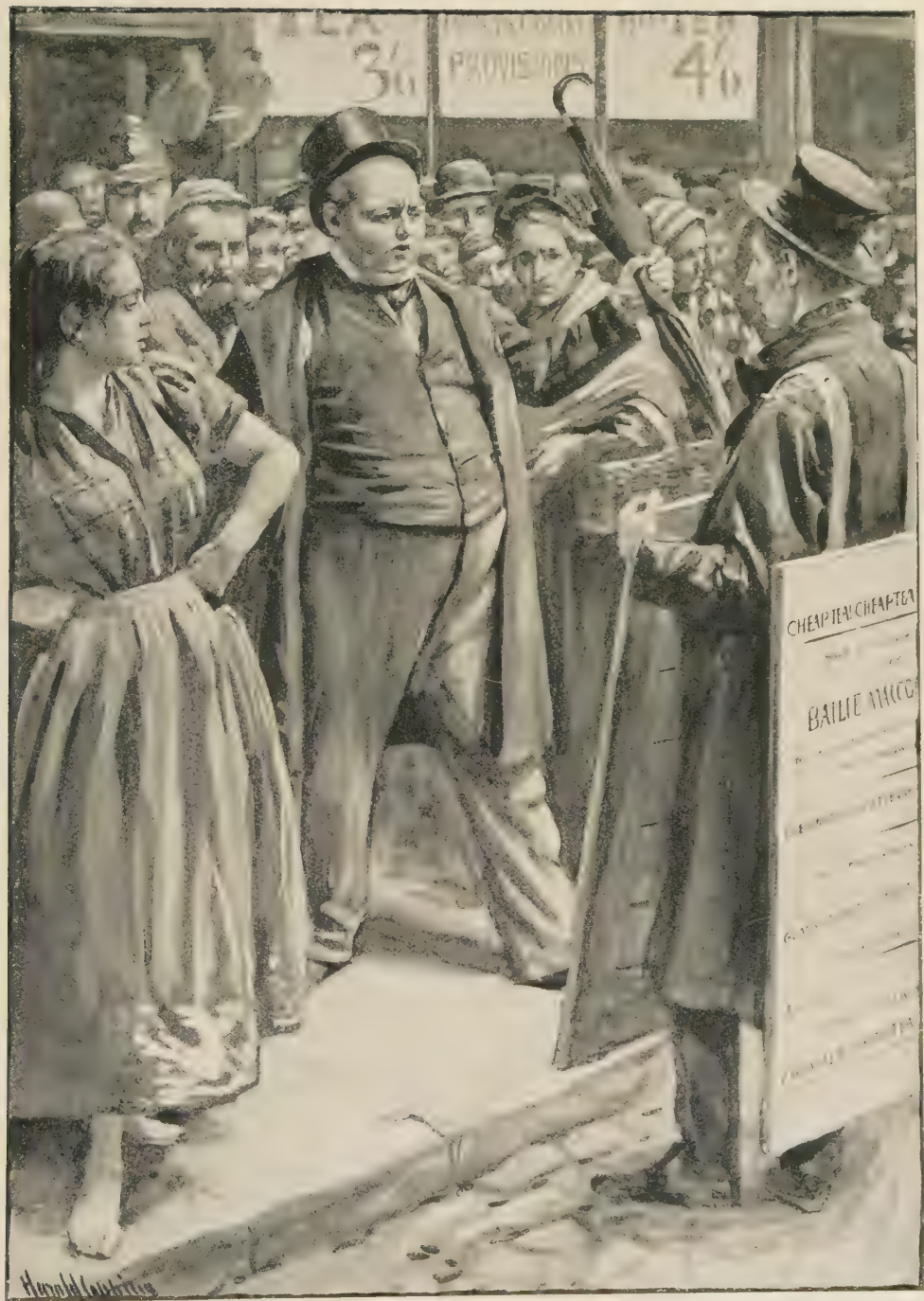
constituency filled the outer part of the shop, pressed their faces against the window and swerved with impatience across the street, and also possessed a lamp-post for purposes of observation—rehearsed the terms of the advertisement with considerable accuracy and expounded them with various figures of speech, and then issued his ultimatum.

"Ye have heard the invitation sent oot by a magistrate o' Perth, and a man whom I've met on public occasions" (Tam had been prosecuted before the Bailie under the Game Acts); "we're here in response to a public advertisement in terms thereof, and my money is on the counter. I call these persons present to witness that I've fulfilled my side of the covenant, and I here and now before these witnesses demand the tea and the whisky as above stated" (howls from the crowd, who were greatly impressed by this judicial effort, and were getting every minute more thirsty).

"It's maist extraordinary that the Bailie is no here himsel' to receive his friends; but what is done by the servant is done by the master—that's good law" (vehement support from Jess Mitchell, who at the smell of the shop was getting beyond control); "and I give ye two meenuts, my dainty young friend, and if the material be not forthcoming at the end of that time, the law will allow us to help ourselves, and gin ye offer ony resistance I'll pit ye and yir neebour inside the sugar-cask." And it was fortunate for every person concerned that the police, who had been somewhat perplexed by the circumstances, arrived at the scene, and turned Tinkler Tam and his friends into the street and themselves stood guard over the shop. It was at this point that the Bailie arrived and was received with frantic applause and a Babel of appeal.

"Hurrah for the Bailie! Come awa', man, quick, else yir shop will be wreckit. Where ha' ye been? The folk are cryin' oot for ye. It's time ye started on the tea and the whisky. Make way for the Bailie. He's coming to start the auction. Three cheers for Bailie MacConachie!" And the Bailie, limp and dishevelled, amazed and furious, was hustled through the crowd to see the Italian warehouse guarded by the police, and the mob of Muirtown clamouring for tea and whisky at his hand, while face to face with him stood London John, who had now been produced for the occasion, bearing on his back and breast the seductive advertisement.

"It's a brazen lie!" And the enraged Bailie lost all self-control as he read the legend on the board. "A low, mean, dirty



"The enraged Bailie lost all self-control as he read the legend on the board."

trick, a deliberately planned fraud. It's perfectly iniquitous, in fact, juist—juist damnable! Bankrupt—who is bankrupt? Is't me?" And the veins on the Bailie's neck swelled visibly. "Tea at elevenpence-halfpenny! I never had such trash in my shop. Three shillings is the lowest, and I never recommended it. Whisky!—there is not a drop in the shop. Who dare say I would turn this shop into a public-house? I'll be at the bottom of this, though it cost me a thousand pounds. Who hired ye to carry round the board, ye pectiful creature? If ye don't tell the truth I'll commit ye to gaol this very meenut." And the Bailie turned the battery of his wrath upon London John, who was greatly flattered by his own prominent position and not at all concerned about the Bailie's threat.

"It was," replied the Mercury of the Vennel, with great composure, "a big, stout man like yirsel', Bailie, that gied me the boards and a shillin'; or, noo that I think about it, he wasna so big, he was a little man, and gey shilpit (thin) about the neck. Dod! I'm no very sure, though, but that it was a woman wi' a red face and a shepherd's tartan plaid; at any rate, if it wasna her it might be a bit lassie wi' bare head and feet; and I'm thinkin' noo, Bailie, it was a bit lassie, for she said to me, 'Have ye ever been in London?' Noo, Bailie, I would like to tell you about London." And if the police had not silenced London John, the Bailie at that moment would have had a fit of apoplexy, for it was evident that the trail was blind and there was no getting to the real person behind London John.

The crowd had listened with considerable patience and self-restraint to this conversation, but as soon as the hope of tea and refreshment died away, and they realised that someone had fooled them, they

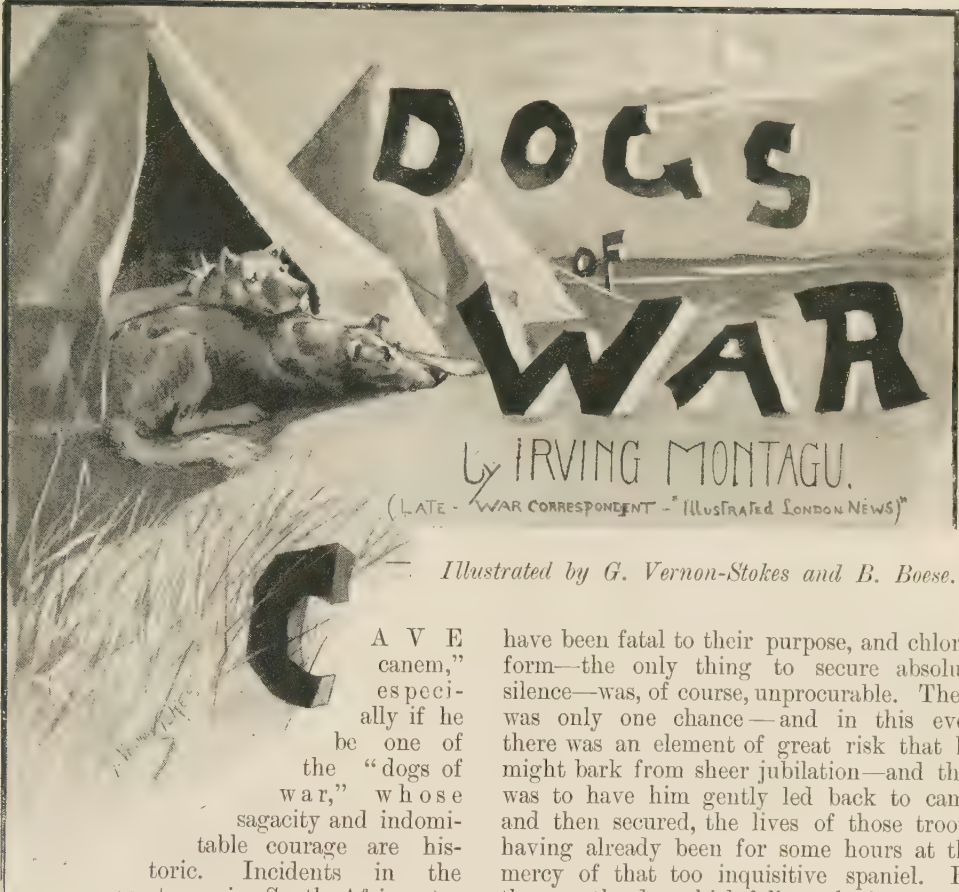
looked out for a victim and settled upon the Bailie.

"Ye should be ashamed of yourself," and Tinkler Tam, standing out from the midst of the crowd, and sitting as it were upon the bench sentenced the Bailie in the dock. "It's a fine business to be playing tricks on the poor folk o' Muirtown, wilin' them from their work to waste their time at your shop-door and sendin' them awa' empty-handed. If it had been the first o' April, and ye had been a laddie, I wouldna hev said much aboot it; but at your age, and you a magistrate, to play sic a trick, it's perfectly disgraceful. Ye ought to get a month's hard labour, but aye thing's sure, ye'll no long be a Bailie o' Muirtown. It was fearsome to hear ye askin' London John who gave him the shillin' when he describit ye juist as ye are standing; then the puir body, when ye threatened him, brought in the lassie. Man, though ye're a Bailie and I'm naething but Tinkler Tam, I would scorn to mak use of a poor natural that hasna his wits, juist to feed my vanity and gither a crowd round my shop." Then the crowd united in three long groans, and possibly might have shown their indignation in a still more pronounced form, but the police, being still further reinforced, drove them along the streets, while the Bailie hid himself in the recesses of his shop.

Three minutes later Sping sauntered into the shop with Howieson and Bauldie and demanded a pennyworth of peppermint drops. He also remarked to Jock, as they were being folded up, "If there be as mony o' the Bailie's friends callin' at the shop on Monday, I doubt the police will no be able to spare a constable to keep order on the terrace." And as a matter of fact the offensive patrol was withdrawn, and the Seminary resumed possession of the debatable ground.



The Parting.



DOGS OF WAR

by IRVING MONTAGU.

(LATE - WAR CORRESPONDENT - "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS")

Illustrated by G. Vernon-Stokes and B. Boese.

C A V E
canem,"
especi-
ally if he
be one of
the "dogs of
war," whose
sagacity and indomi-
table courage are his-
toric. Incidents in the
present war in South Africa, to-
gether with personal experiences during
ten years' campaigning as a war cor-
respondent, have combined to suggest this
passing glance at the achievements of dogs
of war, past and present, and their probable
uses in connection with the fighting of the
future. In the early days of the siege of
Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell's laconic
telegram, "Heavy cannonade continues—
casualties, one dog killed," will be fresh in
everybody's memory; while that other dog
recently found to be following our troops,
when about to take a Boer position by stealth
at midnight, is yet another up-to-date illu-
stration of the devious wanderings of dogs on
the warpath. Picture for one moment the
discovery by that creeping, silent, almost
breathless brigade as they scaled that *kopje*,
that there was a dog in their midst, the
faintest yelp or howl or bark from which
would discover them to the enemy. To
shoot or even to strangle the intruder would

have been fatal to their purpose, and chloro-
form—the only thing to secure absolute
silence—was, of course, unprocurable. There
was only one chance—and in this even
there was an element of great risk that he
might bark from sheer jubilation—and that
was to have him gently led back to camp
and then secured, the lives of those troops
having already been for some hours at the
mercy of that too inquisitive spaniel. By
the way, the dog which follows the fortunes of
the Northumberland Fusiliers—the "Fight-
ing Fifth"—is a veteran who holds the record
amongst dogs for gallant conduct at the
front. At the battle of Omdurman and in
the pacification of Crete he especially dis-
tinguished himself, and he has but lately
assisted at the relief of Kimberley.

With a view to ascertaining more about
the probable uses to which dogs may in the
near future be put for purposes of war, the
German military authorities are conducting
a series of most interesting experiments in
Silesia for the purpose of testing the value of
watch-dogs, their capability for carrying back
a message from a reconnoitring party to the
rear, conveying ammunition to a given point,
and barking—even in some cases "pointing"
—on the discovery of wounded men who
would have been probably unseen owing to
rocky or wooded surroundings, or otherwise
playing some new, useful, and interesting
part in connection with future campaigns.

For these important experiments, German pointers, sheep-dogs, collies, and spaniels have been chiefly in requisition. I have lately placed myself in communication with the Duke of Argyll, who takes a very deep interest in dogs as employed in modern warfare, and from his courteous reply I gather he is of opinion that, under certain circumstances, dogs may be trained as despatch-bearers and for the discovery of newly turned earthworks, to a point at which their services may probably be invaluable.

The subject, at any rate, in reference to

when I—then, I think, one of the youngest war artists at the front—made my first acquaintance, during the Commune, with the various preparations of poodle to which clever *chefs* gave such delightfully delusive titles on their *menus*, that one felt that where ignorance was bliss it was folly to be wise.

Or, again, I am reminded of experiences out in Asia Minor during the Russo-Turkish war. Let us look back to the autumn of 1877. The moon—a large yellow moon—is just rising above the irregular



ST. BERNARD CARRYING A FLASK AND A ROLL OF BANDAGES.

the yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow of our four-footed allies, is brimful of interest. From the earliest times we glean stories of dogs being connected with campaigns. Xenophon tells of certain Spartan dogs wearing huge spiked collars; indeed, at Marathon, one of these formidable beasts won such exceptional glory that his virtues were recorded on his master's tomb. The mere reference in recent despatches to the hungry besieged residents of Mafeking having recourse not only to their horses, but to their dogs—the latter making "most excellent soup"—takes me back to the time

summit of the Deve-Boyun Pass, near Erzeroum, several other war correspondents and myself being on our way thence to Kars, now closely besieged by the Muscovites. We have crossed the pestilential fosse which (for sanitary purposes!) is supposed to confine microbes to the suburbs, while beyond us is a vast plain, a valley of rocks and boulders, beyond which again the Deve-Boyun (or camel-back) Pass blocks the way. Ye gods of Olympus! what a feast of foul odours for the wolves, vultures, bustards, carrion crows, and, above all, the man-eating dogs which prowl, hover, and flutter in "the glimpses

of the moon" round about the putrefying bodies of camels and horses which have been ejected hither for the city's sanitation forsooth! Foremost amongst those grim scavengers are the man-eaters—long, lank hounds that confine themselves in peace times to body-snatching in Turkish graveyards, while in war they whet their appetites in the fosse and banquet on the battlefield, with the result that their backs and necks become raw and covered with sores, a revolting malady induced by eating human flesh.

There were many strange stories current during the Russo-Turkish war concerning the sagacity of dogs and the curious uses to which the Russians in some cases put them. I was myself at the front with Todleben's (4th) Division during the siege of Plevna, and heard more than one thrilling incident recounted concerning the devotion of dogs to their masters—true even unto death—dogs which, having, as in the Alps, followed through snow, ice, and blizzard during that Arctic winter on outpost duty, were frozen to death by their masters' sides. I



"THE DOG SPRANG AT HIM."

distinctly remember when at Porodem how (though not all thus accompanied) seventy poor fellows thus perished at the front in one night in the great snow-girt circle of investment surrounding devoted Plevna, which from our point of view looked after dark like some huge cauldron of liquid fire—a very hell upon earth—while on its outer edge the Ice King held his grim sway, the elements seeming in devilish competition to

crush those who had as yet escaped the fury of shot, shell, and sabre.

It is also curiously interesting to trace the association of dogs in the past with war. There is a delightful and well-authenticated story of the battle of Augrim, in which an Irish officer was accompanied by a faithful wolf-hound which fought with all the tenacity of its gallant master, who, towards the close of that hardly contested fight, was numbered amongst



BLOODHOUNDS EMPLOYED IN THE MAROON WAR.

the slain. The grief of his four-footed favourite knew no bounds, and as the body was only discovered by heedless peasants and left in the long grass to rot, the officer's chief mourner commenced a solitary vigil, in which he defended his master's remains from such carrion, birds or beasts, as might have prowled or fluttered around in quest of food. Indeed, had it not been for these oft-recurring conflicts, which generally resulted to the advantage of the wolf-hound, he would have succumbed himself to starvation. From July to the following January did this faithful beast defend his master's body on the spot where he had fallen, till he was one day

every nerve in its body to approach its master. This it eventually succeeded in doing, when, having with an extreme effort climbed on to his breast, it expired.

Then, too, there is the equally well authenticated story of the dog of Montargis. Two officers of the King's bodyguard—Aubrey de Montdidier and Macaire—having previously had a desperate quarrel, met by chance in a wood near Paris. Aubrey de Montdidier, who had with him a favourite greyhound, was foully murdered by Macaire. Now, the devotion with which the dog clung to the spot where his master had been hastily buried by his murderer, and the ferocity he

displayed towards the latter when they came in contact, aroused the suspicions of the King, who decreed that a combat should take place between Macaire and the hound in the neighbourhood of Notre Dame, before the whole Court, the conditions being that the dog should have an empty barrel into which to escape, while Macaire should be armed with a club. The result was immediate and decisive. The dog with one bound seized his opponent by the throat, and the guilty man, thus

staring Fate in the face, confessed his crime, and was only rescued from death by the hound's jaws to be executed immediately afterwards.

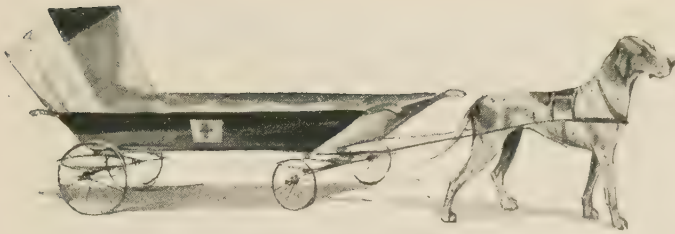
To the same branch of the subject belongs the story of King Pyrrhus, who, finding one of his troops lying dead by the way—his dog watching the body—and suspecting him to have been murdered, had recourse to the expedient—so Plutarch tells us—of having the men of that particular regiment drawn up in the presence of the dog, which, when let loose, made such savage attacks on certain of their number that inquiries were instituted, when, though they did not confess (as in the similar



BOARHOUNDS ON GUARD.

disturbed by a passing soldier who came unwittingly so near the dead officer's now bleached bones, that the dog sprang at him and pinned him to the ground. But with one too well directed shot the faithful creature was laid low for ever by his master's side. Then it was that the story of that poor hound's devotion eked out. Certain villagers there were at some distance from the spot who from time to time had fed it, though, if they ventured too near, an ominous growl always sent them scared away.

The fidelity of the dog was never more touchingly exemplified than at the battle of Magenta, where near a dead officer lay his wounded hound, which was seen to strain



AMBULANCE CARRIAGE.

canine favourite, first with the stripes of a corporal, and ultimately with those of a full sergeant.

Germany, however, as I have already implied, is *facile princeps* in her appreciation of the value of dogs in war, not only in searching for the wounded and barking at



COLLIE BARKING ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE WOUNDED.

case of Macaire and the dog of Montargis), they were nevertheless discovered beyond the shadow of a doubt to be guilty, and punished accordingly.

A certain Signor de Rossi has made some very interesting experiments in connection with dogs, having invented, amongst other things, a canvas satchel, connected across the animal's loins with a belt of light bent wood, intended for the conveyance of ammunition to the front, thus supplementing the supply carried by troops. The Austrians claim for dogs a foremost place as path-finders and mountain guides, while the French in Algeria decorated a certain



THE CANVAS SATCHEL.



IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

their discovery, but in carrying back to camp the cap or some other portion of the uniform, and then leading the rescue party to the spot where the sagacious animal has made his find. The St. Bernard is said to exercise the same intelligence he displays at the *hospice* from which he derives his name—a flask being carried, to which, in this case, a roll of bandage, as will be seen in our illustration, is added. The training of these dogs of war commences when they are about eight months old, and their education is supposed to have

German Boarhound.

been completed by the end of their first year. Would that I could have tackled the *pons asinorum* with equal success!

How my early troubles would thereby have been lightened!

The method of instruction, too, is peculiar. The uniform of an enemy is worn by a soldier of the regiment, sufficiently padded to insure his safety. The dog, being set on to him, so worries it that the very sight of that uniform is sufficient in future to excite all the animal's worst passions, this being only, of course, with the object of its use from a combative point of view. For the carriage

of ammunition to the front, or for the conveyance of stores, the German boarhound and the Russian Borzoi are considered the most useful beasts of burden. Light carts are also found convenient, to which these and other dogs—pointers, for instance are harnessed.

Thus, in almost all European countries except England, dogs have their several positions in connection with war; indeed, as scouts they have at times proved themselves more apt than their human allies.

Amongst famous four-footed warriors may

Pointer.



Collie.

Bloodhound.

DOGS OF WAR.



ST. BERNARD.

be mentioned the mastiffs which followed the footsteps of the Knights of Rhodes. These animals not only "sniffed battle from afar," but also recognised the peculiar odour of advancing Turks miles away. Nor must we forget that the Dutch were much indebted to the services of dogs during the fighting in Acheen, and that it is an historical fact that a spaniel, opportunely barking at the moment of a pending attack on his camp, awakened William the Silent and thus averted a terrible catastrophe.

In 1795 a hundred bloodhounds were engaged in the Maroon war in the West

Indies, forty Spanish Chasseurs being told off to hold them in leash till such time as, in full cry, they made for the enemy; but this, owing to their struggles, was found to be impossible, and so, dragging those Chasseurs after them, they made such an impression on the foe that the latter were soon in rapid retreat. Indeed, it is recorded that General Walpole reviewed this savage battalion with much pomp and circumstance—let us hope to their complete canine satisfaction.

In the sanguinary war of extermination by the United States Government against the once powerful Seminoles, immense



BORZOI HOUND.



POINTER.

numbers of bloodhounds were used, as, indeed, they were only a few years since against the Sioux Indians.

In the Italian Alps the lonely sentinel's constant companion through the silent watches of the night is his dog, many instances having been quoted in which this four-footed patrol has been of inestimable service.

From a military point of view dogs are an exemplary fighting force. They can live on very little; are never disposed, however great the victory at which they have assisted, to drink too much; and are as true to their friends as they are dangerous to their foes.

At the present moment we are but tardily nearing the end of a war which has taxed the ability of great generals and the ingenuity of minor lights. From armoured trains, balloons, and pigeon-post, to the runner who dexterously hides messages in his hair, his ear, or one of his nostrils, we are practising every device *almost* under the sun in connection with the usages of modern warfare. I have said "every device almost" advisedly, since, though some few experiments have been made, the services of dogs in war have not certainly commanded sufficient attention. Surely while experiments on a peace footing are going on with dogs elsewhere, these same animals might be put to the test in

actual warfare, in connection especially, I should say, with ambulance work. The historic dogs of St. Bernard, at least, might be of inestimable value in connection with the Red Cross.

This sketch has been intentionally discursive, since I have endeavoured to embrace references to many lands and many periods, but if I have by one word served a good cause and at the same time interested the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, I shall be more than pleased that my experiences as a war correspondent have been brought to bear on a subject which is worthy the serious consideration of our military advisers and experts, and one that has not, so far, had the prominence given to it which in the cause of fighting humanity it deserves.



LIMITATION OF FRONTIER.

PRO PATRIA.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

CHAPTER XXV.

I QUIT THE GARRET.



EARLY on the following morning Old Boisdere woke me and began to be very busy, bustling about as one who carried great tidings and was glad to tell them.

"Monsieur," he said, blurting it out at last with a splendour of gesture which delighted me, "they have prepared an apartment for you downstairs. Permit an old man to be happy. I am to follow you, monsieur."

I went with him, very readily, you may be sure, and glad as he was, both to leave that dismal prison of the garret and to justify Lepeletier. After all, Agnes's father was a soldier and a gentleman; and I had less to fear now that my case was in his hands than when it hung upon the caprice of the sometime madman, Jeffery. As for the new "apartment," if the outrage of my presence there were passed by, then had I little to complain of. Two small rooms, their windows heavily barred, their doors clamped with iron bars, were henceforth to be my lodging. They gave upon the walled garden with the border of gillyflowers; and I thought that I should often, in imagination, see Agnes standing there, the sentinel of my hope, as those, the Frenchmen at the gate, were the sentinels of my liberty.

But this was a note of fantasy, and elsewhere all was fact. Welcome as I might the new atmosphere and the spirit of it, the very

meaning of the change came early to trouble me. Lepeletier had spoken of a month yet to be passed by me as a prisoner of the house. In a month, then, Jeffery's work would be done—the veil cast aside! And in a month my country would be in peril as she never had been before. Judge how rarely my thoughts were of myself or of that which I, one of the least of the servants of England, must suffer. Aye, in all verity, beyond any thought of light or liberty (if it were not for that which liberty might win), beyond even those conceits of my love which pictured Agnes in the garden, and would wing her voice to me upon the breezes of the day, was this terror of the truth, this belief that an Englishman's genius had at last permitted France to achieve her victory, that the pit indeed was digged, the sea thrust back, the ramparts of my country cast down, it might be for ever. No longer could I doubt the way or the means, or those truths of the conspiracy which so long had baffled me. The Nationalists of France, I said, those unresting madmen who cried ever in the French capital for change and ferment and revolution, who had never ceased to remember Fashoda, who had condemned Dreyfus to the living death, who would stake all to cast down the Republic when their own time came—these irreconcilables were the secret power, feeding Jeffery and his schemes with their money and their pledges, compelling the Government to permit the workings at Calais, themselves responsible for this surpassing hazard upon our shores, believing all, hoping all of the wildest scheme a nation has devised for the conquest of another—these were the true enemies, these the plotters, the Jew-haters, the empire-seekers, the dreamers, the fanatics, the unresting rabble of a dead society which ever asked for a new order, and, winning it, were dreamers and fanatics still. And I was one against their intent and agency, one to cry the tidings to my country, one to lay down my life if thereby the secret might be

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known. For what hope had I of these powers, before which even the Cabinet of France had compromised and lost courage? My life to them was not more precious than a leaf falling from a tree in the gardens of the house. To-day, to-morrow, they would kill me if they willed it, though a hundred Lepeletiers forbade. The mercy that they showed me was the mercy of their confidence. Their work was done and I was impotent to undo it. A month, and my dream would be the terrible day for England and her people. I say again, I did not dare to think of it, feared to admit the truth, lest I should lose my reason. For the Channel was England's rampart no more. Deep down beneath the waters the secret lay in darkness; but to-morrow the doors of it might be opened and the daylight shine therein. Let me pass the thought and the suffering of it. Had I to live such days again, I would account death a mercy, even now, when one stands heart to heart with me in the knowledge of that love by which life is.

I could see the gardens of the house, I say, from the windows of my rooms, and beyond them a belt of trees and the hills which are the highlands of Thanet. By here and there, through remote vistas, workmen passed with wheelbarrows, and picks upon their shoulders; and sometimes, when the day was very still, I could hear the clanging chains of a crane, the snorting of some little engine, and, in the hush of mystery, the mighty throbbing which had awed me long weeks ago at Calais. Whatever the work that was being done in the garden, many hands contributed to it; for I saw fresh faces always, and they were French for the most part, in spite of the honest corduroys they wore. Imagination showed me these men at their work in the dell of the thicket, it showed me the open shaft going downwards to the tunnel which France thrust out from Escalles, it shaped for me the excuses which Jeffery made to the few neighbours who could trouble him with their inquisitions. A rich man building a lake in his grounds! Who would forbid, who say him nay? If the police came to the River Bottom Farm, what story could they carry away from it? Would they, looking down into a pit which these Frenchmen had digged, so much as imagine one paltry possibility which came of such a labour, or find in it one shadow of excuse for act or word against the owner of the house? I knew that they could not—I knew that one man alone, Harry, my friend, might make his

voice heard; and he was silent, he must be silent, or why did I remain there, a prisoner of the farm? Aye, I had a hundred excuses for Harry, but never a guess at the truth. He would not forget me—perchance the same hand which had struck at me had struck him down. I could but wait and hope on, as men will, even though that hour of their hope is the last they have to live.

They were sunny days, those days of the terror in that kindly month of September; and I began, I think, to count them at last as a schoolboy counts the days which intervene before holiday must come. That Jeffery was no longer in Kent I felt assured; for old Boisdeffre did not so much as name him, and the better treatment Lepeletier had ordered for me was pursued and even improved upon by my honest old jailor. I had a longing for the sun and the air, it is true, and the torture of the confinement was not to be mitigated by the vista of the autumn's golden woodlands seen from the windows of my room; but the food was good, and old Boisdeffre and I would gossip, and he would tell me stories of the Commune, and I the stories of my college days, and, neither understanding wholly, we would laugh together and say that nations quarrel where the peoples are friends. Once, I remember, I sought to beg a newspaper of him—a step toward a deeper design which began to come into my mind; but he excused himself with the old plea, and his gesture was as delightful as ever.

"Do not think of it, monsieur; there are those who seek an excuse. Do not help them; they watch always; there is no hope for that; they are too clever; they would be glad of it, monsieur, glad as I should be sorry. Let us go on as we go now. It is wiser, safer. And the chief comes back to-day. For Heaven's sake do not anger him, monsieur!"

I expressed no surprise, nor pursued the argument, for I knew that he spoke of Jeffery's return; and an hour had not passed when the door of my room was burst open violently and Jeffery himself came staggering towards me with an incoherent word upon his lips. He wore a travelling cape and a little cap to match, but his face had the old malign expression, and I understood that this was one of those moods of anger and of madness which Boisdeffre so greatly feared. But I was not afraid of him, either then or at any hour of it, and to my contempt I hold that my salvation is owed.

He stood before me, I witness, and for a



"He raised his cane and struck the old fellow a heavy blow."

little while his temper was so masterful that he could not utter a coherent word, but swayed from side to side and clenched his fists and looked murder, if ever a man looked it in this world. When at last he could speak, a tremendous effort brought him to the old manner, and he was like an animal purring with pleasure of his prey.

"So, my son, you've changed your quarters, eh? made yourself nice and tidy, have you? By Jove! you're a man that don't care much about your life, do you?"

I said not a word, but stood close up to him, for I thought that he meant a blow. The defiant attitude kept him at arm's length. He took a step backwards and turned to Boisdeffre.

"You hound!" he cried savagely. "What do you mean by this?"

Old Boisdeffre was as white as death, but he could speak for himself, nevertheless.

"The Colonel's order, monsieur; he has been in England; he is at Folkestone still. Send for him and ask."

"I'll cut his tongue! Who's master, do you think? Whose house is it? Did he do the work or did I? Who sent him this road?"

He raised his cane and struck the old

fellow a heavy blow across the forehead. As they closed together, locking arms and hands, they rolled through the open door, and it was shut in my face as I sprang to the old man's help; but in the same moment, looking down into the garden, I beheld Lepeletier himself there, and I knew that he and Jeffery would meet and that the understanding would be then or never. And it came to me suddenly that by the anger and madness I might come to the light, and that before the hour was passed the questions I had so often asked would be answered for ever.

For it was life or death for me then; even as it was life or death for one of the two that met in the garden.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

THE men would meet, the one young in anger and savage mania, the other a broken old man, who, willy-nilly, had been drawn to this mad emprise. As I watched the Colonel, standing there in the garden with the sunshine upon his kindly face, the fatality of the day fascinated me beyond all

words. Jeffery, the madman, would kill him, I said. And he, all unconscious, was coming on to meet the assassin, a pathetic figure of that autumn day, with all the old gentleness and courtesy of deed and manner that had won my friendship at the first. Desire and will to help him began to prove stronger even than any hope for my country that might come of that encounter. For how could I remember anything else but this fact, that a soldier walked blindly there to insult, if not to death? One word might save his life. I took a heavy ornament from the mantelpiece, and, the window of my room being bolted to the casement, I smashed the glass with a blow. Then I cried twice to Lepeletier to look out for himself—and Jeffery entered the garden.

There was a Frenchman at my elbow (one I had never seen before) almost with the crashing of the glass, and others stood in the doorway; but high words in the garden arrested them, and, it being plain that I had made no attempt to escape, they all

stood with me to watch the scene below the windows. Colonel Lepeletier himself, a bent figure no longer, but one upright and bold as that of any trooper, listened to Jeffery's angry complaints with a disdain which every gesture made more sure. The half-caste, in his turn, trembled with rage and anger uncontrollable, and his speech, at the first wild and blasphemous, became anon almost a scream of defiance and insult. To Lepeletier, as to me, the mad plea was the same. We had conspired to rob him of his machine, we were allies together to that end; and Lepeletier, he said, had betrayed his country, was the traitor in their camp and should hang for it presently. It was then that the Colonel raised his cane and struck him.

A loud cry, an oath, a scuffle, and the men were locked as in some devilish embrace from which death alone should deliver them. I saw them reeling, bending, striking; I heard Jeffery's savage oaths—I knew by a sure instinct what the end must



"I looked up to find myself alone with Jeffery, who carried a lantern."

be. For it was youth against age, madness against sanity, the knave against the gentleman—and the knave must win. Impulse to go down to the aid of a brave man surged up at last as a force of will irresistible; but there were two of the guards upon me at the first step toward the door, and when the three of us staggered to our feet again, bloody and dusted from head to foot, one man alone stood up in the garden. That man was Robert Jeffery, who held an Italian poniard in his left hand, and cleaned the blade of it with a wisp of grass.

The Colonel had fallen full in the sunlight, his head half buried in those very gillyflowers he tended not an hour ago. A red stain of new blood spread and glistened upon his linen and made a black patch upon the right sleeve of his grey coat. He did not move nor appear to breathe. The men with me in the room remained there a little while, as though robbed of their faculties; but presently a bell rang loudly in the hall below and they went away all together.

I stood at the window as one afraid to see or to know. What would come of it? How would their crime be cloaked? What would little Agnes say or do to-night? For my first thought was of her—a thought of sorrow so great that even a man might have sanctified it with tears. She stood alone now—a child against the world. And I should never see her more.

The body lay out in the sunshine, and no man came near it. There was confusion in the house, the tramping of feet, the angry note of voices, a going to and fro between the farm and the woods. The work in the grounds appeared suddenly to be interrupted. I beheld many of the engineers coming quickly out of the thicket, and all together they went to the rooms below me. But to the pleasure-garden no one turned; nor did any appear to remember the dead or seek to hide the body. Some greater, graver peril menaced them, I said. For one instant, beyond the veil of doubt, I perceived a light to shine, but would not look at it. It could not be that—that ultimate hope which should send me to the world again! A thousand chances stood against the thought—it could not be!

I breathed the quicker for daring to think of it, and tried to shut the bloody figure of the garden from my eyes; but all unavailingly. Some evil power of the desire to see kept me pacing the room, unrestingly, driven now to the shadows where the thing was hidden from my sight, now to the window again to

be sure that the body had not moved nor life returned to it. What cruelty left the dead man there, those below alone could answer. Did they fear nothing that their victim lay in the grounds, uncovered, untended, unburied, for the first stranger to discover and to rush affrighted with the tale upon his lips? The greater witness, I said, that the garden was watched as no garden of Kent before or since. Even a blow upon my window had fetched the watchers to my side—no word, I knew, could be spoken in that house but some ready ear would catch it. What folly, then, to believe that the secret of the garden would be read by hostile eyes! There was no hope of that; only the enduring pity of death, the pity which those must ever win who go before us to the eternal mysteries.

I imagined that the secret lay safe, I say; but, nevertheless, the desire of its discovery made the hours of that fateful day the longest I had endured in all those weary weeks of doubt and waiting. There was no minute of the lingering afternoon which found me willing to think of food or rest, or even of the danger which Lepeletier's death might bring to my door. I, at least, had been a witness of the deed, and sooner or later they would silence me; but for the meantime their loud voices, their hurried footsteps spoke of panic among themselves; and in their panic all my hope of safety lay. When, about the hour of sundown, a new stillness fell upon the house, and the clamour of the voices ceased, I was as much afraid of the silence as erstwhile I had been of the outcry. What new turn had stilled their tongues? I asked; why did none come near me? Were they contemplating my death, or was the greater peril at hand—the final peril as I had witnessed it in my dream? As I live and write, it came to me in that dreadful hour that the work was done which linked England to France, and that the armies of France might even then be marching below the Channel seas. In fear I heard the phantom steps; the earth below me quaked as with a new sound which man had never heard before. It was the end, I said, the end inevitable—the day of the dreams which had come to me since first I passed the gate at Escalles and knew the secret.

Darkness fell a little early that afternoon, and after a glorious red-gold sunset, which made the leaves of the creepers about my windows seem to drip with blood, and struck upon the face of the dead man as though to

shroud it with a pall of fire, I quitted my window for a moment and went, I know not why, to the door of the room, as though I would go straight out to the garden and do that which others had feared to do. Not for an instant did I imagine that the door was not locked and bolted, or that the sentinels were not, as ever they had been, upon the landing beyond; but when, without a thought of it, I put my hand upon the latch, the door opened at the touch, and there was the house before me, as still and silent and unpeopled, it appeared, as any house of the dead. There is no word at my command to express the mingled emotions of prudence and joy to which this discovery moved me. Freedom! My God! was it that? Had the French, indeed, withdrawn covertly from the house and left me there with the body? or was it but a trap, after all, and were those who wished my death in the shadows of the darkened hall below? Caution (and many have charged me with that) sent me back to the shelter of the room headlong. I thought that there were men upon the stairs, many men waiting in the darkness for my passing. The desire was now to shut myself away from them, and I closed the door of my room and set a heavy chair against it. The twilight fell quickly as the clouds of storm gathered in the fleecy sky above the downlands. I could scarcely discern the body of Oscar Lepeletier, and for long I strained my eyes, peering out over that lonely garden; but the body was gone—I was sure of it at last. They had carried the dead man away while I stood wondering at the empty staircase.

This new discovery, the open door, the enduring silence which made the moaning wind the melancholy cry of the night, and set me starting at every leaf which beat against my window-pane, were the last blows upon my courage and my purpose. Remember that I was long without food or drink—for old Boisdeffre had failed me since the morning, and now I sat, fearful as I had never been, helpless, without idea, in the gathering darkness of my room. Who, then, had carried the body away? I asked. There were men in the house still, or the work would have remained undone. And those men waited for me in the silent corridors below. Or had they, indeed, gone to the tunnel's mouth; and, anon, would those gardens awake to the tramp of countless feet, be alive with the presence of the hosts of France, witness the beginning of the dreadful day? Aye, think of it as I thought

then. The open door! Liberty so near. Death at hand as I passed the danger by. Do you wonder that I shrank back, more fearful of the truth than of the peril which surrounded me. For if the truth were this, then had England's hour of trial come at last to deliver her for ever, or for ever to cast her down.

A full hour passed, and I did not move from my prison or seek to dare the darkness of the hall below. There is a silence of a lonely house unlike any silence that you may find even in the remotest country or the thickest forest; a silence which makes minutes of the hours; in which you can number every breath you take; when the tick of a clock is like a human voice; when you imagine other sounds, muted steps upon the stairs, shadowy figures about you; the shapes of those who have lived and died, hoped and schemed in the very room you occupy. Such a silence I knew in the River Bottom House in that hour of vigil which came with the night. A hundred times I thought to hear men upon the stairs and even to detect their movements as they waited in the darkness. Every whisper of the wind carried a new warning—the note of a weird voice crying to me from the world without. Strained ears, seeking the truth from the wood beyond the garden, sent me again and again to the broken glass of my window to listen for those whom any minute might betray—the first of the armies of France debouching from the very earth to the shores of England. What matter of surprise if I peopled those woods already with the flitting apparitions which a brain overwrought could shape for me? I believed that I saw the hosts of France, and, believing, I said that all was lost.

And thus it was for a full hour at the least—this overmastering dread of the house and the silence and the night. Long without food, enervated by weeks of close confinement, the neighbour of apprehension often, I marvel how it came at last that I had courage to quit my room and to take a few steps, hesitatingly, down toward the mystery and the darkness below. Yet so it befell, and when the hour was over, and the gong below struck nine o'clock, I found myself driven by some new impulse away from the window and the moonlit garden (where I fancied still to see Lepeletier's body), down to the hall, and to that knowledge which could not surpass the terror of the doubt. If men waited there (as the voice of Prudence argued), the voice of

Curiosity said, Better the men than the silence. That which I had to fear from them was as greatly to be feared in the room as face to face with them in the hall below. And so I went, stealthily, with a heavy hand upon the balustrade and a heart pumping like an engine. Remember what I had seen, and judge me with generosity.

Stair by stair, step by step, now drawing back when a banister creaked, now starting at the touch of a figure of stone, anon taking courage and going quickly, I came down at last to a floor of flags where the fanlight of a door showed a ray of the moon's beams, and the clear heaven above the gardens had all the aspect of a vista of stageland. Here I stood for a full minute, listening with a good ear for the sound even of a man breathing—it may be, beginning to believe in the tremendous hope that I might be alone in the house, the forgotten prisoner of those who had fled. And while I stood, the ultimate fear came upon me, for I knew at last that I was not alone; and when I put out my hand, the hand of another, cold as death and clammy to the touch, caught my fingers in a grip of iron, and I was thrown suddenly backward upon the flags. And so for a full minute I lay half stunned, nor could I even hear the breathing of the man who had thrown me.

The minute passed; there was a shuffling of feet in the hall, the clang of an iron door, and then light. I looked up to find myself alone with Jeffery, who carried a lantern in his hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A JANGLING BELL.

HE held a lantern in his hand, and wore the rough clothes of his calling, smeared with mud and grease, and white with the chalk of the pit. Feeble as the rays of the candle were, they showed me many doors giving off the hall, and the greater door of the house, barred and bolted as the gate of a prison. I lay within a foot of this door, and beyond it was liberty. The man read my thoughts, and his drunken humour mocked them.

"Going to your friends outside, eh, Captain? Well, I guess not. If it's hell, we're on the road together. Get up, my boy—I want a word with you."

He whipped a revolver from his hip-pocket and covered me with it. I could see the reflection of the light running down the barrel as a jet of golden water. Elsewhere

there was utter silence. For a reason I had no measure of, his friends had fled the house. We were alone together, and I knew that one of us would not be alive to-morrow.

"A dozen words, if you like," said I, playing his own part while I could, "but it's not much of a *rendezvous*."

He set the lantern down and opened a door upon his left hand. When he had closed the shutters upon the windows he came back and invited me to follow him. Within the room there was all the confusion of a flight—drawers turned out, chairs at hazard, rubbish upon the table.

"So," he cried (and his air was that of a man who had a hundred things to think of and all of them pressing), "so you got the story out, eh, my boy? What did you give Boisdeffre—the hound!—what did you give him?"

I sat down upon a sofa, for I was still dizzy with the fall, and tried to hide from him all that his confession meant to me. But in my ears the words rang loudly, "The story is out." Good Heavens! what had he said?

"Charge Boisdeffre with nothing," I cried; "he knows as much about it as you do. He was always faithful to your interests. You won't be able to say that of many to-morrow."

"To-morrow! All my life has been to-morrow!"

I did not pity him, but understood that desperate cry.

"Whose fault is that?" I asked unsympathetically. "You had your chances; some of us don't get them. When you came over here you knew what you risked. I told you so at Calais, I tell you so again to-night. Leave the place and forget it. You have no choice. To-morrow others will have their say. I shouldn't wait for them if I were you."

He looked at me cynically, cocking and uncocking the pistol as though he had forgotten it.

"You'd have made a good parson, Alfred Hilliard—on my word, you would. When I first saw you at Calais I took you for one of the whisky-and-soda sort—wine and roses and women, and more clothes at home than your man could steal. You went one better, I guess. You've a beastly obstinate head of your own, I'm thinking, and you're like the rest of 'em, quick enough to dance when the drums begin. Will it help you, boy? Aye, ask that. The shaft's down there below Dover. If we don't open it to-day we'll

open it to-morrow. What's the gain to you? One year or three—I'll bring the French up on Dover cliffs yet, if I give my life to it."

"A good many have done that—Napoleon was one of them. I'd find another vocation, Jeffery—it would pay better. You were an Englishman yourself once. Do you never remember that?"

A hard expression came upon the man's face. He rocked to and fro upon his heels as a man half dizzy. What his true thoughts were that night, Heaven knows.

"Yes," he said presently, "I remember it, Alfred Hilliard—an Englishman, hounded out for being as Fate made him. Well, we'll write it off some day. You and I can do something that way to-night. Say, boy, did you think I was going to open the door?"

"I thought you would be wise to."

"Ah, for you to walk right out to the little French girl at Folkestone! Nice and pretty, Captain. The pair of you billing and cooing while I go under. And my brains to find the money. Oh, I like that, Captain Alfred, that's my line all over. Say, do you know the police are outside this house now?"

My heart gave a leap; I could have shouted at his news; but the will to risk nothing kept me passive before him.

"What else do you expect?" I asked. "Do you suppose this sort of thing is to be done without raising someone's curiosity? Of course they are here. I wonder they didn't come a month ago. If you hadn't been blind, you'd have seen it from the first."

He nodded his head as though acquiescing.

"I told them it would not be the first time. We shall find another story next turn, and another house. And you won't be alive to draw a woman into it. But I'll look after her when I'm through with you."

I could have struck him down then, as much for the unspoken insult as for the manner of his threat; but all the overmastering reaction, the knowledge that the story was told, that my country, for the day at least, was saved, kept my mind at such a tension of fever that I had no other wish than to hear his confession to the end.

"Alive or dead, I don't count," was my response. "Remember that you are at Dover and not at Calais. It makes all the difference to-night, Jeffery. There is still the sea to cross."

The taunt awakened him to a new outburst.

"How do you know," he cried loudly, "how do you know that the French are not

coming through this very minute? Listen, lad—what sound is that? Is it troops or the night wind? You can't tell—gosh! you play the pretty fool when I wish it."

He raised his hand for silence, and I listened with ear intent. There were men moving in the gardens; you could count their footsteps. The house was surrounded; but by whom? I knew no more than the dead whether the man I talked to were playing the jester or the madman. Yet what suspense and fear hung upon the truth!

"It appears," I said at last (and, I am sure, with as white a face as ever woman carried out of church), "it appears that the police are before their time. Don't you think you'd better anticipate them?"

He treated it with a gesture of defiance.

"When they come," he snarled, "they'll find a pair of us, sonny—you on one side the fender and me on the other. Pretty picture, eh? Do you think I'm fool enough to live over the day that sees my work go under? No, as Heaven is above me, I've attempted the biggest thing man ever set his hand to, and I've shown my masters that I can do it. If it's nothing to have done that much, very well; but the world may call it otherwise. What are your idlers worth—your singing birds, who never see the scissors on their hair; your fiddle scrapers, who kiss the women; your ranters in Parliament and your ranters out of it? What good do they do? Is the world richer for them? I guess not. Wipe 'em all out to-morrow with decent tombstones, and you and I won't miss as much as a postage-stamp. No, sonny, it's the workers, the men who think in iron and steel, who make countries. Look at it any way—what's the sea against me and my shield? We roll her up as Pharaoh and the boys did wilderness way. Give me three days yet, and I'll land a hundred thousand men on your shores. Free or taken, I don't care a rap for English or French or chimpanzee. I've done the work, and it'll stand your generation and your son's and your grandson's after that. There's no other living man that could have done it—and they called me 'black,' the swine! Well, I'll wipe the ground with them some day, as I promised you. I did the work, and look at it—this house wouldn't have been searched until the Day of Judgment but for you and the petticoats that you couldn't keep clear of. Why did you cross my path—old 'Panther,' of Webb's, that didn't love you sixteen years



"The house was rent at last, and came down with thunderous crashing of beams."

ago and don't love you any more to-day? Why did you come in with your blasted curiosity and your lamb's mug and that bulldog tooth of yours which fixed at Escalles? Weren't there two roads in life, or did you find my road the prettier? Ah, Bobby Jeffery takes second place; he isn't good enough for the white man. There isn't one of 'em living that could do his work, but he isn't good enough for 'em—too fond of a sip, like many another that has brains to feed and isn't pig's-meat. The drink did Bobby Jeffery, did it? But that's a lie, pal, a lie, as sure as you hear the boys in the garden yonder. Haven't I lived? Why, yes, I've done that; lived in what I saw and worked for, and the drink helped me. Say, sonny, have a glass now—it'll help us in what's to come. I never thought of it—I was reckoning up your friends all the time."

Now, he had dropped into this strange, maudlin self-appreciation, for all the world as a man talking to himself in all the sentimentality and candour of a drunken argument; nor could I interrupt him, for he told me a page of the story of the strangest life I have ever known. And never surely was tale related under circumstances so weird, or to a man with mind so confused. The wan light, the dark hall beyond the door, the shuttered room, the figure of the man, his bloodshot eyes, his hawk-like hands, his woolly hair—the mazo-like labyrinth of his thought, now going straight to a heart of reason, now blindly to a *cul-de-sac* of self-appraisal; and upon all this the sure knowledge that at any moment he might seek my life, and that there were men in the gardens without—all this, I say, made an hour which neither I nor any man may ever find again in the whole book of conspiracies. Wonder not that henceforth I believed no word of his, was not surprised at any threat. I could but wait and watch with a resignation which amazes me when I recall it. Even when the man had his pistol upon the table and turned to a cupboard for glasses and a bottle, there was no thought of escape in my mind, even though I sat up to watch him. But he read the movement otherwise and turned upon me sharply. No Westerner in a tavern brawl could have whipped up his revolver so deftly.

"No," he snapped, "not that, Alfred Hilliard. Play the game. We're going through this thing together—play it as a pal."

I sat very still, amused almost at his notion of a compact.

"As you like," I said. "Your friends outside are not so patient. The game had better go quickly, or it will be a draw. Ha! they mean to come in, it appears."

A loud jangling bell rang out suddenly in a remote corridor of the empty house. I started to my feet at the sound, and could have counted my heart beating while we waited. He had a decanter in his hand, and he stood, without word or movement, listening to the sounds.

"Well," I asked at last, "are you going to open to them, or will you let them beat the door down? They will be inside in five minutes. What then? If it's worth anything, I'll do the best I can for you, but you haven't much time."

Again he did not answer me directly, but poured himself out a quantity of spirit and drank it at a gulp. Someone beat loudly with a truncheon upon the great hall door, and Jeffery spoke as though in answer to the signal.

"Aye, knock away, you idiot—there's more than a club wanted to raise my hinges. And where's the rest of you? Down under, maybe—aye, down under digging for my brains. Well, you shall find 'em, my boys. We'll go to hell together, every swine that comes here; we'll take a parlour-car, and no differences. Say, Alfred, laddie, did you think I was to be taken like an old hen sitting? No, you didn't think it. The black man's something in his head besides that—he was an Englishman once, eh?—well, he's going to be an Englishman now. He'll die quiet, sonny, as quiet as the best of 'em. And he'll take his brains with him. They had no room for 'em in this rotten country—they made a Frenchman of him! Well, he'll show 'em something yet—by the Heavens above him, he'll show 'em where his pals are coming through."

A louder knocking upon the outer door, the sound of a hatchet striking one of the windows close by my chair, cut short the almost incoherent threats which fell from the man's lips. For one long moment he stood, sweat on his brow, the glitter of madness in his eyes, a helpless, hunted expression upon his malign face, as of one in a terrible torture of doubt and fear which almost paralysed his faculties and would overthrow his reason before it had done with him. Then, anon, as though the crashing blows brought him to action, he turned swiftly, and his trembling fingers were stretched out to take my life, and his, and all that were about that house.



"I was as a man nailed to the ground."

There was a little cupboard upon his right hand, a cupboard resembling nothing so much as a letter-box ; and this was now the resting-place for his trembling fingers. Unaware of his purpose (and this a thing beyond all my reckoning), I stood, held to the place by indescribable excitement, while he unlocked the cupboard door and showed me, within it, the brass clasps of an electric switch and the twisted wires which ran from it. In a tremendous revelation, as the truth of death brought to the mind in a flash, I understood the purpose of those wires and what he would do with them. They linked his hand and the mine prepared in the thicket of the wood. As he had promised that his secret should never be known in England, so would he perform. He had but to touch the button of that switch, and the tunnel's mouth would be no more. The victory was his, the victory of the mind over men, of a will indomitable in the one purpose. No one who had dared the thicket where the secret lay would emerge any more to speak of it. And he would live to make it a secret anew, the terror rehabilitated, the peril which carried me to this house and might never carry me from it.

I say that he opened the door of the box, and stood before it with the glitter of madness in his eyes, but odd words of sanity upon his lips. Though I knew what he would do, though death was at my very elbow, so potent was the spell of amazement

and discovery that I stood there, unable to lift a hand or raise a cry or do anything but watch him in dumb despair. When freedom came, when the voices of those without quickened my faculties as they had quickened his, I sprang upon him with all the strength God has given me and sought to pin him by the throat. But he shook me off with the fury of a madman, and, stumbling in my maladroitness, I fell headlong at his feet, and he touched the brass and sparks flashed from the wires.

"To hell together, Alfred Hilliard—to hell together!"

The words rang out as the lingering cry of a man cast from the world suddenly to darkness and to death. Slowly at first, anon with a terrible force which seemed to turn the very brain, the ground began to quake beneath us, to roll and pitch as the waves of the sea. I heard a dull, sustained roaring as of an avalanche falling ; the house itself rocked to its foundations ; split as a whole thing shattered at its heart ; was rent at last from roof to cellar ; came down with thunderous crashing of beams and splintering of glass and blinding dust of mortar and of brick. Did man ever live through such an hour or such a scene ? Cast downward, pitched headlong, conscious of no sure foothold, the very floor bending in beneath me, the great beams of the ceiling bursting from their welts ; doors and windows, grate and chimney falling inwards, the awful sounds of rending wood and devastating iron and glass all beat to powder—I say that I heard and saw these things as in some day of God's judgment, of the last hour of my life and the beginning of the mysteries. And I must live, still live, there was no mercy of it. The beams fell about me, but none would kill me, the darkness was of the grave ; but, above it, I beheld a lantern caught by the brickwork and still burning. And I had seen Jeffery's face, bloody in agony and the sweat of death ; and I knew that he

had paid the price and that his work was done.

And so to the silence, with the crashing sounds afar, and about me the terror of the tomb.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PIT.

THE sound in my ears was like that of rushing water, or of the gathering wind surging to a tempest and always waxing louder. I was conscious of life, but had no power to return to life—not so much as to raise my head or lift a hand to help myself. As one in a trance (but the trance which is of the instant of waking), I lay for so long a time that days and nights appeared to pass, the sun to rise and set, the stars to turn about me, the voice of storm to fret and sob and falter. And from this I must have passed to sleep, the sleep of weakness and of Nature at her ebb. For the silence was profound when next I knew that I lived, and I opened my eyes in darkness so unbroken that even the very ground would take no shape.

Looking back to that dismal hour, it is astonishing to me to remember how slowly my mind would gather up the tangled thread of that story, or allow me to remember where I was or why I lay in darkness at all. Remoter events I could recall—the days with little Agnes at Pau; her coming to Cottesbrook and meeting my mother there; the quarrel at Calais, the boyish anger of it and the heroics which followed after. But the greater matter, the shaft below the sea, the weeks of the doubt at the River Bottom House, the last grim scene with Jeffery, were gone so completely, when first I came to consciousness, that I had not a glimmering of them; and, lacking a starting place, could take no argument to begin or end it. Vague fancies, pitiful fears, hallucinations which had more of logic than the common, followed upon this oblivion. At one time I thought myself to be a dead man seeking the light from the shades. Or, again (and God forbid that I should dilate upon this!), I believed that they had buried me while I lived, and that the darkness about me was the darkness of vault or catacomb. There was a frenzy, a mental madness of this myth, which might well have cost me my reason. I swore that I would fight my way to the light and air above me, if I dug the earth with my naked hands. The thought that I had been

deserted by all the world, that men trod the grass above my head, that my voice would never be heard though a hundred listened to it, drove me with woeful strength to a mad battle against a rampart of brick and stone and the mould which fell chill and sodden upon my face. But I was bound to the ground as though a chain engirdled my body. All my effort (so much greater, it seemed, than weakness would let it be) would not raise me, nor even free my limbs from the unyielding weight which prisoned them. The very struggle to be free but made the grip the surer. I could not move a limb; scarce had the strength to cry out from the silence of that pit.

Weakness followed upon this endeavour; reason upon my impotence. When, at last, I came to lie quite still, because of the lesson which had been taught me, the events of the day and of the final hour recurred to my mind one by one; and I could start from that last scene of the cataclysm, the falling house, the crashing beams, the splintering glass; and from that (the mind ever working backward) go on to the silent hall, and the jangling bell, and the blows upon the door; and so, quickly, to Lepeletier's death (if, indeed, he were dead), and to the sudden flight of those who worked in the thicket beyond the gardens. Ah, I had it all then, and wanted my story no longer. We had gone down together—the man who wrought and the man who would have destroyed—to this darkness, this pit which France had dugged for us. And of the two, life was for me; for I had seen Jeffery's face when he fell, and I knew that he was dead. Again I said that the judgment of God was thus made manifest. Even there, when a man might not have wished to count the hours he had to live, I could remember that the great conspiracy against my country had thus been avowed, and that, for the day at least, the peril was no more. The gate which her enemies would have opened at Dover was shut that night. I believed and hoped (as I believe and hope now) that the hour would never come when treachery or folly would open it again.

Remote as a dream of a heaven of stars and wan light of suns beyond them, this abiding justification came to me, but would not rest; for ever recurring was the terror of the darkness, the surpassing dread of the pit which engulfed me. What was happening in the world above? I asked myself; and answered that my friends were there—Harry,

perchance, and, it might be, Mallinson—and that if they knew, there would be neither night nor day for them until the work was done. Or, again, how should they know, or why imagine, that any man could be swept away in that cataclysm and live when it had passed? They would seek the dead and not the living, I said. All that amazing discovery—the shaft in the thicket, the sensation which the truth must bring, the desire to be sure that the gate was closed against France and her instruments, would prevail above all thought of those who had gone down in the *débâcle* and were already past all help. Vain to hope or think of it, I imagined; for if the thing were known, what labour of loving hands could mend my case or drag me from the place? I would not believe, and, incredulous, went on believing still.

It had been utterly dark when first I opened my eyes, and it was dark still when the sleep of weakness brought me to a calmer mood. Submitting now, perforce, to the inevitable (because of the very pain which effort cost me), I lay so long a time that imagination counted days and weeks for me, made unbroken nights of darkness and dawn which gave no light, said each minute was an hour, each hour an eternity. For so Time deals with us, as the philosophers have taught us, and being of our own creation can cheat us at his pleasure, and more especially go slow when we cry “Hasten.” As the fact stood, all those days and weeks of mine were but the vigil of a single night, the weary waiting for the dawn, which came at last in a poor ray of misted greyneess that turned anon, as to a bird’s wing of dusted gold, hovering in the heavy air and tantalising the eyes with its promises. Then, too, at this moment of day, I heard the sound of water dripping, and saw the drops oozing from the bricks of a wall—the morning’s jewels of the dew. It was a weird sound, that ceaseless splashing of the drops; and it began to be echoed in my head as a discord which could rack the nerves and repeat a note intolerable. I shut my ears to it vainly and granted that the ray was a message of good omen. For it showed me that I was in the cellar of the house, and that a great beam, striking athwart a heap of rubble of brick and mortar and stone pounded almost to dust, had so fended me from the avalanche of crumbling walls and crashing iron that, but for a second beam pinning me to a bed of mould, I might have stood up unhurt and laughed at my predica-

ment. None the less, the mass that held me down gripped more surely than any vice. I was as a man nailed to the ground, unable to move a limb or even turn for ease of it; and so nailed must I be until my friends should hear me and answer as they would. How Parson Harry would work, I thought, and old Mallinson, if he were there! I imagined the few words that Mallinson would speak—the sharp, brusque order, the splendid purpose of the man. There would be nothing done without old Mallinson.

The ray of light waxed stronger, the water dripped more abundantly, the day waxed to its zenith, and still I heard no message from the world without. My own voice, raised loud in a cry for help, sounded to me as odd as anything I had heard; such a lame cry, so afraid of it I was—afraid as the rats, whom silence emboldened and the halloo sent pattering again. And what were those above doing that they did not answer me? I railed upon their indifference, their cruelty, their desertion of a comrade. If one of them had been in my place I would have worked for him until the flesh fell from my fingers. But no one lifted a hand to save me; or, if they did, why did I hear no blow upon the earth, no tramping of feet or spade-thrusts sent well home? Once there was an hour when I abandoned hope utterly, determined that Harry and Mallinson were not there at all, that the house had been surprised by the police, perhaps upon some other errand altogether, by men who knew nothing of its secret and cared less. But this was untenable, and I could reject it even in the pit, and begin again with the picture of Harry in the *débris*, and Mallinson by his side, and good picks falling, and the earth thrown back, and hope of it—ah! as few had hoped.

I should perish, I should be saved; I should die of starvation, should live of friendship. The reckonings that I made would have filled a book. In mines men had lived a week with never crust nor sip. Ah, said the Pessimist, but their limbs were not paralysed. It would take a day to dig me out, the Better Spirit argued; but the Complaining Voice cried, A week will not do it. They are working now, whispered the one fellow; the other mocked, Silence—silence. Certainly I could not hear them. Not a stone moved in the rubble, not an ounce of the earth. The rats, more bold, came creeping to my side and crossed my body in their path. I had a thirst beyond bearing, a dull sense of pain which never

left me ; but still the good fellow spoke. They are working now, he suggested ; hark to them ! I scarce dared to breathe while I listened for new sounds. It was—it was not ; I heard nothing—heard something ; was afraid to move a limb or even to shut my lips ; put it away from me, took it back. Merciful Heavens, what torture ! And yet, and yet—there was a sound ; you could hear it as an echo of something that fell and fell again, so remote, so faint, that my own heart's beating was louder still and could silence it. And yet there was a sound.

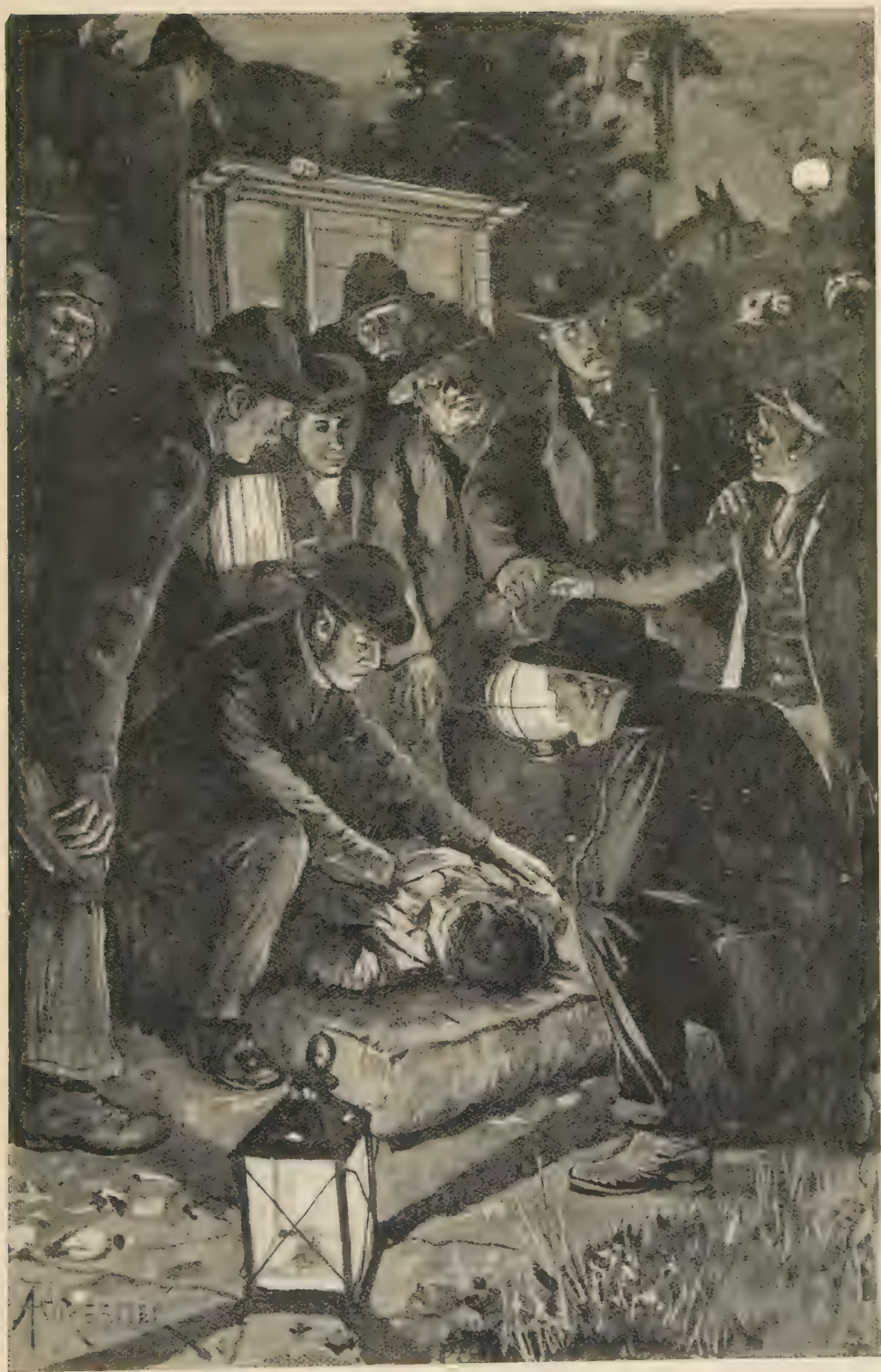
I clenched my hands on the earth and lay back, eyes closed, ears intent, to listen and be sure. The sound was to be heard no more—would it ever come again ? The day ebbed so swiftly that it would soon be night again ; and I must live through that—the night of a tomb, of blinding darkness, of the water gurgling and the rats at my feet. I thought then that death was the lot, and wished for death, it may be, as the shorter way, the end of all the questions and all the answers, the one road to my deliverance. And then I heard the iron's voice again—a dull, heavy clanging, a sure blow, many of them, swift and often together. My own cry in answer was lame no longer. Thrice I raised it as they had taught me in the open field, and thrice it was answered in clear blows upon the deadening earth. They heard me at last—at last !

The moment of reaction, they say, is the dangerous moment of a crisis. I had been through so much, imagined so much, suffered so much in that pit, that it may be I leaped from extreme to extreme, and, hearing the blows upon the earth, said that there was salvation, this the end of it. An hour, a day—what did it matter if old Mallinson were up there and Harry at his side ? No lack of willing hands now, I made sure. Still as a mouse I lay to count the heavy blows ; no music was ever half as sweet ! To-morrow I should be up again, out in the air and the sunshine. I should hear the story of it, should witness, perhaps, some of the excitement of that day of wonder and deliverance. What had England said ? I asked. Had the truth been realised, or but a half of the truth, as was the case in many a secret of the nation's peril ? Were the clap-trap peacemongers, the faint hearts, the “will-not-sees,” already coming forward to cry, “There is no warning here. We must trust France ; this is not the work of her Government, but of a mad engineer” ? I divined, even then, that few of my

countrymen would admit the truth, or believe that out there, below the waves of the Channel, the tunnel lay, and that to-morrow might unlock the gate of it. But, credulous or doubting, the work was done. We had barred the road to France—we had barred it with our bodies as we lay there in the pit they had digged ; and no hand should ever undo what we had done. I would live henceforth for that.

Old Mallinson was up there, and Harry was with him, and many worked to save me. To my shattered nerve be the charge of the fears which returned again as I heard the falling picks and began to say they were raised too late. For what, urged the coward's argument, if the earth falls as they dig, and the great beam is loosed, and the pit closes in, and there is a cave of it no more ? They would sweat and work in vain, those friends of mine, if that befell. No more Alfred Hilliard to shout up to them, and be answered with eager—aye, with desperate blows. An off-chance I made of it afterwards ; but then, when the darkness was coming down again, and the water dripped, and the rats pattered across my very limbs—ah, it was so real, so sure, that I waited for it—the oscillating beam, the gliding earth, the mould upon my face, and that last fight for breath which must be an agony. Would Mallinson take account of it, would he remember ? There was no better brain among all the engineers, and I must trust old Mallinson and pin my faith to him. He would not forget.

Dark fell—that intolerable darkness of the pit which was a weight upon the eyes, and, the shapes about me being hidden from my sight, the dreamer's trouble came back again. I remembered little Agnes first of all, and wondered if she were still at Folkestone, and if they had told her. She would come to the house in that case, and be with those who stood in the gardens above me. I could have wished that they had kept it from her ; and yet there was an afterthought that she might be there when they got me out—hers the first face I should see, hers the first hand I should touch. By and by the greater questions of our future were debated in desperate deliberation, as though to defy the present and ignore it finally. Had her father's death changed that word of hers ? Was the gulf of birth and nation impassable still ? Destiny had carried us far apart, but the danger bridged the road as it fell ; and now of the future I foresaw that which had been so great a hope



"Passing his hand quickly over my body, he touched my right side."

to me—the mistress of Cottesbrook and of my house coming home again, as she had come to my mother's side a few short weeks ago. The willing hands whose labours were music to my ears worked and slaved for that, if they had but known it. Aye, they worked for a woman's heart and a man's first hope, to blot out the past, to write a future which should have no word of a nation's quarrel upon its pages. Let it be no wonder that I listened to them, and could believe that never were hands which worked so slowly. They would be too late now—too late, too late.

Earth rolled in the pit, water gushed out from some hidden pipe and washed my feet, was splashed in muddy drops upon my face. I heard the great beam oscillate and slide, and thought that now it was falling to crush

the very heart out of me. But it caught again upon some cranny of the stone, and, moving, did that which I never had been able to do for myself, for it freed the prisoned limbs, and I drew them out of the earth and staggered up, with arm and leg bloodless, pulseless, cold as death, but with a desire of the reaction which could have set me leaping. Ingrate if I had not said that they worked like giants now! The blows fell louder, surer; the earth quaked beneath them; the roof was shattered in morsels which bespattered my face and struck sharp upon my hands; the water gushed in one unbroken torrent. I had not thought of the water before that moment; but now it was all my thought. Was there any drain to carry it off, or would it flood the pit and choke me? Away I went again

to imagine old Mallinson's anger if he came too late; Harry's distress, the tale that must be told at Cottesbrook. It would be in one hour or in two, at dawn or sunset—yet it was odd that none answered my impatient cry, if, indeed, they struck downward through the quaking rubble. Always the silence and the blows, always, always. Impatience charged them at the moment when impatience should be gratified. I saw the thing and would not see it; shut my eyes and opened them. Ah, it was true, then! They would save me even yet.

A light struck down through a crevice of the roof and glistened radiantly upon the black pool of the water. I uttered a loud cry, as a child in welcome, and far, so far above it seemed, the answering voice cried back. Oh, who would have dared to believe his ears or to play his part indifferently at such an



"Our hands were locked together."

hour? Was it a voice or some of the stone? Again I listened, again, again. Old Mallinson was there; I would doubt it no longer. My friends had heard me; their hands would touch mine presently. I was sinking down, down in weakness, but they would drag me from the pit—old Mallinson was there.

And the rest is mine, mine of joy as then it was of agony.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEW DAY DAWNING.

THEY dragged me from the pit to the garden of the house, and many strange faces peered into mine, and many carried lanterns, and many cried, "Thank God!" I was conscious of a cloudless heaven and a clear world of stars glittering in the darkened vault; of the figures of horsemen moving in the shadows, and the sweet wind of the night blowing freshly upon my face. But, above all, I knew that Harry himself held me in his good arms, and that old Mallinson was at his side, and that I should sink back to the darkness no more. For they had saved me, these friends of mine, and I could neither speak to them nor answer them, but lie only as one helpless in the ecstasy of deliverance and of gratitude.

The air—ah, God! to breathe that again! The voices of men—to hear them! To see the sky above, the trees about me, to know that the night was over and that I had lived through it! What page could tell truly of that? I was saved. Harry held me. Old Mallinson was there, as black as any sweep, and sweating until his very shirt was limp. There was a gentle wind upon my face, and gentle hands to lift me up, and a bed as soft as down to carry me from the place. Oh, they had thought of everything, those wise-heads. And all the bustle, all the sweating figures, all that forethought and care, they were for me alone, the tribute of brave men to one they loved. I lay back again and thanked God that friends had been there that night. I knew that there was nothing else to think of; a fretting brain began to rest; there came upon me a delicious drowsiness as of a child's sleep; and yet I did not sleep, but listened to them as I lay.

"Gently, now, gently. Have you no eyes? All hands under and lift when I say 'Three'—the doctor afterwards. You, lumberhead, can't you back the cart—are we going to walk to Dover? Lanterns up, and

the others go away. You can come to the Lord Warden to-morrow. Now, gently, and all together."

It was old Mallinson hustling them. Black, begrimed, dirty as he was, his eyes shone like stars and seemed to take in twenty things at once. I could have laughed at the figure he cut. There was never such energy in one man before, and never will be again. The "lumberheads" ran at his words as at the lash of a whip.

"Tell old Mallinson to take it easy," I said to Harry—the first word that came to me since I was out; "there's nothing much the matter, only a few bruises. I'm glad it's you, old man; it couldn't have been anyone else. Don't let them make a fuss."

Our eyes met, I think, in a glance which said, from the heart of one to the heart of the other, "Thank God!" They had laid me on a mattress then, and the hobbledchoys were about to lift it to a farmer's cart which waited at the garden gate. Harry would not answer me, but began to call for the doctor, who came up on a bicycle almost with the words. I recall his face, his figure, as I saw it that night—the figure of a tall man, with a brusque, imperious manner, but all the skill and the quickness of youth in his method.

"Come, now," he said, as he knelt at my side and many held lanterns for him to see my face, "and where is the pain, Captain?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. I went under with the house, and a beam fell across my right leg and arm. They're not broken, for I can use them. You needn't trouble much, doctor."

He smiled at the volubility of it, and, passing his hand quickly over my body, he touched my right side presently, and I could not hold back a sharp cry.

"Ah!" he said, "crushed there, I think. Take off his coat, one of you; we must look at that."

They obeyed him quietly, stripping me until the night wind fell cold on my body as a spray of water. Someone in the crowd said, "Poor fellow!" The doctor's face was pursed up and severe. He called for water and a towel. I remember that I laughed when I heard him.

"Pour a sip of brandy down his throat, measter," cried a fat man in the crowd, and repeated the exordium at intervals. The rustics gaped with open mouths; old Mallinson was still wiping the sweat from his shining face; Harry anticipated the

doctor's every wish with a hand as gentle as a woman's.

"Is there much mischief?" I heard him ask, *sotto voce*.

The doctor answered, "I am not sure."

Mallinson came up to us to steady the lantern which a clumsy yokel swung as a censer. I can recollect cold water upon my side, and a tin cup which someone pressed to my lips. Then I was lifted up, up; the stars began to roll and swim in the heavens above me; I knew that Harry was there, that we were leaving the River Bottom House; and, rocked as in a cradle, I sank to sleep, which was unconsciousness.

* * * * *

The sun struck warm in the room where I awoke—a sun of morning, giving to the white blinds a dazzling radiance, and finding many a path of beams wherein the dust was grain of gold, and odd glories of colour were changing and commingled. I did not know the room—had no recollection of ever entering it; and, content to lie very still (so weak I was), the ornaments of it came to my knowledge one by one, as a picture from which a cloth is turned. There, to begin with, was a great brass pole with hangings of dimity gay in pink roses; and there an armchair in rep; and there a dressing-table in mahogany; and yonder a wardrobe; and by them a table with a vase of roses and a bowl of fruit. No one seemed to stir in the room. Distantly, from the sea, there came to me an echo of the wind's complaint, the rolling wave upon the shingle, even the cry of a ship's man and the shriek of a siren. But I was alone, I said; no one watched me, and so my eyes went roving to the picture again; and anon, they seemed to show me something that I would never have looked for in twenty years—the sweetest figure that God has made, the gentlest hand, the face of my little Agnes, so wan, so wistful, so brave, as it bent over me, and those white fingers touched my own, and hot tears fell fast upon the lips which burned for them. No word was needed, no word of wonder; only the deeper silence of content, the surer message of the heart, which might not speak in that hour of her surrender.

I was there in the room, and Agnes was with me (be praised that little nurse's cap and apron so dainty!); and the sun shone, and the freshness of the sea saturated the cool air, and far behind me lay the pit and the terror and all that I had suffered in those weary months. Who would not have

been content so to fulfil his dreams and take of Destiny that which she gave reluctantly? To watch that childish figure; to follow, as it passed, with jealous eyes; to see my nurse, now at the table with the medicine-bottles, now thermometer in hand, now deft with lint and bandage—ah! what had I against Fortune, what right of charge against the call that had come to me? Let convalescence be a month, a year; I could pay the price with a good heart now. It was music to hear her talk, a new revelation of girlhood to see her lift the cup or lay a hand upon my pillow. Would she never have done with it? Must I eat like a stalled ox? And how came she guardian of these hours? I feared to ask, lest she should be guardian no more.

"Little girl," I said at last, "will you never rest? Let me see you by my side, let me touch your hand—that's the only treatment for me."

She shook her head reprovingly and brought the ox in a tea-cup again.

"The doctor says, 'Not a word.' I must obey the doctor, dearest. If you don't drink, I will go away."

"Pints, quarts, magnums of the stuff; I will drink the sea, sweet. You are never going away again, Agnes."

A flush of colour gave roses to her cheeks; it went travelling up until it touched the little brown curls; and they, winning gold of the sunshine, seemed as a halo of the purest silk set about her childish face. But my question she would not answer; and so, perforce, the soup was swallowed again. And while I drank it she told me of the circumstance.

"The Abbé Fordham has gone to Lady Hilliard. He knew that you would wish it. Lady Hilliard will come with him to-morrow. The other, your friend—oh, I have no head for names, but the black one—he will return at one o'clock. Will it be very long to wait, dear?"

I pressed her hand in mine and thanked various saints that the beef-tea was no more.

"It will be about a minute, Agnes. Let us talk of it all. Your father is at Folkestone?"

"No, he is here in this hotel. But he is better to-day, and he wished that I should come while the other nurse sleeps——"

"Oh, be hanged to any other nurse! Where did she come from?"

"Dr. Barnes sent her from Folkestone. You have been here three days, you know."

I lay back and thought about it. There



“The tools are coming up one by one, and the great boring machine is there all right.”

was something missing in her news, a piece of the puzzle which a fagged brain could not piece. Why had I spoken of her father? I could not remember why, or, upon the spur of it, recollect anything of the last scene in the garden, when that fine old soldier lay dead before my very eyes. Ultimately, as in a flash, memory came back; but I scarce dared to speak of it. Heavens! what had I said?

“Tell me the truth, dear girl,” I said at last—“is it well with Colonel Lepeletier, or not?”

She sat by my bedside and told me all the story. Our hands were locked together and her red lips almost touched my ear.

“Jean Boisdeffre saved him,” she said

simply; “he has always been his faithful servant, and he carried him from the garden on that dreadful day. My father had fainted, but he fell upon his arm, and it closed the wound. Oh, you can believe how thankful I am that he has been the means! They told me that he was dead, and I came to Mr. Fordham and spoke. There was no longer anything to forbid me. I told your friends that you were in the house, and they went there that very night. My father is not angry. He says that I have done well. He would have found a way if it had not been this. You blame him, but you do not know him. He has lived many years since we were at Pau together, dear Alfred. Let us help him to forget in the years which remain.”

I drew her down to me and kissed her lips.

“It is all a dream, and we awake from it together,” I said.

“Think of that which it has cost us—the mad ambition of a man, founded on conceit and hatred, and fed by those who want a king but have no kingdom. If I blame anyone, it is the Ministers of France, not their servants. They had no courage to say ‘No’ to the fanatics who would have hounded them on to any madness if the old puppets could be cast down and the new ones set up. There is an honour of nationality and there is a dishonour. The patriot is he who makes his country’s honour as his own. Believe me, dearest, I shall find my figure of France always in the heart of the little girl who first taught me that love prevails even above nationality. The rest is of the past—lived, forgotten. If we have suffered, we have

won something of suffering, nevertheless—your father his honour; I my country's safety, as I hope and believe; you—ah, what shall I say that you have won, little Agnes?"

"All that a woman holds most dear—the shelter of a brave man's heart."

"But of one who would not touch her birthright therein."

"I shall love France always."

"And I—because it has given me Agnes."

She lay in my arms, this little child of France; and, counting all that it had cost her of hope and heart and self-reproach and a woman's agony, I said that the victory was won indeed, the night no more, the new day dawning in love and retribution.

CHAPTER XXX.

"MINE THE TASK."

THERE is no interest of others in a man's convalescence; certainly there could be no curiosity of my friends in those autumn days at Dover, which found me winning up to strength and health, as a young man will, and grateful to the nights because the day would send Agnes to my room again. Excitement I had abundantly, for what a meeting was that between Harry and myself! and how old Mallinson busied himself with the charge of it! and what a day when my mother came to Dover, and she and I went over it once more! Aye, excitement and interest, and upon these the letters and the newspapers and the wild exuberance of talk seeming to be echoed in that quiet, sea-girt room at Dover, where all the voices were of the ships and sailors, and all the horizon was blue of the Channel and white of the cliffs of France beyond. They had crushed me in the pit, it is true, had broken my ribs and bruised me woefully, and frightened me so well, that to sleep was oftentimes a whirl of dreams and of the terror made new; but I had ten years of Eton, and three of Cambridge, and good days of soldiering behind me, and old Dame Nature loved me just a little, and hour by hour she brought me some new gift of heart and body, and dealt with me, as ever she will with youth, to get me up again and send me whole into the world of things. Then for the first time, perhaps, they had my story and I got theirs, and, having them, the last shadows of the mystery were lost in the light of understanding.

Bountiful days, in truth, but surpassed by that memorable afternoon when Harry and

I drove out to the River Bottom House together, and once more I stood a free man upon that site where I had lost my liberty. Well I recollect how that a great crowd swarmed about the hotel to point the finger at us, how old Mallinson hustled them, how my mother stood at a window to see us go, and behind her little Agnes playing nurse's part, as she will play it all my life. Then, too, for the first time I knew that I had won the heart of my countrymen, and that some, indeed, would say, "Well done!" Nor would I seek a greater reward.

"Why do all these people come here, Harry?" I asked, as we drove off, and a ringing cheer came floating over the waters of the harbour, and many held out their hands to me. "Is it a *fête* and gala, or a penny peep-show? What do they think they are going to see?"

"A man whom the papers have been discussing for a month. Is he nothing, my son Alfred? Would you remain at home under the circumstances? Just think of it—your portrait has been in ten 'illustrateds' and about forty-two weeklies. They make you out a cross between a stable-boy and an actor. How can mere humanity resist a picture like that? They would have photographed your eye-teeth if I could have lent them. Observe the drawbacks to the natural article."

He frivelled on, but my curiosity was pricked.

"It's really in the papers, then?"

"Where else would you have it?"

"In the brains of the gentlemen of Pall Mall—the War Office, to wit."

"Oh, we'll fix it there, by and by, impatient one. Wolseley sent for me yesterday, and I told him all I knew. He is not a man to dismiss it with two fingers. The engineers have been working in the River Bottom House for ten days now. They have found the fragments of Jeffery's machine and the beginning of a boring towards the sea. I don't see where Master 'Improbable' comes in. You've made him look silly."

I thought upon it a moment and then I said, "Is the story of the tunnel told to the public?"

"Why should it be? Is it not yours to tell? What right have the others? Make sure, the War Office will say nothing. It doesn't suit their book."

"Then what do the papers talk about?"

"They say that you took secrets from Calais, and were kidnapped here by men who

had come over to snap up drawings of the Dover forts. The rest is all guesswork. Smith contradicts Jones, and Brown differs from both. The market-place is full of it. You owe it to the public to write the thing down from the first page to the last."

"Some day I'll do it, perhaps. There is much to come before that. I must see Lord Wolseley myself."

"He wishes it, the first day possible."

"Ah, but there is Agnes."

He laughed and gripped my hand.

"What did I tell you on the Calais road, nearly six months ago? Lepeletier is a gentleman. He makes no excuses—I read him like a book. When they sent him to Calais, he believed that it was to command at the new forts there. His Government gave a tacit sanction to a tunnel from their side, but he knew nothing of an attempt on this side, and has come to believe with you that a soldier should not have played the part they put upon him. At Calais, Jeffery said you were a spy and warned Lepeletier against you. *Ergo*—a quarrel and the rest of it. The little plot to trap you in the tunnel and pack you off to Cayenne—the place where the pepper does not come from—was spoilt when you knocked Jeffery down. The remainder is a story of mad Frenchmen, the Jew-baiters, the anti-Dreyfusards, the wild soldiers, bankers, and well-born fools of Paris. They took the house and began to dig down toward the tunnel which comes over from Escalles. We trumped them all and by God's mercy are here again. Take off your hat to that, old chap—there will never be another story like it."

"Let us live to make England say that, Harry."

"Amen, amen. You shall begin the first day you can hold a pen."

We sat in silence afterwards, and in silence drew up at the gates of the house where I had suffered so much, and, as I knew now, had won so much. Impossible to believe that all had happened in that very place; nevertheless, the scene was potent to control the shattered nerves and to play strange tricks with me. Once more I lived the acts of it, could make them vivid to my eyes. The avenue of trees, the garden gate, the deserted road, conjured up for me in a moment the picture of that forgotten day when I had ridden out on my cob, and Jeffery had come from the house, and, headlong, the good horse and I went down together in the shadow of the wood. It was but an impression, nevertheless very real to me. I

think the ruined house frightened me even then. One wing of it, I saw, had fallen and was nothing now but heaped up dust and mortar. From that place they had dragged me, but I had no nerve to revisit it. And so I went with Harry, arm in arm, through the tangled garden, listened without surprise to his story.

"Look, now," said he, "what this barn of a house has cost us both. If I surpass Methuselah, I shall never forget the day when Mallinson and I arrived at Dover to find you missing. What excuses we made! what tales we told each other! And now! My son, I have ridden good horses five hundred miles about these very roads, if I have ridden a yard. There was no detective skill in London to be had for money which we did not buy. And yet the fellows baffled us. Who it was I can't tell you, but some man here played the part of an irate old English gentleman so well that Mallinson and two London men after him were put off the scent every time. I took their word for it—who would have doubted it?—that the place was what it seemed to be. There was always the hope that you had gone over to Paris to look for curiosities, and that kept me going. I myself went to Paris twice, and was three days in Calais. Mallinson, who loves a broken bridge like a child, sneered at three that he might trot round the lanes by Dover. And we daren't tell Lady Hilliard a word. Oh, my Alfred, as essays in beneficent prevarication, read my letters to your mother during those same weeks."

"I will never part with them. Here is the thicket, it seems. I saw it often enough from my window up there, but never as I see it now."

We had made the little wood behind the house when I spoke; and now two men, who unmistakably were soldiers, came up to us questioningly; but they were all civility and interest when they heard our names. There were others in the heart of the thicket, where, without warning, we stumbled upon the head of the great shaft which Jeffery had guarded so jealously. It was a shaft no more; for the last mad act had shattered it, and earth and stone had shut the gate which men would have opened.

"Whatever it was, sir," said my guide, "the Frenchmen went under with it. The tools are coming up one by one, and the great boring machine is there all right. We'll have it out and see what it's all about when a week's by. I do believe, gentlemen, that

they were going to strike a tunnel through to France. And when they found they couldn't do it, that the game was up, they let a charge of dynamite go, and down they went together. We'll make it warm for the next lot that plays the Pharaoh trick on us that way."

I laughed at his similes and turned away; the house interested me no more. Across the Channel, as we drove back, the yellow glare of the setting sun gave lakes of gold to the sleeping waters. I remembered Jeffery's words—that down there below the sea, buried from the sight of men, unknown, unplaced, lay the weapon with which France would yet seek to strike my country from her throne, to debase her before the nations. And mine the task to shut the gate for ever, to speak the word as my Destiny willed, to call my countrymen to the ramparts, to raise the lantern which God had put into my hands.

And to that I said "Amen," and went with a new heart to one who waited for me by the lonely shore.

AN EDITOR'S NOTE.

SUCH is Alfred Hilliard's story. Forgetting many things that redound to his own credit, he has omitted to speak at any length of the general recognition of the brave part he played in this tremendous tragedy; nor has he troubled to discuss the unnumbered arguments of the experts which this revelation has called forth. That France attempted to build a tunnel under the Channel to England is no longer denied. That her engineers had been engaged upon the work for many years is equally well known. Her prospects of success, should such an attempt be repeated, are variously esteemed. We have seen that the more daring capitalists

and fanatics of Paris, having compelled the French Government to thrust out a tunnel from Calais, sought to open that tunnel here by taking a farmhouse in an Englishman's name. Furthermore, they gave out to the world that the workings in the grounds of the house were nothing more than an attempt to form an ornamental lake. The vigilance of one man defeated this great scheme, and shut the gate, as he says, in the face of France. But the tube of steel still lies below the sea. No living man, outside the purlieus of the secret, can say how far that tunnel is carried, or where the last tube of it is riveted. It may come even to Dover's cliffs, it may lie miles from them. Excavation at the River Bottom House has shown that the dead man Jeffery carried his shaft upon our side no more than a hundred yards towards the sea; but distance is no light upon the matter. He had but to cut a gate to that road which France carried over from Escalles. He may have been a boaster, or he may have been upon the very threshold of success when the last great scene was played. And there is no Englishman reading Alfred Hilliard's narrative who will not ask himself if this be the beginning and the end of that surpassing conspiracy. To whom we say, The sentinels of England must answer.

In conclusion—an item. The Captain's many friends will hear with interest that Parson Harry Fordham was busy at Cottesbrook in the winter of the year, and having married Alfred Hilliard, bachelor, and Agnes Lepeletier, spinster, put them in a train for London, whence by easy stages they appear to have come to Abbazia, in Italy, and there to have been met by Oscar Lepeletier himself. Paris already has called that venerable soldier a traitor. He has lost a country, he says, but has found a son.





An Indian Mother Song

by Willis Irwin



SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief goes to rest —
The watch-fire blazes brightly by his wigwam in the west.

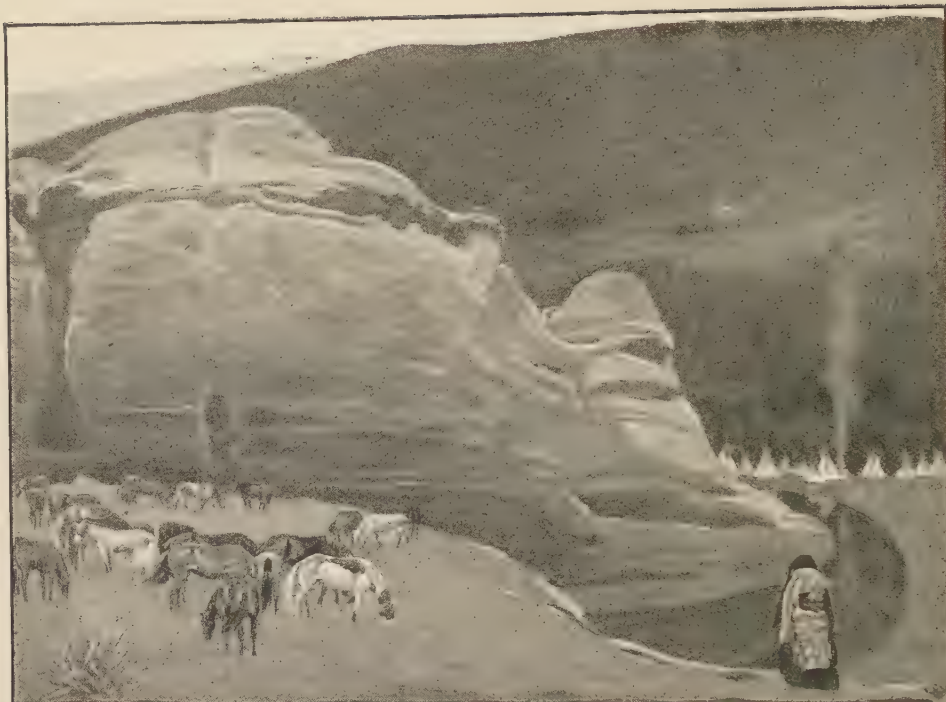
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.

The Night Chief cometh out the east, with spirit warriors in his train;
Their plumes are black above the hills, their shadows fall across the plain;
Their purple arrows vein the air, the shafts around us thickly fly,
They come, and lo, the council fires are lighted in the sky.

Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.

Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.





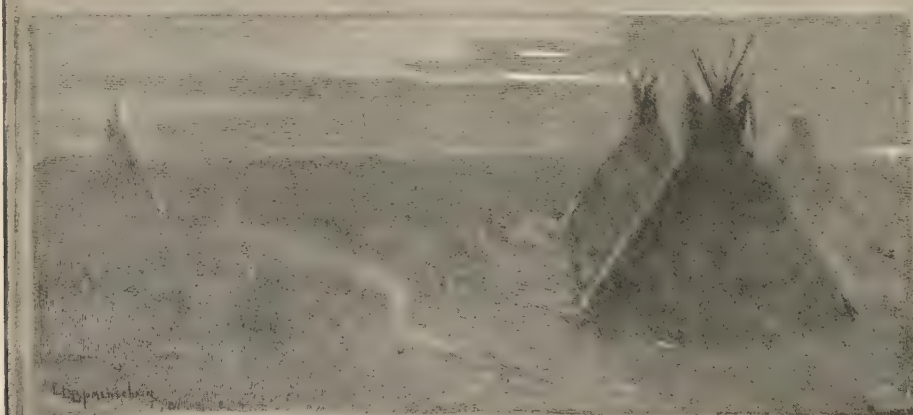
SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief lies at rest —
The watch-fire burneth dimly by his wigwam in the west.

Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.

The marsh-bird pipes unto her mate, the answering note comes from afar;
Weird voices 'mong the sachem pines are murmuring tales of tribal war;
The night-wind calleth from the north, the wood-folk wake with hungry cry.
The fire-flies hang upon the trees to light the Night Chief passing by.

Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.

Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.



THE VALUE OF A VOTE.

By H. MORGAN-BROWNE.



HERE is nothing much the matter with the British Constitution in theory, but there is a good deal to deplore in practice. For instance, look at the House of Commons and consider how we get it. There are 670 members elected to

do the people's will. They are elected by votes, of which every one is supposed to be as good as another—that is to say, a man in Newcastle, if on the register, has a vote which should be of as much account towards electing his member as the vote of a man in Kilkenny Co., Ireland. Of course, there must always be cases where votes are of more importance than in others. For instance, a Conservative vote is worth very little in West Monmouthshire, where the Liberal majority at the election of 1895 was over 5,200; while a Liberal vote is not of much use in West Birmingham, where the same election showed a Unionist majority of over 4,000. On the other hand, in some places single votes are worth all the expense of an election. Thus in 1892 the Liberal majority in Central Finsbury was only 5, while in 1895 the Liberal majority in Durham City was only 1, and the Conservative majority in North Salford only 6. In the following places individual votes must have given their possessors considerable importance at the time of the election:—In 1892, Linlithgow (Liberal majority, 7), St. George's-in-the-

East (Conservative majority, 11), Stafford (Liberal majority, 12); in 1895, King's Lynn (Conservative majority, 11), Lichfield (Conservative majority, 11); and quite recently in the by-elections in Durham City and York. But this kind of fictitious value which the balance of political parties in certain places gives to single votes is inseparable from the changes and chances of this mortal life. Another kind of inequality in the value of votes is that due to the different size of constituencies, and it is with this political unfairness, which can perfectly well be remedied, that I am here concerned.

In the following instances I have avoided confining myself to the most extreme cases only, in order to show that the anomalies with which I am dealing are not isolated exceptions, but, on the contrary, are of frequent occurrence.

In a little Irish town called Galway there are 2,000 electors; in Cardiff there are 20,000. It is clear that a vote in Galway is worth ten times as much as a vote in Cardiff. It is found by experience that under rather than over 75 per cent. of electors on the register go to the poll. 75 per cent. of 2,000 is 1,500; so that in Galway 751 votes given to A. B. at an election would almost certainly make him M.P. But in Cardiff 751 votes would be lost in the 7,501 required to make matters certain there. Consequently, in Galway a voter has ten times as much influence in the election of a member of Parliament as he would have in Cardiff. This is an illustration from two single constituencies; the matter becomes more flagrant when we find a whole section of the community politically more powerful than the rest. Yet this is the case with regard to Ireland. Roughly speaking, 16 per cent. of the population are on the Parliamentary Register—*i.e.*, are or may be voters. In the whole United Kingdom there are six and a half million voters who return the 670 members of Parliament. On a fair division that would give one M.P. to every 10,000 electors nearly. Now, Ireland has only 720,000 voters, and so is fairly entitled to 72 or 73 members of Parliament, instead of the 103 by which she is at present

VOTING STRENGTH of United Kingdom



6,500,000 Voters

REPRESENTATION of United Kingdom



670 Members

I.

represented. Ireland gets these 30 extra M.P.'s at the expense of England, as Scotland and Wales are represented in almost exact proportion to voters. The diagram above (Fig. I.) shows at a glance that Ireland gets more than her share of political representation.

You see the shaded square in the lower left hand corner of the right hand big square, which shows the proportion of Irish M.P.'s to English and Welsh and Scotch, is a good deal larger than the corresponding shaded square in the left hand big square showing the proportion of Irish voters. They would be the same size exactly if Ireland were proportionately represented.

We may put the matter in another way. The average English and Welsh constituency has about 10,400 electors, the average Scotch 9,200, and the average Irish only 7,000. Consequently we may say—

70 Irish votes = 92 Scotch votes = 104 English votes, which, though an actual fact under existing conditions, is not one which the

average English voter will contemplate with pleasure. This is on the average; in particular cases, as I have shown, the disproportion is far more glaring. Thus—

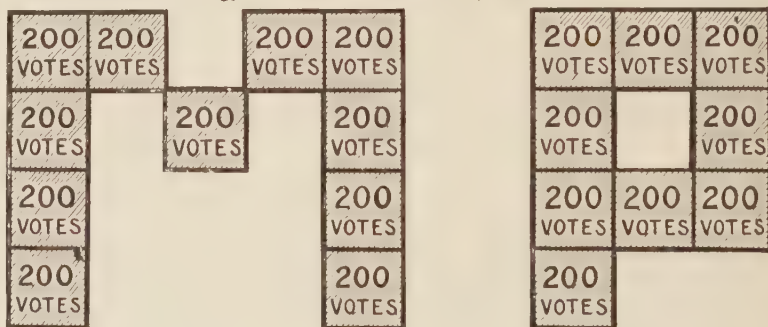
The vote of 1 Galway peasant equals in political power the votes of 10 Cardiff mechanics.

But to return to our averages. Remembering that only about 75 per cent. of the electorate go to the poll, and that a bare majority is all that is necessary to elect a member of Parliament, we may say that, on the average, 4,000 votes are

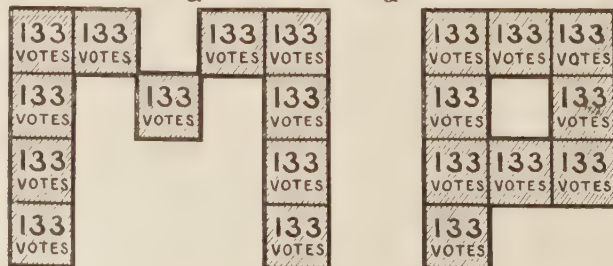
required to elect an English or Welsh M.P., while only 2,660 are required in the case of an Irish M.P. This is shown in Figures II. and III., where the letters "M.P." are built up of ballot-boxes of proportionate size, containing the necessary number of votes in each case. In reality the English M.P. is a more important man than his Irish colleague, because he represents so many more people, but in the House of Commons his

II.

4,000 VOTES go to the making of an ENGLISH M.P.



2,660 VOTES go to the making of an IRISH M.P.



III.

ROMFORD (Essex)

DURHAM Eng. Boro. 2,500	WINCHESTER Eng. Boro. 2,500
KILKENNY Ir. Boro. 2,000	GALWAY Ir. Boro. 2,000
WICK BURGHS Sc. Boro. 2,500	SUTHERLAND Sc. Co. 2,500

25,000 VOTERS.

IV.

vote has just the same value as the Irishman's.

But these inequalities of representation are by no means confined to Ireland as compared with England. In all four sections of the United Kingdom there are instances of unfair difference in the value of votes in different places. Of course, there cannot be mathematical exactness in these matters, while the rapid growth of population in favoured localities will always disarrange the most careful schemes from time to time; but one can easily see that there is room for a good deal of improvement in the present distribution of political power.

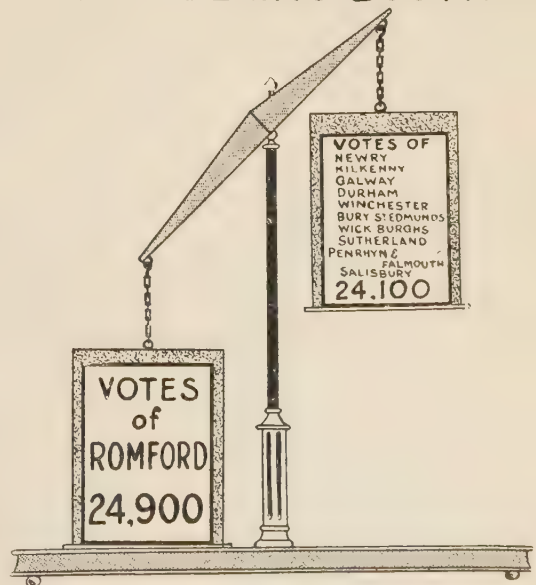
The largest constituency in the United Kingdom is the Romford division of the County of Essex. It contains nearly 25,000 electors, but returns only one member of Parliament. Half a dozen of the smaller constituencies scattered up and down the British Isles could be carved out of Romford, and enough voters would still be left to make a full average constituency.

In Fig. IV. the big shaded square represents the 25,000 voters of Romford; out of these enough are taken to provide: Two English boroughs, two Irish boroughs, one Scotch borough, one Scotch county, with all their voters; yet the shaded part left represents more voters than Chatham (a town of 60,000 inhabitants) possesses. As a matter of fact, the voters of Romford could provide electors for no less than TEN of the smaller constituencies in the United

Kingdom. The next two figures show how all this works out.

In Fig. V. two large ballot-boxes are supposed to be put on to a pair of scales. In one are supposed to be the voting-papers of Romford (returning one member to Parliament), in the other the voting papers of ten small constituencies (returning between them ten M.P.'s) consisting of five English boroughs, three Irish boroughs, one Scotch borough, one Scotch county; yet, as you see, all the votes of the TEN would have to kick the beam when weighed against the votes of the ONE. That is the case at the polling-booths. In the House of Commons the case is very different, as Fig. VI. shows you. There, what we may call the shout of Romford saying "Yes" through its representative is weighed against the small voice of Kilkenny saying "No," but the scales balance exactly. The "Yes" and "No" in the diagram are in rough proportion to the voting strength of Romford and Kilkenny.

I showed in Fig. II. and Fig. III. how many more votes on an average went to the making of an English M.P. than were required for an Irish M.P. In actual practice in certain cases the difference is even more startling, and by no means confined to contrasts between England and Ireland. At the General Election of 1895 the largest number of votes polled by any candidate was 13,085 at Oldham (a two-member con-

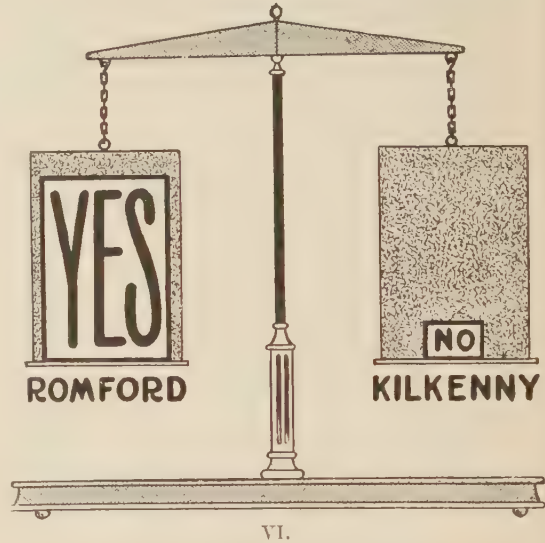
At the POLLING BOOTHS.

V.

stituency), and the smallest number polled by a successful candidate was 595 at Galway. In this case the member for Oldham received *twenty-two* times as many votes as the member for Galway. Or, again, compare the 8,386 votes required to win the seat at Cardiff (a single-member constituency) with the 681 which sufficed at Kilkenny. In this case, every vote at Kilkenny was worth more than 12 votes at Cardiff.

Another striking aspect of the same thing is this. To give places like Kilkenny (pop. 13,700), or Durham (pop. 15,300), or Pontefract (pop. 16,400), or the Wick Burghs (pop. 18,100), or the County of Bute (pop. 18,200), or the Montgomery District Boroughs (pop. 17,800), the same amount of representation—*i.e.*, one M.P. each—as is given to places like Romford, Walthamstow, Cardiff, Handsworth (Staffs.), Wandsworth, or Wimbledon—*each of which has more electors than any one of the other places has inhabitants*—is like giving some parts of the country universal suffrage, including babyhood suffrage, while other parts remain under a strictly limited franchise. This is no fanciful picture based on a rare exception. In the United Kingdom there are no less than 27 constituencies in each of which the *whole* population, down to infants in arms, is less than the number of *electors* in the Romford division of Essex. Here are a few cases

In the HOUSE of COMMONS.



where the *electorate* of one constituency exceeds the *population* of other constituencies. There are :—

MORE VOTERS in Romford than PEOPLE in Canterbury;

MORE VOTERS in Walthamstow than PEOPLE in Rutland;

MORE VOTERS in Tot'enh'am than PEOPLE in Taunton.

Some Parliamentary Arithmetic.

CARDIFF
20,500
VOTERS = 1

BATH
7,200
VOTERS = 2

NEWCASTLE
33,600
VOTERS = 2

KERRY Co.
21,400
VOTERS = 4

LEICESTER COUNTY
50,600
VOTERS = 4

LONGFORD Co. 8,700 VOTERS	WATERFORD Co. 9,900 VOTERS
KING'S Co. 9,800 VOTERS	WICKLOW Co. 8,900 VOTERS

= 8

VII.

Croydon is the *eleventh* largest single-member constituency in the United Kingdom, yet there are *eight* constituencies (including Bury St. Edmunds, Durham, Grantham, Pontefract, and Salisbury) each of which has fewer inhabitants than Croydon has voters; while Cardiff, with 20,500 electors, has more voters than the population of any one of *twenty-one* other constituencies (including Hereford, Winchester, King's Lynn, Windsor, etc.).

There is yet another way of looking at it. Supposing some of the busy centres of population were allowed to send representatives to Parliament upon the same terms as these sleepy hollows of the Kingdom. What would

be the result? If votes everywhere were as valuable as votes in Newry (Ireland), with 1,894 electors—the smallest constituency in the United Kingdom—Romford would return 13 members to Parliament, Walthamstow 11, Cardiff 10, instead of one member each; while Newcastle would return 17, the City of London 17, and Oldham 14, instead of two members each, as at present. Birmingham, which at present returns 7 members, would become entitled to 45. In short, there are 40 large constituencies in the United Kingdom—all with more than 15,000 electors apiece—which between them return 40 members to Parliament at present, but which, represented as Newry is to-day, would between them be entitled to 350

members, or a clear majority of the House of Commons.

Lastly, on the basis of Newry's representation, instead of a House of Commons consisting of 670 members, we should have one of no less than *three thousand four hundred and thirty-six*—3,436 M.P.'s!

Finally, in Fig. VII. we have ocular demonstration of some peculiar Parliamentary arithmetic under existing conditions. Bath, with little more than a third of the number of voters, returns two members to Parliament, against Cardiff's one; and four thinly populated Irish counties, containing altogether about the same number of voters as Newcastle, can outvote that town's representatives by four to one.



LLEWELLYN.

From a photograph by E. B. Mowll, Birmingham.



"When Autumn Wanes to Winter."

By GEORGE RANKIN.

AN ERROR OF JUSTICE.

By
Harold
White.



IN looking for the ultimate cause of all the unpleasantness, I am inclined to think that I have found it in the want of spirit with which my cabman entered into the game of "last across" as played by the youthful denizens of Judd Street.

At all events, I lost my train—the six-something to Bedford.

It seemed that the next train was one which left St. Pancras about twenty minutes later, and, after calling considerably at all the stations *en route*, and stepping aside politely for anything that was in a hurry, arrived at its destination some time in the dim and distant future.

Under the circumstances it was very disconcerting to remember that eight o'clock was the hour for dinner. They would wait; the dinner would be spoiled, and I should be unpopular. But why not dress in the train? It was a thing I had never done before, and I thought it would be easy. I should arrive clothed and in a proper state of mind, and everybody would think how clever it was of me to have thought of doing it.

I had a preliminary wash at St. Pancras, and ensconced myself with my dressing-bag almost cheerfully in the six-whatever-it-was.

I was travelling third class. I had expected a few fellow travellers as far, probably, as St. Albans, but made up my mind that no one could be so insane as to loiter all the way to Bedford by this train when he might go by the one I had just missed. As a matter of fact I was right. At St. Albans the last man with the last fish-bag did get out. But there was one thing I had forgotten. It had not occurred to me that there might be people who would want to go from St. Albans to Harpenden, or Harpenden to Luton; but there were. At St. Albans I was flooded with labourers, and when they got out at Harpenden an old woman got in with provisions for a lengthy journey. I saw my plan ruined; but happily she found, as old ladies often do, that what she thought was an "up" train was really a "down" train, and I was fortunate enough to persuade her that the best thing to do was to get out at the next station.

At last I found myself alone and undid my dressing-bag. Now, if ever you want to dress in a train, choose an express, not a slow one, the difference being, as you probably know, that an express stops in between the stations and a slow train stops at them. It becomes necessary, therefore, to dress in segments, so that you may be always fairly presentable when the train

pulls up at a station and the possibility arises of anyone getting in. When you come to put it into practice you will find it difficult.

In the first burst between the two stations I managed fairly well. I had everything arranged, and I felt that all that was required was to get into them. Nobody got in, and I commenced to doff my clothes.

Then my misfortunes began. I had removed my coat and waistcoat, and had begun to take off my collar. So it was that I lost my collar-stud. I don't know why losing your collar-stud should be looked upon in the light that it is. I remember that when I was late for prayers as a schoolboy, the statement that I had lost my collar-stud was absolutely powerless to save me from fifty lines. I remember that losing one's collar-stud as an excuse for non-attendance at eight o'clock chapel at Oxford simply had the effect of getting one gated. I remember reading all sorts of things in comic papers about people losing their collar-studs. It invariably arouses incredulity or ridicule; but the point of view is entirely wrong. If you think of it seriously, there is nothing so important as your collar-stud. There is nothing that can make amends for the loss of it. There is no limit to your helplessness without it. The heir of all the ages without a collar-stud is but as a benighted savage.

To lose your collar-stud in your room is bad enough, but to lose it in a third class railway carriage is exasperating to a degree. With my whole soul I flung myself into the search; and you can take my word for it that there are few places more likely to make you feel hot, dirty, and angry than underneath the seat of a third class railway carriage. Remember that I *had* washed. It was no good. Of course I couldn't find the thing by the time we pulled up at the next station. I put on my overcoat and waited impatiently for the train to move on. Luckily, I was still left alone. When we started again it struck me that possibly it might have "dropped down," and I disrobed still further. It apparently had not "dropped down," and I was obliged to renew my investigations under the seat, which I did with the firm determination of not rising from my knees until I had found that stud. So heated did I become in the chase, and so centred upon that one purpose, that I was not aware that the train had stopped again until I heard the door open and shut. There was no time to protest

against an intrusion. The train had started again.

My first feeling was one of indignation, but it was promptly succeeded by a shudder of embarrassment. Suppose it were a—I glanced timidly round. "Thank goodness!" was my mental reservation, as my eyes encountered a pair of trousers.

My anger returned. I looked at the intruder with defiance. A look of defiance, I discovered, can only be worn with due effect in company with a full suit of clothes.

The stranger looked at me with a curious smile and said, "Excuse me; I came in by accident."

I put on my great-coat and glared at him. He was a middle-aged man, clad in dusty black. His figure was spare and his beard was sparse. His only luggage consisted of a small black bag, the handle of which he clutched tightly with a thin, nervous hand. Ordinary—in fact, mean—as he appeared, there was something about him which attracted and retained your attention immediately, and that was a look, questioning and insistent, in his eyes—the look, I remember thinking at the time, that the Ancient Mariner must have turned on the "one of three."

"Please go on with your occupation," he said.

"I've lost my collar-stud," I replied uncomfortably.

"Ah! another accident. How accidents do happen! You lose your collar-stud—by accident. I came into quite the wrong compartment—by accident. An accident may happen to this train. Who knows?"

I had removed my overcoat and turned to my dressing-bag to take out my dress clothes, but the chuckle with which he ended made me look up. It sounded so ghoulish.

His glittering eye was fixed on me. He had the look of a man who has another at a disadvantage and is glad of it. Still, his tone was courteous, even obsequious, as he proceeded.

"Yes; what is the phrase—'Accidents will happen'? A frightened horse, a slip of the tyre, a falling tile, a thousand things that one can think of, and a thousand things that one can't, may cause the end. How can we think of ourselves as safe anywhere—here in this train, for instance?"

It was strange and revolting, this harping upon accident as a factor in life. The subject had been dragged in, in the first place, without reason, and now it was

pursued in a manner that was mentally distressing. I rebelled, too, against his manner of saying these things—his air of smooth satisfaction.

"My dear sir," I said, "what do you think is going to happen to us here?"

I spoke jauntily, but inwardly I was conscious of a creepy, uncomfortable feeling. The man's look was so peculiar. He tied and untied his thin fingers and smiled.

"A hundred things may happen. Trains leave the line; they collide with each other; a bank falls; a tunnel roof gives; the couplings give way. Besides, we might be wrecked."

"Wrecked!" I exclaimed. He seemed almost to enjoy the prospect.

"Wrecked purposely. Haven't you read of such things in the papers? Sometimes children do it out of mischief. Sometimes it is a madman."

"Madman!" How eerie the word sounded spoken in that smooth, persuasive way!

"They call them madmen," he said, with his curious, nervous laugh. "You remember, perhaps," he continued, "the wreck of a train last year at P—. It caused some sensation at the time; the man had apparently acted so entirely without motive. Then there was the case of Mr. S—, on the Underground, though that, I venture to think, was scarcely so uncommon. Besides, how many things occur that never find their way into the papers! We little recognise the great necessity of being prepared. Are you prepared, I wonder?"

He finished with his hateful laugh. It was horrible.

My eyes again met his insistent gaze, caught in his twitching hands and the whole eager attitude of the

man, and my fingers froze upon my braces-buckle. Gradually it dawned upon my numb senses that my fellow passenger was a homicidal lunatic.

I could just hear—somewhere in the distance—his voice, as he told tale after tale of curious accidents and sudden ends, while I stood fascinated and motionless.

All the time ideas of escape and resistance chased each other through my brain—ideas too vague and illusory to be caught and put into practice, even if my limbs had had the power to answer to my mind.

At length his voice flagged, as though he tired of the sport, and his hand sought the spring of that mysterious black bag. Whether he opened it or not I do not know, for then a strange thing happened. All the while he spoke, his eyes had been



"I put on my great-coat and glared at him."

fixed on mine, but suddenly they dropped, and with a sharp cry he sprang towards me.

How I did it I shall never know. In an instant the carriage door was opened and slammed again, and I, half-dressed and dishevelled, with hands tightly grasping the brass rail, was standing on the footboard, as the train shrieked on to Bedford.

At the window, his eyes wide opened with fear and astonishment, stood my fellow traveller. He had been baulked of his prey. I could see that he was talking wildly, but the whirling train drowned all he said. In his mad gesticulations he thrust forth his right hand towards the window, and the failing sunlight fell on something glittering in its grasp.

A hundred surmises seized me. Was it a poniard handle? Was it a brooch or a ring filled with some subtle poison, a scratch with which meant death? The reflected light from the window glass baffled my sight, and as I wondered the speed was slackened and we steamed into Bedford Station.

People, I could see, were pointing at me and laughing as they hurried up; but I did not heed them as I sprang from the footboard and shouted out—

“Arrest that man!”

* * * * *

At a quarter past eight that evening, in a certain house in Bedford, Mrs. Norton said quietly, “I don’t think we need wait any longer,” and she and her guests trooped in to partake of what one of them afterwards described to me as a very excellent dinner. He also added that everybody promptly forgot that anyone was missing.

At the same time, barely a mile away, how different was the lot of the missing guest! I was seated in a waiting-room in Bedford Station, dinnerless, and still in the same state of apparel as when I left the train, for in the hurry of the moment my bag and clothing had been left in the carriage. Outside, above the window blinds, I could see a jostling crowd of the excluded public. Some of them could see me, and they, entirely misunderstanding the true facts of the case, were hooting at me as being some sort of malefactor. Inside were various odd policemen and officials.

Now, I will not give my opinion of those policemen and those officials. I have one, but what it is you must gather from



“At the window, his eyes wide opened with fear and astonishment, stood my fellow traveller.”

the continuation of my story. I shall add nothing to the facts—but a more scandalous— However, as I said, I will continue.

Indeed, the sole claim to public interest that my experiences can have lies in this latter part of their narration. The publicity I give to these proceedings may, perhaps, be a warning to others. Possibly it may give rise to further inquiries, or a question in the House of Commons. I would not look upon either as thoroughly satisfactory, but anything would be better than the present indifference.

I cannot write of what followed without some feelings of indignation. I was in a circle, as I said, of policemen and officials, and confronting me was my fellow passenger, who was to offer some explanation to the story I had just told. His manner still

betrayed a great deal of agitation, but, excited as he was, he no longer inspired me with the same feelings of fear I had experienced in the railway carriage. There I was alone and unprotected. Here was a troop of stalwart constables. So circumstances alter cases.

A policeman, with that readiness to take a note instead of doing anything useful which is characteristic of his class, opened the proceedings by asking him his name, address, and occupation.

The man replied in the nervous tone I had remarked in the train, and so low that I could not catch his answer to the first two questions, but I could hear him describe himself as an agent for some insurance society. He proceeded more volubly.

"Our special advantages are that we supply to all the statutory next-of-kin a black suit or dress, according to sex, the male garments being precisely similar to those I am now wearing. Moreover," he continued, as he turned to the black bag and opened it, "you will see from a perusal of our prospectus, and from any one of these pamphlets, that our views are extremely liberal with regard to accidents caused by temporary insobriety and similar causes."

As he said this he produced from his bag a number of leaflets and little books and handed them round.

The policeman with the notebook preserved the judicial air of perfect understanding with which it is usual for the force to cloak absolute bewilderment, and commenced to read one sagely. The first item was a railway accident. It was one of the tales he had told me in the train.

"But 'ow about this gent?" asked the policeman, as though it were a triumph of cross-examination.

"I got into the carriage by accident," the man replied, "and seeing the gentleman alone and undressed I thought it would be a good opportunity to canvass him. You see, in a train, a gentleman can't be in a hurry—at least, he can't go off in a hurry, and when he hasn't got all his clothes on —"

The man stopped. The policeman put his pencil behind his ear and looked at him, and over the faces round there came a look of dawning intelligence.

"I began—it is my usual method—by telling him some stories of accidents, every one of which is strictly veracious and well authenticated. You will find them all in one or other of the pamphlets I have distributed."

Everyone who had a pamphlet consulted it with the greatest interest.

"I wished to show him the desirability of insuring with us," he continued, "by pointing out the frequency of accidents and the liberal nature of our terms."

They all said "Ah!" in chorus, as though completely satisfied, and then turned and looked at me, and on each face was something like a grin.

The idiots did not see in all this the cunning device of a lunatic to cover the failure of his design. For months, perhaps, he had been making his preparations, or possibly—I shuddered to think—that bag of pamphlets was the spoil from a previous victim turned to account with diabolical ingenuity.

I turned with some heat to the group devouring the pamphlets.

"After what I have told you," I said, "of the way he talked of murder and violence——"

The man interrupted me. "They were the tales which seemed to interest you most. You appeared to be quite engrossed in them. I was never more astonished or frightened in my life than when you opened the carriage door. I am," he added with that cough of his, "an extremely nervous man. It is very unfortunate for me in my calling."

I noticed that the crowd began to regard me with the same curious look that they had brought to bear upon my fellow passenger, when I began my story. The policemen left his side and began to gather round me. This made me as angry as could be and I brought out my trump card.

"But something glittered in his hand when he went for me," I shouted—"something murderous, I will swear."

The man actually smiled in my face as he slowly put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew forth my collar-stud.

"It was on the seat beside you," he said.

It was a mere coincidence, of course, but all the fools accepted it as the final confirmation of the man's story. They were now laughing openly at me, all except the policeman with the notebook, and he was solemnly shutting it up with the look of a man who has been "had."

I touched him on the shoulder and said—

"I insist that inquiries shall be made as to whether anyone has escaped from a lunatic asylum."

He looked me up and down with a curious expression as he remarked —

"If I was you, I should think the least said about that the better."

With as much dignity as I could command, I fastened my shirt-collar with my recovered stud and strode towards the door. Dignity, as I have said, is hard to assume in a shirt and a pair of trousers. I turned to the group of officials and said, "I shall now go to my friend Norton's and——"

"Oh, you are a friend of Mr. Norton's, are you?" said a policeman, who had got in front of the door, with some surprise. "'Ere, Bill, see 'im into a cab and take 'im there. We've got 'is name."

Norton is a man of some influence in the town, or I really believe they would have detained me.

As I looked out of the window of my cab I caught sight of that dangerous lunatic-at-large making mock canvasses for that insurance society, and apparently doing a roaring trade.

"Let them beware!" I thought.

If he had run amuck at that moment,

I felt that I could have witnessed the scene with equanimity.

An hour afterwards, in James Norton's smoking-room, clad in one of his voluminous suits (James has unfortunately got stout, while I have preserved my figure), I was recounting my adventures. James had his back turned towards me, for he was cleaning out his pipe over the fender. It was a lengthy and, I should think, laborious task, judging from the movements of his shoulders and the noises he made every now and then.

It was not till I had nearly finished that he made any remark, then he said hurriedly, "I say, old chap, you didn't really mention my name, did you?"

I did not understand his tone, and replied somewhat stiffly that I had.

"They may call him an insurance agent," I continued angrily; "but I call him a would-be assassin."

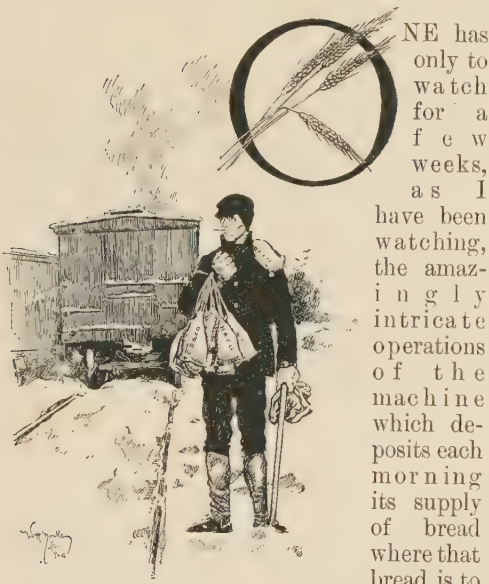
"Which is the worse?" said James; and that was all the satisfaction that I got out of him.



"'But 'ow about this gent?' asked the policeman."

AMERICA AND THE WORLD'S WHEAT SUPPLY.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.*



NE has only to watch for a few weeks, as I have been watching, the amazingly intricate operations of the machine which deposits each morning its supply of bread where that bread is to be eaten, never a loaf too much, but sometimes many loaves too few, to feel the mighty reality of the problem of food distribution. There are at present about 517,000,000 bread-eaters in the world. An increase equal to two Londons is yearly swelling the enormous figures, the additions coming partly from births in the more advanced countries, and partly from the training of the consumers of rice, rye, and the like into a preference for wheat foods. The deductions of years have shown that each bread-eater—man, woman, and child—will consume a barrel of flour (four and one-half bushels of wheat) every year. The French, the English, and the Americans eat more than the average; the Russians and the Germans eat less. On the basis of this average, the bread-eating world requires more than 2,300,000,000 bushels of wheat every twelve months to supply its table with bread. If the wheat-fields of the world produce as much as this, then there is plenty and prosperity the world over; if the production is less, there is suffering and starvation. Few people realise how closely the crop is consumed each year. According to the statistician of the United States

Department of Agriculture, the world's total production of wheat in 1897 was 2,226,745,000 bushels—not enough by millions of bushels to supply the world's food demand and furnish seed for the crops of another year. Consequently, countries of the earth where the crop was light were visited by want and high prices, in India the need even touching the point of famine. During the following year, 1898, the crop was enormous, reaching a total production reported as 2,879,924,000 bushels, but this is probably an overestimate; and, as a consequence, there was plenty of food in nearly every part of the world.

Not long ago Sir William Crookes, the distinguished President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, considering the proportion between wheat production and wheat consumption, ventured to name the year 1931 as a date when the world's bread-eaters would cry for more wheat than the world's farmers could produce. There is good reason to believe, as Mr. Edward Atkinson has pointed out, that Sir William has vastly underestimated the wheat-growing possibilities of the earth, at least of the United States. Yet the statistics from which such prophecies are drawn show how very closely the consumer treads upon the heels of the producer, and how imperative is the necessity of distributing the crop—grown perhaps half a world away from the centres of consumption—as soon as it is shaken from the threshes in a million fields, in order that every white man shall have his loaf, and have it before his last supply has run out.

Great Britain eats her entire wheat crop in about thirteen weeks, and then she must be supplied immediately with the products of Minnesota, Central Russia, or India, or else she must suffer. If the United Kingdom could be completely blockaded, say by the ships of allied Europe, her population would probably be totally extinguished by starvation within three months. The like is true of every country in Western Europe, although in some of them actual starvation could be much longer averted. This immediate requirement of the densely settled portions of the earth for a constant supply of bread overrides all laws and diplomatic

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HARVESTING IN DAKOTA, ON A FARM OF 10,000 ACRES, 8,000 ACRES OF WHICH ARE UNDER CULTIVATION.

and political considerations ; it disregards customs duties and the boundaries of nations ; and it is the foundation of the world's money systems ; for wheat must move, that men may have bread.

DIRECTION AND FORCE OF THE WHEAT TIDES.

Generally speaking, the vast tides of wheat set to the east and north—from the emigrant farmers on the edge of civilisation to the cities of the old countries ; from America, Chili, and Argentine to Europe. There are lesser tides to the west and south, as from California to China, from Russia and India to England, from the United States to Brazil ; but they are insignificant compared with the vast main tide from west to east. A few years may make great changes in these tides. The rice-eating Chinaman has tasted the food of the white man, and he finds it good. He could consume the present world's crop and still go hungry. Siberia, opened by the Russian railroad, may yet be one of the greatest wheat-producing countries. Australia has been farmed only around its fringes.

When a European thinks of food, he thinks in terms of wheat. He is the greatest of bread-eaters ; where an American eats meat and potatoes, he eats meat and bread. Yet in the best of years Europe never produces enough, even including the crops from the vast fields of Russia, to supply her own needs. She is therefore absolutely dependent on the United States, India, Australia, and

Argentine. If an open conflict between the United States and Europe should ever come, the American might go far toward winning his victory by a mere stoppage of the tide of food ; he could almost starve his enemy into submission. Five countries of Europe produce more wheat than they can use—Russia, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania ; but their surplus would be sufficient to supply only the needs of Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, and little Switzerland, leaving unsatisfied the vast populations of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. It is, therefore, no wonder that the question of food supply is constantly before the parliaments of Europe. It is no wonder that the British Government is pondering the feasibility of building national granaries and storing vast quantities of wheat against the emergencies of war or famine.

North America is not yet the largest producer of wheat, although the day may not be far distant when it will take first rank. In 1898, American farmers grew over 758,000,000 bushels, or more than one-quarter of the world's production ; but Europe produced 1,548,881,000 bushels, or more than one-half the world's production. Asia (mostly India and Turkey) came next, with 421,000,000 bushels. These three continents are the great wheat producers. South America grows only 72,000,000 bushels, less by some 6,000,000 bushels than the production of the single State of Minnesota ; Africa grows only 44,000,000 bushels ; while Australia, which has been so much heralded as a source of wheat, comes

last of all, with only about 35,000,000 bushels, or about the production of the State of Wisconsin, which is far from being first in the list of American States.

THE GREATEST OF ALL WHEAT TRADERS.

The American, with his enormous surplus of wheat for exportation, has become, naturally, the greatest of all wheat traders. He is practically the manager and dictator of the world's wheat movement. He is eminently practical, clear-headed, and far-sighted; and wherever I saw him—in Chicago, Minneapolis, New York, Duluth, Buffalo, Detroit, or Toledo—he was always astonishing, he came so near to the realisation of the cosmopolitan. Every morning he knows the conditions of the weather in Chili and the progress of threshing in India. The United States Government hangs at his elbow a map showing the rising storm in Montana, which may reduce by two per cent. the crops of Northern Minnesota. His special newspapers inform him as to prices in Mark Lane, London; in the Produce Exchange, New York; on the Board of Trade, Chicago; in the Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis. The railroad companies quote him daily rates

for shipments to Rio Janeiro, Hamburg, and Hong Kong. His State Government weighs his wheat as it arrives from the fields, and decides definitely as to its grade. He knows intimately how many bushels of wheat there are each morning at the great terminal elevator points the world over, how much is afloat in steamships, how much is being rushed across the continents in cars. His bank stands ready to advance him money at the lowest rates of interest to the full value of the slips of paper which record his elevator holdings. He knows the personal traits and the needs of half the races of the earth. He knows, for instance, just when the Chinaman can be persuaded to buy his cheap flours instead of rice. He knows that Germany will use his bran for making molasses cakes. He knows that the Finns will sometimes eat his wheat, though grown 4,000 miles away, in preference to the flour of Russia. He knows that the Frenchman eats more bread than the Englishman, and the Englishman more than the American; and while there is wheat in the bins of Manitoba or Buffalo he will not allow the poorest bakery in London to go without bread to sell. So vast are his dealings that thousands have become units to him; when he sells



THRESHING WHEAT: A SCENE NEAR BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

The large blow-pipe in the background carries off the chaff, it can be pointed in any direction that is desired.

"10 wheat," he means 10,000 bushels, not ten bushels. He knows just where in all the world wheat will be scarce, and he prepares overnight to turn all his elevators, railroads, canals, and steamship lines to satisfying the demand. He may not know a harvesting machine from a plough, this trader of wheat; but his eye is always on the thin, wavering ratio line between population and production; he is always facing world-wide starvation, and always averting it by his splendidly organised business machinery. Indeed, there is no more impressive spectacle in the whole scheme of human life than the almost frantic energy and haste of the men of the wheat pits, of the railroad and steamship lines, and of the mills, each fighting tooth and nail for his own personal gain, and yet serving all unconsciously the mighty world purpose of feeding the city from the surplus of the distant field.

A few estimates as to last year's crop—the crop of 1899—will give some idea of the wheat business of the American—

For feeding his 74,000,000 inhabitants for one year, at 4½ bushels each, he needed . . .	345,000,000 bushels.
For seeding his wheat farms of 47,000,000 acres, at 1½ bushels to the acre, he needed . . .	70,500,000 bushels.
Total requirement for one year . . .	415,500,000 bushels.

Thus he got from the crop of 1899 something over 600,000,000 bushels of wheat, and that left him approximately 200,000,000 bushels to send abroad to his hungry brethren of other nations. More than a third of this he ground, and exported in the form of flour; the remainder he sent as wheat. And in addition to this great exportation and the incident handling and conveyance, there is the interior distribution of wheat and flour in the United States, the movement from the fields in the West to the populous centres of the East, which is an immense business in itself, exceeding in volume the entire domestic food movement of all the countries of Europe.

In spite of the eagerness of the American trader and his great shipments, he never sells down below a certain huge surplus. On July 1st, 1899, for instance, what is called the "visible supply" of grain in elevators at such terminal points as Duluth, Minneapolis, and Chicago, together with the wheat in transport on ships and cars, amounted to about 74,000,000 bushels. The invisible supply in the farmers' hands and in country elevators on the same date was roughly

estimated at 70,000,000 bushels, making a total of 144,000,000 bushels on hand at the beginning of the year's harvest. The surplus varies from time to time, being smallest in the summer just before the new crop comes in; but it is always large. It is the mighty trade buffer which prevents the running of "corners" and preserves the equilibrium of price and movement. Let a Leiter try to control all the wheat in the country, and the canny trader permits him to dip deep into the surplus, and he suddenly finds himself so loaded down with wheat the very existence of which he hardly realised, that he loses millions in trying to save himself by selling out.

THE MARCH OF THE HARVESTERS.

Hardly less impressive than the eastward flow of the wheat is the northward march of the harvesters. This begins at the bottom of the world, in November, with the harvests of Peru and the southern tip of Africa. Then comes Burma in December; in January, Australia and Argentine; in February and March, the East Indies and Upper Egypt; in April, the wheat belts of Asia Minor, Persia, India, and Mexico. It is not until May that the harvesters touch the United States; in that month they reach Florida and Texas, and, in foreign countries, Japan and Northern Africa. With June, the wheat harvest in the United States begins in earnest, and from that time until September 1st, when the last harvester has passed northward out of the Red River Valley, there is not an hour of daylight when the click of the reapers cannot be heard. July and August are the harvest months of northern civilisation. In the United States, the harvest-time succession has developed its own typical harvester. He appears with the ripening of crops in Oklahoma, ragged, unkempt, and penniless, but ready to do a man's full work for double wages. As soon as the Oklahoma grain is safely in shock, he marches northward. Somewhere in Nebraska or Kansas he acquires a blanket, possibly a black tin tea-pail, and a little money. He is then known as a "wheat stiff," or sometimes as a "blanket stiff." If he is industrious, he can make a year's wages in two months. By the time he reaches the Dakotas, he is one of an army of more than 50,000 men, many of whom have been drawn from St. Paul, Chicago, and even farther east, tempted by low railroad fares, large wages, and bountiful board. In September, the



A SQUAD OF WHEAT SAMPLERS AT WORK.

From photographs supplied by the "North-Western Miller."

harvester, now no longer penniless, disappears from the knowledge of men; where he goes no one can say; but with another June he will be found waiting in Oklahoma ready for the ripening of wheat. And he is the first, and not the least interesting, of the movers of wheat.

THE SHIFTING OF THE CENTRE OF PRODUCTION.

Another one of the great movements pertaining to wheat is the change of location in the centre of wheat production. Only six States east of the Mississippi had a larger wheat acreage in 1897 than they had at the time of the eleventh census in 1890. On the other hand, every State west of the Mississippi, with the single exception of Missouri, showed a considerable increase; and the production of wheat on the Pacific

Coast had made a phenomenal advance, constituting in itself in 1897 thirteen and three-tenths per cent. of the total production of the country. Thus the centre of American wheat production, like the centre of population, is advancing rapidly westward.

The wheat grown in the United States is of two general kinds. One is the old-fashioned, plum-kernel, winter wheat, grown through all the Central and Southern States; and the other is the hard spring wheat—the "Scotch Fife" and the "Blue Stem" of Minnesota and the two Dakotas—for many purposes the best wheat grown in the world and the kind that has made the fame of Minneapolis flour.

During last season, the product of the hard, or spring, wheat sections of the country amounted to upward of 240,000,000 bushels, about two-fifths of the entire production of the United States. Of this Minnesota and the two Dakotas alone produced nearly 200,000,000 bushels. Minnesota is the greatest of all the wheat States. Last year her wheat-fields covered nearly 5,000,000 acres, and she grew upward of 78,000,000 bushels—more than twice the entire production of the continent of Australia, and more than that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The American farmer, and particularly the North-western wheat farmer, who ploughs and reaps and threshes by machinery, without so much as touching his product with his hands, is becoming pre-eminently a man of business. The Government has supplied colleges for educating him, and it sends him regular bulletins containing the results of long-continued experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture. He is a wide reader, sometimes a thinker, and always a politician. Every morning during the days of harvest he receives the reports of the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce where his wheat is likely to be sold. He also has on his desk daily prices and a general advisory letter from his commission men. He is even beginning to study the Government crop reports and to watch the crop probabilities of Russia and Argentine

HOW THE FARMER DISPOSES OF HIS WHEAT.

The primary movement of wheat is the natural flow to the local flour-mill, where it is ground to feed the farmer's family, and toward the granary, where it is stored up for seed. The portion of wheat thus actually retained and consumed in the country where it is grown is astonishingly large. According to the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, half of the crops of Ohio, Iowa, Virginia, California, and Oklahoma are eaten where they are grown. Minnesota and Michigan farmers consume a third of their wheat. Pennsylvania eats over 18,000,000 bushels out of the 26,000,000 bushels produced. In some of the States—among them, all of New England, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Montana—not so much as a kernel gets away from the county where it is grown. In all the United States, about 276,000,000 bushels of the crop of 675,000,000 bushels for 1898 were consumed immediately at home.

When the farmer has amply provided for himself, he begins to think of selling his surplus—which in 1898, for instance, for the whole United States, amounted to the enormous total of 400,000,000 bushels. Of this, something less than half is consumed in the cities of the United States, and something more than half is exported to foreign countries, either as wheat or as flour. The wheat crop of the average year is, therefore, divided into three more or less equal parts, the first being consumed by the farmer and his immediate neighbours of the smaller towns and villages, the second going to supply the concentrated masses of population in the great cities, and the third being exported as wheat or flour to feed the foreigner. These are most important factors in the general economy of the nations, for the longer the producer can preserve intact the present relation between the wheat consumed at home and that exported, the greater will the country become, the larger the number of farmers' sons who will be educated in the agricultural colleges, and the larger the number of farmers' daughters who will play upon pianos.

There are three general methods by which the wheat farmer disposes of his crop. In the prolific North-west, where large numbers of farmers are cultivating from 3,000 to 10,000 acres of wheat a year, where the



ARRIVAL AT A GRAIN ELEVATOR AT BUFFALO.

as an indication of the trend of prices. A prominent commission man of Detroit told me that large numbers of farmers in Michigan, which has the oldest and best of agricultural colleges, had put in telephones, so that they could keep more closely in touch with the city markets and be ready at a moment's notice to take advantage of any advance in price. In Dakota, some of the farmers have special telegraph lines running into their houses. All this recently developed business acumen on the part of the farmer is increasing marvellously the rapidity and efficiency of the distribution. Only a few years ago the railroad elevator buyer was the only man who could quote prices, and the farmers, knowing that they were at his mercy, were suspicious and slow. Now the more advanced of them know the reigning prices in Liverpool from day to day almost as soon as the most sophisticated city trader.

various farm buildings are connected by telephone, where the ploughing is done by complicated machinery, where the farmer owns from two to ten threshing-machines, from twenty to fifty reapers, and hundreds of cattle and horses, the sale of a crop becomes a large business transaction. I met a Dakota farmer of the type who had two large elevators, one at each end of his 3,000 acres of wheat. Here the grain was stored as fast as it came from the threshers, and freight cars could be run on the special side-tracks which had been provided by the railroad company, and the wheat shipped at a moment's notice. This farmer expected a crop of 50,000 bushels from his land. At sixty cents a bushel, the net price he expected to receive, his income from his crop for the year would be about £6,000. Some of the great farmers even keep special agents in the Chamber of Commerce at Minneapolis or on the Board of Trade at Duluth. These agents watch their opportunity, and sell portions of the crop from time to time for future delivery, as the reigning price attracts them. Of course, this wholesale method of doing business is only possible among the biggest farmers. But there is a considerable class of somewhat less extensive wheat-growers who have of late years formed close business relations with commission men at such terminal points as Chicago, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Toledo. They order cars themselves, and ship their grain direct, thereby avoiding the middleman charge of the local dealer, and get a price remarkably close to the city quotations. Some of these farmers even go so far as to sell on board for future delivery.

THE LOCAL ELEVATOR MAN.

But the great mass of smaller farmers, especially

throughout the winter-wheat States, still sell in the old-fashioned way, to the local elevator man or buyer. They keep themselves so thoroughly informed, however, as to the reigning prices in the great marts, and the probabilities as to rise or fall, that the commissions of the local dealer have been scaled to the lowest notch. Indeed, in this day of many railroads, if the small wheat-grower is dissatisfied with local prices, he can combine with his neighbours—a not infrequent occurrence—and ship directly by car-load lots to some city commission man, who is only too willing to buy his grain at the highest possible price. So fierce is the competition among the wheat-buyers that at some centres, most notably Minneapolis, vast systems of elevators have sprung up, each controlled by a powerful central house at the terminal point. There are no fewer than thirty-six elevator companies in Minneapolis, controlling 1,862 country elevators with a combined capacity of nearly 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. A single company controls 115 country elevators having a capacity of 4,750,000 bushels of wheat. And the head of this company is also the head of other companies there, having lines of elevators in Minnesota and the Dakotas with a com-



UNLOADING WHEAT FROM THE HOLD OF A LAKE STEAMER.

Men shovel the wheat by hand into the path of a travelling steam-shovel, which carries it to a line of travelling buckets; and these, in turn, take it up into the elevator.

bined storage capacity of nearly 10,000,000 bushels. He also has lines of elevators in Nebraska and Kansas. He is said to be the largest individual wheat-dealer in the world. These elevators are distributed along nearly every railroad line touching Minneapolis, and form a network of business enterprise covering five States. Every part of every system vibrates in instant sympathy with the controlling head at Minneapolis, and deals are made with a rapidity fairly dizzying to the outsider. The manager of a local house may buy a thousand bushels in a day. The central office at Minneapolis is immediately informed of the amount by telegraph, and within an hour every bushel is sold on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce. Indeed, so rapid and successful is this system of crop movement, that of the wheat of 1898 less than thirty per cent., according to statistics of the Department of Agriculture, was left on hand on March 1st, 1899. In other words, more than two-thirds of a year's crop had actually been disposed of within a half year.

Perhaps no one thing so simplifies and facilitates the movement of wheat as the present rigid system of inspection and grading. In former times a load of grain must needs be carefully examined by every prospective purchaser, were he miller or commission man; and if this buyer sold again, a second examination became necessary, with its attendant disagreement as to quality. The business of wheat-buying, indeed, was full of time-consuming details, and in the end neither party to a trade was likely to be satisfied. As a consequence, the State Government, or, in some primary markets, the local Chamber of Commerce, stepped in and assumed charge of the whole system of grading and inspection; and now no portion of the great wheat business moves with more ease and efficiency, a degree of care and accuracy simply amazing to the outsider being constantly maintained.

A TYPICAL SYSTEM OF GRADING.

Minneapolis is the greatest primary wheat market in the world, and it is here that the system may be seen to its best advantage. During the crop year ended August 31st, 1898, Minneapolis received upward of 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides vast stores of other grain. It will be seen that so slight a mistake in inspection or grading as the equivalent of one cent a bushel on the wheat would mean the improper distribution of some £150,000 in a single year. The Minnesota

system of inspection is under the supervision of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, which meets in St. Paul every August for the purpose of establishing grades for the ensuing year. Notices are published, and the grain men of the State are invited to attend and make suggestions for changes or improvements in the system. Last winter the number of grades was fixed at eighteen. The first (and it is the pride of Minnesota) was No. 1 Hard Spring Wheat; and the second, No. 1 Northern Spring Wheat. Here are the descriptions of these two grades—

No. 1 Hard Spring Wheat.—No. 1 Hard Spring Wheat must be sound, bright, and well cleaned, and must be composed mostly of Hard Scotch Fife, and weigh not less than fifty-eight pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 1 Northern Spring Wheat.—No. 1 Northern Spring Wheat must be sound and well cleaned, and must be composed of the hard and soft varieties of spring wheat.

The deputy inspector and his men are out early in the morning. The cars from the wheat-fields have been shunted to their special sidings in each of the yards. One man goes ahead, recording the numbers and initials of the cars, and examining the seals to see that no one has tampered with them. A second man breaks the seals and opens the doors, and then comes the deputy himself—the wheat expert. He is quick and keen, long schooled in observing the minute differences which mark the wheat from different parts of the country. I saw one grizzly old inspector who had become so expert that, according to humorous report, he could tell what county in the West a car of wheat came from merely by sniffing a pinch of the grain. The inspector looks sharply for threshers' dust, oats, cockle; and he examines the kernels keenly to see if they are shrunken or burnt; and then he smells for smut. He even plunges a hollow brass tube into the heap to make sure that some cunning shipper has not put in a layer or "plug" of poorer grade wheat at the bottom of the car. Usually he is able to decide on the grade of a car-load almost as soon as he sees the wheat; but sometimes he is compelled to take out a pinch here and there, and then weigh it in a little brass kettle, to make sure that it comes strictly within the lawful specifications. He is an absolutely impartial judge. He records only the number and initials of the car. He never knows who is the shipper. I heard of one deputy who inspected his own brother's wheat for six months without knowing whose it was.

The official inspector is accompanied by a



UNLOADING AT THE
WATSON ELEVATOR,
BUFFALO.

number of active young men of the sampling bureau which represents the great elevator and commission houses. They climb into the car, thrust a brass plunger deep into the wheat, bring up a sample here and there, fill a bag, label it with the number and initials of the car, and pass on with the inspector. It is swift work, of necessity, for the samples

must be in at the opening of the Chamber of Commerce, where, set out in little tin pans, each bearing the grade tag of the State inspector, they form the basis of the day's trading. Of such wheat as now comes into the market an inspector can inspect and grade thirty or forty cars an hour; but eight or ten years ago he could inspect and grade from sixty to ninety cars in an hour, the wheat at that time being much cleaner, owing to its coming from newer and less weedy fields, and to more careful threshing. In about half the cars the inspector must now sift and weigh samples of the grain to see how many pounds to the bushel it must be docked for dirt and oats. The highest grade of Minnesota wheat is very rare and precious, and happy is the farmer who ships it. Of 995 cars of new wheat marketed in Minneapolis during August, 1899, only five cars were graded No. 1 Hard, while 296 were set down as No. 1 Northern, 387 as No. 2 Northern, 156 as No. 3 Northern, 62 were rejected, and

89 were marked "no grade." The last two classes are sold by the commission men for what they will bring, and the wheat may later be dried, scoured or cleaned of dirt by the elevator men, so that it will come up to grade specifications.

After an inspector has finished his work, the cars are resealed with a State seal, to await the disposition of the purchaser. Everything is done promptly and in a thoroughly

business-like manner, and the wheat is rarely delayed more than a day in the cars in which it arrives. The State keeps complete records and samples of every car inspected until the wheat has passed entirely out of the market, so that should any dispute arise, it could be instantly and amicably settled. It sometimes happens that the commission man believes that the wheat is entitled to a higher grade than the inspector has given it. If so, he may appeal from the inspector's decision to a State board which is especially appointed to hear his complaint. If the grade is changed after a second examination, the State bears the expense of the inspection; if not, it is borne by the objecting commission man. It may be said to the credit of these inspectors, that during the crop year ended August 31st, 1898, out of 220,777 cars inspected, only 16,104 were held for reinspection, and in only half of these was the grade changed. The State charges a small fee for its services as inspector—twenty cents a car—and later it steps in and officially weighs all the wheat as it is distributed into the elevators. For a recent crop year, for instance, the total expense to the State was £38,336, and this sum was nearly covered by the fees.

THE WHEAT TRADERS AND THEIR METHODS.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the wheat traders of the great primary markets, such as Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Louis, and Toledo, gather on 'Change. The samples from hundreds of cars are ready on the tables, each with its tag telling the name of the commission man, the grade and dockage, and the number of the car. Big dials and blackboards distributed about the room tell the story of the price fluctuations in the market at Chicago, and usually in the markets of several other cities, including, of course, the local market. The elevator men, the millers or their buyers, and the commission men swarm about the tables, buying as many car-loads as they may have orders for. In Minneapolis, a very large proportion of the wheat is bought in for the millers; in Chicago and other cities it is bought for storing against a rise in price or for immediate shipment. The seller makes a notation of each sale on his "sold" card, and the buyer enters his purchase on his "bought" card.

So far, the trading is as simple as the selling of a calico dress by sample—I have grain to sell, and you buy it. But the most important feature of the wheat exchange is

not this buying and selling of cash wheat. It is rather the trading in "futures," a branch of the wheat business little understood by the outside public, and often unjustly judged on account of its abuses. It has played of late years an immensely important part in making the movement of wheat swift and certain, and in permitting the middleman to do business on a very narrow, but still profitable, margin.

The selling of "futures" grew out of actual necessity. Early in the sixties, before the railroads had reached out into the West, the elevator men of Red Wing, Minnesota, then a great wheat market, were compelled to buy the farmer's wheat in quantities in the fall, store it all winter, and float it down the Mississippi in the spring. They bought without the slightest idea of what the price would be when they came to sell, and the fluctuations of war times were wide and frequent. As a consequence, the Red Wing traders were compelled to buy very low from the farmers, to avoid any possibility of loss when they came to sell, and their profits were quite likely to be enormous. This condition of the grain trade, with the resultant dissatisfaction among the farmers, was the direct cause of the practice of selling for the future. The date of the first transaction is not known, but it was in the winter of 1868-69 that the system was first generally used. The wheat was sold for delivery in May. It was a simple business transaction, a man selling wheat which he had actually in his possession, to be delivered to the buyer at a future time. From this primitive and perfectly wholesome form, the practice, however, finally developed into such refinements of pure speculation that now immense sales, for "future" delivery, are made by men who don't possess, and don't expect to possess, a grain of actual wheat, to men who have no desire or expectation of ever getting any.

THE MAMMOTH ELEVATORS.

Having been sold on the trading board of the terminal market, the wheat is stored in elevators, each grade by itself, and elevator receipts are issued to the owner. These receipts play an important part in every wheat transaction. They are accepted by banks as security for loans to nearly the full value in money of the wheat they represent. Both the State and the local Chambers of Commerce watch the elevators with critical eyes, for it is upon the absolute trustworthi-

ness of these receipts that the trade bases its money transactions.

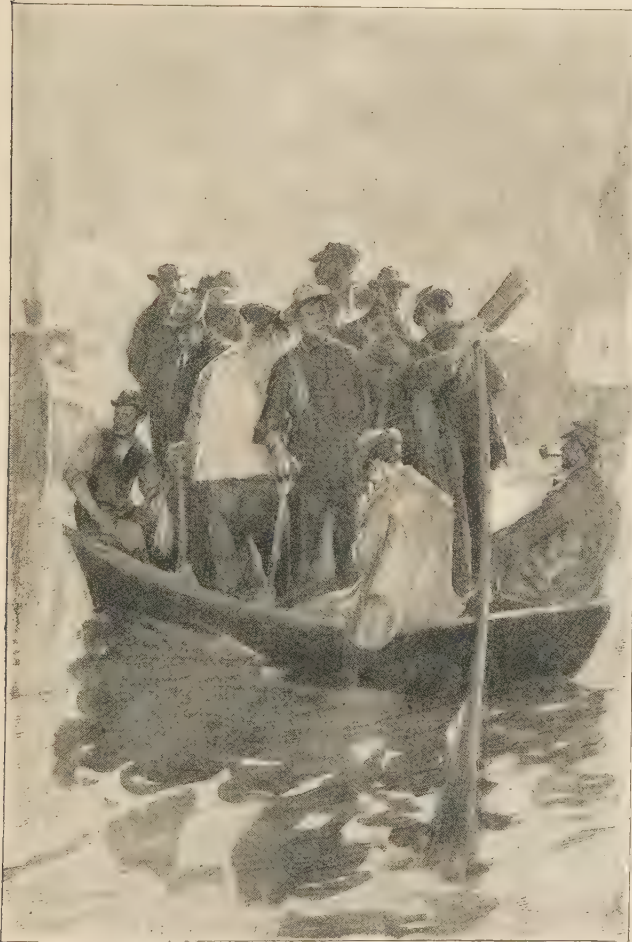
The four great wheat elevator centres are Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago, and Buffalo. I visited some of the elevators in the last-named city—elevators that have a storage capacity of from 100,000 to 2,500,000 bushels, some of them built of steel, operated by electricity from Niagara Falls, protected from fire by pneumatic water systems, and having complete machinery for cleaning, drying, and scouring the wheat, when that is necessary. The elevators are provided with so-called "legs," long spouts, containing moving bucket-belts, which are lowered into the hold of a grain-laden vessel. Here the wheat is shovelled by grimy workmen, toiling in a cloud of dust, into the pathway of huge steam shovels, which, in turn, draw the yellow load—it looks from above like so much sand—to the ends of the "legs," where the

buckets seize it, and carry it upward into the elevator, and distribute it among the various bins. A cargo of 180,000 bushels can thus be unloaded in a few hours, while legs on the other side of the elevator will reload it into cars, six at a time, in five minutes, or in an hour fill a canal-boat. The cost of all these operations has been reduced to a ridiculously low figure—the entire work of unloading, storing, and reloading rarely adding more than one cent to the price of a bushel of wheat.

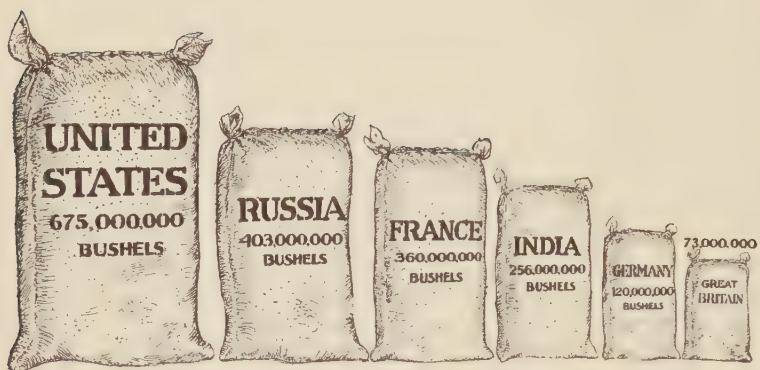
TRANSPORTATION TO THE SEABOARD.

The transportation of the wheat from the West to the seaboard is a business of almost inconceivable magnitude. It means many thousands of pounds a year to railroad and ship owners, and during the rush season so great is the demand for transportation

that shippers find difficulty in obtaining enough cars and vessels. Most of the wheat of the North-west goes by way of the lakes, through the Sault de Sainte Marie Canal, to Buffalo, where it is shipped by rail or canal to New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Few there are who appreciate the magnitude of the lake shipping interests, which have been developed to a considerable extent by the transportation of wheat. Duluth-Superior is the second port in the United States in point of tonnage, being exceeded only by New York. The Sault de Sainte Marie Canal passes two and a half times as much tonnage in eight months as the Suez Canal passes in a full year. Lake shipping furnishes, moreover, the cheapest transportation in the world. Some of the greater lake vessels carry enormous cargoes—up to 250,000 bushels of wheat in a single load. Without comparisons it is difficult to form any conception of the immensity of a cargo of this size. In Duluth, 700 bushels are estimated as a car-load. At that rate, a cargo of 252,000 bushels, which has actually been transported from Duluth to Buffalo, would fill 360 cars, or nine trains



GRAIN "SCOOPERS" GOING TO WORK IN BUFFALO HARBOUR.



COMPARATIVE WHEAT PRODUCTION OF THE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

of forty cars each. At fifteen bushels to the acre, this cargo would represent the yield of 16,800 acres of land. In many localities, a farm of 160 acres is looked upon as a large one. It would take 105 such farms to raise enough wheat to furnish this one cargo.

No better tribute could be paid to the magnificent transportation machinery of the country than a simple statement of the freight rates on grain to foreign ports. A bushel of wheat, or an equivalent amount of flour, can be shipped from Minneapolis to almost any point in Western Europe for about twenty cents. This includes no fewer than three re-shipments—at Duluth, Buffalo, and New York. It is a curious and significant fact for the economists to explain, that it costs almost as much to transport a bushel of wheat from the Dakota fields to Duluth as it does to send the same wheat from Duluth through to Liverpool. A similar condition apparently exists in England. A recent writer in the *London Banker's Magazine* says that shippers in America can move grain from Duluth to Liverpool for less than the English railroads charge for carrying it from Liverpool to Leicester. The same writer, in comparing Old World methods of wheat-dealing with New, pays a splendid tribute to the genius of the American trader. He says—

The cost of growing wheat is only one factor in the problem which the Americans are solving so successfully—of how the New World is to feed the Old. No less important are the railroads with which the Western States are now grid-ironed, the rolling stock, beside which our own is quite out of date, and the ubiquitous agencies that exist for collecting grain, grading it, and hurrying it through to the seaboard in train-loads of 300 or 400 tons each. The financing of the crop requires a most extensive ramification of local bankers and grain brokers, who have all to be “bright men” if they mean to fulfil their first duty as Americans and “get on top.” The elevator companies, who store grain at the railroad centres, whence it can be shipped east at an hour's notice, are indispensable wheels in the

machine. Even the speculators in the “wheat pit,” who buy and sell “futures,” have their legitimate use. Their dealings create a free market for grain such as exists nowhere else. Through them millions of bushels can be bought or sold any morning. Orders which might take days to execute at Liverpool or Mark Lane are the work of a moment in Chicago. In the case of a foreign purchase, the grain can be on the way to the port of shipment the same night. So on all the way through, in every branch of the wheat business, from growing it to making markets for it, the American is *facile princeps*. He handles millions of bushels where European dealers seldom get beyond thousands, and his methods are proportionately massive.

THE FOREIGN CONSUMERS.

Last year the United States exported about 200,000,000 bushels of its wheat crop, about 80,000,000 bushels, or 18,000,000 barrels, of which took the form of flour. The year before was the greatest in the history of the country for flour exports, every civilised nation on the face of the earth and many uncivilised nations having bought flour at the American mill. The average price per bushel for wheat exported in the form of flour in the fiscal year ended in 1899 exceeded the price, for the same period, of the same proportion of raw grain by an amount which brings to American industry over £2,000,000 in one year as a compensation for the enterprise which transformed the 80,000,000 bushels of grain into the 18,000,000 barrels of flour exported.

In this connection Western millers complain much of the present treaty agreements of the United States with certain foreign Powers, which permit the entrance of American wheat at a much lower proportionate tariff than American flour, thereby encouraging the shipment of the raw wheat and its manufacture abroad in competition with American mills. The millers urge that the United States should seek by reciprocity treaties to secure the introduction of flour and wheat into all foreign countries on a basis of equality.

But in spite of all discrimination the foreign sale of American flour is increasing enormously—from about 4,000,000 barrels in 1875 to over 10,000,000 barrels in 1885, and 18,000,000 barrels in 1899. American flour is shipped 5,000 miles to

compete with Russian flour in Germany ; and, more wonderful still, Western millers are actually selling their cheaper grades of flour in China to compete with the native-grown rice. The exportation of flour to Hong Kong exceeded 1,000,000 barrels in the year 1899, while in 1889 the number was only 378,634 barrels. The flour shipped to Hong Kong is distributed largely in China. Considerable quantities also are shipped direct to Japan and the Philippines. In ten years the United States flour trade in Japan has increased elevenfold, while in all Asia it has risen from 418,353 barrels in 1889 to about 1,750,000 in 1899. Germany took 500,000 barrels in 1899 compared with only 13,000 barrels in 1889. Holland has become one of America's very best customers, but does not compare with Great Britain, which has nearly doubled her imports since 1889, so that she now buys of the United States more than 10,000,000 barrels a year, or considerably more than half of their entire exportations. Great Britain has the character of being fond of American flour. She buys the best grades and knows the best brands. The flour is exported in 280 and 140 pound sacks. It goes in free of duty, and so the prices in England range remarkably close to the prices in America. During the fiscal year ended June of last year Great Britain paid to America nearly £20,000,000 out of America's total receipts of £35,000,000 for flour and wheat exported to foreign countries. Germany came next, then Canada, and then South America—chiefly Brazil.

THE PROFIT OF THE FARMER.

Now, from all this vast production and distribution, what is the result in profit and prosperity to the American farmer? This is, of course, a most important question, for the volume of the wheat business rises and falls in direct proportion to the prosperity of the wheat-raiser, and a reduction of his profits means a sluggish movement of wheat ; but I can barely touch upon it here. It is exceedingly difficult to arrive at the exact cost of producing grain ; there are, indeed, as many estimates as there are investigators. But the Wisconsin State Bureau of Labour and Industrial Statistics lately spoke on the subject with more than ordinary authority. Its calculations were based on more than 7,000 inquiries and schedules, and its investigations covered a period of three years, and the conclusion reached was that "the average profit or surplus as computed from the results of all returns ranged from five to twelve per cent. on the capital invested or used."

Moreover, the average yield of wheat per acre is creeping up. In 1890 it was only 11·1 bushels to the acre, in 1895 it was 13·7 bushels, while in 1898 it had reached 15·3 bushels. By the use of machinery, combined with cheaper rates of transportation for supplies, the farmer can produce a larger yield more cheaply than ever before, so that, although the farm prices for wheat do not average higher from year to year, the farmer's profits are larger.





"Rejected Addresses."

BY MONTAGU BARSTOW.

ARMAND'S TREASURE.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.



AS Mr. Sutherland dreamed the sunshine stole under the rolled reed curtains that hung in the arches of the verandah. It spread, a golden flood, to the stone floor: it glorified the dreamer's boots, where they reposed upon the long arm of his chair; and it crept, inch by inch, along his outstretched trouser legs. There were still mazes of shadowed background, of great cool rooms through open doorways, of luxury and peace to be sought in the depths of the bungalow, and the sunlight swam steadily towards them. There came with it the scent of roses and of flowering shrubs, and the distant screeches of parrots.

Sutherland was in dreamland, but he was not asleep; he lifted his eyes occasionally at the creak of the tightening well-rope and the answering gush of water round the flower-beds. They stared thoughtfully at the broad lawn and the masses of colour behind it before they dropped again. When he looked he saw, in the place of his wife's garden, a trampled compound stacked with stores, and loot, and piled flintlocks, a loop-holed watch-tower instead of the factory roof; and his mind stripped the bungalow behind him of its vines and japonica, and saw it stand forth, vast and naked, as a barrack alive with the clatter and clamour of fighting-men. The breath of the roses was lost in the stench of the gunpowder; the indigo vats were a sunken arsenal; the

billiard-room, which stood detached, scarcely to be seen without twist of neck, was the treasure-house of an eighteenth-century adventurer. The walls that girdled the hill on which the bungalow was set, and had their feet in the humming village at its gates and in the *arra* fields, stood out in a war-desolated country and eyed the smoke of pillaged districts. The sunbeams that lapped about him were those which had bathed the grim features of the Frenchman's fort and had looked down the smoking mouths of his cannon, in days that wotted not of the coming of Richard Sutherland, indigo-planter and man of peace.

The reverie was interrupted by a voice from the house and the approaching sound of footsteps. Mrs. Sutherland advanced upon the afternoon peace and shattered it. Her husband uncrossed his legs and sat up, rebuked by her energy. He faced her, guiltily aware that he had been an unconscionable time in dreamland, and that she had a pile of duties, mountain-high, amassed for him.

"Dick! Oh, Richard, surely you could bestir yourself on this afternoon! Have you ordered the dog-cart to meet the Transoms at the *naddi*? And, Dick, you do not intend to let your visitors see you in that suit of flannels?"

Mr. Sutherland rose unwillingly from the chair. He looked the despised garments over with wistful affection, and he said—

"Very well, my dear, I will tell the *sais*. There's lots of time to change. That's the blessedness of living in the jungle, and being well off the line of rail."

"The people from Gunnaur will be here by tea-time. You must be ready to receive them, for Muriel has gone to meet Mr. Trethewy, and I have still to get things finished."

"I'm glad Christmas comes only once a year," said Sutherland, moving off. Then he stopped with an ejaculation.

"Bearer with an 'urgent' telegram. Your house-party's going to crumble, *mem-sahib*."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Sutherland anxiously, with a quick movement towards

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the servant. She snatched the yellow envelope, tore it, and gave an irritated exclamation at the contents.

"The Cunninghams—so like them! I might have expected this to happen."

"Cried off?"

"No; they are coming, after all—and I had filled up their place. Two and two make four—seven—nine. . . . We must turn somebody out of the house. What is to be done?"

"Put Muriel into my bathroom. It is absolutely the only free corner in the house, as far as I can gather from your plans."

"She would get fever in that draughty place. Though, really, our present predicament is partly due to her, for she would have me ask this Mr. Trethewy at the last moment. I hope there is nothing——"

"Met him in the hills, didn't she?" put in Sutherland. "That is much more serious than flirtations with my assistants. You know what a season at Naini can do."

"I trust not. Jack says he hasn't a *pice*. I had to ask him, you know; she insisted."

"The first duty of a parent is to obey," her husband agreed. "We will consider the young man, and pray that he may be only the ordinary satellite. I don't want our little girl to run away before she has been a year out from England. . . . Which does not help you with the housing of your guests."

"No; but I have an idea. You know the godown adjoining the billiard-room? It is full of lumber, of course, but it really is a fine, airy room, and your rubbish could be cleared away so as to make it clean and comfortable. I shall put Mr. Trethewy in there, and apologise to him for giving him an isolated bedroom."

Sutherland looked curiously at his wife. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and took half a dozen paces up and down the verandah. Then he paused and spoke.

"You don't mean that?"

"Why not?"

"The window looks out over the top of the wall—the fort wall. Have you forgotten the Sentry?"

"Richard, your brain is so saturated with gleanings from the past, and with native traditions and nonsense, that you sometimes lose touch altogether with the present world. I, at least, am not afraid of the Sentry disturbing anybody; and it certainly shall not interfere with the best way out of my difficulty. Go and order the trap, and change

your clothes. Don't look like that. Do you think such preposterous fables are possible?"

Sutherland looked thoughtfully at the lawn. It was only a lawn now, and the scent of the roses reigned supreme: the "old, unhappy, far-off things" had been thrust back again into limbo. Still he shook his head.

"I think, in a place that possesses a past such as this one owns, many things are possible," he said.

II.

THE country-breds slouched along the sandy road with home-turned faces. Their riders looked upon each other, rode knee to knee, laughed and chattered. Their shadows slid before, blue and lengthening, and the flat, silent landscape of mango topes and cultivators' patches, and tussocky jungle, stretched about them to the horizon.

"I can see home at last," said Muriel Sutherland. "There, where my finger points. How far away it seems from our talk of Naini and its nonsense! We are out of the world altogether here, and I think we are the better for it."

Trethewy followed her extended arm, not without a surging pleasure in the proximity of her eager face; and he saw a brown blur rise from the plain before him. It grew while he looked into the village, with the dome of the mosque for high light, and into the mud wall below which it huddled, in a medley of Eastern housetops.

"I see no house," he said.

"No, because we are shut in, with all our belongings, behind the wall. Long ago, Ujhani was a fort, built by Armand when he commanded a brigade of Scindhia's troops, and it was occupied both by him and his officers during the wars against Jeypore and Holkar. Armand left the fort at last, in a great hurry, to join General Perron at Aligarh. They were defeated there by the English, and the Rajput garrison that was left at Ujhani surrendered the fort to a detachment of Lake's army, but not till their ammunition was exhausted, and every man was killed or wounded."

"Good for them!" Trethewy said. "Hope my men will do as well when their turn comes. . . . I wonder if my ancestor came up here. My mother was the last of the Lebrassiens, and I am their sole surviving descendant. Don't know much about 'em, but I believe the big man of the family was a soldier of fortune out here in George the



"Bearer with an 'urgent' telegram."

over at his thoughts. Miss Sutherland probably guessed where they led, for she flushed, and fidgeted unnecessarily at the pony's mane.

"If you care to hear more about Ujhani, you must ask father," she said presently. "He has its history at his finger ends, and he is always full of it. . . . Now, if we canter over this last strip of road, we shall get in, judging by the sun, at tea-time."

They urged the ponies into a hand gallop that brought them quickly to the village. Muriel rode ahead to show the way, and Trethewy pressed behind, his heart astir at the ruffling curls about her neck, at the poise of her light figure in the saddle, at the cadence of her voice. They had hovered on the borderland between love and friendship through a hill season. Separation had told him upon which side he stood. And he believed, he hoped, that she— Yet what business had a needy subaltern to think

Third's time. He brought a fortune back with him to France; but it was not as large as it might have been, because he had to run at the finish and leave a part in its hiding-place. He spent what he brought away royally, but perhaps, if he had had the rest, there would have been some to spare for an impecunious great-great-grandson."

He broke off with a sigh: his face clouded

of the girl's love? So long as he was poor and prospectless, his work should be to keep her from his own misfortune, and to be a man in doing it.

The tubby village children stared from the shelter of the doorways and alleys; the mothers fled decorously from Trethewy's gaze, and Muriel rode past sleeping pariahs and hysterical fowls, up the narrow bazaar. Her road turned, and there, frowning down upon them, loomed the studded, massive gates of the fort. She pointed out the bullet marks upon it as they passed through.

"Can't you picture it all?" she said, as they rode up the slanting inner path to the bungalow. "I can imagine the men battering at the gateway, and the smoke-begrimed, wild-beast Rajputs trampling over each other as they fired and raged behind it. And we vegetate here now, year in, year out, in comfortable peace! . . . There is father."

Mr. Sutherland was awaiting his guests on the verandah. He was bereft of his flannel rags and dressed in sober serge respectability: he looked—and Trethewy was aware of arriving at the fact before his eyes had gone further than the face—a quiet, easy-going British gentleman. In England he would have been a potterer about the haunts of roundabout English rabbits; here he had the chair in the verandah, with a tiger-skin dimly seen upon an inner wall to suggest possibilities. The gaze that he turned upon Trethewy saw a dark-eyed young man, with an appearance of latent passion and energy. He had a close-cropped Gallic head, and the smile that flashed as he took his host's hand lit the brown face with an oddly fascinating expression. Sutherland was not given to studying youths, but the little embarrassment in his daughter's manner made him attentive, and he observed that this was a lovable boy.

"I have to show you your room," he said. "My wife hopes you will excuse rough quarters, but, you know, a bachelor must needs go to the wall. Muriel, did you know the Cunninghams are coming? It is so, my dear."

"But where is Mr. Trethewy——?" queried his daughter.

Mr. Sutherland rubbed his chin and looked at her dubiously. He wondered if she would remember the Sentry.

"The room off the billiard-room," he said. Then, noting that there was only a natural surprise, he breathed more easily and continued, "Your mother is a marvel. Come and see what a good bedroom it makes, before tea is ready."

The three walked through the garden and in at the godown door. Before them, as they turned to enter it, was the brown crest of the old wall, at a level here with their feet; beyond, the panorama of the open country spread itself below them. Trethewy stopped a moment to note the steep descent with a soldier's eye; Muriel passed on, and gave a cry of astonishment at the transformation of the lumber-room.

"Oh! What a good room it makes! I should feel inclined to take possession if it were not such a long way from the house. How well you can see the country! And, by stepping up to the window-sill, you could get out for a stroll on the top of the wall. It is a regular eyrie."

"There's a fine broad space outside," said Trethewy. "I can fancy the men of the old garrison doing sentry there—tramp, tramp."

Sutherland wheeled round with a start and a stifled exclamation. He interrupted the conversation hurriedly.

"There is only one thing: you see the lumber has not been removed, and you must excuse its presence at that far corner."

Trethewy looked into the dim end of the room. He saw a couple of camel trunks, a despatch box, and a medley of broken whips and rusty spurs.

"As a matter of fact, these are my pet rubbish heaps," Sutherland continued. "My wife can't find room for them in the house, and so they live out here. The boxes are full of papers—old records and letters that I found where Armand and his subalterns hid them at their last occupation of the fort. They are yellow and time-stained now, but they are very good reading."

"Ah! I wonder whether they speak of Lebrassien," Trethewy said. "He was my great-great-grandfather, and I believe he soldiered in these parts."

"Lebrassien?" Sutherland looked at him with keen astonishment. "*Lebrassien*? Isn't it possible that you know? And he is your forebear!"

"I don't remember the name, father," said Muriel.

"My dear child, General Armand's name was Armand Lebrassien; the adventurers fought for choice under Christian or nicknames. You have come to his favourite haunt. Why, I have a sheaf of his notes and papers here. Let me——"

He dived towards the trunks, and then stopped with a rueful expression. The sound of a distant gong was tingling in the air.

"We mustn't be late for tea," he said.



"He sat up, his mind imprinted with the image of the man upon the wall defying death."

"Your mother doesn't like it. But still — let us slip away after dinner, and I will introduce you to a good deal of information concerning this great-grandparent of yours. Lebrassien ! I congratulate you upon your ancestor, free-lance and mercenary though he was. There is no more interesting character in eighteenth century history in India."

"I wish you would introduce me to his vanished fortune, sir. It should be mine," Trethewey said.

Sutherland laughed and pushed him towards the door.

"India is dotted with buried treasure. But there's word of Armand's in his letters: it will be sufficiently tantalising. We'll go

over the whole thing later on. I am delighted to find someone to take an interest in my researches."

III.

THE three conspirators glanced at each other across the drawing-room. The coffee tray was disappearing, and Mrs. Transom had riveted Mrs. Sutherland's attention by an appeal to the Caesar of housekeeping. Sutherland rose and sauntered on to the verandah. Muriel and Trethewy followed, and it was not until they were safe upon the path that they permitted themselves union and speech.

Muriel Sutherland gave a shudder of relief. She had been aware, during dinner and after, of a more than usual activity in her mother's supervision; of a battery of eyes that had been upon her and upon Trethewy; and she had felt the self-consciousness of an uneasy spirit. She knew Trethewy's mind: she guessed her own. She had fenced and dallied with the situation; but surely—surely this uplifting of the heart, this thrill of ecstasy, this stir of throbbing desire, had come to teach her the world-old secret. The presence of the soldier was magnetic; the touch of his sleeve against her arm made her pulses clamour. She slipped aside to let Sutherland walk between them, and turned her face to the cool evening air.

Light streamed from the door of the billiard-room, and they heard the click of the balls and the tramp of feet about the table. They passed on, with an involuntary pause as the shimmering, star-lit plains rose beyond the wall, before Trethewy's nook received them.

"I think we can give ourselves a clear half hour," Sutherland said. He had stopped on the threshold with a glance towards the window, and Trethewy wondered why he hesitated. Then he stepped into the room. "Turn up the lamp, Muriel. Here are the letters."

He rummaged in one of the trunks and brought up a bundle of papers. Muriel curled herself upon an empty box. Trethewy stood by the wall behind her, where he could see her profile clear cut against the lamp-light, and watch the rise and fall of the soft lace things upon her bosom. Sutherland knelt to his hoard, and the yellow, unshaded light glared upon his face and shining shirt-front, and died in the dusky shadow and in the silver haze that was framed by the open window.

"*'Signed, Armand, Colonel.'*" That's a despatch, you see, dated from Alibagh in 1802, and giving warning of danger from a possible descent by Amir Khan. He was a Pathan free-lance, and a thorn in the side of Scindhia's men. Armand measured swords with him once, and did not come off with flying colours."

Trethewy took the tattered note and studied it.

"He wrote a bold hand," he said.

"He was a bold man," Sutherland said. "Unscrupulous perhaps, prodigal of human life, and a fire-eater; but still a man of mark. Adventure was the breath of life to him. He defended this fort once against a force of Pindaris three times the number of the garrison, and he headed the party that sallied forth, under fire, through our big gates, and routed the last assault of the enemy. He was a straighter man than Perron, under whom he served."

"What queer French he wrote!" Trethewy said, puzzling over another letter. "I can't make head or tail of this."

"Let me see." Sutherland held out his hand. "Ah, yes! I thought so. This is a scrap of his diary. It is very easy to read if you have studied his writing. There—*'16th August, 1803. Received instructions to join General Perron at Aligarh with my cavalry, and with all my French officers, the troops being under-officered now that the Englishmen have been dismissed the Maratha service. . . . I placed Lieutenant Gomez in command, and I left to my faithful Mirza Khan the charge of my personal effects, and in particular of the brass-bound chest.'*"

"Perhaps that was the treasure!" Muriel laughed.

"Well, if so, Mr. Trethewy must look for it here," Sutherland replied with a smile. He followed the crabbed writing with his finger, translating the French slowly as he went along. "It continues—*'Before leaving, Mirza Khan and I disposed of the above belongings, and I exacted from him a promise that he would keep guard over them so long as the fort stood above ground, or until I returned.'*"

"But he never returned."

"No; they were defeated, and he surrendered afterwards to Wellesley, and sailed for France from Calcutta. So, presuming that the faithful Mirza perished in defence of his trust at the capture of the fort, we may suppose that the brass-bound chest in which we will imagine Mr. Trethewy's treasure rests, with its desirable contents, in some

hiding-place in Ujhani. But this is trifling. Here"—he plunged his arm into the box—"are the notes of his frays and forays as a leader of Mahratta horse, a priceless record of life in stirring times."

He began to hunt the papers over for the tit-bits, but the attention of his audience had lost its keenness. The notion of the hidden inheritance possessed Trethewy: he was a matter-of-fact young man as a rule, but this wild conjecture had seized his interest. His eyes met Muriel's, and a girl's leaning towards the delightful impossibilities of romance made her guess his thoughts and nod, with sparkling eyes, in answer. For the moment they were children in fairyland, even as the elder man among his faded letters and his dreams, and then a sound outside tumbled all three back to the world of realities.

A hum of voices that had been growing in the billiard-room paused as Mrs. Sutherland called to her husband and her daughter

to join in a mixed game. Sutherland shuffled his possessions regretfully back into the box, with a promise that he would claim Trethewy for them in the morning, dusted his knees, and whisked himself and his charges out of the room. They emerged into the lamplight with studied unconsciousness, and fell to diligently chalking cues and avoiding the ruling eye.

Trethewy went to bed that night with his mind in a tumult. It was impossible not to heed what the evening had told him of Muriel Sutherland's heart. He longed to bid her hear and confess the tie between them; it was only by an intense effort of will that he could keep himself from her, now that he knew that there was in her an echo of the love that cried in him. The craving was masterful; was it not hard for her, too, to withstand? And then there would creep out a recollection of his resolutions; of the barrier of poverty that shut him out of hope, and that showed him wherein lay the true chivalry and honour. It was not for him to speak; it was only left to him to trust that his sword and his wits,

and perhaps some of the daring of his far-away ancestor, might somehow, some day, bring him opportunity and happiness. And if other sign were needed of the necessity for present self-control, it could be seen in the cold disapproval of Mrs. Sutherland's attitude. Her husband was not to be counted upon as much of an ally; otherwise his open friendship, which had culminated in escorting him to bed with a dozen anxious wishes for his night's good rest, might have cheered Trethewy a little. He tossed about in his bed restlessly, until the new, half-frightened look in Muriel's eyes, and the unreasoning delight with which,



WARWICK GOBLE

even in his depression, its revelation filled him, became blurred and indistinct, and finally faded altogether into oblivion.

IV.

TRETHEWY struggled painfully in his sleep. He fought for consciousness, and nightmares rose up against him, nightmares of snapping flintlocks and flashing tulwars, and the scuffling of brown men who fired and hacked, and were driven back through the puddles of their own blood. The Ujhani stronghold, as the grip of the dream forced him to see it, echoed with shots and shrieks, and everywhere, in the blue shadows as in the glaring sunlight, waves of men dashed upon each other and spattered a spray of death between them. He could recognise the isolated billiard-room even in the altered aspect of the fort, and he saw that the attacking party would soon be swarming about it. A little desperate knot of defenders swayed and struggled between it and the barrack, and each time one of them dropped the enemy surged forward and captured yet another yard of the trampled earth. But the most striking incident—the details were then, and after, amazingly distinct—was the spectacle of a big bearded native officer, who, upright on the wall beyond the treasure-house, stood out as a target for every oncoming musket, and fired and reloaded with the precision of parade. His reckless courage seemed to have madness in it, for when, still unwounded, he had emptied his powder-horn, he tossed the firearm into space and wheeled about, up and down the level surface of the wall. He paced, with a sentry's measured tread, to and fro for a full minute; and then a bullet found him out and toppled him after his useless weapon; and, with the tramp of those defiant feet ringing in his ears, Trethewy started from his pillow.

... The dream had a convincing reality. It was not until he had rubbed his eyes and stared about him that he knew its place was in the dusty eighteenth century, and that he was in possession of the quiet godown, with its open window looking into the eye of the stars, and the thick night shadows rolled about its corners. It took him some time to remember that he was not in the midst of a bloody fight between two swarms of Indian mercenaries, but that he was Trethewy, to whom love, instead of war, was still the ruling passion.

"That must have been Mirza Khan!"

He sat up, his mind imprinted with the

image of the man upon the wall, defying death with insolent contempt. The words of the diary rose up before him, and the thought ran through his brain that he had seen a revelation of the last bitter fulfilment of the trust. His confused thoughts had no doubt but that the grim soldier, towering stiffly against the sky-line, was the warden of Armand's hidden treasure.

The dream spun suddenly into obscurity, chased away by a sound that made Trethewy's heart throb.

He was wide awake now, thoroughly back in a commonplace age, and yet a numbness, only to be described as something cold and paralysing, stole upon him. For the sound that he had heard was the steady tramp of feet growing nearer upon the wall. It passed the window, where still the stars shone undimmed, and it swelled and faded again, as if the passer-by had turned and retraced his steps. It was the incident of his dream, translated into something that a man could feel and hear.

Trethewy was not nervous; but there was an insistence in the footsteps that held him in awe, and that clogged his desire for action. He sat up in bed, unable to stir, his hearing so preternaturally sharpened that he could hear every undercurrent of sound in the old fort. There was the scampering of rats, the drowsy stirring of pigeons in the thatch; but before and above all, the monotonous tread of feet. They passed and repassed the window for a second time, and—there was nobody to darken it.

Trethewy could not have said when they ceased. He seemed to have been listening to them for an immeasurable time, conscious, as they neared the room, of an accession of the deadening chill. He sank back, when it became apparent that they had gone, on to his pillows. What manner of resting-place was this, wherein sleep and awakening were alike peopled by strange and awe-compelling things? And then, as the fear died, and silence muffled his straining ears, thoughts and convictions crept out and marshalled themselves before him.

There was no more sleep for him that night. But the unknown thing had passed.

Sutherland stole out of his bedroom just as the rising sun smeared a blood-red finger on the face of the fort. The experience of years had shown him his inability to revise his wife's commands, but her location of Trethewy had troubled his conscience to sleeplessness. The legend of the unseen

Sentry who paced upon the outer wall, with a step that brought dismay and terror to those that heard it, was not an idle tale to him. He had heard the footfall, or had been convinced that he had : he remembered the biting fear of that long-past incident, and it shamed him to think that he should be unable to save a guest of his from a like experience. It was unfair—inhospitalable—to expose a visitor to the Sentry on the first night of his first coming to Ujhani. Besides, he liked the lad ; and, if he were not greatly mistaken, Muriel, whose guest he was in a certain sense, liked him vastly, too. Sutherland strode swiftly to the godown, to find if haply its occupant were astir.

There was no cause for him to enter the room ; Trethewy's figure was standing upon the wall, watching the mists uncurl over the plains as the sunlight found them out. He turned at Sutherland's exclamation, and the older man, glancing up at him, saw that his face was pale and his eyes alert and burning.

His heart smote him as he spoke.

"Have you had a bad night?"

"Never had a worse," Trethewy said, with contradictory cheerfulness. Then, at sight of his host's expression, "I say, it *is* true, then, sir! I see you know. Have you heard the footsteps?"

"Yes . . . yes. We call it the Sentry."

"Ah! It's beastly." Trethewy shivered. "But"—his face blazed—"I'm at the root of the mystery, I think. You remember my great-great-grandfather's words about the man whom he pledged to watch his belongings until the fort should crumble? Well, the fort still stands, and the—the Sentry walks, and my belief is that we'll find the brass-bound chest here—*here*—where his feet tramped in the night!"

The two stared at each other.

"I suppose you think I'm cracked, sir?" Trethewy said excitedly. "But you see it's mine—my treasure. Suppose *that* was why the Sentry walked, waiting till he could give over charge?"

Mr. Sutherland came up to the wall. His eyes were distant; he was searching in the recesses of his memory.

"God forbid that I, who have felt the haunting spell of this old-world place so often, should laugh if you, too, have fallen under it," he said. "But I am only a middle-aged dreamer, and you— And yet there's a recollection of my boyhood here that comes back to my mind."

He walked up to the wall and knelt upon it.

"There was a bit that was not mud. It felt like stone, I remember," he said, scratching at the hard-trodden surface with his finger-nails. "Here—no—yes, here. Let me see what a knife will do."

He scraped, and the baked mud chipped off in cakes.

"By George!" said Trethewy, and with that he flung himself on his knees and fell to digging with his pocket-knife. They burrowed into the brittle wall with quick-coming breaths, and then—

"It is, *it is*! Oh, look, look, sir! Don't you see?"

"I must get a servant and a spade," Sutherland said. "We'll have to cut the wall away about it."

And while he was gone Trethewy hacked and scraped, consumed with a fever to disinter the whole of what was clear to be seen as a brass-bound box.

An hour later Sutherland and Armand's descendant sat in the dirt of the disembowelled wall, and hurried their hands through the old fighting Frenchman's hoard. It was there, not to be gainsaid in the light of sober day, with a mouldering sheaf of documents above it that Sutherland said might be of as much value as the treasure, to prove Trethewy's claim. They strewed it about them in a confusion of rude silver bars, and strings of blackened pearls, and hundreds of quaintly coined gold mohurs.

"It must have been nearly half his fortune," Sutherland said. "Ninety years without discovery—here, below our feet. . . . No wonder the Sentry guarded it so jealously! But it has found its owner now."

He spoke to the air. The news was spreading, and Trethewy had deserted work for the moment to greet Muriel. She raced like a modern Atalanta towards the golden spoil, her brain on fire with the remembrance of the last evening's glimpse of fairyland.

"Yes, it has come true," Trethewy said, without waiting for her to speak what was in her mind. He looked into her eyes and caught her outstretched hand.

Sutherland saw them.

"H'm! Don't look much like a satellite, and with *this* the *mem-sahi* can't object.' . . . He stopped stacking the coins and looked wistfully about the sun-bathed fort. "We haven't had her long: it will be dull without her. And the dreams are scattering," he murmured.



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The Language of Love.

FROM THE PICTURE BY EUGEN KLIMSCH.

THE SALVATION ARMY AS A SOCIAL FORCE.

BY FRED A. McKENZIE.*

THIRTY-SIX years ago a young provincial preacher stood thoughtfully gazing at the crowds on Mile End Waste. He saw the enormous gin-palaces, too small to contain the mob of customers, the homeless beggars slouching along the gutter-way, the sweaters' victims hurrying to the warehouses with the black cloth-covered packages of slop work, the young wives, with blackened eyes, ragged gowns, and bare, towzled heads, and the reeling men. The visitor was aroused and impressed. The sight of so much misery wrung his heart, and he there and then resolved to do what he could to better the lot of these victims of poverty.

The Salvation Army is the outcome of that resolve. I do not propose, in this article, to deal with the purely religious aspects of the Army's crusade, but simply to show something of its work as one of the great social forces of the century. That it is a great social force few can deny. In a single generation it has spread over the world. It is actively labouring from Dawson City and Iceland in the north to Dunedin and Cape Town in the south; from Manila and Yokohama in the east to Honolulu in the west. Its agents are to-day begging their bread in Kandy, teaching isolated fishing communities in Newfoundland, living in the most criminal quarters of White-chapel, helping starving gold-seekers on the Klondyke, fighting in the beer-gardens of Berlin, preaching to ice-bound congregations in Finland. Its total income is considerably over a million pounds a year; the voluntary workers who devote all their time, without fee or reward, to its campaign of social amelioration number many hundred thousands; and there is a great band of nearly fourteen thousand picked men and women, one and all working for the merest pittance,



GENERAL BOOTH.

Photo by the Salvation Army Studio, 100, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

who have given up their lives for the rescue of their fellows. The world has seen nothing like it since the gentle Francis preached his crusade of self-renunciation many hundred years ago.

When William Booth stood on that now historic spot on Mile End Waste, few, if any, would have regarded him as the possible founder of a new movement. The son of a builder, and himself, in his early teens, a worker behind a pawnbroker's counter, he entered the ministry of one of the Methodist bodies when little more than a lad. Though a very earnest speaker, he was not an orator; and he won his way rather by his overpowering intensity and strength of will than by any beauty of diction or voice. He had little or no money; most of his friends were in the west and north of England; his knowledge of books was limited, and his knowledge of men largely confined to the types he had met at his revival meetings or in the chapels. Yet he had some points in his favour. He possessed an enormous fund of common sense, he was not bound by conventions, he was backed up by an eloquent and like-minded wife, and he was willing to work day and night, undaunted by any disappointment, to realise his dreams.

There was at first no idea in Mr. Booth's mind of starting a new organisation or sect.

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The acme of his ambition was to have a good hall near the main road, where he could gather the people in. This was at first impossible; but he secured an old and rotten tent, and started meetings in it. A storm came and destroyed the tent beyond hope of repair. Then he rented a dancing-hall for Sundays, and used the open air as his field of operations on week-days. He had little difficulty in getting the people to hear him, and soon converts flocked around. His work was so successful that people in neighbouring districts asked him to come also to them. He picked out the best of his converts as his assistants, and opened other halls. By 1877 he thus had missions going on in twenty-nine poor districts, and he was assisted by thirty helpers devoting all their time to the work. He and his evangelists at first organised themselves after the model of Methodist churches, but this was found cumbersome. In 1877, after considerable deliberation, they resolved to reorganise and to adopt a military system, as the most expeditious and adaptable. Rules were drawn up, modelled largely on the official regulations of the British Army—sworn obedience to superiors was made one of the key-notes of the movement, the popular election of chiefs was wholly abolished. A military phraseology was adopted. The different stations or



Photo by Ellis.]

[New York.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

churches were called corps; the ministers of each station were named captains and lieutenants; the deacons or elders were re-named sergeants; and the chief was first known as the general superintendent, but his title got quickly shortened to that of General. The name "Salvation Army" came as a happy inspiration. One of his assistants was writing a description of the workers as "a volunteer army against sin and misery." Mr. Booth looked over his shoulder, picked up a pen and crossed out the word volunteer. "No," he said, "not Volunteer, but Salvation. We are a Salvation Army." The name was retained. Other striking departures naturally followed. The central idea of the new Army was to force itself on the attention of the masses. The leaders quickly saw that a uniform helped to distinguish their followers; that banners formed a rallying centre for open-air processionists; that bands of music, however inharmonious their strains, attracted the mob.

The new Army spread like a prairie fire. Although started in London, it first made its greatest successes in the large towns of the Midlands, Sheffield, Oldham, and others. It excited at once the fiercest opposition and the hottest enthusiasm. Cultured people were shocked by the language of a few of its followers, and many religious folks were offended by the innocent blasphemy of some of its converts. This was inevitable. Its



MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH, CHIEF OF STAFF.

Photo by the Salvation Army Studio, 107, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

evangelists were men and women drawn from the pit-mouth, the bar-parlour, or the streets. The man in rags knelt down one evening in penitence before the Army drum; the next night he was exhorting crowds to follow him in his new life. He did not know the conventional language of the churches; possibly he had never darkened a church door since his childhood. Conse-

quently when he got up to talk of his experience, he used phraseology which struck educated people as grotesque and offensive.

To-day the Salvation Army has largely outgrown this stage. Time has brought development and has given opportunity for education which was formerly lacking. Yet it is well to remember, when criticising such acts, the words of one of the greatest thinkers



SALVATIONISTS GATHERING IN STREET ARABS.

of this century: "The man who never does a foolish thing will never do anything." The eccentricity of some of the early converts served its purpose. Their old companions were moved to wrath at their zeal, and all over the country riots took place against the new evangelists. The Salvationists went on undaunted. The police haled them before magistrates for disturbing the peace and obstructing thoroughfares. The Salvationists went to prison and used their imprisonment as fresh advertisement of their cause. Soon the whole country was talking of them. Bishops debated their ways in Convocation; Parliament was the scene of many discussions on their treatment; every newspaper, from the *Times* downwards, gave great space to them. The Salvation Army was now fully launched.

From then till now the story has been one of constant growth and development. From England the work spread, first to France and the United States, and then to twenty-three different countries or groups of countries. The one evangelist on Mile End Waste has now increased to close on fourteen thousand people devoting their whole time



THE SALVATION ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA: A STREET SCENE IN SIMONSTOWN.

to the work, besides a vast army of voluntary workers. The assembly in the tent has grown to between six and seven thousand corps and outposts all over the world.

What has been the cause of this? Quite apart from the religious explanations, a system has been developed which deserves study simply from the point of view of organisation. At the head of the whole is the General, and immediately below him the Chief of Staff. These control the Army all over the world, and have absolute power within certain limits to direct operations. But the autocracy of the General does not imply that he works alone, or that he superintends everything himself. As a matter of fact, he takes no step of any moment without full consultation with his workers. Councils of the leaders from all parts of the world are held once every three years, in which the chief lines of policy are discussed and decided. This system of councils prevails right through the Army, the officers of the various countries meeting



A THREEPENNY SHELTER.

in the same way. Nor does the autocracy of the General give him sole power in controlling the income. He has the supreme voice in deciding the ways in which the moneys shall be spent, but the details of expenditure are entirely outside his work. They are controlled by special committees of selected officers, who consider and approve all outlay. The General, as is well known, receives no salary from the Army, his income having been provided by a friend. His expenses, incurred in the work of the Army, are paid from the funds; but they have to be stated, detailed, and signed for like those of any other officer.

Around the General and the Chief of Staff are gathered what is known as the International Staff. This is the cream of the Army, and superintends the work in every nation. Many of this Staff are men of considerable attainments, familiar with four or five modern languages, skilled leaders of the masses. This Staff draws up the rules by which the work in each land is directed, overlooks every part.



A TWOPENNY SHELTER.

Its financial experts go from country to country examining the monetary affairs of the Army in different nations; its special evangelists keep zeal at a flame; its organisers search for weaknesses of administration. The work in every country or group of countries is under the control of a Territorial Commissioner; the land under him is mapped out into provinces, each with a colonel or brigadier at the head. Thus England is divided into twelve provinces. These provinces in turn are mapped out into divisions, each division in charge of a major. In England, London is one division, Kent is another, and so on. The various branches of the Army, or corps, in the division are each in charge of a captain, assisted by a lieutenant. No officer, save the General and Chief of



LOADING WASTE-PAPER AT BATTERSEA WHARF.



STARTING LIFE AFRESH.



CLEANING A SHELTER.

Staff, is permanently fixed in the same post. The captain is usually shifted to a fresh station every six months; a Territorial Commissioner holds his office, as a rule, for five years.

Each station, or corps, has not only to pay all its own expenses, but also to do its share towards supporting the central organisation, to help in the missionary work, and to contribute freely towards the "Darkest England" operations for raising the outcast. No one is paid but the captain and lieutenant. The bandsmen and banner-bearers and the rest are voluntary workers. Most of the Army soldiers are poor; but they are expected to each give a weekly contribution to the funds, and put at least a penny in the collection at every meeting. No man is likely to undertake Salvation Army work

for love of gain. The highest salary paid is equal to about £300 per annum. The Territorial Commissioners, some of them controlling thousands of paid officers, get three guineas a week and a house. The local officers are paid as follows:—Married man captain, twenty-seven shillings per week, and one shilling per week extra for each child under fourteen. Single man captain, eighteen shillings per week. Single man lieutenant, sixteen shillings per week. A woman captain, fifteen shillings per week. A woman lieutenant, twelve shillings per

for the whole Army; the soldiers in Paris are working, not alone for Paris, but for all the world. This is why General Booth would not allow his second son to remain as head of the Army in the United States when he wanted to make the Army there a separate American institution. Another principle of the Army is to use men and women alike. Women are open to the highest office equally with men. But it is found in actual work that the higher the offices the fewer the women filling them. Yet one woman is at the head of the work in Scandinavia, another



A SALVATIONIST CARPENTERS' SHOP.

week. House-rent is given in addition, and a small percentage on the sales of literature. Never was there a more baseless taunt than that Salvationists are working for what they can make.

Coming to the principles by which the Army is guided, first comes that of discipline. Every man must obey his superiors. The highest commissioner has to follow the Army regulations, as well as the humblest soldier. The next great principle is that of cosmopolitanism. So far as it can, the Army ignores national distinctions. The local corps holds its barracks not for itself, but

is in charge of British North America, and several of the editors of the Army journals are women. Then everyone is made use of in one way or another, and the man picked from the slums to-day is the preacher or singer or doorkeeper of to-morrow.

General Booth sets his soldiers the example of simple life. He is now in his seventy-first year, but is still an unceasing worker. When at home he lives in a modest villa at Hadley Wood; but most of his life is now occupied with long expeditions all over the world, examining and arousing his fellow labourers. His personal habits are of the plainest. He

is, of course, like every member of the Army, a total abstainer, and he very rarely eats meat. When at home he is wholly a vegetarian, but when travelling he often finds it impossible to obtain vegetarian food without giving his hosts trouble; in such cases he does not hesitate to take a little meat. Sweets of any kind, down to the innocent pudding, have no attraction for him, and he will not touch them. His chief luxury is a cup of tea—in fact, on tea and bread-and-butter he is prepared to face the world.

On this simple diet he gets through the most amazing labours. When at home his ordinary time of rising is about six in the morning. After a cold bath, he goes straight to his desk; and, if he has not been taking some great meeting or been on a long journey the evening before, he often puts in an hour

or two of work before breakfast. All day long he remains unceasingly at work, save for a very brief rest after his early dinner. He does not stop till eleven or twelve at night. Reports from all over the world come before him; he has to receive a number of his leading assistants each day to confer on their different branches; he writes very largely himself, and makes thorough preparation for any meeting he has to lead. He makes free use of shorthand-writers, dictating a great deal;

but much of his work is written with his own hand. In this connection he can write as freely in train, or 'bus, or carriage as sitting at his own desk. He seems simply oblivious to the jolting of a train, and his hand travels as swiftly and his writing is as legible on the cars as with a more steady rest.

While much has been said of General Booth, the personality of his eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, has been kept in the background. Yet Mr. Bramwell Booth, who is the Chief of Staff, and second in



THE IVY LANE HOSPITAL.



Photos by]

[C. Pilkington.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SALVATION ARMY'S GREAT EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



RESCUED INDIAN CHILDREN.

command of the Army, is one of whom much will be heard in the future. For many years he has given himself up to managing the routine, detail business of the Army. His work has kept him largely in his office in Queen Victoria Street, and he can rarely get away from it for more than a few days. Although Salvationists never say so, it may, I presume, be regarded as certain that he will be the future General. All who have come within his influence testify to the benevolence of his disposition, the wisdom of his judgments, his courage, prudence, and philanthropic zeal.

It is sometimes said that the Salvation Army is a "one man concern," or a "family show." It is true that General Booth's sons and daughters are among his most successful assistants; but to depict the Army work as all in Booth hands is a somewhat humorous exaggeration. Some of the most successful and amazing branches of the work have been initiated far away from any of the Booths. For instance, in the early eighties a delicate lad, Captain Pollard, was sent by the General to open up Army work in New Zealand. The lad seemed consumptive, and the leader's chief hope was that the change might save his life. Young Pollard started meetings in Dunedin, and to-day the Salvation Army is all over New Zealand. Again, in 1880 a young Swedish lady, Miss Hanna Ouchterloney, begged the Army to begin work in her

country. The General replied that he had no one to send, and that if work was to be done there, she must herself do it. Miss Ouchterloney took him at his word, and herself opened up the first branch of the Army in that country. To-day, in Sweden alone there are nearly a thousand Salvation Army officers, and over sixty thousand people attend the meetings each week. The Army numbers among its supporters people of all classes, and the Queen of Norway and Sweden is one of its most enthusiastic adherents. From Sweden it

has spread to Finland, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland. The same might be told of many other places. In truth, this is no "one man" work, but a movement in which thousands of busy and clever brains play their part.

It is one of the glories of the Army that it is a great discoverer of unrecognised talent. Many of the most successful of its leaders are men and women who formerly occupied very humble positions. A number of its best women evangelists were once domestic servants or mill-workers. The humble clerk, the rough navvy, the man "called from the bar" (or taproom), and the mechanic have each shown that, given opportunity and right training, they can control masses, move men, successfully manage thousands of their fellows, and, in short, give evidence of much of the gift of statesmen. But the Army officers are by no means all drawn from the poorer classes.



THE SALVATION ARMY IN LAPLAND.

Two typical scenes represented in the Salvationist Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.
Photographs by C. Pilkington.



ZULU KRAAL.

Among those who have freely adopted the life of poverty and self-sacrifice the work entails may be found European nobles, the daughters of American millionaires, English clergymen, and a considerable number of University men.

No sketch of the Salvation Army is now complete which does not tell something of its "Darkest England" work. This work has suffered in the public estimation by the exaggerated estimates of its results with which it was initiated in the autumn of

1890. People got the idea that by this one scheme an end was to be made to all the worst want of the Metropolis. Such an idea was, of course, absurd. No one crusade, however vast, could hope to touch more than a fragmentary part of the needs of our poor. But it has done a great amount of solid work, and, considering the expenditure, the good accomplished has been marvellous.

THE CHILDREN'S
BAND OF LOVE.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

*Typical scenes from the Salvation Army's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.
Photographs by C. Pilkington.*

The total income of the "Darkest England" scheme last year was £23,000, of which the greater amount was contributed by Salvationists themselves. For this expenditure a million and a half people were dealt with.

The beginning of the social work is to be seen in the cheap shelters scattered all over London. In these shelters, which accommodate fifteen thousand, a homeless man or woman can get a seat in a warm room for a penny a night, a bed for twopence, or a bed with a sheet for threepence. Food can be had at the lowest rates, and for twopence a hungry visitor can get his fill. In an ideal community, of course, we would not have these shelters. They are rough, and their accommodation is not luxurious.



SALVATIONISTS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.

Photographed at the Agricultural Hall by C. Pilkington.

But to-day, with thousands of the London poor, the roughest shelter is an asylum of bliss. Many a mother and children, and many a poor fellow, are kept from the streets by these cheap shelters, and from starvation by the cheap meals. I know by personal examination of London streets on winter nights that there are much fewer homeless wanderers on our streets—although still too many—than there were before the shelters were instituted.

In connection with housing the poor, a fresh extension is to be immediately made. The Army chiefs are convinced of the great evils that arise from the want of decent lodging-house accommodation, of a better class than shelters, for women. There is now practically nowhere for a respectable, homeless woman to go, save to a common lodging-house or cheap coffee-house. Those who know what our mixed common lodging-houses or cheap coffee-houses are need not be told that for most women it would be better that death took them ere they crossed their thresholds. The Army intends to build a great hostel for women, to accommodate about 450, in Old Street. The house will cost about £25,000, and if it at all realises the Army's expectations it would be impossible for money to be better expended.

The cheap shelters are the beginning of the rescue work. The lodgers are free to come or go as much as they please. Notices are posted up inviting those who need aid to apply to the officers in charge. As one of the notices reads, "No man need starve or beg, or pauperise, or steal, or commit suicide. If willing to work, let him apply within."

Those who apply are put through simple tests. Do they want to try to lead a better life? Are they willing to work? If so, they are drafted off to the Army "Elevators" or workshops. Here they are set to work at whatever they can do. The unskilled man is given wood-chopping, rag-sorting, or the like. The tradesman is employed on his craft. The prisons are visited each morn-

ing by prison gate officers, who receive men at the expiration of their sentences and offer them the chance of a fresh start in life. There are about a hundred men in the Ex-Prisoners' Home at Argyle Square, and everything is done to start them again in the world. They collect waste from all over London, calling at offices and houses, taking away rubbish, and turning it into profitable material. The work among ex-prisoners is even more difficult than that among the merely destitute. Many of the men, particularly those who have served long sentences, are absolutely incapacitated for ordinary work. Their brains seem to have gone with the long confinement; for it is too true that a long sentence of penal servitude means, not alone that the man shall serve his time in the stone walls, but that he shall come out with weakened brain, a wreck for the rest of his life. Thus it is that many of the ex-prisoners have delusions; they imagine usually that "someone is down on them"; and they have to be coaxed and strengthened.

There are some very old convicts in the Army homes. In Argyle Square, when I visited it, there were three men who between them had served over a hundred years of imprisonment. But even here there are great results. Our various Colonial Governments have shown their appreciation of the Salvation Army prison work by making monetary grants to it; and in this country the prison authorities are granting more and more facilities to the Army to enable them to reach the prisoners.

Altogether over 2,600 people are received in the "Elevators" each year, and 873 ex-

criminals are taken into the Homes. Nearly twenty thousand people are found employment, and two thousand women received in the Rescue Homes. Then there is the great Farm Colony at Hadleigh, in Essex, where a number of the best of the wastrels are trained and given work in country pursuits. This Farm Colony, with its great host of agencies, would want an article to itself if it were to be adequately described. It has been pursued by many misfortunes, including enormous loss through a very heavy flood. To-day it has conquered all its adversities, and is going right ahead. But its work must remain in-

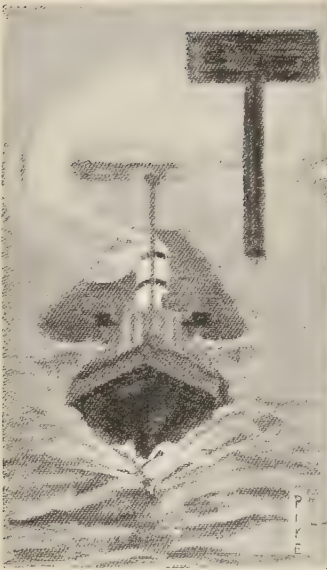
complete until the promised over-sea Colony is opened, where the men can be taken right out of England, to start a new life under happier auspices. This Colony is shortly to be established.

It is impossible in one sketch to give more than the merest outline of some of the leading sections of the work of the Salvation Army. Like every other human organisation, it has its weaknesses and has had its failures. But that its leaders are sincerely doing their best to upraise humanity, few, if any, who have at first hand examined its work, will dispute.



A STUDY.

By Lertie Boere



THE SHORT SHRIFT OF THE FILIBUSTER.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

"VOYONS!" said Stromboli, as he caught me coming out of the gate of Lincoln's Inn, clutched me by the arm, and drew

me into the Chancery Lane Bodega. "On the proceeds of my former story I have dined—dined sumptuously—dined several times. Think of it! Several dinners for one story! It is an advantage over the plutocracy and the *bourgeoisie* at which my heart rejoices."

"But how about the creditors?" I inquired, as we settled down at a small table in a corner.

Stromboli lit his large pipe meditatively.

"The creditors! Precisely. That is the weak point in my position. The great happiness of having money to spend caused me to forget them. Nevertheless, they still exist, and now that the money is gone they write, recalling themselves to my recollection. It is unfortunate. For it seems that, even in this free country of yours, the law gives them the power to make themselves unpleasant."

I assented, and tried to explain to him the exact nature of a judgment summons and a committal order. Then I continued—

"But you know other stories, I suppose?"

Stromboli banged the table and made the glasses ring, as he answered, half in derision, half in indignation—

"If I know other stories! He asks if I know other stories. When I tell you that I—*moi qui vous parle*—have lain under sentence of death in a Spanish prison at

Santiago de Cuba, and escaped from it under circumstances which will not occur again—"

"That sounds all right," I interrupted.

"You really think so?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"Then I must make haste. The letters of the creditors begin, 'Unless——' There is evidently no time to be lost."

"There is no time like the present," I rejoined.

"Let us begin, then. And, since more money is in sight, there is no reason why I should not spend the little money that remains to me. You shall drink champagne with me, and we will smoke cigars."

And then and there, in the corner of the Bodega, while the men about us talked of the business of the Law Courts, and of the price of shares, Stromboli wafted me, in imagination, to the shores of the pearl of the Antilles, and told me the story which I entitled—

THE SHORT SHRIFT OF THE FILIBUSTER.

"*Voyons!* Filibustering is an important branch of revolution. Though your motives be of the loftiest, yet, if the other side catch you at it, they will shoot you. The danger is the greater because you are generally on the weaker side, and therefore likely to be caught. It is a quick gamble for the heaviest of stakes. I know, for I have played the game. I have been a filibuster."

"It was in Cuba in the early seventies. The island was in revolt, and help was being sent to the rebels by the brave citizens of the United States. And one day, as I sipped my absinthe in the Café de Madrid, I was handed a telegram from New-York, which ran as follows—

"Offer you commission in Cuban Army. Start at once; begin as general. Rapid promotion if found satisfactory."

"I thumped the table and showed the despatch to my companion."

"To begin as general!" I cried. "Is this a pleasantry at my expense, or is it not?"

* Copyright, 1900, by Francis Gribble, in the United States of America.

"My companion, who was a man who had travelled widely, assured me that it was not.

"You think," I asked, "that no Cuban would dare to venture upon a pleasantry with Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski?"

"I am quite sure," he answered, "that no Cuban would spend the cost of this cablegram in doing so."

"Ah!"

"Besides, you must remember that in Central American armies there is no lower commissioned rank than that of general. You are invited to begin, like other people, at the bottom of the ladder."

"In that case, my friend, it is not a pleasantry, but an affront. Or is it that they are afraid of exciting the jealousy of the other generals, I wonder? I must reflect."

"I reflected in silence for at least two minutes. Then, having made up my mind, I asked my friend—

"Do you happen to know what uniform is required by a general in the Cuban service?"

"In the Central American armies," my friend answered, "every general wears the uniform that suits him best."

"And do you know when the next boat starts for New York?"

"In exactly forty-eight hours from now."

"In that case there is no time to be lost. I will drive to the tailor's and select a uniform at once."

"With such celerity did I form my plans. The uniform reached me just in time, neatly packed in a tin box, with my name painted on it. I dressed myself in it for the first time when I had crossed the Atlantic, and proceeded to report myself to the Cuban Junta at New York. It was an imposing uniform—scarlet and gold lace, with a cocked hat and flaunting plumes. It caused no little admiration when, failing to find a more suitable conveyance, I rode to my destination on a tramcar. I doubt not that it

would have made an even greater impression than it did if the Cuban Junta had not happened, at the moment of my call, to be represented by a Yankee.

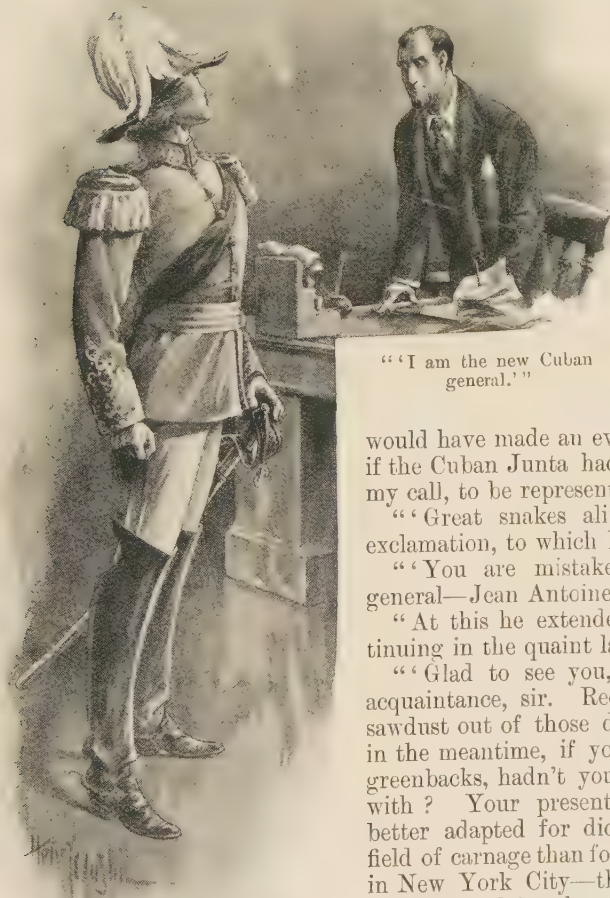
"Great snakes alive!" was that gentleman's first exclamation, to which I replied with dignity—

"You are mistaken, sir. I am the new Cuban general—Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

"At this he extended his hand to me cordially, continuing in the quaint language of the United States—

"Glad to see you, General. Proud to make your acquaintance, sir. Reckon you're going to knock the sawdust out of those durned Spaniards presently. But, in the meantime, if you're in a position to put up the greenbacks, hadn't you better buy a store suit to go on with? Your present outfit, though very striking, is better adapted for dictating terms of peace upon the field of carnage than for the requirements of everyday life in New York City—the more so as there is no purpose to be served by showing our plans under the nose of the U.S. Government."

"He was evidently a practical man—nearly all Americans are practical men—and I agreed with him



that it would be easier to keep a secret in a store suit than in a uniform. It was in my store suit, therefore, that I went down according to his directions, to secure my passage to Cuba on board the paddle-steamer *Washington*. And here, once again, I found myself face to face with a practical American.

"What is your name, sir?" he inquired when I asked that a cabin should be retained for me, and I told him.

"It is a name that you should know," I said. "I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

"He did not seem to know me. This time, I imagine, it was my store suit that operated to my disadvantage. He answered me in the usual vernacular—

"Seems, stranger, that's more name than there is room for in the space provided. Reckon if I enter you on this ship's books as John A. Strongboiler, that's name enough for you to sail under. Then, in case of accidents, you can say you're an American citizen, trading in cigars, and claim the protection of the Stars and Stripes."

"He was evidently a thoroughly practical man. As a rule, it may be undignified for a general officer to disguise himself as a cigar merchant. But circumstances alter cases, and the circumstances were exceptional. So I consented, and the American shook me by the hand, saying—

"Right, General. John A. Strongboiler doesn't need learning by heart, like the other name. And now, to show that no offence is taken, kindly name your poison."

"So we pledged each other in a curiously concocted beverage, with plenty of powdered ice in it; and thus it was, as you see, under the strange style of John A. Strongboiler, dealer in cigars, that I sailed from New York City in the paddle-steamer *Washington* (Captain Jonathan K. Jenkins), to take up my position as a general in the Cuban Army. If I could only have foreseen! But I must not anticipate.

"We touched at Kingston, Jamaica, where we took aboard a cargo of various munitions of war, together with a number of fresh passengers—brave men who, like myself, had enlisted as generals in the Cuban service. I invited them all to drink with me, and they did so, for it is the custom of the country. For the rest, the voyage was uneventful until the hour when our terrible catastrophe began.

"It was early, and I had left my berth to pace the deck and enjoy the fresh coolness

of the morning air. Captain Jonathan K. Jenkins was there also. Through his telescope he was intently observing the movements of some craft which he evidently regarded with suspicion. Finally he closed the glass with a bang and said laconically—

"Wal, I'm durned!"

"What is it, Captain?" I asked, and he replied, in the American language—

"That's a Spaniard, or I'm a Dutchman. And looking out for us. And meaning mischief. Guess, if we don't make tracks, it'll be a bad look out for all you generals."

"Would you like me to call a council of war, Captain?" I suggested. "The other generals are still asleep, but——"

"He answered curtly—

"Council of war be durned! Reckon I'm the captain of this ship, any way, and what I say goes."

"And with that he shouted orders right and left, and altered the ship's course, and the long chase began.

"Shall I describe it? That, surely, is hardly necessary. One chase at sea is very like another. Only in this chase there were one or two moments that have specially branded themselves upon my memory.

"For hours our pursuer had gained upon us, but so slowly that we were hardly aware of his approach and were confident of reaching a British port in safety. Then came the engineer with the terrible message—

"Sorry, Captain, but we're just about through with the coal."

"Never shall I forget the quick energy with which Captain Jonathan K. Jenkins confronted the emergency. He hardly seemed to be excited.

"Wal," he said. "Ain't there other things that'll burn besides coal. Ain't there oil? Ain't there hams and bacon? Ain't there chairs and tables? Fling 'em in. Fling the durned ship herself into the furnaces sooner than let the engines stop."

"We did it. I myself—Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski—worked like a common sailor, tearing up the planks and hewing down the bulwarks to supply the flames with fuel. Others, meanwhile, were busy lightening up the ship by heaving cargo overboard. Even the horses that we carried with us had to be thrown into the water. My heart bled for those poor horses as I saw their struggles; for, after all, it was a useless sacrifice. The Spaniard gained on us continually as we neared the Jamaica coast. Shots crossed our bows, warning us to surrender or be sunk.

think that I can save your ship by jumping overboard, you have only to say the word and I'll do it.'

"Still overawing the mutinous sailor's with the pistol, the captain gripped me by the hand.

" 'Strongboiler,' he said, 'you're a gentleman, though Dagos don't run to it as a rule. But we don't do these things on board American vessels. We sink or swim together.'

"And with that he gave the order to heave to, and the Spaniards boarded us. The captain greeted them with violent language.

" 'What the blazes ! These are British waters, ain't they ? Jamaica three-mile limit. And this is the United States trading steamer, *Washington*, cleared from Kingston, Jamaica, for San Domingo. If you've got your doubts about it, look at the ship's papers and be durned !'

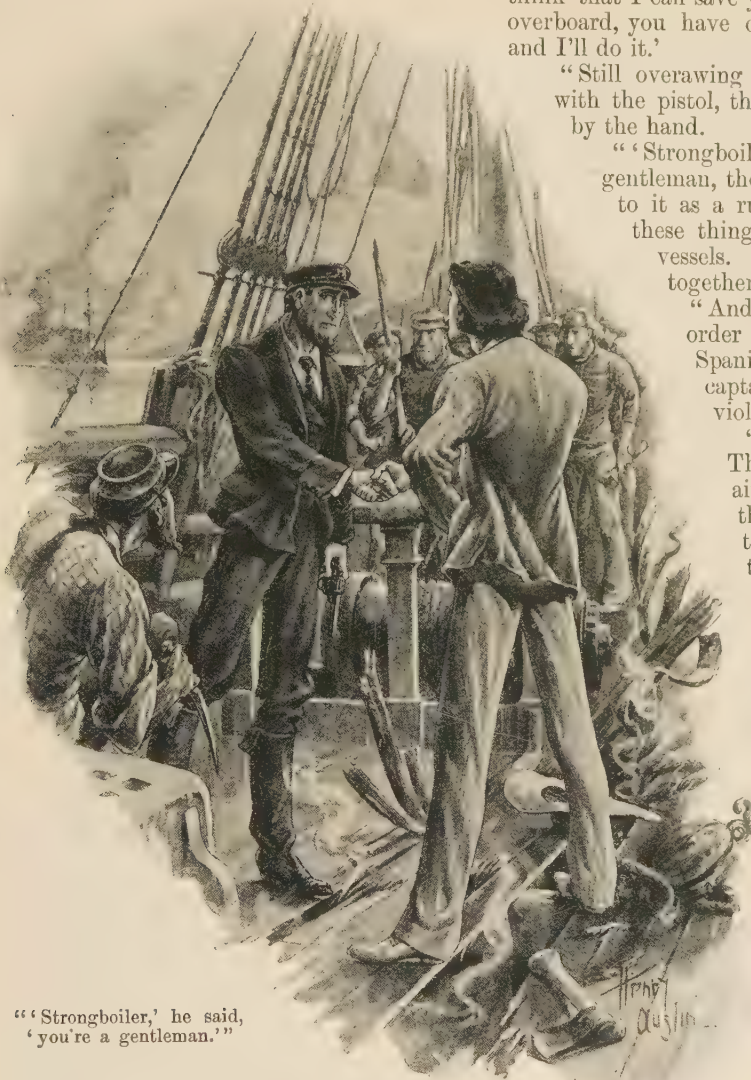
" 'You can show your papers to the Governor, when you get to Santiago de Cuba,' was the Spanish officer's reply. 'In the meantime, you are my prisoners, and it's there that I'm going to take you.'

"He disarmed us all and put a prize crew on board ; and the Spanish gunboat

Tornado took the trading steamer *Washington* in tow, and headed straight for Santiago Harbour.

"Santiago de Cuba ! To think that one of the loveliest spots upon God's earth should be given over to the abominations of these butchers !

"It was just at sunrise, on one of the loveliest mornings that I have ever known, that we made our way slowly through the narrow entrance to the bay. On either side of us low ridges of rolling hills, crowned with dark woods and verdant meadows ; the bright plumage of tropical birds glancing among



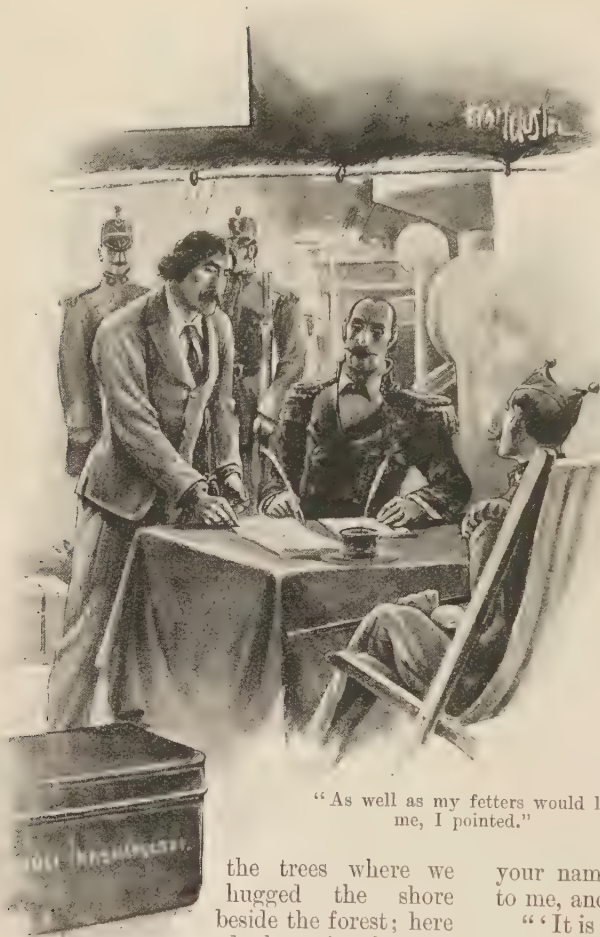
" 'Strongboiler,' he said, 'you're a gentleman.' "

"Then it was that a sudden uproar arose among the sailors.

" 'Tain't the horses the Spaniards want. It's the Dagos. Fling them out a few Dagos and they'll stop worritin' fast enough.'

"It was one of those chances that a man gets now and then of showing the metal that he is made of. The Cubans had drawn their knives ; the crew were ready to rush upon them with oars and marling-spikes and every other handy weapon ; Captain Jenkins had cocked his revolver and was prepared to shoot. I saw my opportunity and stepped forward to calm the tumult.

" 'Captain,' I said, 'let there be no question of throwing me overboard. If you



"As well as my fetters would let me, I pointed."

the trees where we hugged the shore beside the forest; here and there in the distant uplands the white walls of some country house, with the blue smoke rising like incense, untroubled by any breath of air. A scene of greater peacefulness could hardly be, save for the blue fins of the sharks that followed us, as though aware that we were journeying to our doom.

"Yet I held my head high in spite of all. Something might always happen; some chance might always show itself to the man who gave his whole mind to watching for it. Your true gambler with Death never loses hope until the hour actually comes when he must pay the forfeit.

"It seemed, however, that that hour was very near and quite inevitable. A message was conveyed to us.

"A court-martial, for the trial of the prisoners, will sit at noon, in the *Tornado*, under the presidency of General Burriel, Governor of Santiago.' And you know

what a Spanish court-martial is! It is the modern form of the Spanish Inquisition. Its purpose is not to judge, but to condemn. So that I had little hope of justice and less of mercy when my turn came to be haled before it. Only of one thing I was resolved.

"At least," I said to myself, 'I will hold my head high. At least I will not beg for pity.'

"My turn came.

"Informal, but ferocious; that is how I must describe the court that sat in judgment over me. A pleasant awning was hung upon the deck. A table, with pens, ink, and paper upon it, was set for the president of the court. The other officers composing it lounged around, in a semicircle, in comfortable chairs. They drank and smoked cigarettes, and laughed gaily together, as though the sentencing of men to death were the most agreeable diversion that they knew. And I stood before them, handcuffed and guarded by marines.

"What do you say that your name is?' was the first question put to me, and my answer was defiant.

"It is a name that you know well enough. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

"For I had forgotten. The president had a list of the crew and passengers in front of him, and desired me to find my name in it. As well as my fetters would let me, I pointed, and then, when it was too late, I perceived the blunder that I had made.

"A grim and cruel smile appeared upon General Burriel's face. From the paper in front of him he read aloud the words—

"John A. Strongboiler, dealer in cigars.' Then he pointed to me, and to the tin box, with 'Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski' painted on it, which lay upon the deck with other *pièces de conviction*, ready to be used when needed. Then he spoke slowly, with a bitter ring in his lines—

"Untie the prisoner and let him open the box. Without doubt it is his cigar-box. If it is found to contain enough cigars to give the members of this court one hundred each, I undertake that the prisoner shall be acquitted."

"Well, I have no surprise in store for you. You know quite well what was in the box. Under the bayonets of the marines I unpacked it defiantly; and as each article came forth—the cocked hat, the heavy boots, the scarlet tunic, the pipe-clayed breeches—the deck of the *Tornado* literally shook with shrieks of laughter. Yes, for the first and last time in my life, I, Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, was laughed at to my face.

"Perhaps for an instant the thought crossed my mind that these men would be merciful to

me because I had afforded them amusement. If so, it was a thought that was dispelled with great rapidity. The members of the court-martial conferred aloud, with mocking laughter.

"'A man who travels under a false name——'

"'Talks Spanish ——'

"'Says that he is an American——'

"'Though apparently a Pole——'

"'And carries a uniform about with him in a box——'

"'Which he pretends is a cigar-box ——'

"'Is a very interesting scoundrel——'

"'But none the less unfit to live!'

"And General Burriel summed the matter up and delivered formal sentence.

"'Prisoner, the sentence of the court upon you is that you be shot at dawn. Marines, remove the prisoner.'

"They proceeded to remove me; but before I had left the ship he called me back again.

"'Prisoner,' he said gravely, 'in consideration of the fact that you have amused the court, the court has decided upon a mitigation of your sentence.' Hopeflattered me again, but only for an instant. The president continued with an evil chuckle—

"'Prisoner, the court accords you permission to put on

"'You know well that I can throttle you where you stand.'"

your uniform and wear it until the hour of your execution.'

"Once more there was an outburst of uproarious merriment. My military judges held their sides in their hilarity, while the marines marched me away through jeering crowds to lodge me in the Santiago prison. They insolently made me dress myself in my uniform in their presence, and then they locked the door of my cell and left me to my reflections.

"My reflections! You may guess that these were not agreeable. Since American protection had failed me, my one hope was that, by some means or other, I might get on board the British gunboat that was lying at anchor in



the harbour, and, as I had been captured in British waters, claim the protection of the Union Jack. But how to get there? That was, indeed, a problem that needed thinking out.

"Sitting for a space with my head buried in my hands, I thought it out in all its bearings. Presently I saw my way—or thought I saw it—and my courage and high spirits returned to me. Though I had to use a subterfuge, I would not be humble.

"I stood upon the stool, which was my only article of furniture, bringing my face level with the window through which my cell communicated with the passage, and called—

"Gaoler! Come here, gaoler! I want you, gaoler!"

"I am aware that I spoke in the same commanding tone in which I should have summoned the boots or the waiter at an hotel. I could not help it. It is a way that I have always had, and a way that I have generally found answer. It answered in this case. The man came, growling.

"What is the meaning of this, gaoler?" I asked curtly.

"What is the meaning of what?" he retorted roughly.

"Of this, gaoler—that I, a prisoner condemned to be shot at dawn, have not yet received a visit from any spiritual adviser? Even in Spain, I believe, a prisoner condemned to die has a right to spiritual consolation.' My speech, I dare say, sounded more like a reprimand than a request; but it made none the less impression upon that account. Why should it have? In all situations in life the way to secure deference is to be peremptory. My severity compelled politeness.

"Of course, if his Excellency desires to see a priest—"

"Certainly, gaoler," I answered. "Certainly I want to see a priest. And the sooner the better. Be so good as to tell one of the priests to step this way at once."

"He had already started, when I called him back.

"And, look here, gaoler, I'm very particular about priests. I can't accept consolation from a little priest. I must have a big one."

"The gaoler stared at me, evidently believing that I was mad. But there was method in my madness, as you will see. I added, producing some notes from a pocket which, in their merriment over my uniform, the Spaniards had quite forgotten to search—

"You see, my man, I'm in a position to reward you if you carry out this wish of mine."

"He laughed an unpleasant laugh and left me. I waited with such patience as I could command, knowing that it might take some time to find a priest whose physical proportions were equal to my own. The sun had set, in fact, before the door of my cell reopened, and my gaoler, to whom I promptly handed the reward which I had promised him, ushered in a tall friar, habited in the flowing robes of the Dominican Order.

"I bowed to him with that courtesy which, I trust, has always distinguished me in dealing with my equals, even when they also happen to be my enemies.

"I regret, my father," I said, "having to receive you in so unworthy an apartment. Nothing but the most stern necessity compels me."

"The speech surprised him. He had evidently expected a more abject attitude.

"My son, the time is short," he answered, "and as I doubt not that your sins are many, it were well to waste none of it in idle words."

"I watched him intently while he spoke, and took his measure. It was important, since the success of the great *coup* that I projected depended wholly upon the nature of the man with whom I had to deal.

"He was tall, as I have said, but frail and spare of build. I read superstition in the shape of his forehead, which was high and narrow. His thin lips, and the contour of his mouth, betokened that mixture of cruelty and weakness which has made the Spanish priest so widely hated, even in countries where there lingers no tradition of the sacred office. He was a man who would persecute if he dared. But his shifty eyes quailed before my glance, so that I felt sure that there was no real courage behind his cruelty.

"First of all, for the success of my plan, it was necessary that I should give him convincing demonstration of my superior physical powers. I made him feel the muscles of my arms.

"There, my father," I said to him. "What think you of the cruelty which condemns a man in the prime of a strength like mine to be killed like a rat in a hole?"

"He was already beginning to be afraid of me, which was what I wanted; but his dignity did not yet forsake him.

"It is the will of God," he answered, "and I am only here that you may make confession of your sins."

"As he was speaking I had slowly advanced towards him. As a frightened man will, he

had slunk back before me, so that I was almost pressing him against the walls in the corner of the cell farthest from the door. His eyes showed the vague terror that was coming over him. And then I said, sinking my voice to a whisper—

“‘No, my father, you are not here to listen to my confession. You are here to save my life.’

“He made a movement as though he would cry for help, but with a menacing gesture I frightened him into silence, so that the sound died away, unuttered, in his throat.

“‘Listen!’ I went on, still in the same subdued tone of voice. ‘I have made you see how strong I am. You know well that I can throttle you where you stand, long before any help can come to you. I shall do this if you make a single

In the first place, you will change clothes with me. If you are willing to do this, do not speak, but nod your head.’

“He stood there, pale and motionless, trying to find the courage to defy me.

“‘My father,’ I said, ‘I can only give you while I count ten. One—two—three—four



“‘Your prisoner, is he? Then let's see you come aboard my ship and take him.’

— five — six — seven — eight—nine—

“He nodded.

“‘Undress, then,’ I said. ‘And mark me, if there is any noise, or any sign of hesitation—’

“This time he fully understood that I was in earnest and obeyed me. I hurried him, for there was always the chance that the gaoler might come back and interrupt us. In five minutes—or perhaps in less—the priest had put on my uniform, and I was attired in the black garb of the Dominican. But there was still one more little formality to be gone through.

“‘My father,’ I said, ‘I might make you swear on your crucifix that you will stay here quietly until someone comes and finds you.’

“From the shifty look in his eyes I perceived that this was the very thing that he would be glad for me to do.

“‘But,’ I continued, ‘the temptation to break your oath would be very terrible. It

sound,
and I
shall still do
it if you hesi-
tate to obey the
orders which I am
about to give you. Now!’

“He made another movement, the faint beginning of a wriggle, as he thought that he might slip past me like an eel. My hands approached his throat and he desisted. I went on—

“‘It is a very simple thing that I require.

will be kinder not to expose you to it. So I shall gag you.'

"I improvised a gag by tearing a strip of cloth from my robes, and he submitted to have it thrust into his mouth. Then I said—

"Good-bye, my father. In the years to come it will, perhaps, be a grateful memory to you that you have been instrumental in saving the life of Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"And with that I opened the door with the key that had been left in it for my spiritual adviser's use, and locked it again carefully behind me, and strode silently, as though deep in meditation, down the passage. No one suspected anything, no one stopped me to ask a question. The prison gate was flung open wide for me by an obsequious attendant, and I was once more at liberty. I made straight for the hills and hid myself in the woods and waited for the dawn.

"It broke at last, with all the golden grandeur of the tropics; and I found that my hiding-place, though far away, commanded a view of the yard of the very prison in which I had been confined a few short hours before. There was a bustle and confusion there. A prisoner was being dragged, struggling violently, to the place of execution. He wore a uniform—my uniform. I understood.

"My God! The gag in his mouth! He can't explain; they've mistaken him for me; they're shooting him instead of me.'

"My heart sank and I was ashamed. Though all be fair in war, yet I had not meant this, and knew that it was unworthy of me. I give you my word that, if I had been near enough, I would have stepped forward to save the priest and resigned myself to the soldiers' vengeance. I give you my word, too, that I shouted aloud with joy when the sudden firing of cannon and pealing of alarm bells told me that the Spaniards had found out their mistake in time, and that the search for me would now, at last, begin.

"'Courage!' I said to myself, and worked

my way slowly and stealthily down the hill-side, meaning to strike the bay at the point where I saw the British gunboat lying at anchor close alongside.

"Before I could get to it there was a short space of open ground to be traversed, and in that open space I saw no less a person than General Burriel himself, with armed orderlies in attendance, smoking his cigar, and enjoying the fresh morning air.

"There was nothing for it but to run the gauntlet of their fire, trusting for my safety in the inaccuracy of Spanish aim. I ran; they missed me; and a minute later, with the help of a rope that a bluejacket flung to me, I had scrambled on to the deck of the *Seamew*.

"The captain seemed surprised to see me; but I explained my presence in a few hot, hurried sentences.

"'I have escaped from the Santiago prison. They took me, in the *Washington*, in British waters. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"The captain rose to the occasion.

"'I don't care a hang who you are,' he replied politely, 'but if they took you in British waters, you're safe, till further notice, under the British flag.'

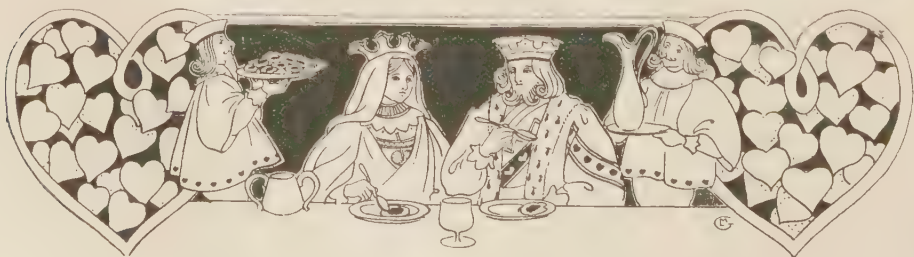
"And he maintained the same attitude when General Burriel himself approached and demanded my surrender, saying—

"'I want that man. That man is my prisoner.'

"The sailors had gripped their cutlasses; the marines had fixed their bayonets; and the captain of the *Seamew* stepped forward and shouted with that magnificent Anglo-Saxon insolence which is the admiration of the world—

"'Your prisoner, is he? Then, hang it, sir, let's see you come aboard my ship and take him.'

"But this the Spaniards did not do. If they had failed to keep Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski in their prison when he was alone and friendless, still less could they recapture him when the whole might of the British Empire stood behind him."





VILLAGER: I suppose Mr. Jones is fairly well-to-do, isn't he?

GROCER: Well, he ain't to say neither very rich nor very poor.

VILLAGER: How's that?

GROCER: He just pays cash for everything he has.



"How long before the next train leaves?" she inquired at the booking office.

"Thirty minutes," replied the clerk.

"Then I shall have time to go across the road and buy something?" she queried.

"That all depends, madam," he returned courteously. "Where is your money?"

"In my pocket," she answered in surprise.

"Ah! Then I'm afraid you'll scarcely have time if you have to get it out."



MISS PRATTLE: Did you ever begin a book and not finish it?

DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR: I do so regularly once a year.

MISS PRATTLE: How very curious! Do tell me some of their titles.

DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR: There is only one title for the lot—A Diary.



"No, mamma," sobbed the unhappy young wife, "George doesn't love me. I found it out last night."

"Oh, my poor child," the mother exclaimed, "what has happened? Ah, I see it all! You found a letter in his pocket!"

"It wasn't that," the miserable young woman answered. "He came home and told me that he had had his life insured."

"Well?"

"Why, if he really loved me, wouldn't he have had mine insured, instead of selfishly going and having all this protection put upon himself?"

"You used to say that everything was so compact and convenient in a flat!" said the caller in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," replied her friend, "I used to be able to find a place for everything. But it's different now. I wish someone would invent a motor-car that you can fold up when you want to put it away."



TEACHER: How do you spell "That"?

CLASS: T H A T.

TEACHER: Now what remains when the "t" is taken away?

SMALL GIRL (after a moment's silence): Dirty cups and saucers.



CONCERNING JACK AND JILL.

By F. Klickmann.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of milk;
Jack was dressed in his Sunday best,
And Jill was all in silk.

They tied the pail to Brindle's tail,
And clambered on her back;
Which made her jump and sadly bump
Miss Jill and Master Jack.

She leapt so high, they knocked the sky,
And bashed into a star;
It blinked its eyes in mild surprise,
And said, "How rude you are!"

The milk upset, they all got wet,
The clouds, indeed, were soaking;
The sky-blue ground was nearly drowned,
And gurgled, "Most provoking!"

The stars all rushed and banged and brushed,
And scoured for half a day;
The planets rubbed, the comets scrubbed,
To clear the Milky Way.

The cow, meanwhile, had ceased to smile,
She was too much incensed
When, turning round, she duly found
The milk was not condensed!

With crumpled tail she tossed the pail,
The moon-man beamed with laughter,
For Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after!

THE CITY AT LUNCH.

By W. Pett Ridge.

As the office clocks near the hour of one, anxious appealing looks from junior clerks are directed at the round face, begging it with great urgency to make haste. The office clocks would respond good-naturedly, I think, to this request, only that they are checked by stern glances from seniors, whose main complaint against the day is that it has but four-and-twenty hours, whose grudge against clocks is that they travel too quickly. Between these antagonistic appeals the City clocks wisely decide that the time between midday and one shall be of precisely the same period as that between other hours, with the result that they please nobody.

"Blessed clock's always slow," grumble the juniors.

"Somebody's been putting that clock on," complain the seniors.

But one o'clock strikes with a sharp ting from little clocks, and a deep, carefully considered booming from St. Paul's and other churches, and on the instant half the City is placing down its pen, taking its paper protectors from shirt-cuffs, giving silk hats a turn on coat sleeves, and setting out to billet on neighbouring restaurants. Wild youngsters scream as they go with the pent-up emotions of the morning; grown up young men growl a cheerful melody, and see that their neckties and moustaches are in order. For a space the City is in their hands. At restaurants and tea-shops preparations for the attacks have been arranging all the morning, and the defence is ready—plates of cold food are ranged on the counter to check the advance; steaks are mounted on the grill so near to being ready that another wink of time would burn them; the coffee-urns steam with anxiety. No time to lose; the high stools are at the counter; the attendants behind the ramparts of food are cool and resolute in the manner of defenders who have always succeeded in coping with the enemy, and in making it pay for the damage it has done. Because time is limited, the old-fashioned rule of etiquette, which warned one never to speak with one's mouth full, is not here observed; the maternal warning that you should not attempt to do two things at the same time is disregarded; cigarettes are made, the halfpenny evening paper—already in quite a mature edition—is skimmed, the world surveyed.

"And if Surrey doesn't jolly well buck up, she'll find herself nothing more nor less than——"

"The man handles his bat as though he was offering cake. Now, when I go to the wickets——"

"Oh, our chief is an outsider. My word, what a bounder! If ever a wrong 'un did exist in this world, it's him. Just because I was about half-an-hour late this morning, he was simply raving. I told him I'd overslept myself, but even that didn't satisfy him; went on at me up hill and down dale. I didn't say anything, but I let him see I didn't half like it by the way I shut the door."

"Been engaged, I have, times out of number—well, three times at any rate—and I don't mind telling you, old chap, that this present one is absolutely and without doubt the most charmin' girl that ever worked in a shop. Perfect lady, too! Her father's house has got two steps up to the front door."

"I don't say I'm a better player, mind you. What I *do* say is that I don't want any of his



UNANSWERABLE.

MISTRESS: Your master complained of the cooking again to-day, Sarah.
 SARAH: Don't you worry about 'im, ma'am, any more than I do; it's just 'is little way. Ain't 'e always a-findin' fault with you?



Taken for Granted.

LADY KITTY: Just imagine! That disreputable Reggie Fairfax had the cheek to ask me to go to the theatre with him last night!

MISS AMELIA: What did you think of the play?

cheek, either in the tennis ground or out of it. He'd better be careful! If he calls me splay-foot again, I shall tell him what his sister said about him."

"Thank you, sir! After you with the mustard. Now, then, Charles, aren't those tomatoes planted yet? Do hurry up, there's a good sort; I'm all behind with my work at the office, and here are you putting every obstacle in my way, except—*At last.*"

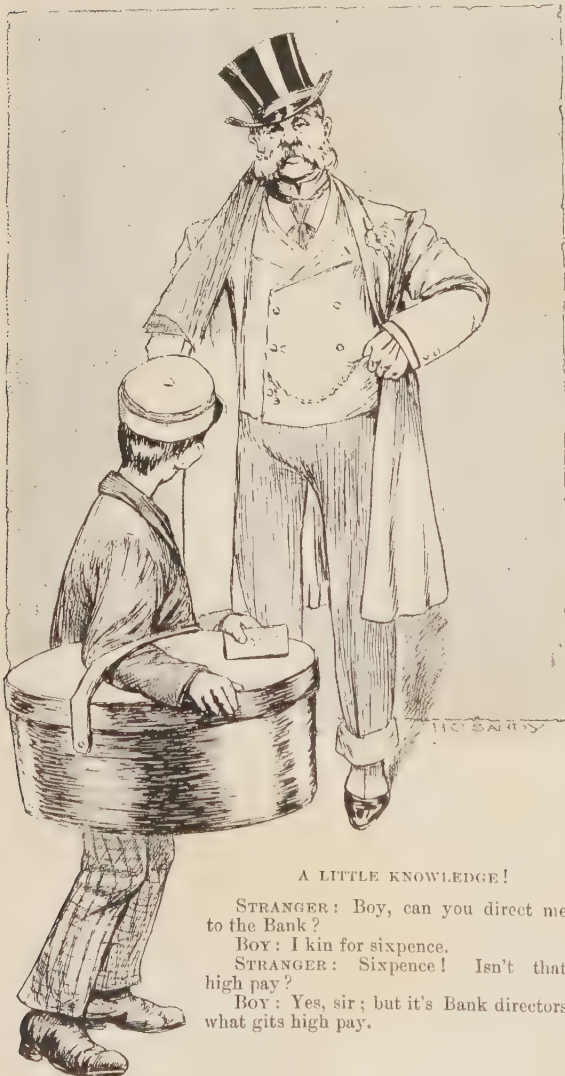
A great change has come over the City at its lunch during late years. Men who took a glass of wine and a biscuit now go to one of the bread shops and take a cup of coffee and a roll and butter. To this frugal meal a bank manager sits, perhaps, at the next table to his smallest office-boy. The Bread and Butter Company levels all. This type of restaurant has introduced another reform by providing demurely gowned young

women, with an identical mode of head-dress, and a cold severity of manner that freezes the *badinage* of joyous youth. Some men drink tea at midday. This is sacrilege; tea should be reserved jealously for the hour of four, and any offence against this rule has to be punished by dyspepsia. The tendency is to make the midday meal lighter and lighter, although there are still places where only a square meal is offered, and where the man who dared ask for a piece of cake and a glass of warm milk would be placed on the silver grill. Near the Stock Exchange, and also near the Wool Exchange, there are places where steaks of excellence can be obtained—steaks so rare in quality and so artistic, that the coppers given on leaving to the white-capped, white-aproned genius who prepared it should be, if a sense of proportion were used, untold gold.

In odd, shy, unobserved streets in the City the old-fashioned restaurant can still be found, with its pew-like arrangement of seats, and solid waiters shuffling up and down the aisles and bawling a kind of verbal, stopless shorthand down to the kitchen. "Two steaks, one underdone, 'urry up them colifers, one mashed on order, two soles, one of 'em fresh, pineomild." They take in *The Times* at these old-style luncheon-rooms, and divide it amongst the sittings, arranging that the *doyen* of the clients gets the inside, and that the youngest receives the advertisement pages. Also they take in the humorous papers, which come in white and clean on the day of publication and set out on their week's journey, reaching the end in a condition that clouds their intent. On the walls appears a notice—

"CLIENTS are warned that the 8d. Plates are not served in this room, but can be obt^d. at LUNCHEON BAR."

Here a cut from the joint and odd things are served at, say, eighteenpence. A man with a reasonable appetite desires no better meal. In the busy, crammed, turbulent luncheon-hour the slipped waiters have no time for conversation—call on them later in the day and they are grateful if allowed to hold respectful conversation. I used to look upon them as I regard churchwardens, but one in Abchurch Lane destroyed my faith. On a certain afternoon he told me that his father had been an old Tory squire, and that he himself had been brought up in luxurious surroundings, "with every blessed thing, sir, that the 'eart could wish for." A partiality for backing horses that came in fourth had reduced him to his present circumstances, and now his great fear was that he should encounter some of his old Oxford contemporaries, "for then," he said, "I shan't know where to put my little face to." I felt pained at all this, and I remember that I gave him, being then young, as much as threepence for himself, feeling that this would help



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE!

STRANGER: Boy, can you direct me to the Bank?

BOY: I kin for sixpence.

STRANGER: Sixpence! Isn't that high pay?

BOY: Yes, sir; but it's Bank directors what gits high pay.



EXCUSABLE.

HUSBAND: Why, I thought you were going to pay these bills out of your allowance?

WIFE: But I didn't buy these things until after I had spent it.

to console him for his reverse of fortune. Knowing that he would always expect this sum from me on subsequent visits, I refrained from going to the restaurant until an afternoon some months later, on the occasion of my birthday. He did not recognise me, and presently, on bringing my cabinet-pudding, he told me that his father had been, perhaps, one of the finest performers at the music-halls of his day; that his mother had been an Italian countess, and that he himself, if he cared to give up his work at the luncheon-rooms, could make money—"and over fist," he expressed it—by singing in any country of the world that I cared to mention. "Only drawback is," said the

waiter pathetically, "my doctor tells me I could never stan' the excitement. Cons'quently I 'ave to stay on 'ere and do the best I can, and take whatever small silver our young gentlemen customers like to leave on the table for me. See what I mean?"

In the summer months the luncheon-hour for those in the east of the City is spent on the quay at the long white Customs House, where those who are prompt and fleet of foot can get a seat, and, as they eat sandwiches, watch the steamers go down the river towards the Tower Bridge; see the Customs officers set out in their boats to rummage arriving ships, and generally get some

brief suggestion of a visit to the seaside. There it is that young men think and talk of holidays, discuss the prices and the advantages of Southend as compared with Margate, and barter economical addresses. Pigeons flutter down and finish the sandwiches left from these open-air luncheons, unless they are anticipated by the queer, dilapidated wastrels who slouch about the City searching the ground and gleaning unconsidered trifles, and for whom even the cheapest restaurants are not.

Just as in the City the man who has had a good morning in Throgmorton Street can take his partner to the best and dearest luncheon that even a stockbroker can desire, so the City, being a thoughtful matron, with sons who are successful and sons who are unlucky, provides, in odd corners, establishments where sixpence takes a man through

The following letter was recently received by the secretary of a large insurance company:—

"DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you I have lost my policy. Will you kindly send me another, for which I enclose stamp?—Yours truly, —"

"P.S.—Since writing the above I am happy to tell you I have found the policy. Do not trouble to return the stamp."



"THIS," said the magistrate, "is one of the most aggravated cases of assault and battery ever brought to my official notice. How could a big, able-bodied man like you strike a deaf mute?"

"Deaf an' dumb, is he? Then why didn't he say so?"



AMENITIES AT OUR POINT TO POINT RACE.

The only two left in the race are both hesitating at certain posts and rails.

HOBSON: Give us a lead, Dobson; my horse hates timber!

DOBSON: So does mine. Let's pull out the top rail, old chap.

the entire bill of fare. Here is a copy of one dabbled on a window—

					<i>d.</i>
Pea Soup	1½
Cabbage	1
Potatoes	1
Slice Beef	2
Bread	½

This is not a meal to tempt the delicate—the customer has to provide his own appetite. Even here there are compensations, and I once saw an important City man—who pays the rent of two doctors in Harley Street, and is their slave—I saw him look in at one of these cheap, busy places, and for a few moments he watched the eating, contented customers. Then he sighed, and went back to his suite of offices in Cornhill to drink a glass of hot water for lunch.

"Do you dance on your toes, Miss Fay?"

"Oh no, Mr. Heavysides. I've no occasion to do that; other people do it for me!"

And yet after that he asked her for another dance and wondered why she refused!



LARGE-SLEEVED LADY: My good man, have you ever reckoned up how much money men waste each year on drink and tobacco?

HARDENED REPROBATE; Can't say as I have, ma'am; you see, it's takin' up all my spare time jest now calc'latin' how much women waste each year on the hextry cloth they puts in their sleeves.

